

MRS. JOHN P. THOMAS  
78 BELCHER AVENUE  
BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Sunday Afternoon.

My dear, dear Mamie:

It has been a long time since I wrote you, but I know you have heard from me, and have kept up with my simple doings, even if I have not written.

I am just settling down after a week end with John here and although I am alone much of the time, it always makes me feel let down when he goes. He and two of his friends came Friday night for a dance in Boston- they hitch hiked down from Amherst, 100 miles, and were lucky enough to get rides right to the end of Belcher Avenue. I dont approve of hitch hiking, but as long as they arrived unheurt, I was mighty glad to have him home, and the other boys too. They have been having some very hard tests, and John had studied late and hard, so he appreciated the chance to make up on his sleep-in the day time- and have a little change, too. The other boys went back yesterday, hitch hiked back, but John stayed until this afternoon, and that was nice for me, too. Last night he went in to Boston and looked up one of his Storm King friends who is at Harvard and brought him out for the night, and he, Howard Raymond and John have gone back to Amherst this afternoon in our car. The other boys will bring the car back tonight. It helps me out when any of the young ones are around to drive him back and forth.

Your letter came on my birthday, and I think you for your thought and good wishes. I had almost forgotten I was to have a birthday that day, but you and Booksey never forget to send me a thought, and my own family here think of me too. I love the thoughts, but the birthdays are growing in size-

You have been on the go since I wrote you and since I have heard from you. I am so glad you could be with Milam and Gladys- I know you were a great help to them both, as well as a pleasure, and I know Milam was delighted to have you with him before he left. I had a note from Gladys saying their departure

had been delayed, and that they thought they would go about the middle of the month. I am sure it will be an undertaking to get their equipment together and set, so that the getting away will be a relief to them. I know that Milma had merited this position by his ability and his application, and I am delighted that it has come to him. I think you have every cause to be proud of him and I know that you are. It will be a relief to know they are safely on the other side, but I think there is very little danger to boats going that way, and very little danger to any passengers on boats of neutral countries, so dont worry about that part of it, for we live in a world of danger, if we want to analyze out surroundings.

I hope the next news from you will be that your apartment there is all settled. You have certainly moved and jumped since I was with you last summer, and I do wish you could feel settled now. I think the plan of furnishing another of your apartments there is a good one, for you have had good luck in renting the others and I believe you will have good luck in renting this one, too. It may take a little time, but you will soon get somebody in it. In the meantime, see if you cant let up yourself and catch up on some rest that you must need.

There is not much here in this part of the country that is worth telling about. I manage to keep busy with various things most of the time. I thought I had gotten out of most of the things that were demanding, but this fall has seemed a very full one for me. It is just now that I am beginning to have some time of my own to use as I please. It is a good time to ease up too, for with my family re-assembling I like to be free more than when they are away.

I finally got in to see about the Currier print for Mary Thompson. They told me at Goodspeed's that the last one of that print that was sold brought \$50.00 at auction, and that was in 1936- you see it is worth something, though

I think the way for Mary Thompson to realize any real amount out of it is to try to find out somebody who is collecting them. I thought of Alice Roberts' brother, who is very wealthy and collects Curriere and Ives prints, but his are all of the Hudson river, so I dont think this one would interest him. They asked me in Goodspeed's how large it was, and when I told them, as near as I could remember, the girl in charge of the department, said it wounded like an original

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one- she said many of the ones brought in were copies, but they came in the smaller sizes. I had seen this very one in an antique shop last summer, and had feared that it might not be of any worth, but the one I saw was very small so I am encouraged for Mary Thompson. They also said she could send it to them if she wanted to, or to me, and I could bring it in, and they would try to sell it for her, or would make her an offer. They also said it should be taken out of the frame, and that is just what the woman at Stewart's told you I believe. Somebody told me that the margin was the important part in placing the value of a print. So you see you can never tell until you really look into the matter. I believe Goodspeed would know just how it should be sent. If she wants me to take it in for her and will send it, I will be glad to do it, but I know they have the reputation of paying very small prices, so if it is possible for her to look around and find a private sale for it, she would get more out of it.

Big John is heading east now, and I think he will be in Hopkinsville about the last of this week. He said Friday when he last wrote me his route list. I am always glad when he can stop by and see all of you there, but hope he won't tarry too long. He has been away, or will have been away, when he gets home, for more than ten weeks, so it has been a long trip for him, and has seemed a long time to me. I am looking forward to having both my Johns home, for it comes so rarely and for such a short time, as compared with the time they are away.

Did I write you that I wrote Stannye Blakely and asked her to come here for Thanksgiving? I had such a sweet letter from her and I enjoyed hearing from her so much. She could not come, for they had the other Thanksgiving, and she said she had taken her allowance of week ends. I hope we can get together before the winter is over. I know Mary Lee is looking forward to having her home for the holidays, and that it will be a happy time for them. Has Mary Lee made much progress on her house? She was just ready to start it when I was there, you know.



Mrs. John P. Thomas  
1313 South Main Street  
Hopkinsville, Ky.

Wednesday.

Dearest Mamie:

You know how distressed I am to think of your having to have another break- it has made me feel so badly that this had to happen to you. But reports are coming in that all is well except for time and a lot of discomfort- I am sorry for the discomfort but thankful it was not your hip and that there will not be any need for a splint or brace.

Helen was good enough to call me this morning and tell me she was taking you home with her for a few days and I am delighted as I know you will thoroughly enjoy the quiet and rest out there. She suggested that I come up and stay and bring you home, and if that will be any help to you I will be glad to do it, but as she has probably told you I thought it would be easier for you if I stayed here and met you in Guthrie any day you want to come. If you will feel easier about my coming up I want to do it, but unless you do feel you need me I believe it will be better to wait here and meet you any day you plan on coming. I hope you will come right home with me, if you can negotiate my steps, but if you cant, you know I will stay with you until you are able to get around by yourself. You can decide what you would rather do and I will make my plans accordingly.

I hope so much you are feeling better day by day and that your foot is not too painful.

Your Mary and I have had several conversations- she says she wrote you so she brought you up to date on the news. I am sure she is eager to come back to you for as much time as you want her, and I hope you will let her as she really loves taking care of you and can be a big help for now. I will call Mrs. Johnson today and tell her you have had an accident, but I think Mary told her yesterday as she said she saw her in the grocery. Alfred seems to think he may have a prospect for your apartment, and Mary says you have had one inquiry there, so I believe you can rent it without any trouble.

Jack Landy was operated on yesterday for his throat condition. Miss Ethel called me yesterday to say Josephine had called her to tell her the operation was over, but that Jack had not yet come out from the anaesthetic as he had been in the operation room for four hours. So far, they have had no news today, but Miss Ethel seemed to think there was nothing adverse or she would have heard.

Booksey got off for Oklahoma City Sunday- she flew out much to relief I am sure for it is such an easy trip and so quick. I think today or any day thereafter Agnes will be having her baby.

No news from here- my love to all there- hope Charlie is better and will soon be home again.

With a heart full of love to you,

I am,

*Agnes.*

P. S. Especial love to Helen and Cliff

Thursday Night.

Dearest Mamie:

I think the whole family is claiming the privilege of writing you tonight, but 'I bid first' and I am going to get mine in ahead of the others. I have written home so seldom since Mother has been with me that I feel ashamed of myself and now that I have the time and the chance I am not going to let myself be talked out of the letter that I had meant to write to you.

Mother had your letter today and we were all so interested to hear from you and to know that you were so well situated in Owensboro. I hope you will continue to have a pleasant stay there and that you will sell enough books to justify your going. I hope you will do well in selling the books, but I put it the way I did, for I am glad you are getting out and mixing with people and enjoying them. You have stayed so close with your family all the time they were growing up and needing you that you are entitled to spread your wings now and do many things that you have denied yourself heretofore.

I have wished for you this week and thought about you many times, for I know that your heart and your thoughts have been with Milam, and I know that you have wanted to be here with him at this time. I wish you could have been, for he would have enjoyed you and I certainly would have been pleased to have you with me. We all went in to his graduation on Tuesday morning. He had gotten three seats for us, as little John was 'busting' to go, and Milam was sweet enough to say he wanted him to go. So we left here about nine o'clock and went in. The exercises did not begin until eleven, but when I got down to Symphony Hall, I found such a crowd waiting outside that I thought we best take our place in line and get a good seat which we did. Symphony Hall is a large plain building, and as Tech does not make any great feature of its graduation exercises there were very few decorations or flowers to mark the occasion. It was a very dignified procedure and

certainly it is always inspiring to see so many men, young men in the pursuit of education. I think Milam sent you the paper with the picture of the platform in it. Those men in the picture were all teachers or instructors. I would say there were at least two hundred of them. They came first, headed by Dr. Stratton and Mr. John Hays Hammond, who is, as you know, a very famous engineer. Then came the graduates, about four hundred strong.

