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*Love, Mother*  
A Woman's Life in Letters  
1978 - 2013

by Elizabeth W. Stavelly

edited, with an Introduction and Notes,  
by Keith Stavelly and Kathleen Fitzgerald

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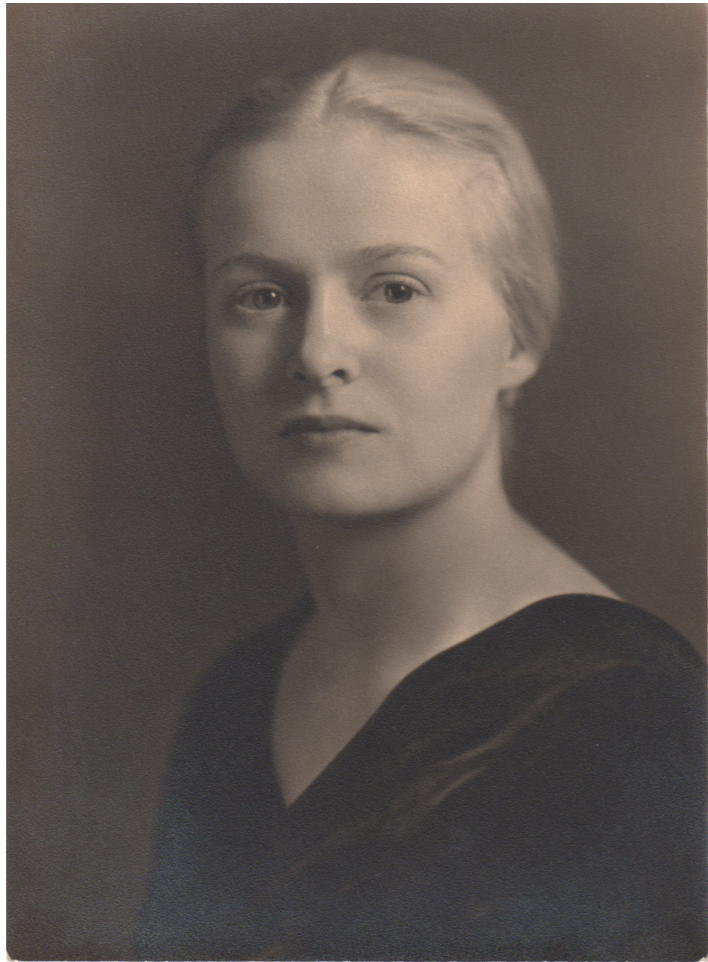
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# Introduction



**Elizabeth Williams as a Cornell  
Sophomore, 1932-33**



**Homer and Elizabeth Stavelly  
Highland Park, NJ, Autumn, 1938**

## Introduction

Elizabeth Stavelly, the author of the letters found in the following pages, was born Elizabeth Williams on August 28, 1912 in Syracuse, New York, the eldest of the two daughters of Raymond and Jessie (Hauck) Williams. Her mother belonged to the first native-born generation of a family of German immigrants, while her father's Yankee family traced its lineage to seventeenth-century New England. Except for one year in Florida, her childhood was spent in the Syracuse area and then in Norwich, New York, a small town about seventy-five miles southeast of Syracuse where she attended high school, graduating in 1931. Her father had grown up in another central New York small town, Greene, twenty miles south of Norwich and about seventy miles from Syracuse. Betty Williams was frequently taken to Greene to visit her paternal grandparents and her father's sister, known to her as Aunt Mary.

From 1931 until 1935, Williams attended Cornell University, majoring in botany. After graduation, she was hired as a lab assistant and secretary by Donald F. Jones, a distinguished plant geneticist at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station in New Haven. A 1975 "biographical memoir" of Jones published by the National Academy of Sciences begins this way: "If there were a Nobel prize in agriculture as there is in medicine, it would undoubtedly have been awarded many years ago to Donald F. Jones for his part in the development of hybrid corn."<sup>1</sup>

Jones was about to spend a sabbatical year in the biology department at the California Institute of Technology, and Williams accompanied him there, becoming acquainted during that year at Cal Tech with such future scientific luminaries as Theodosius Dobzhansky, Barbara McClintock, and Jacques Monod. When Jones returned to his post at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, Williams returned with him, continuing as his assistant. In 1937 she met a postdoctoral fellow in the Yale biochemistry department by the name of Homer Eaton Stavelly. One thing led, relatively rapidly, to another, and on New Year's Day, 1938 Williams and Stavelly were married at her parents home in Norwich, with Stavelly's father James, a Methodist minister, officiating.