If you had been present you would have been, I fear, in the same box with me. I strained my eyes to discover Milam, and it is surprising that it is so hard to pick out the one you know best. I thought I had him located as he marched in, and youth with his cap set on the back of his head with a very rakish manner, so I watched him closely all during the program, to be sure that I saw him when he went up to get his diploma. To my chagrin, when it was almost time for Milam to go on the stage, he was approaching from the other side and in an entirely different part of the house, so I had used my eyes to no purpose, but we saw him accept his diploma and put the tassel on the other side of his cap, so we knew he was really graduated. That was all there was to the exercises. The awards were given in the exact order as they appear in the book which Milam sent you of the program.

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous did not worry Milam. He asked me the day before if he might take little John to the picture show to see Tom Mix, in person, with his wonder horse. He suggested that he do that while I was shopping with Mother. It was a great help to me, and an unspeakable pleasure to John. He was thrilled to death over it. So after we had our lunch and Milam had taken his cap and gown back to the place from which he had rented it he met us and took John to the show. I think they both enjoyed it thoroughly and Milam said John was as good as could be. He adores Milam, as you know, and if he was ever going to be on his good be-

havior for anybody it would be for him. After the show, we came on home and Milag has been right here ever since. He is taking a few days very much needed rest and I hope he gets a few more before he goes to work. Yesterday he slept all morning and this morning he did a pretty good job of it, and tonight he and Mother and I are sitting in the house where it is really cold enough to have a fire but my coal is entirely gone, and I don't mean maybe, for the last lump was out on last Sturday night, and unless it is necessary I do hate to put in any more.

I am glad that Mother is all fixed up with her corsets, shoes and gloves. I gave her some silk stockings for her birthday, a very prosy gift, but as long as she has gotten the low shoes she will enjoy them, I believe. She was pleased at hearing from all of you on her birt day. When we came home Tuesday night, I think she was the least tired of the crowd, and honestly I believe if it was not that she has to move slowly on account of her feet, she could stand more than any of us. I am glad she can, for it would be a severe cross to her to have to be idle all of the time. However it is quite a task to take her into Boston and get anything done so I am glad that she did what she set out to do and that it is over. She has felt no discomfort from her high shoes, and the low shoes she wore today and she says her feet dont hurt her at all tonight. So I hope she has gotten into something that will give her satisfaction.

I hope to go into Boston tomorrow. Milam is going in with me, as he wanted to get his clothes, those that are left there, his trunk and some of his papers and books and bring them out here. I want to do my last shopping before going to the beach. I have been able to do very little the last two times I was in, as I went in especidally to do what Mother wanted done. so I am going in tomorrow to do everything I have to do, and I hope I wont have

to shop or buy anything more for several months. I probably will, but I hope I wont.

I plan now to go to the beach a week from tomorrow, which is the fifteenth, or the day I get the house. I am anxious to get the worst of the mourning over, and I will go down and stay over that week end and as far into the next week as the weather holds good. I have been hoping M<sup>r</sup> Milam would be free for a few days down there, but he seems to think not, and he says he hopes not, as he is anxious to get to work. He has done so well in school and I think he should feel proud that Professor Barrows has offered him the place for the summer. I am sure it is a compliment, and I know a well deserved one, for he did work awfully hard. You can console yourself that you would have had very little satisfaction in his actual good company if you had been up here with him for the last six weeks, for he has spent most of it in deep study. He thinks he will stay in Boston at the Frat house but I have insisted that he stay on out here if he wanted to. John will be here many nights, I know, and I am sure he will be happy to have Milam keep him company, but I feel sure M<sup>r</sup> Milam knows he is welcome to stay if he wants to and I know it would be much more convenient for him to stay nearer his work. However, I am hoping he can get down to the beach for a few week ends. I have a couch in the front hall down stairs and he can sleep on that. I know that after he once gets to sleep nothing worries him, so the fact that I am a little crowded upstairs wont keep him awake at all. It has certainly been a pleasure to be with him this Spring and I dont know what I would have done without the interest he brought into the house.

You have had such a time with molls this Spring that I have felt worried about you. I hope each one has rid of you of some impurity that needed to come out, and I trust that you wont have any more. I believe they usually come in a flock like that so I hope yours are all over.

havior for anybody it would be for him. After the show, we came on home and Milag has been right here ever since. He is taking a few days very much needed rest and I hope he gets a few more before he goes to work. Yesterday he slept all morning and this morning he did a pretty good job of it, and tonight he and Mother and I are sitting in the house where it is really cold enough to have a fire but my coal is entirely gone, and I don't mean maybe, for the last lump was out on last Sturday night, and unless it is necessary I do hate to put in any more.

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In one of your letters you spoke of coming up in the Fall, and I hope you know that I will be happy to have you whenever you can come and that the Fall will suit me perfectly. So do try to carry out your plans to come up. You will know before that time just how Milam will be situated and can make your plans accordingly.

I suppose Mary Thompson is having a lovely time on the camp and I am so glad for her to be able to do these things while she is young and can enjoy them most. We are anxious to hear how her trip with Sister to the reunion turned out. It is not often that your family is so scattered and I suppose your 'old man' is having a right quiet time of it, but he may be enjoying it more than you think he is, for the same change is often good for everybody concerned. It will give him a chance to do some visiting around that he wont do when you are there. Give him my love when you see him or write him. He certainly has an ardent admirer in his own son and I know he deserves it for he has lavished much affection on his children, but it is not often that you see a son speak with such affection of a father as Milam does of his. I am sure it is gratifying to him to know that he has sowed so deeply the seeds of love in the heart of a son. You rather expect that to exist between a Mother and her children but not always between a father. But it is surely so in this case.

I am looking forward to having my own small family united very soon. It seems such a long trip that John has taken this time and I will be more than happy to get him back. He writes me he will be home in about two weeks, but before that time he will be in Hopkinsville and you will have seen him. This has been a long trip for him and he will need the rest that I hope he is going to get at the beach. We are looking forward to a very happy summer there and I trust that we will get out of it enough to make us all feel we did a wise thing in going.

The people who go down on the same point are lovely and the kind of people that we will enjoy so much. Little John can hardly wait to get there. I am not going to worry about bringing him back to school if his teacher will give me his promotion card without it. But they are pretty strict here about those things. However, that is a simple matter and we can come back for two days, I am sure. I will have to come back for a day or two when big John gets back. But I am trying to get my house here in shape so there wont be anything more to be done in closing it up, after I once get down there. I am really longing for the chance of being quiet and in a place where the demands of this work a day life will be less and not very urgent at that.

I had a letter from Booksey yesterday, telling me the doings of the family and I was so glad to get it. I hope we will hear from Sister next, for I do so want to hear about her trip and the reunion.

I must stop for tonight. There is so much more I want to say, but it is late, and I will have to leave it until another time.

With a heart full of love, I am,

Devotedly,

Agnes.

P. S. Mother sends love ot you and all, and says she had meant to write you but will wait a day or two now, so our letter wont come so close together.

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Saturday Night.

My dearest Mamie:

Your grand long letter, with its several enclosures, came several days ago, and I was so glad to get it. I have waited until now to write as my evenings do get away from me, in one way or the other, and when I am here without my family, I am glad that things come up that I can do.

First, I want to tell you how happy I am to know that Milam is safe in his appointed place, and that you have had word to that effect. I was so mad at myself for putting in my last letter that I had seen where the boat was to land the 7th of January- that was such a stupid and tactless thing to say to you, but boats are so often delayed even under the most favorable conditions and with things like they are now, and our boats being detained as they are, it might have taken them much longer. I never felt any great apprehension about their safe arrival, for I hardly think any of the warring nations wants to have the U. S. on its neck, but the chance of a delay is more than likely. So I was disgusted to think that I told you of the probable date of its arrival. As long as they are there safe, and landed so nearly on the date set for them, there is no harm done. I think it is a wonderful opportunity for Milam and I am sure a great compliment to him that he was selected to fill this position. I will try to write to them at some future time. I expect letters will be as welcome later as right now.

You dont know how relieved I am to think that you are finally settled and that your apartments are full and bringing you in such a comfortable rent. It gives me a sense of satisfaction to know that you can stay in your own comfortable and attractive little place all day every day if you want to, and I think you are right to make things as pleasant and homelike for Mary Thompson as you can. With your faithful Lewis on the job and with Mr. Slayton to look after the things that might come up for you, I am sure you feel you can

stay in Louisville with an easy mind, and not have to take that tedious trip back and forth to Hopkinsville so often. So promise me you will take it easy and relax there in your own apartment for you deserve every bit of leisure you can possibly get. You have done wonders to accomplish what you have, and to know that now you can ease up and feel secure is a grand thing and I am proud to think you have arrived at that point, for you have done it all on your own, and except for the interest and love of your children, almost singlehanded. I know of nobody who has made the steady fight to get in a safe position that you have, and I hope you will enjoy it now that you are there.

I was glad to get the letters from Mary Lee and Helen for they gave me some insight into what they had been doing. Helen does not get over one thing before she has another, it seems. She has had lots of sickness, hasn't she? I am delighted that this last operation was not serious and hope she is going to soon recover. My love to all of them when you see them. I suppose Mary Lee was overjoyed at having her Stannye home- she writes in the same exuberant manner that she lives, and I think that is wonderful.