Later that year, the couple moved to New Brunswick, New Jersey, Homer Stavelly having accepted a position as a researcher with the E. R. Squibb & Co. pharmaceutical concern. Their first child, Homer Eaton, Jr., nicknamed Tony (playing fast and loose with the syllables of his middle name), was born at the end of 1939. A second son, Keith, came along in 1942, and in 1946 a third, James Raymond—named for his two grandfathers and in short order nicknamed Jary, a loose combination of the beginning of each name and a sure indication (were any needed after the nicknaming of their oldest child) of the pleasure his parents took in crossword puzzles.

In 1948, after Homer Stavelly took a new job at Commercial Solvents Corporation, the family moved to Terre Haute, Indiana, where this firm was located. Another change of employer, Mead, Johnson & Co., and of residence, Evansville Indiana, occurred in 1956. In 1968, by which time all three sons had embarked on their adult lives, Homer and Elizabeth Stavelly moved again, this time to Toledo, Ohio, with Homer taking up his new duties as a dean and faculty member at the newly created Medical College of Ohio and as director of Toledo Hospital's Institute for Medical Research.

In 1973, Homer Stavelly died of a heart attack. The next year, Elizabeth Stavelly moved to Mendocino, California, the home of her youngest son Jary and his wife Judy (née Green). Elizabeth Stavelly still lives in Mendocino.

Meanwhile, Stavelly's two older sons had also married and begun to raise families of their own. Tony Stavelly married Linda Lee Finch in 1967, and they had a son, Jotham, in 1969. Keith Stavelly married Patricia Ann Weiland in 1968; their son, Jonathan, was born in 1971.

The reader will perhaps have noticed that at this point all Elizabeth Stavelly's progeny, both children and grandchildren, were male. The street in Mendocino where Stavelly took up residence in 1974 is called Gurley (pronounced "Girly") Lane. In October, 1974, her first granddaughter, Rachel, daughter of Tony and Linda, was born. The next year saw the birth to Jary and Judy Stavelly of another granddaughter, Jessie. There followed two more granddaughters, both children of Jary and Judy. Zaidee Stavelly arrived in 1978; Lena in 1982.

“Girlie” Lane had worked its magic. But the gender-determinative powers of Elizabeth Stavelly’s address were by no means exhausted. In 2002 Jessie Stavelly gave birth to her first child (and Elizabeth Stavelly’s first great-grandchild) and again the cry went up, “It’s a girl!” Anja Nittner was followed by five more great-grandchildren, all female: Daisy (b. 2004, daughter of Rachel Stavelly Hale), Josephine (“Josie,” b. 2004, daughter of Jotham Stavelly), Xiomara (“Mara,” b. 2005, second daughter of Jessie Stavelly), Aurelia (b. 2009, daughter of Zaidee Stavelly), and Jeanette (b. 2011, second daughter of Jotham Stavelly). During her decades as the mother of three boys, Elizabeth Stavelly often remarked, only partly in jest, on her isolation in a world of males. It would seem that somebody somewhere took note of her plight and did something about it.

Family jokes about the happy preponderance of female progeny aside, Elizabeth Stavelly might be seen from our vantage point to have led a life sadly circumscribed by gender. At her coming of age, a young woman could choose to have a career, as Barbara McClintock had done, or she could choose to marry and raise a family. She could not choose both. Or at least that was the conventional wisdom of the day. So, as we have outlined it here, Elizabeth Stavelly’s life might be read as a classic case of scientific talents (she was an honor student at Cornell) and career aspirations (her first jobs after college were at renowned, cutting edge labs) nipped in the bud, to use a botanical metaphor. Certainly, her choice to marry brought her professional life to an end.

As was the case for most college-educated women of her time, from her wedding day on she assumed the socially-assigned role of her husband’s—and in due time her sons’—backstage one-woman support crew. To point the contrast, all six of her daughters-in-law (each of her three sons divorced and remarried) and all four of her granddaughters have worked throughout their adult lives, whether single, married, or divorced, whether childless or raising families. Most have also chosen to take on demanding professional careers. So the question inevitably arises: Did Elizabeth Stavelly’s generation of American women get the short end of the stick? Did they fail (through no fault of their own of course) to reach their full potential, as their daughters, daughters-in-law, and granddaughters could and did? By being stay-at-home wives and mothers were they inevitably cheated, in intellec-

tual, social, and emotional terms, by being born before feminism’s Second Wave crashed ashore and changed everything?