You asked me about 'Gone with the Wind' When you get this, you will have heard many comments there, as you said it was to get to Louisville about this time. I thought it was wonderful, from the first to the last, and I certainly advise everybody to see it. Except for the fact, and it is very true, that the actors do not attempt to carry the southern accent clear through the picture, there are few if any discrepancies. When the story swings into full action, as it does almost from the first, you forget that detail. I wonder why they did not send them south to acquire it? There has been so much put into the picture that one more little thing like that would have been so small compared with the size and the success of the picture. There has never been anything to equal the technical color in this picture, I feel sure. It is wonderful.

We are having some cold weather here- the thermometer has flirted with zero and hit it several times, but nothing to compare with the sub zero weather that has hit that part of the country. I know how you freeze, so I know you have hated it. I never mind it, rather enjoy it when it is as bright and dry as it has

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been with us for over two weeks now. This is the time we usually have the cold, so I rather look forward to it. Weather does not upset me too much anyhow.

John is still in California- when he left he said he thought he would have to be away for about six weeks, but I hoped he was exaggerating and that he would turning his face home by now. But he will be away another two weeks, and I must admit that it has seemed a very long time to me. Right now things are low anyhow, up in this part of the country, and to have him leave so soon after he had come home left me feeling just a little sorry for myself. He wrote he had been down to San Diego, in fact he wrote me from there, and he said he had seen girls on the streets in their bathing suits, in La Jolla and some other resort places. He simply loves it out there. I think if it were not that I were here and that John would be having a spring vacation while he was home, he could be persuaded to stay out there.

My son writes that he is in the throes of his mid year exams and he is pretty low about that. He does not think he has done too well, after much hard and long studying, but that is one of the lessons he has to learn in college, that it takes just that much more studying than he has ever done before, and he will hit his stride after one or two disappointments. His marks have been satisfactory so far, though nothing like they were in prep school, but passing and most of them in the upper bracket. John gets things very quickly, too quickly for his good, I fear, for after he learns a thing he leaves it too quickly to have it really in hand. But I dont want to worry you with that. You had your time when yours were in school and you are due a vacation now. He is coming home next week for a few days, as he will be through his exams on Tuesday. I will be so glad to have him home again.

There is so little of even casual interest to write you from this end of the line. My friends are very thoughtful of me when John is away, as well as when he is here, but they look after me when he is away. But most of our group has been tied down with one thing or the other lately so when we do get together everybody has the same answer to give about their activities- 'things have been very dull'

I had a long letter from Lucy Belle yesterday- she said Mr. Eckles was better, though he had had a back set, which Booksey had written me about. It is so hard, and I do dread what the future holds for them. If his body continues to improve and his mind goes, it is going to be hard for them all, and if it is the other way around, it will be hard for him. They all seem to feel he had really made a big stride toward improvement before this last back set. Of course, many a person has recovered fully and gone around about business as usual, and I hope it will be so with him. I am writing to Booksey tonight, so you need not send this letter on to her. There is little in it to send anybody, but I thought I would tell you that so you would not worry about sending it on.

I hope Mary Thompson is fine and is enjoying her work. She is so bright and attractive that I know they must like her at the bank, and I am happy to think she has such a dignified place to work. Give her much love for me.

My love to Uncle Baylor and all of his family when you see them, and to Anne- Horace must be getting his share of this cold snap for the papers says it has been very cold down in Florida.

A big heart full of love to your own dear self, and remember to take good care of yourself and stay in these very cold days,- be good to yourself for you deserve the very best that there is.

Agnes

MRS. JOHN P. THOMAS  
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Wednesday Night.

My dear, dear Mamie:

Your Christmas present to me was one that I really and truly wanted. I have seen those books in the stores and some of my friends have them, and I have wanted to indulge myself in a set, but have felt it would be an extravagance so have not. Hence the pleasure I had upon getting them. I know I am going to enjoy them lots, and I am more than pleased to get them. You may see a great change in my letters after I have them for a while. I would like to think that you would.

I was delighted with the lovely card table cover from Mary Thompson. I am going to let this be a combination letter, as there is so little of news to write in two letters, and I will thank her in this letter to you. The card table cover is another thing I have coveted when I have used them at other folks' houses, and I am so glad to have one. It is the nicest kind of card table cover, and this one is such a pretty color and goes so well in my living room.

I know that you and Mary Thompson were in Hopkinsville for Christmas Day, but I imagine she had to get back to work the day after. I am glad that she had the two days anyhow and how she had a pleasant time while in Hopkinsville. I suppose Milam was about half way over, or perhaps not quite that far. I think I saw where their boat would land in Liberia about January seventh. I know you will be glad to know they are safely on the other side, but things have been so active in this part of the country that I believe after all they picked about as good a time for going as they could have under the circumstances. I feel sure they will get their in good shape except for some seasickness which everybody must expect.

My family is all away tonight. Big John is away for a couple of days on business, just in the western part of the state, so he will be

home tomorrow night. Young John is in Boston to a big party tonight. It is about the only nice social thing of its kind during the holiday season. There is so little social stamina in a place like Brockton that as the young people grow up, there is less and less for them until they reach the age where they can do for themselves. The young married ones and the ones just old enough to marry have a right good time, but as for the set that should be tripping every minute, there is very little. John has seemed content at home except for his 'dates' - the book says that is not correct - during the day he seems to love sitting around and reading or having the boys in. There is some ice skating now, which they enjoy but on the whole, I call it a dull vacation. Guess they have plenty of fun at school, though, so I am not worrying over it. He was so happy with his flannel shirt that is one of the things he had asked for. John and I could not find a pretty one in a plaid in Brockton or Boston, so it just hit the spot with him.

We had our egg nog party from six thirty to eight on Christmas night. As most of those invited were our good friends they stayed until much later than that, but they were invited at those hours. It went off easily and well, and they seemed to enjoy it. Beside the egg nog they consumed practically a whole Kentucky ham and half of a fruit cake, so I called it a success. It is nice to get people together that way, and they seem to enjoy the egg nog. I don't know why some of these people up here don't try their hands at it, but they never do. I think we had a few more than forty this year, though I have not stopped to count them yet. It is our only social gesture during the year, so I am always glad when it goes off well and when so many can come.

Now that Christmas is over, and with my two John going away so soon again, I expect to dig in and have a quiet winter. I think I can use the time here at home to good advantage, so I plan very little from now on. John goes back to school on Monday, and big John leaves for Chicago and the west on Sunday. He is going to be away for about six weeks. I am hoping that John can come home for a little while after his mid year exams, so the time will be broken into somewhat.

I must not write more tonight. My love to you and Mary Thompson, and every wish for a happy year. Again many thanks for the lovely gifts. *Ugno.*

Monday Night.

Dearest Mamie:

You have surely been good to write to me about about Dr. Woodard's progress, and of course, I am delighted to hear that he is improving, and I trust he will soon be in his usual good health. I cant help but think that he will, for he has always been so well and with this very rapid come back that he has made this time, I am more than encouraged about him.

This is the only paper I find on the place, so I will have to make it do for my note to you, hence the upside down effect. I feel badly that you are under the impression that I have not had the grace to thank you for your Christmas presents to me. The one from you and the one from Mary Thompson came in due season and I am enjoying them both immensely. I wrote to you sometime ago, I would say much over a week ago, but time goes so rapidly that I cannot be sure just when it was, and sent it to you in Louisville. That was before I knew that you were going to Hopkinsville, so your daughter must not have forwarded the letter. It contained my thank you to her too, so she must think me as ungrateful as you do.

The tray that Mary Thompson sent me is as

pretty and attractive as can be and I find it very useful as well as ornamental, and the book cover I put into immediate use and am using it constantly, so I thank you both many times for them. John has intended to write you and Mary Thompson a joint letter, for he has used the knife so much and was so proud of it, and the collar and tie set thrilled him and his father as well. I am not sure but big John wore the collar pin away with him, as I heard him tell John it was the nicest one that he ever saw. Little John had used it when he was very much dressed up; and had displayed it with much pride.

I will send this to you in Louisville as you say you are going back today or tomorrow, but will mark please forward; in case you may not get away as soon as you had thought you would.

I hope Mother soon recovers from her cold. She has such miserable head colds, but I am thankful that she usually gets rid of them before they get into her throat.

We are all getting along fine here, except for the anxiety that I have felt about Dr. Woodard. John told me he would call as soon as he got in that part of the country to find out about him, for he left before we had

had the assurance that he was better, and he felt very much upset over it. So I am glad that he could get news direct from home about him. In a letter from him today, he says he thinks he will be in Hopkinsville next Sunday. I am afraid that he will just miss you and know he will be sorry.

I am trying to get this and a letter written to John before my son comes back in the house. He almost never asks to go out after supper, but usually several of the boys come in up here, for which I am thankful. But tonight we were done our supper early, and he asked to go out with Bob Howard for awhile, and come back in v ry soon. There are about six things he wants to hear on the radio, and then he must study and practice his trumpet all of this after dark, so he has hard work to get them all in, and often does not. He is still such a little boy in so many of his ways and I am so glad that he is. I know that in another year I will see such a change, but as long as he is willing to play and run as he does, I really feel thankful.

I do hope you find Mary Thompson entirely over the flu when you get back to Louisville. I presume from your letter today that she is back at work again. Am

glad that you have a good cook and know it will relieve you to have somebody do it for you. I thought the tricola-  
tor that John sent you would save you work and coffee when you were alone at noon. I often wish I had one, for it is an easy way to make one cup of coffee. As they are very inexpensive I think I will get myself one, to use when John is away.

Thank you for the calendars. We will both use and enjoy them. I used the one you sent me last year every day, in fact used it for a book mark and thereby was able to keep track of the date and day.

I must stop for this time.

A great deal of love to you and Mary Thompson and thank you again for being so good as to write me as often as you have.

*Agnes.*

MRS. JOHN P. THOMAS  
78 BELCHER AVENUE  
BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Monday Night.

My dearest Mamie:

This is my second letter home tonight, as I have just finished writing to Booksey, but as there are plenty of things to write to each of you, and I have such a good chance to do it tonight, I wont apologize for sending along two letters at once.

Your two letters were here when I came from New York. I wrote Booksey I had been over with Alice Roberts, and stayed for two days and nights with her in her mother's apartment in the New Yorker. We had a very simple stay as we both felt poor after the holidays so we did very little, but it was a nice change and I always advocate getting out of the routine if one can.

Both of your letters had much of interest, and I enjoyed them so much. I was so glad you wrote me about your Christmas day, and I know your apartment with the tree and everything as you described it was sweet. I am delighted Mary Thompson could come and be with you there on that day. I thought of all of you so much, and was pleased to get the message that you and Booksey sent me. Milam and Gldays were much in my thoughts, too. I expect they had a fine time on Christmas day, for even the smallest boats, in the warmest lands have some sort of celebration on that day, I think. I know it was all a great thrill for them, for such a trip is an adventure. Lots of men I know who are really fond of the sea prefer such a boat for a real water trip and a rest to one of the larger and more pretentious boats. I looked in my paper on Sunday to see if there was any sort of news about the landing of their boat, but the dates were not up to the 7th and as that was the first date given when the boat sailed, they may be a week late getting in to port. I think that may be especially true now, when there is so much delay in shipping of all kind.

Your note from Cousin Courtenay I will send on to John. I doubt very seriously if he will look her up, for he does not do much of that sort of thing

but I will write him and tell him he ought to do it.

As you know, he left before your letter arrived, but even if it had come sooner, I could not have taken your suggestion. I have always regretted so much that I did not go to California with John the first spring he went. I had my own money saved up then for a trip, and could have gone, but he discouraged it as it was all so new to him, and he felt it would be very difficult for me to have much social life and for him to have his attention divided. But I think I made a mistake, for John was in school and so well taken care of and I could have gone without a qualm- but as long as I did not go then, it has never been so I could go since. I have spent the money on other things, and there has never been a time when it suited as well. I could not have considered it this year. Our expenses are so great with John in college that I feel that must be my first consideration, and then, too, he is able to be home more, and that of course, is lovely for me. John is going to be out there about a month this winter, so I hope the time wont seem too long. Young John hopes to come home after his mid year exams, so the time will be broken in that way.

John is certainly enthusiastic over California. You and he agree perfectly about it as a place to live. He has talked some of the possibility of moving us out there, but I think he wants to know first how much of his regular business will keep him out there so much before he really considers it. We are so tied here with this house and John's other interests that I am not sure it would pay us, but I have told him many times if he felt it was to his interest and it would save him any travelling and he could be home more, we would do it gladly. But I dont look for it to come to pass any time soon, if ever. Perhaps if I ever get there, I will feel the same way as you and he feel, but right now I cant think of any place more charming to live then New England- not Brockton, for I have always felt it was about the cheapest town, but we are not dependant on Brockton for much of our life. Our friends, of course, are here, but for our outside activities we can always find lots of interest in Boston. I expect all of this is just talk, so dont pass it on.

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I am delighted to hear from the letters the children have written me that Mr. Eckles is down stairs. He has certainly improved right along lately and I hope and pray it is going to continue. He may pull out of it, yet, for such things have happened. If he had given up sooner, which was the last thing he wanted to do, he might have come back more quickly, but then one can never tell in a case like his.

Things are humming along as usual here with me. I am busy all of the time, and when my family is away, I am so glad I can keep going. Right now the days seem so very full. I am going to Boston Wednesday to see 'Gone with the Wind' It has taken this part of the country by storm. You can't imagine such praise as it gets from all sources. It was impossible to get tickets in New York, and I have had to get mine from a broker's in Boston, but I am indulging myself as I do want so much to see it.

I do hope you will rent your apartment very soon. I know you will in time as you have had such good luck in renting them, and they are so very attractive and I know that this one will be in demand before long. I am delighted that you had such a comfortable place to stay when we were there this winter.

It has been bitter cold here for over a week now. The ground is covered with snow, and it is still on wing, but it has been a slow and steady snow and not a blizzard with wind along with it. You know I never mind the cold or the snow, and this winter there has been so little of it up until now that nobody can complain.

It is past my bed time, so I must not write more tonight. Give my love to Mary Thompson, and with a heart very very full for your dear self, I am,

*Aguis*

P. S. I have just finished the Nazarene- it is a winter's reading but it is wonderful- I think you would thoroughly enjoy it.

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78 BELCHER AVENUE  
BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Monday Night.

My dear, dear Booksey:

Your good long letter was here waiting when I came home Saturday night, after a few days in New York with Alice Roberts. I was so glad to get your letter, for I had left the day after New Year's Day, and when I left the mail had not come, so I was a long time without mail from home.

Today I have had a note from Alfred, telling me that Mr. Eckles was down stairs on that day. I know how happy you all are to have him able to be out, and I certainly share your joy in his improvement. I feel he has made a fine come back, due to your good care and loving watchfulness, and I hope and pray he is going to be fully recovered yet. I think he has a wonderful chance to be back to normal again, after this long pull, so you must feel greatly encouraged about him. Give him much love for me always.

I have jotted down several things that I had meant to say when I wrote you before. First, I don't think I mentioned getting the Christmas day message from you and Mamie. It was here for me when I came down at breakfast and it always helps me through the day when I get such a thought from those I love and from whom I am separated. Forgive my negligence in overlooking it.

I wrote you when my family was home and there was much coming and going, so I left out lots that I fully intended to put in. The second thing I forgot was the money for the wreaths that you sent out to the cemetery. I am so glad you did send them, and hope you will always, for it is the one time when we do put anything on all of the graves, and I hope we can keep it up. I am still minus a dollar to send that is, when I thought of enclosing it in my letter, I found I had only some small change in my purse. I will send it later, and if I should forget it, please remind me. I hate to be careless about such little amounts.

The third thing I jotted down to mention to you was about my present to faithful Julia. I think I told you I was going to send her four dollars. I sent her only three, as I had sent the five earlier in the month, and I thought it might be necessary to send you some more for her later, so sent her only three. I thought if she should say anything about it, you might think she was not telling the 'whole truth'. I know there will be lots of other times when we have to do for her, so in thinking it over, I felt that three was enough for her then.

As I said, I took a little trip to New York and down to Swathmore, Pa. last week. It sounds like much more of a spree than it really was. Alice Roberts had asked me some time ago to go with her, as she had to drive her daughter, Jean, back to school. Jean goes to Swathmore. She was also going to take her mother, who lives in New York and has a very grand apartment in the hotel New Yorker, as her mother had been spending the holidays up here.

Her mother has a companion who lives with her, so she was going along, too. We were packed in pretty tight, and half way there, at New Haven, Jean stopped and picked up another girl and her bags, so it was anything but a comfortable trip down. However, we got rid of some of the passengers and load at New York and then drove down to the school.

We stayed over night there, and until the next afternoon, then Alice and I came back by New York, stopped over there from Wednesday night until Saturday morning, and drove home Saturday. She really asked me to go to have company back and to help her with the driving- I did most of that coming back, but as I don't mind, and she does, it worked out alright. We went to one show and a couple of movies in New York, but did very little else. I did not go into a store. I hate to wander aimlessly around just looking, and I did not want to spend any money, so I just stayed away from them. This time of year the windows are full of the new styles so you can see about the latest word by just looking in the windows. Alice is a very comfortable sort of person, very simple and unassuming, and one who dotes on her family and loves to talk, so I let her until I get too much of it then I tell her we must talk about

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something else, and we do, so we get along wonderfully. I am very fond of her and she is a good friend, and one I can be very frank with. She says we get along like turtle doves, but we are very different in every way. Her mother is as good as Alice and they are very sincere and worth while, so the other little things go into the discard.