The answer for one member of that generation—the author of the letters that follow—is a clear and resounding no. Certainly, Elizabeth Stavelly’s life as a wife and mother conformed to the norms and limits imposed on all mid-twentieth century, middle-class American women. We meet up with her in these letters just after her married life has ended and she has made her way west as a new, relatively young widow. In time she would become the family matriarch. Yet the overriding impression one gets in reading her letters is not of a woman whose circumscribed life is now almost over (indeed, it was far from over). Rather, one senses her full engagement with social issues, her excitement about travel, her appreciation of horticulture, her love of genealogical research, all combined with a deep, abiding interest in her family. Perhaps, if one scratched the surface, one would find many such fascinating lives among the women of Elizabeth Stavelly’s generation. But our concern is with this one life, about which, thanks to her devotion to letter-writing, we have a great deal of evidence. And that evidence is impressive. These lively letters reveal that marriage and motherhood, and in time grandmother-hood, and in more time great grandmother-hood, were not impediments to self-realization for Elizabeth Stavelly but were rather forms of it. Indeed, this is true of her even though in temperament she is the opposite of assertive and thus seems in this respect almost cast for the part of the submissive, subsumed woman.

In recollections of her childhood in upstate New York that she wrote for her sons (generous selections are included in the present volume as Appendix A), Stavelly describes the terrain surrounding the house on the outskirts of Syracuse in which she first lived. The house was situated at the top of a hill. Next door lived her father’s cousin Margaret Carman and family, including a son Jack, three months older than Betty Williams and her constant playmate. The Carman house was sited some ways down the hill from the Williams house, and the slope was a bit steep. Stavelly calls it “a bank,” adding that the bank was “faced with huge boulders near [its] base and planted to bushes near the top.” The fathers of the two children built wooden stairs between their respective yards, “and we were supposed to use them

instead of running down the bank. I, being timid, always used the stairs but Jack often ran down the bank if he thought no one was looking."

The little boy, romping adventurously down the bank, undaunted by huge boulders, and the little girl, timidly confining herself to the safe and sane path prescribed by the parents. Yet the second letter in this collection was written, in 1978, four-and-a-half years into Stavely's widowhood, at the outset of a six-week cruise to Japan and Hong Kong. "Greetings from the Bering Sea!" the letter boldly begins. And well it might, for Stavely had arranged for her travels to be an adventure. She was going all by herself, and she was going not on an ocean liner but rather, following an example set twenty-five years earlier by her husband's unmarried sister Martha, on a freighter. In those days freighters sometimes also carried a few passengers. Accent on a few. If you committed yourself to a freighter cruise, you were taking your chances on the other passengers. If you found them uncongenial, you were pretty much out of luck. Stavely decided that she would, whether or not anyone was looking, run down this particular bank.

Nor was this a case of the spirit of adventure's having been let out of its cage after the boys were grown and the husband was gone. Stavely and her husband, once their sons' educations were paid for, traveled together extensively in Europe. Earlier, when her sons were young, it was she who made sure that automobile trips to various points of interest in the United States—Yellowstone, Jackson Hole, the Grand Canyon, San Francisco, Yosemite, the Upper Michigan Peninsula, Virginia, Washington, D. C., New England—were a regular feature of summer vacations. She also organized these journeys as camping trips—the land equivalents of freighter cruises.

So all her adult life, until advancing age forced her to venture forth rather less, Stavely was a traveler, going farther and farther afield the older she got—all over the continental United States in her prime, to Europe in her 50s, to Europe again and on to Hawaii, Japan, China, and Australia in her 60s and 70s.

In all sorts of ways, these letters reveal a woman of the pre-feminist generation who has emerged from her time as a wife and mother with her sense of herself not just intact but developed and enriched. The preponderance of Betty Williams's childhood was passed among her mother's family in a city, Syracuse. In a reversal

of what is thought to be the usual pattern for the young, in which going from the country to the city amounts to going from the closed and stale to the open and fresh, she tells us that "by far the most exciting events in my childhood were the visits" to the small town of Greene, the home of her father's people:

Mother looked down on Greene as being backward and countrified, but to me it was far more interesting than Syracuse. There always seemed to be a lot doing in Greene—walks uptown to post office, stores and library (I was intrigued that in Syracuse one went "downtown" to shop while in Greene one went "uptown" for the same purpose). There were usually many callers at the house and visits to family friends. . . . In addition, my grandparents' neighborhood teemed with children—Ruth and John Skinner, the Wheeler children across the street, Alice Powers, Louise Eaton. It seemed like one continuous party in Greene! The atmosphere was gayer than at the Hauck menage. There was a big wax doll of Aunt Mary's I could play with and a funny little red cart, and a delightful Beatrix Potter book, *Tale of Jemima Puddleduck*.

Fast forward to 1974, when Elizabeth Stavely is deciding what to make of her life after her husband's death. Staying within the family orbit, she must choose to live in proximity to one only of her three sons. One of them lives in a major metropolitan area, Boston, one in a small city, Keene, New Hampshire, and one in a small town, Mendocino, California. She chooses to live near the one who lives in the small town. Mendocino is the place that most resembles the Greene, New York of her happy childhood memories. The son who lives there, Jary, is the son who accompanied her the most often on the many return trips she made to Greene as a young mother in the 1940s and '50s and who immersed himself the most fully in Greene's atmosphere and ways. (Stavely had been enabled to make these trips by the fact that in 1943 her parents had, upon her father's retirement, moved from Norwich to Greene and settled into the very same Williams family house she so fondly remembered.)

So this is a woman who knows herself, knows her own mind, and acts upon what she knows. Sensing that her "great good place" has been re-created two generations later on the other side of the continent, she runs down the bank to the terra incognita (apart from family lore concerning the peregrinations of some of her ancestors) of Northern California, instead of taking the stairs that are ready and waiting for her in the Northeast, not that far from where she grew up.

The measures Stavely takes to establish herself in Mendocino continue to bespeak creative self-fashioning, or rather ongoing cultivation of a self already richly fashioned. Back in 1910 or 1911, the hilly site for the house on the edge of Syracuse had been selected, she tells us, "because my father was an amateur astronomer and had a telescope" and so he "wanted a lot on a hill where viewing the heavens would be good." Out west, more than sixty years later, Stavely decides not to buy an existing house but to build one to her own specifications. But before the building of the house must come the selection of the site. With her love of botany, developed into knowledge and skill in college and maintained by garden plantings and tendings throughout her married life (including the addition of a small greenhouse to her house in Evansville, Indiana), she opts for a lot dense with redwoods and hospitable to wildflowers and other forms of plant life. In her letters, she faithfully and lovingly notes the annual appearance on her place of the flowers and plants. Her children mark the occasion of her 99<sup>th</sup> birthday with the creation of her very own nature trail (complete with "stay on the path" signage) winding among her front yard redwoods. The trail is constructed to be smooth and wide enough to accommodate the walker on which she now relies. Thus can she go on running down this bank that is near the core of her sense of herself.

But the core itself consists of family. For Stavely, as we suspect for other women of her generation when their lives are seen with a degree of detail comparable to that with which Stavely's is seen here, immersion in family life and self-realization were never mutually exclusive. As we have just been emphasizing, the town, and the home within that town, in which she has been fulfilling herself for the past four decades, are a town and a home that are in keeping with her family's traditions. Although her visits to Greene and her father's relations stand out in her memories, her account of her young days in Syracuse is likewise replete with family

personalities and presences on her mother's side. She explains that she wrote this memoir to close a gap created by the fact that she and her husband "brought up our sons far from relatives," and they therefore "did not have much opportunity to hear family stories from grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins."

The absent extended family that Stavely strove by a written narrative to make present to her sons she made present in her own person to her Mendocino granddaughters. The richest vein in these letters is constituted by her attentive, affectionate tracing of their lives, whom we first meet when they are girls of 5, 2, and 1 month, and who are at the end of the sequence grown women of 38, 34, and 31. The close-knit family milieu in which she had basically thrived as a girl and which she was unable, amid the patterns of professional mobility and geographic dispersion characteristic of mid-twentieth-century America, fully to recreate as the mother in her own nuclear unit, she did help to recreate in considerable part for these granddaughters, their parents, and herself. And of course through the writing and sending of these letters, another branch of her family, along with the lives of its members, was made less distant.

Participation in family being Elizabeth Stavely's central experience, it also naturally became one of her major interests, as genealogical research. The results of these researches are not included in systematic form in the present volume, but some of what she unearthed is recounted in some of the letters. She has more to say about her New England ancestors on her father's side than about anyone else, mainly because information about Yankee New Englanders is more readily available than is information about other people. She finds what she can about her mother's more remote ancestors and also about her sons' people on their father's side. The appeal of genealogy for Stavely is the same as we imagine it is for many people, closely related to the rationale she articulated for the memoir she wrote for her sons. It is a means, in a mobile and fragmented world, of keeping alive, in her case of deepening, the sense that one is indeed a member of a family.

Of course, genealogical research can be and often is pursued as a prop to family pride. A blueblood pedigree provides confirmation of, if not justification for, one's high social position. In the United States it is only people having ancestors who crossed over in colonial times who can buttress their upper-class status by this

means. Elizabeth Stavelly's paternal lineage is traceable back to Governor William Bradford of Plymouth Colony in one branch, and in another to the grandfather of Governor John Winthrop of Massachusetts Bay Colony. One could not, as an American, come into the world with superior WASP credentials.