Alie and I talked a lot about Agnes on our way home. I could not help but think what a wonderful place Swathmore would be for Agnes. It is coed, as you know, and the class of girl who goes there is so superior, and the boys are fine, too. Jean is crazy about it. You know, of course, that it is a very rich college, and it has lots of scholarships. I wonder if you would consider it for Agnes next year. I know that Mr. Gaines' daughter went there, so you would have some connection in that way, and I wish you would look into it and see if Agnes could get in on a scholarship. It was queer that it should be so much on my mind, and that in a letter which came to me from Agnes today, she said that she wished I would pick out some nice small coed school for her up in this part of the country. I know that four years schooling is an expense, so if she could get in on any kind of a scholarship, it would be to your advantage. You know, of course, that now is the time to be thinking about it, and investigating it, for the bids for any kind of scholarship are put in early. I do wish you would think seriously of it. I believe the type of girl who goes there would suit Agnes well. They are real girls and have a wonderful social life as well as a fine chance for a higher education.

So far, I have not heard from Lucy Belle about the proposition that I made her. Agnes said in her letter that she thought she was an evident afterthought in my invitation, but I guess she knows she would be most welcomed if she were out of school. I wish so much that Lucy Belle would come. Now that Mr. Eckles is so much better, I have hopes that she may

I left before I had time to get anything in order after the holidays. Big John left on Sunday and young John on Monday, and I pulled out early Tuesday, so the many things that accumulate were waiting for me when I came back Saturday night. I went to church yesterday morning, then came home and put in some good licks in the afternoon, and today I have been out most of the day, looking after some things that John could not get around to before he left, and some things for my son, too. You know there is always plenty they never get around to. But as long as my time is my own and I have lots of it, I am glad to be able to do these things. I do not want to seem to complain.

Pauline Leach's mother came yesterday from Kentucky- she is eighty years old, and is just about as big as Miss Lillie, and as spry and smart as she can be. She comes almost every winter. I want to go to see her soon, but when it will be, I can't see. This is such a busy week, it is going to be hard to get one more thing in. I am going to Boston Wednesday to see 'Gone with the Wind' It is the talk of New York, and tickets could not be bought at any price- there was a line two blocks long standing to buy reserve seats ahead. Boston is almost as bad, but not quite, and Lenore Reed and I are going in Wednesday- we have had to get our tickets through a broker, but we are so anxious to see it before it gets away from Boston. Everybody who has seen it has said it was beyond criticism of any kind- it is remarkable that it has made such a hit up here. I do hope when it comes that you will give yourself a treat and go. I do not believe another picture like it will be made in many years.

I had a letter from big John in Denver- he leaves there today and goes west for about a month- it did seem he had only gotten here when he had to leave again, but I hope when he does come home he will have a few weeks to stay put. He threatens to move us out to California, and I sometimes think we might be able to see more of each other if we did go, but I know we won't do any think like that in a hurry.

Give all of the family my love, and with a big heart full for your own dear self, I am,

*Ayes.*

Saturday Morning.

Dearest Mamie:

Your two letters have come to me this past week, and both were full of interest and news. I was so glad to hear from you and to get your letters, as well as the enclosures you sent. I am returning Gladys' letter, as you requested, but will not return the other things.

It is grand to know that Milam and Gladys are there and settled, and I judge from Milam's account of what is going on there, that he will find much to work on that is in his line. I am glad for him that he can have this opportunity and experience. It seems there is so much in the world today for young men who are willing to work and who have a knowledge of things in science and chemistry.

There is a Brockton person who, with her husband, lives in Monrovia. I have not said anything about it sooner, as I do not know her and was not sure that they would have anything in common with Milam and Gladys. She was a dental hygienist for one of the best dentists here, and she married this man and went there to live- he is a Mr. Pilot, and is an Englishman- I cant quite see why he is not in the war, but he is not, and has just left here for Liberia- I dont know whether she went with him or not. He comes back here now and then for a leave of several months. I have heard that he was with the consular service, which, of course, he is not, being an englishman- and I have heard he was with Standard Oil- but Bill Cary told me very positively that he was with Firestone. So you can pass as much of this on to Milam as you want to. If he is with Firestone and can have a leave now and then, he must be of some importance, and Milam will likely come in contact with him. But I have delibertately kept away from the subject, as I felt in a

small country with a limited number of Americans, it might not work out for me, up here in Massachusetts, to try to make any contacts for them over there. I never saw either of them, and only know of their living there by word of others. Neither of them would have ever known us either.

I was pleased to get the letter from Cousin Courtenay- John had such a pleasant visit with her, and I hope he will look her up every time he goes out there. He certainly shares her enthusiasm for that part of the country.

It is always good news to me when I hear of <sup>Mrs</sup> Mary Thompson's good times, and I am so glad she is enjoying herself, and her work. It is so much better for everybody to have something to do, and I know she is happier than if she had all of her time on her hands.

There is not much news here. John is recovering from one of his bad colds, for like you, when he has one, he has a miserable one, so for the last week we have been right much in the house. But I dont mind it- it is so nice for me to have him home. Young John is due home next week for his spring vacation, and we are looking forward to it with much pleasure.

I want to get this in the mail so will run along but next time will write you more in detail about everything.

A heart full of love to you and <sup>Mrs</sup> Mary Thompson.

Agnes.

Wednesday Night.

My dearest Mamie:

This clipping has been in my desk since your last letter, not only as a reminder that you wanted it back, but also as a reminder that I owed you a letter. I see from the date of your letter that I have been in your debt for some time.

I wonder if you ever listen to the Firestone Hour on Monday night on the radio? It is usually lovely and I listen when I know that Richard Crooks is going to sing. Week before last the man who gives the interlude talk spoke entirely of Liberia and the project of the Firestone people there. He called the names of several men who had gone out and were going, but mostly the men who were buying or manufacturing rubber. I listened to every word hoping that some mention might be made of Milam. As long as it is an hour worth hearing, I want to call your attention to it because you might hear some news of their work there, if not something more personal about Milam. It comes at eight thirty our time.

It has been on my mind to write you about it ever since I heard that talk, though many times there is no such reference to Liberia, but today all of us here are very conscious of the wonder of radio. You know that we have some friends, Helen and Fred Hasey who live in Bridgewater and are in the group of friends we know so well. They have two sons, one of them is in Finland with an American Ambulance Corps right up at the very front line. He is one of four American boys who are driving these light ambulances in this first unit to go. You may have seen some reference to them, as the papers have been full of their pictures as well as their names. They have been praised by the foreign correspondent in Helsinki in the foreign broadcast that comes to us every morning and night. This morning Jack Hasey was on the air broadcasting from Finland in an interview with the N. B. C.

broadcaster in Helsinki, and when he started the broadcast, the announcer said he was going to interview John Hasey from Bridgewater, Mass. and that he hoped that his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hasey would be listening. And they were listening, as they do every morning and heard him speak. Can you think of anything more thrilling, next to seeing your son who had been working or fighting under such conditions? It does seem that radio is the most wonderful of all inventions. Incidentally Jack said he had lost all of his toe nails from frozen feet, and that right now he was incapacitated with a broken arm, but outside of that he was fine. I really think that is a story worth telling you about and I know you will be interested.

My husband arrived week before last and it has been wonderful to have him here. Right now he is away for a day or two as he has to go to the western part of the state for a day or two between trips. John has been home both week ends since big John came back. We had so little time together at Christmas that I know John missed seeing and being with his father, and I am happy that he could get home. He brought one of his friends with him, and with other young folks that have dropped in we have had two very busy week ends, which is always nice for all of us. I doubt if John gets home again now until his easter vacation, but as that comes early this year, it wont be too long a time between visits. It happened that he could get a ride home each time, one time they hitch hiked back, but last week John and I drove them back. It was a beautiful day so we loved the drive.

We are still pretty much tied up with snow the remains of the first bad storm which came two weeks ago and two small snows on top of that. It has been snowing today and is very bad under foot. Big John has come back so full of the glory of the California weather that he really is beginning to get an awfully bad name among our good old New England friends. He hates snow at any time, and after five weeks of mild weather, he did pick the very

worst storm in years for his arrival. I met him at noon on a Wednesday, and that night we were snowed in and all of the lights out in the neighborhood. Twice our lights have gone out and stayed out for some time, so he thinks California is pretty easy compared to this. He went to see Cousin Courtenay and enjoyed his visit with her so much. He said her apartment was in a wonderful spot, but you had already told me that. I am so glad he did go to see her, for she is a lovely person and I know they both had a nice visit.

I have lived about as quietly this winter as ever in my life. I found I was in so many things that I was not doing justice to any of them so decided to cut down my activities, and it has given me more time at home than I usually have, so I have been trying to domesticate myself and do some of the many things that I have put off for so long. One of them is to finish my bed spread. I thought I had it almost done, and sewed the pieces together to find I will have to do about a hundred more pieces to make the spread the right size for that big bed. It is such a wide one, and while I am about it, I want to do it right.

Between that and some new curtains for my kitchen and pantries, eight pairs it takes, and making a petti coat for my big bed, I have really put in a most mouse like but useful existence this last month. Now that John is home, I doubt if I will find the time to do as much of that kind of thing as I have done lately. Most everybody has been kept in by the very bad walking- the only place we can walk is in the middle of the street, as there are several feet of snow on all the side walks in the residential sections. So it has not been too much of a temptation to get out.

I hope you found another tenant for your apartment. Booksey wrote me that your last one was transferred so for some reason moved out. I feel sure you will get somebody in before long. I have read with much interest about the English government cutting down on their tobacco

orders in this country, and have hoped that that would not affect the markets at home. Today the paper says the French are opening their buying of tobacco again, so I trust that means that those in the tobacco business will get the benefit of it. It is so important for that part of the country that our tobacco trade keep up.

You asked about the schedule of boats going to Liberia. The New York Times gives every Sunday the boats of all types that are sailing during that week, but unless you could get it on Sunday, I don't know that you would get any good out of it.

I will be so interested to know what you hear from Milan. I am sure he will be busy with his responsibilities when he first gets there, and as he is not the world's best writer anyhow, he may be slow in getting around to writing you, but Gladys will write I know, so when you hear from them let me know what they report.

Tell Mary Thompson I received her letter and enjoyed it so much. I hope Helen has recovered and that all are well at Glenview. Give them my love when you see them, as well as love to Anne. With a great deal to Mary Thompson and a heart full always for your dear self, I am,

*Agnus.*

Wednesday Night.

Dearest Mamie:

I am going to have an evening alone, as my husband is going out to a man's party, and my son will soon be in bed. So I am going to take advantage of the opportunity and write some letters that I wanted to write last week.

First, let me thank you for your presents to us. They came in fine time and all of them were lovely and most appreciated. I was delighted with the tray that Mary Thompson sent me. With the many things that I have of one kind and another, I have never had one of those oblong trays and I have seen so many that I was tempted to buy. This one is unusually pretty and colorful and I am so pleased to get it. While this is not a joint letter, I must ask you to express to her my pleasure in getting such a pretty gift. I thought we decided that she was not to give any of the family, except the children anything this year. While I am tickled to pieces to get this, still I wish she had saved her money for I know she has use for all of it.

The book cover that you sent me was put into immediate use and I have used it ever since. I do like the way they decorate a table and I am more than pleased to get it. Thank you many times for it. I think John wrote and thanked you for your hankies. He certainly needed them badly and these were such pretty ones. Little John was delighted with the things you and Mary Thompson sent him. He has allowed his father to wear the collar and tie set and I frankly think that big John would like to trade him out of it, but there is not a chance. He is too proud of it. And the knife that you sent him he has kept with him constantly. I wish that I could say he would write you, but he is pretty busy as a rule and not very punctilious about his manners.

I had a letter from sister today telling me the goings and comings of the family. I am glad that you could go down and that you were all well and happy at Christmas. Of course, I felt badly to think that Mother was not as well as she should be, but I have had a letter from her, saying she was over her spell and I feel relieved that she is.

We have had a week of miserable weather and everywhere there is sickness. So much flu around, and while none of it is in a bad form, still it is a miserable thing to have. I am thankful to say that we have escaped, so far. School started yesterday and there were said to be over a hundred children out of high school yesterday and today. It is warm and damp and really depressing weather and I think everybody would be in a better frame of mind if it were colder. For myself, I never mind the cold weather, but even those who fuss most about it would welcome some of it now.

From the letter I had from sister today, I judge that there is a lot of sickness at home, too.

I have been to a meeting of the Junior Fortnightly today. Some woman talked on Chinese Gardens. She was bright and very good, but I was not much in the mood for such a lecture. I was glad when it was over. You know people up here just overdo the thing of pictures and lectures. They are instructive but you do weary of them, after a while. This morning I had a meeting at the Y. W. We are busy now getting ready for our annual meeting which comes the third Friday in the month. That is about the only big job left to me. That and the starting of the new officers on the way. There may be a hitch there, but I have a committee to work that out with me so I am not much worried. My term will be up by February first, and when I think of the things that I had hoped to accomplish and did not, I am really quite sorry to give it up, but when I look ahead to shifting the responsibility to somebody else, I feel a great relief. I am sure with big John away I will not know what to do with my time. But I ought to be able, after two years of discipline to put it to some worthwhile cause. What I really ought to do is to let Katie go and do my own house work and save that money. We could certainly use it in many ways. But she is so faithful and I feel so secure when I leave John at night, that I find myself holding on to her a while longer yet. She got an engagement ring for a Christmas present so she may leave me sooner than I thought, though at present she says it is not any time soon.

We had a lovely box from M<sub>1</sub>lam. He always shows such good taste is what

he busy and gives. He sent John a basket ball that he has certainly enjoyed . I just wish we had some place for him to use it in the house, though he says now he is going to save his money and get some baskets to put up in the garage. The only thing I dont believe about that is that he is going to save his money. That comes awfully hard for him.

I must tell you what he said today. He brought home his report, and it was very poor in spots. Fortunately for him the poorest marks were in the subjects that are not major subjects, writing, drawing and manual training. But they showed lack of effort and I was quite distressed over it, and so was he, but he would not admit it. He had to take a music lesson today, and as I was going to the club I told him that he would have to walk home or ride on the car. He told me he was going to the Y. for a swim, to "forget my troubles, if I can" he said, "and you forget them, too, Mother, at your club today, wont you?"

It remains to be seen how sorry he is about the low marks, and from his pep and actions tonight, I am quite sure he was successful in forgetting his troubles somewhere along the line. He is certainly a real boy, and for that I am thankful, though I would have him do better in some ways in school than he does.

John expects to leave in a few days. If he gets away soon enough he will go by Chicago for the Style Show that is to be held there next week. He is not very crazy about style shows but as he is out that way, he will probably go. He will make Kentucky somewhere along the way, but just when I dont know, as he expects to be gone about six weeks. I think he will be through Louisville sometime and of course, he will get in touch with you.

I suppose you read my letter to sister and you know that my typewriter is my Christmas present. I am so glad to get it. It is different from my old Corona and has standard keyboard which I like, as I learned on that kind, but I find myself just one letter over as the keys on the Corona were and it is most provoking. With a brand new typewriter it seems as if I should never make a mistake. I know I am going to get much pleasure out of it. Writing by hand was such a trial to me.

John and I are going ~~into~~ Boston Friday night for dinner with Mrs. Nute. She has asked us ever so many times and we could not go, so we felt we should go this time. I wish we were going in for a supper somewhere down town and a show, as we get into Boston very seldom at night, but guess we wont get down town, but just out to her apartment. We have gone about quite a good deal this Christmas and it has been good for us both. I do not need much diversio n, for I get a lot of it one way or another, but John lo es people and he does enjoy getting out. I suppose after Friday night we will settle down and be quiet again.

There are so many other letters that I ought to grite that I am not going to write you more tonight. But will tryb to practice on you again soon.

With a great deal of love to you and Mary Thompson, I am,

*Agnes*

Tuesday-

Dearest Mamma-

Your letter came to me last week, and you were good to write me so quickly in regard to my injury. It was quite painful, and you know better than I can tell you the mean reaction from any kind of a

fracture.

However, my hand is coming along nicely. The doctor removed one finger from the splint last Saturday. While there was only one bone broken - the one going from the little finger to the wrist still in binding it they bound the little finger and the fourth finger together. So they released that Saturday and while it is very sore from lack of use still it gives me more use of my hand. The other is just a matter of healing and time, I suppose.

I had my pencil and paper out  
to write you last night, but I fell  
by the wayside and went to bed  
early. I had spent the day at the  
beach at Mary Leach's home. Five of  
us went down as we do every year  
for a spend the day party. It was  
a perfect day, but after the long day  
with my clothes on, and so much  
chatter and talk I was really  
quite tired when I got home. It  
was the second time I had been  
out in a group and I do find  
it a little tiring.

Your letter was written from home.  
Since you left, I have had one  
letter from Barbara, telling me of  
Mary Thompson's promotion and the  
great compliment paid her in the  
responsibility put on to her. She  
surely deserves much praise and  
congratulations, and I am so pleased  
for her and proud of her. No  
matter how small a promotion

these days. It is an honor and I  
feel most delighted to think that  
her fine services have been so  
well rewarded. She is a lovely capable  
girl and this is just one of the many  
blessings we have of it.

The letters you all write me, telling  
me of Mother's condition alarmed and  
distracted me more than I can say.  
Of course, my mind has been very  
much on the affairs at home  
for these months, and I knew that  
Mother was far from well and ex-  
pected that she had aged, but I  
didn't suspect that she was <sup>in any</sup>  
such state as your letters implied.  
You rather urge me to come  
home at once. If it is urgent, I  
will do so. But all things considered  
I would much rather wait. I would  
not think of taking John out of  
school, for they are very strict up  
here about that and I am sure  
would not give him his pro-  
portion. And as I write Barbours.