But in fact, Stavelly is not from an upper-class background. There is a sprinkling among her paternal ancestors of people who achieved marked degrees of prosperity and prominence, such as the eighteenth-century seagoing merchant recalled in Appendix D who apparently got rich from the Atlantic triangular trade (by which profits from imported Caribbean molasses distilled into New England rum were used to buy West African slaves for shipment back to the Caribbean or America). But by and large, into the time of her grandparents' youth in the middle decades of the nineteenth century, all but a few of these paternal ancestors were smallholding farmers. They were the quintessentially average middle-class Americans of their day. In their efforts to get ahead, or even just to stay afloat, they migrated to the west—from eastern to central to western Massachusetts, then at the turn of the nineteenth century into central New York State. Some of Stavelly's grandmother's brothers pressed onward to the Pacific Northwest. Non-elite Yankee Protestants such as these, the "pioneers," experienced the disruptions attendant upon removal and relocation just as distinctly as did subsequent, and socially similar, immigrant groups, which helps to explain why there was nothing particularly extraordinary about a marriage between a young Yankee man such as Ray Williams and a young German-American woman such as Jessie Hauck.

Life for people on this level of American society often proved to be a mix of opportunity and disappointment, of aspirations now realized, now impeded. As seen in Appendix B, such a pattern was traced in the nineteenth century in the lives of Elizabeth Stavelly's great-grandparents. As seen in Appendix A, it was traced again in the first decades of the twentieth century in the lives of her parents. And as seen in the letters and endnotes, it was traced yet once more in the lives of some of her children. Yet through the vicissitudes of two centuries, the presiding ethos of Elizabeth Stavelly's family has remained one of unaffected engagement with the world, as nicely summarized in her account of her father: "Dad had other inter-

ests—history, Indian artifacts, fishing, genealogy. We often had Sunday picnics at fishing spots, some on rough, narrow dirt roads."

In journalistic descriptions of American society as it is now purported to be, the descendants of these pre-immigrant, or rather internal immigrant, middling WASPs are usually nowhere to be seen. Some of them are restored to view in these letters.

In politics, Elizabeth Stavelly is unabashedly liberal, and in these private letters she freely expresses her political opinions. Her response to the Republican victory in the 1994 midterm elections is typical of her attitudes and views: "The thought of Newt Gingrich as Speaker of the House . . . makes the blood run cold." So Stavelly reveals in her letters that she is both a liberal and a person with a deep love of family. So much for the supposed conservative monopoly on "family values."

Another hoary antithesis is the one posed, often in coded form, by conservative politicians who would like us to think that churchgoing small town life is incompatible with the cultural enjoyment most often associated with metropolitan areas. But this way of framing the culture wars has of late been increasingly compromised by the migration of educated people to those outlying portions of metropolitan areas that, in great part because of this very migration, manage to combine rural charm with cultural sophistication. Many have taken to feeling about small towns as Betty Williams felt in her girlhood and to acting on those feelings as Elizabeth Stavelly did in the course she set for her widowhood. This trend will be seen amply on display in the following pages, as Stavelly, her son and daughter-in-law, and her granddaughters enter freely and fully, as both consumers and producers, into Mendocino's comprehensive array of artistic, musical, and theatrical activities. Stavelly has blended this participation in a rich local secular culture with participation in religious life and institutions. She has all along the way been an active member of the Mendocino Presbyterian Church, until quite recently singing in the church choir.

This volume concentrates on Elizabeth Stavelly's widowhood, with one of the appendices being a brief memoir of her childhood. Before we send readers off to explore these phases of her life as she presents them in her own words, we want to

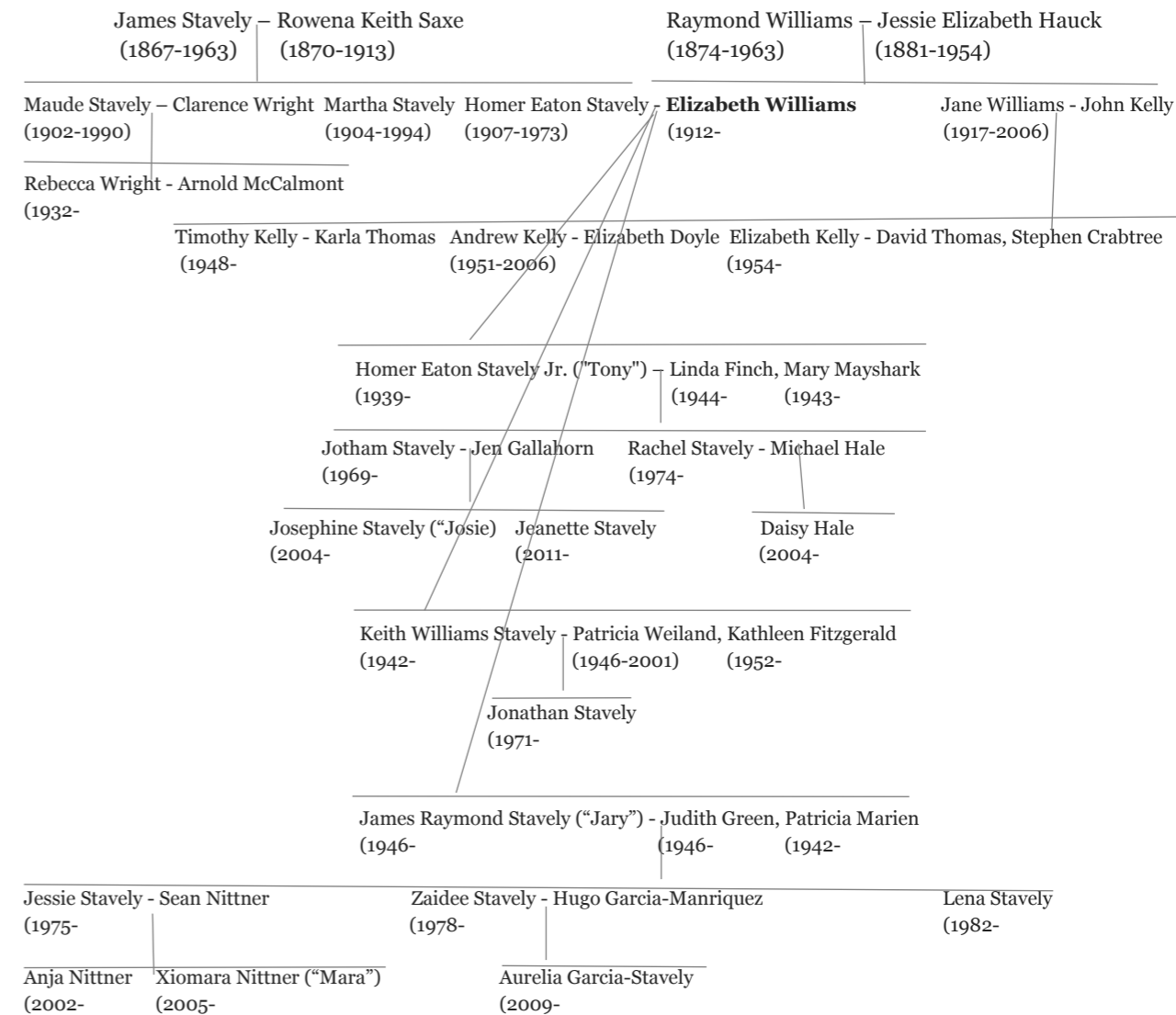


say a bit more about the intervening years. As we have noted, Stavely was a city girl whose richest childhood memories were associated with her small-town kin and who, when life gave her the choice, chose small-town life for herself, albeit in the wealthy and sophisticated coastal town of Mendocino, California. To put Stavely's life in demographic context, in 1920, during her childhood there, Syracuse had a population of approximately 170,000, placing it 37<sup>th</sup> on the Census Bureau's list of the 100 largest "urban places" in the United States. Its population density was about the same as Baltimore's, the 8th largest such place. So when Betty Williams entered into the sophisticated milieu of Cornell, Cal Tech, and Yale, she was by no means a wide-eyed novice. She was readily accepted by those around her as being where she belonged. When she subsequently married a scientist and undertook to run a home and raise three sons, who in turn became highly-educated professionals, she did not understand her life as one primarily marked by gender restrictions but rather as one distinguished by personal and familial successes—a successful marriage, intellectually accomplished sons, talented grandchildren (and great-grandchildren), and a modest wealth that allowed her to travel, enjoy a comfortable home in a beautiful natural setting, and be generous to her church and her favorite "causes"—charities, and environmental and liberal political groups.

In essence, Stavely was embracing a calling that in the United States had existed since the late-eighteenth-century era of the Republican mother. For her, as for many generations before her, creating a home and the next generation of leaders was as noble and fulfilling a calling as any other in service to "the Republic." The voice heard in these pages is that of a woman who has always been secure in her identity and happy with her choices. Maintaining family ties by keeping up a regular correspondence with her adult children, she also, through this correspondence, crafts a readable, compelling portrait of educated middle-class American life during the decades spanning the twentieth and twenty-first centuries.