I am not at all sure that I will  
bring John home when I come.  
It is far from a happy picture  
you must admit with suffering  
and distress every where you turn  
and I can't quite see the sense  
in taking a child into it. We  
had planned for a long time to  
put John into camp. This year  
and I rather feel that is the  
thing to do. It will be hard for me  
to leave him so far away but it  
looks to me like that is the  
fin thing to him.  
There of course there is the ever  
present question of expense. It  
means two full fares on the  
train now. and that is quite  
a lot of money. I hardly dare  
plan to come in the car for  
that would mean finding somebody  
to drive down & share the expense  
and the driving, and I do not  
know whether I want to obligate  
myself to passengers going and

coming - Do you see I have a few  
problems of my own to consider -  
I certainly expect to come down to  
see Mother and all of you, but unless  
it is urgent, I feel I cannot come  
right now - As much as I would  
like to help Sister in her present  
trouble, I can't see how any body  
would be of any help to them.  
It seems to me it is a problem to be  
met and solved by them and the  
sooner they get things settled up  
and face the consequences the  
easier it will be for them all.

We are having a stretch of pretty  
weather but it is all in all a very  
late spring with us - Our flowers are  
coming along so much later than  
usual.

It is lonely to get out and work  
around in the garden but it will  
be nicer when things start to bloom -  
I find I can do a lot with my  
good hand and part of the  
other one -

I do hope Uncle Sam can come to  
see you ever decoration day. I know  
what a pleasure it will be  
to you all. I have thought about  
this so much in connection with  
the Russell Shells proposition. I wonder  
if his company will be in on that  
and if he had thought any thing  
about "getting a place" there. I had  
meant to write him but after I had  
my hand, my letter writing was  
greatly curtailed.

I must stop for today. Much  
love to the children and Anne when  
you see her and a heart full of  
love to you.

Agnes

P. S. Want send this letter home.  
Write to Aunt yesterday so they know  
the latest news of us.

Sunday Afternoon.

My dearest Mamie:

I am writing this to you in Hopkinsville, as my letters have a way of playing hide and seek with you, and I am hoping to catch you there.

You were good to write me the nice long letter that you did write while you were home in Louisville and to send me the other letters from the family that I might know all of the happenings. Booksey has been so good to write me, too, so I feel grateful to you both for keeping me posted about things at home, as I am naturally anxious to hear and have hardly been able to get all of you out of my mind a minute since Dr. Woodard was taken sick. I only wish that I were near enough to step in and help take part of the responsibility that is falling on all of you right now.

From this end of the line there is very little news. It is a snowy Sunday with us and from the look of things outside we are in for our first real snow. It started in yesterday afternoon late very fine and dry but this morning the sun was out and the ground was just barely covered. However it has become very cloudy and is snowing again and the paper says colder so we may get what we have not had all winter, a real snow storm. I wish we would so we could enjoy it now and not have to endure it the last of March or the first of April.

I have spent a busy week, but at present I am very much a lady of leisure. I had a tea on Tuesday of which I wrote Mother, and while it was a small affair it took planning and time, and as long as it turned out so well I was glad that I had undertaken it. Wednesday was my Junior Fortnightly day and guest day at that. I had some of my party left over, so I asked my guest Alice Roberts, and two of our mutual friends to lunch with me, as the party was at Edna Lynch's. I went down at eleven o'clock Wednesday morning to take Edna some silver and china and she was just driving in the yard and had been down town all morning. She had not made up a bed or picked up the paper from the night before, and she had sixty people coming for a guest afternoon at two thirty. True she had taken it as an accommodation as the hostess was

sick, and she had Alice Porter for an assistant hostess, but I cant think of anybody putting off so much until the last. I stayed as long as I could to help her, and she had a woman coming a t leve to clean up, and when I went back down there with my guest the house was spick and span and you would not have thought that she had been out of the house all day. But she said she was so tired that she could hardly move that night.

Thursday my term as president expeired at the Y. W. and I stepped down and gave the onors to Bill Cary. She will do a wonderful job and I am just hoping I can help her halfa s much as she has helped me. It is a relief in a way, though I did not make a burden out of it and I certainly got much more out of the little effort that I made than I put into it. I know that I have made contacts that will go along through life with me, and that will make me a bett r woman.

Friday I decided to celebrate my freedom by cleaning my cellar. It was a treat I had been promising myself since Christmas. You know we built John a room down there and they used it to chawe their Christmas tree and many other functions during the holi-eday s and that and the rest of the cellar were dreadfully in need of cleaning. So I went to it with a will, and I did a first class job, but was I sore that night and the next day? I certsinly knew that I had muscles that had not been used for a long time. Today I am feeling much better in my own opimion that the cellar is as clean as it is, though before I know it the February holiday will be here and I will have thesame thing to do over again.

Friday night the crowd that John and I like so much were going into Boston to dinner and to see the picture, Cavalcade, of which you have read. They asked me to go along, but when they invited me I had so much just ahead of me that I declined, and later I was sorry, as one other lady went without a husband and I might just as well have gone. The Carys were asked to go too, though they do not go with that crowd as a rule, so I told Bill I would keep Henrietta up here for thie night. Bill has not a maid now and is rather confined in the evenings. Henrietta came and I think had a lovely time. She is not a child that mixes especially well and her other

is awfully set in some of her rules with her, so I think the child enjoys getting away from home now and then. She and John and I played games until much later than his usual bed hour, and then we went out and I gave them some sustard and cake before they went to bed. Henrietta said her Mother would have a fit if she ate anything at home or asked for anything before she went to bed, so I was just glad to give her something I knew she would not get at home. But what I started out to say is, do see Cavalcade when it come to Louisville. It is very pathetic but so well doen that you do not want to miss it. I am going to try to get in one afternoon this week to see it.

I have had a quiet Sunday today. I took John down to Sunday School and later went back to church. Big John and I think now we will go down to the South Church as members. It seems the right time to make the break, as we like the new pastor down there very much, and John is thoroughly identified with the Sunday School and church down there. I stopped in at Pauline's to get him and they insisted that he stay to dinner, and asked me too, but I would not stay. However, I was glad for him to stay so I came home and had a Sunday dinner all by myself. I suppose Mother and Booksey would think that was dreadful but it does not even ruffle my feathers. I find that it does one good to eat alone now and then, and of course, now that John is in junior high and does not get home until almost two o'clock some days it is impossible for me to wait and eat lunch with him every day. I try to be here and sit with him when he is eating but often my plans make that impractical so we have our breakfast together and our evening meal and we do not make anything of our lunch at all. So I eat about half of the time alone, when big John is away and one more meal even Sunday dinner does not matter much.

I hope to hear news soon that Dr. Woodard is much better. I am sorry he has had to suffer so from the injections. It does seem as if it takes much endurance to get back to health after one has an illness of any kind. But I am hopeful that he will improve more rapidly all of the time now.

Annes sent me a post card to let me know that one of Mrs. Eudy's poems was to be sung over the radio, but it came at an hour when I was not

able to tune in to hear it. I am interested to know if she has sold the rights on some of them for commercial purposes. From the way she talked to me last summer I thought she valued them too highly to present them to the public even for the time being. She told me that the highest authorities had said wonderful things about the work she was doing and that it was so good she was not in any hurry to put it on the press. That is just between us, however.

Give my love to Mary Thompson and to Milam when you write him. I must not write more today. I am going to a vesper service this afternoon and then get my son down in Campello and then home, so I must get started on my activities.

A great deal of love to all at home and much for you.

*Agnes*

Tuesday Afternoon.

Dearest Mamie:

I landed finally here last night, after a rather long wait at Guthrie. But for that, the trip home was perfectly comfortable. Plenty of room in the pullman and also in the diner. But the Dixie Flyer was late in Guthrie so I had a wait there. However, I did not mind too much - things had broken so well for me up to then that I could not complain about that. I even walked up into the village and got a good supper at the one and only restaurant in Guthrie.

There was not even a patch of snow from Edizabent town on, so evidently Louisville got the tail end of a blizzard.

I just cant tell you how much I enjoyed being with you and your children. It was certainly a great pleasure and I feel so grateful to think things came about so that I could come up and be with you. I wish I could thank you, one and all for the delightful time, for it was that every minute I was there.

I have thought so much of Mary Thompson's lovely home and of how happy she seems in it, and to have the *chance*

to be with you and her and her family, as well as Milan and Gladys made my visit such a happy one. Of course, precious little Charles was the real high light. He is the sweetest little boy- and I have missed him since I left.

I will write to Mary Thompson a little later, but wanted to get this off to you tonight.

Everybody here is about the same. The baby is a darling and has grown since I have been away. They were all so interested in the news from you there.

John called me last night from St. Louis- he will be home Thursday night and young John Saturday, if he makes his connection. I am so excited over having him with me.

With a heart full of love, and thanking you for the lovely time there with you all, I am,

Agnes.

Tuesday Morning.

Dearest Mamie:

I must not let another day pass without writing you, for I have owed you a letter for so long that I feel really guilty.

Your good letter, written en route to Hopkinsville, came to me some time ago, and was full of interesting news about all at home. I am so happy every time I think of Mary Thompson's baby and the joy that he is proving to all. Of course, I knew that he would, but that fact that he is here and coming along nicely is such a grand thing for her and for Charlie, and I might add, for us all.

You were good to go down to see John when he came through and I know he enjoyed seeing you. I wish he could have taken time to stop over on his way back, but if he carried out his plan to leave today and go by way of New York, I doubt if he could get it in. Maybe some day the world will be in such a state we can do things like that again.