Jamestown, Rhode Island  
August, 2013

### The Family of Elizabeth W. Stavely



# 1978 - 1985



**L. & D. Klein, "Calypso Orchid & Newt"**  
Card used for 1980 note to Jonathan Stavelly (see p. 12)



**With Jessie Stavelly (Age 7). Mendocino, CA Headlands, Summer, 1982**  
Photo; Kathleen Fitzgerald

Chapter One: 1978 - 1985

[May, 1978]

[Dear Keith—]

The enclosed family tree is far from complete & may contain mistakes. Most of it comes from data collected by your Grandfather Williams. As I accumulate more data I will send it to you. The enclosed check is to be shared with Jonathan on his birthday. I have two or three small items for his birthday I'll get in the mail before May 17.

Aunt Martha isn't going on the trip after all. The flu she had in Feb/Mar has resulted in such heart irregularity that her doctor rescinded her permission. I've decided to go on the trip alone. Not sure it is the right decision but as I've always wanted to take a boat trip thought it best to go.

Hope you have a happy May 13 (you share birthday with R. O. Williams)<sup>1</sup> & I hope you find your pedigree interesting.

Much love,  
Mother

President TAFT  
May 23, 1978

Dear Keith, Kathy, & Jonathan—

Greetings from the Bering Sea! Because of storms over the usual route we are on a northern great circle course. Yesterday we perceived some of the Aleutians dimly through fog. The sun is out at the moment, the first since last Saturday, or was it Friday? It was rather rough on Friday & a couple of passengers got seasick. So far the motion hasn't bothered me. Friday morning in the shower, I bathed with one hand since I didn't dare let go the handhold. It's been too cold & windy to spend much time on deck.

It is really very comfortable & fun. My cabin is roomy, the bunk comfortable, & I can't remember when I've felt so relaxed.

There are eleven passengers. One woman, a veteran of 50 freighter trips, has a suite to herself. She is a writer, has published an autobiography, *Revolt in Paradise*

which I think I've heard of.<sup>2</sup> She is getting off in Hong Kong. Was imprisoned by the Japanese in World War II. In the cabin next to me is a couple from Boulder, Colorado. The wife teaches religion at U. of Colorado; she's a graduate of Union Theological Seminary but did not choose to be ordained. Actually she's emeritus but still teaches part time. They are both in their seventies & Frank Havice at 79 has boundless energy & enthusiasm. On the other side of my cabin is a retired organist & music salesman who lives about 20 miles from Yosemite. On the starboard side the passengers are a couple from San Diego, & 2 women from Miami, Florida. They are all pretty congenial. I enjoy the Boulder couple, the organist, & the Florida ladies, but I've been thrown in with them the most. The organist, one of the Florida ladies & I are at the same dining table plus the chief engineer, but he ate with us only at the Captain's party Sunday night.

There is a fancy radio in my cabin but I haven't been able to get anything except squeals & squawks. This morning I heard a few words in English but when I tried to tune it better I lost the station & couldn't find it again. The purser said there is little in the air up here, though he said he got CBS News out of Alaska yesterday.

There are movies Mon., Wed. Fri. & Sat. I've seen 3 so far including *The Godfather*. If I watch all of them, I will have seen more movies in this 6 weeks than in the past 20 years.

We each have a liquor cabinet (with key) in the pantry. We gather in the card room for drinks before dinner.

This morning the purser told us about available tours at the various ports. I'm debating whether to take a Japanese one that is pretty expensive but reported to be excellent. Now I wish I'd brought another hundred dollars with me. On this tour one leaves the ship at Yokohama & rejoins it just before it leaves Kobe. It includes a night at a Japanese inn & tour of Kyoto temples, etc. If I take this I may have to cut down on gifts.

Love,  
Mother

To-morrow we lose a day because of the date line.

Last day at sea – June 24, 1978

Dear Keith—

It was great to get a second letter from you at Yokohama. There was one from Tony that day & one from Jary, too. So it was a Red Letter Day. We're due in at San Pedro to-morrow morning at 6:00 AM, a day earlier than scheduled. A strike at Oakland was threatened for July 1<sup>st</sup> so the line ordered the TAFT back by the shortest route in order to unload & reload at San Pedro & Oakland so it could be at sea again before July 1<sup>st</sup>.

August 19<sup>th</sup> is all right for me as far as I know now.<sup>3</sup> I'll get my driver's license renewed the first of the month so I won't have to hurry back by the 28<sup>th</sup>.<sup>4</sup> I'd like some details of your plans so I can bring a suitable wardrobe. I bought a street length dress in Manila—pretty but not dressy, & I have a full length blue cotton I got last summer that I wear on the few dress up occasions I've had in Mendocino. If a long dress is indicated at the wedding this would be quite suitable (it matches that lovely Kashmir shawl you sent me from India).<sup>5</sup> How soon before the wedding would you like me to appear? As long as I'm in the east I'll go to Keene too, if that's all right with Tony & Co.<sup>6</sup> I'll be phoning you soon after I get back to Mendocino.