As you may know, big John has been in Hopkinsville for a few days to visit with young John- I had a note from him there, telling me all were well and that he was enjoying his stay. I was thankful he and John could be together for a few days, for had it not been possible for them to meet there it would have been such a long time between their visits. I guess each is going in a different direction today- young John to take up his studies again and big John headed west for the rest of his trip. I expect he will be back here in another two weeks or so. That kind of a trip is so different and so much easier on him than the long ones of three months which he had had to take for the years previous to his making the change and coming out here.

So much for the doings of my family! Now back to you and yours- I am so glad to hear of Charlie's change of position and the advance that it carries. I know he will be a fine man in any place, and that he will prove

dear - This letter from Agnes comes today so as it  
may be a chippy young Salonda - I am glad as I  
am to see a & I have got me up to it.

Anne and I have just finished eating, and  
I'm glad of the delig. letters, especially Dapper - grand letter  
telling us of the stress which she feels in working - In every  
particular to get the work - its so nice. Lovingly Gladys - her  
and all, we are looking forward to see her very  
certainly for her, I am.

Par writes that John has gone back to Amherst, and  
John is starting, have you - I think Par is encouraged  
by the law report you agreed - we don't know - John  
a very good source - and for later, I agreed in  
instructed, than she had dared to go - over  
humanitarian methods was a heavy large obstacle.

Gladys is anxious to be settled so we are all  
preparing to do a lot of moving - we have tried to  
take the best of care & you remember and I am sure  
you will find it in better condition than I do. I have  
stayed - I have so as her. It is an aim to find  
a house with three bedrooms - a tiny baby to see a  
lot of room! And this one is a nice job! Mary J. says  
that Barbara <sup>is</sup> one and she wrote too much like you -  
she wrote "a perfect floor" - and to be - to be  
so like you would be a baby in mass in with the house  
to have on her. It is a darling! -

Did you see that Charlie has a position with British  
America (Brown - Milliner) - it is a place he has wanted  
to go for a long time - I hope to move soon and I think  
he will. Par writes also that Josephine has heard of  
Jack - but don't know where he is - and I write

valuable to any company that employs him. Give my congratulations to him. It is fine that he has a better position and so nice that it could come right now when their family has increased. By now, he must have made the change as I believe you wrote me it was effective June 15th.

I have been thinking so much of Milan lately and wondering if you all had had any word of his plans. Getting word across the waters today is such a difficult thing that I guess one can hardly expect to know anything much in advance. I know you wrote that Gladys said he would be back early in the summer, she expected. It will be a happy day when he is on this side, I know. But even with things at the bad state they are in Africa today, I don't believe that particular section where Milan has been located is in any more danger than the rest of the world.

If you have been listening to the ado about the synthetic rubber which has been stirred up, you probably have heard that there is much talk of making Akron the center of its manufacture, and again I have thought of Milan and his connection with Firestone and have hoped it might mean for him something big. I know his work has been of the best with them, so it seems as if a young man with such a contact would have a wonderful chance. When Milan comes home, I know you will let me know, for you know how near he is to my heart.

And now, having disposed of your children and children's children, I come last, but by no means, least to you. Booksey wrote me that your knees had been bothering you and I want to hear how you are feeling and what you are doing with yourself. I hope and urge that you will 'be good to yourself' as I have urged you to be for a long time now. I know that you are under wonderful care with Frank Stites and Mary Thompson checking on you, but keep calm and be lazy so you will get over that trouble with your knees. As I don't even know what it was, I am a little ahead of the story, maybe, but I know taking it easy won't hurt you and you certainly should from now on.

It seems, I choose the black days in history to write to you. I think the

is in the open a great trouble in San Francisco? Come see  
morning, each one looks as he was ordered over soon  
than he expected and on the day of his departure to  
San Angelo on a two week visit.

My hand is still stiff - arthritis in my thumb and  
also in my knee - the latter is little age a number of  
his treatments, but I can't get the hand to be straight and  
so it keeps the stiff and in fact the right elbow to make  
holding a pen difficult - I just hope you can read it.

Pat writes that Julia is leaving as she is too sick to  
work, and her daughter Sammie has tried to come on  
also - but for the moment so don't go a while - I  
have advised my coal and it has no use delivered for  
the Gov. requires it to be roy - I did <sup>months ago</sup> ~~months ago~~  
the Stirling's I am has not delivered it yet. And then I  
am going to have the roof of the house painted. While  
paint is still to be had - it really need painting  
and this previous business makes our kind of building  
material hard to get - And the tax - there is much  
to attend to. The Johnsons are away and I should  
like to have the use of their apt. - but that had been  
ruin and I would not use it - One of my tenants is  
leaving - an expense she has been transferred to Alameda -  
the demand for apt. is so great I am obliged to  
move in a lot of land to rent on that is scrupled,  
but by the way - I don't think there will be any  
trouble renting it - Love you, very love.

Aunt Paula does not need for Canada - I'll see you  
soon for a few days - and that she and her

last time I wrote was just after Corregidor fell- Certainly this is the worst time we have had since then and a time, so far as the world situation is concerned, to make us sick at heart. I hope our allies will yet recover and that we can use the forces we must have at some of these outposts to recover to some extent for the present. We have been told it was going to be a long struggle, and I believe it is but it takes lots of faith and strength and patience to carry us through as individuals, much less as a nation.

I have hardly dared trust myself to speak of Bataan and Alfred, for it is all like a dreadful nightmare. It seems less comforting as time goes on, and I wonder how Booksey and the other mothers and wives stand it. John wrote me that Booksey looked fine and seemed in good spirits, for which I am so thankful. I had feared the long strain coming after the other things she had had to shoulder would be her undoing. I still feel that the letter she received was just a ~~from~~ and that Alfred may be safe and a prisoner of war, but being a prisoner of war under the Japs makes me cringe. From all we read their treatment is far from kind. I hope she does not read the things I have been reading. However, the Red Cross here has said that they are abiding by the International Treaty of Geneva in their treatment of the prisoners. The trouble is that such low sneaks as they are don't know what a treaty means. But then, I am refuting my arguments of having faith and keeping calm. I really do try hard to do both every day.

There is not much to write about me and my doings out here. I seem to be getting along, even though I am for the present alone. Courtenay and I took a trip to Santa Barbara last week and had such a delightful time. We contacted our elderly relative, Miss Sophie Baylor. I know that you went to see her, too. She moved from her old place there into what in other parts of the country would be called an 'Old Ladies' Home' I don't know what they call it out here as nobody wants to admit to being old. It is a beautiful place and not like the usual run of such places. We found her very much alive and alert and certainly a lady to the manner born. I enjoyed meeting her so much and was glad she was still 'alive and kicking'!

Meloni dear

Your mother, Gladys and I have had a delicious dinner in Gladys's apartment - Steak, corn on cob, tomatoes, nodules, Bibb lettuce, string beans, raspberries, ice cream + coffee.

Am not trying to make you hungry!

It is nice having Gladys so close to me. Many times we have dinner together + you will know what a good cook your wife is.

We have been hoping you would drop in on us.

The new member of the family is so cute + sweet + so very like you + Gommie.

I hope you keep well. We are all fine. Home would send love if he knew I was writing you. He writes he is all right for which I am thankful. Hasn't been here since last summer.

Love to you, a heart full  
Cecilia Ann

Cousin Courtenay, as you know, is just around the corner from me. She has waxed hot and cold about going back to Long Beach, and each time she thinks she will go, a shell lands on these shores or something else comes up, so I think she is more or less here to stay. She is always sweet and gracious to be with. But her interests are so much her own that I wonder how she spends her time. She went to the Red Cross with me yesterday for the day, and was such a help. I think she needs the contact that such work gives her and hope she will continue to go. She has unbounded energy to do the things she wants to do, so I am hoping she can put some of it to good use. You see I still have that old general manager spirit and the wonderful gift of running other people's affairs better than they can do it themselves. I sometime wonder why Hitler does not discover me and make me his first aide.

I must stop for now and write some other letters long overdue. My love to your family and to Anne when you see her.

With a big heart full always to you, I am,

*Aguero*

P. S. I thought the dress I sent little Charlia was a mess- But MaryTT. said she wanted dresses and I could not believe, even though he is a wonderful child, that he could wear a six months old size now, and this is the only other thing I could find out here. If she does not like it and wants the larger size tell her to send it back and I will exchange it for her.

Famly will spend August with him. I see him rarely  
to be sure fail to ask about you. He was so  
interested in recommendations. Glad to hear job -  
I wish she and I could go over to see him. The  
con. situation is so opposite no one drives any  
more unless necessary -

Laramie to mail the things to the Postman and the Mag-  
azines are going on to mailing letter. I am the  
more than anything I am to go out. - Glad to hear  
a letter which is with this and we are trying to get  
into it in the last mail.

Write a letter just to Lou - and Logan, she so  
much like you we hope to come home -

Mother.

Please keep the  
envelope for  
stamp paper