I can't remember when I mailed the last letter so I may repeat. Anyway, it rained almost all day in Hong Kong so the lovely blue umbrella you & Kathy sent me got a real initiation. It's an interesting, busy & prosperous city. In the morning 4 of us took a tour of the island, hampered somewhat by the rain. The Mitchells stayed on the island, but Bradford Morse & I had the driver leave us at the Kowloon Railway Station. After getting lunch in the station along with hordes of what appeared to be college students, we took the train to Sheng Shui, the last stop permitted before the Chinese border. We saw Hong Kong suburbs—lots of high rises, small farms, banana trees, ducks, vegetables, a little rice growing. Sheng Shui turned out to be rather poor & dirty. Tramping around in the rain didn't seem very attractive so we walked only as far as the main street & took the next train back. On the train to Sheng Shui there were lots of school children—all in white uniforms of one kind or another. Japanese uniforms are black or navy blue.

We didn't leave the ship at the second Busan stop, but spent most of a day ashore at Kobe. Three of us took a bus tour we'd read about. The guide spoke only

Japanese so we had to guess at what we saw. The brochures had mentioned an aquarium & a park, but we saw neither. We did visit an interesting Buddhist shrine, the port tower, & the *container port*—so we had a chance to see the loading process we'd been watching from the ship for 2 weeks. I'm sure the pretty girl guide gave the Japanese tourists a complete account of the process. It was hot in Kobe & some of the stores were closed that day. At the last stop in Yokohama the Havices, Brad Morse & I went to a garden the purser recommended. This became something of an adventure because we were getting low on yen & didn't want to get more. So we pooled our resources & took a cab to the garden, paid the entrance fee & had just enough left (as it turned out) to take us to the Seamen's Club from where we walked to the ship. Just after we entered the garden we were conferring on which path to take when the gatekeeper came up & indicated a sign in Japanese with arrows. So we followed the arrows & soon came to a rest room! There was a group of Japanese high school students & they must have been studying English & several said "How do you do" & when we replied they laughed delightedly, especially the girls. It is an extensive garden with a lake & several brooks. Several historic buildings had been moved to the park & fortunately signs were in Japanese & English. One was a home for battered wives run by Buddhist nuns. If women who sought sanctuary there followed the order's discipline for 3 years their bonds to their husbands were cut. There was a 3 tiered pagoda (many steps up to it; it was on the highest point of the garden) built first in 745 AD, restored in the 15<sup>th</sup> century. Also an ancient farmhouse. We would have liked to go in the farmhouse but it cost 50 yen & we had to forego the "inner garden" too because of lack of funds.

From Hong Kong until 4 or 5 days out of Yokohama there was almost constant fog at sea. We didn't go as far north as westbound but it has been cloudy & cold or foggy until to-day. There has been very little lying on deck chairs except from Yokohama to Hong Kong & to-day. And, of course, everyone has had to be busy packing to-day.

It's been a wonderful trip. I've enjoyed it a great deal. The other passengers have been congenial for the most part. The ship itself is most comfortable. The ship is 10 years old—the newest ships of the line carry no passengers. I guess they really lose money on passengers—they have to have 2 extra crew members they wouldn't

need if no passengers. So I fear sea travel for people is going the way of the railroad—but it's a great way to go if one has the money & time. From Kobe we have 2 new passengers who left Oakland a week after we did, left that ship in Korea, flew to Kobe to go back in this. They didn't have 6 weeks vacation.

Love,  
Mother

[Undated, 1980?]

Dear Jonathan,

I hope you have a happy Easter & spring vacation. There are three of these calypso orchids on my place this year. I haven't seen any of the newts for some time.

Love,  
Grandma Betty

[See p. 9, left chapter frontispiece]

August 11, 1980

Dear Somervillians—

I hope your vacation on the Cape was delightful & you are well relaxed to face the autumn's chores, etc.

I think the enclosed photographs I took came out pretty well. Thank you, Jonathan, for letting me take your picture.<sup>7</sup> The one of the Mendocino Stavelys was taken in May by professionals. It was taken for a pictorial church directory. This one was the best of Zaidee & fairly good of the rest of us. The photographer practically stood on his head to get a smile out of her. There was no charge for the sitting & no charge to the church, but to buy copies for yourself they were horribly expensive so I got the smallest size.

The starred persons on the Williams family genealogy as given in the history of Marlborough are our line.<sup>8</sup> The handwritten notes were all in my great grandfather's handwriting. The author of the history was Rufus O. Williams' first cousin, Charles Hudson's mother having been the Louisa Williams who married Stephen Hudson. Just now I checked on the Gates family & found that Silas Gates ran the Williams tavern after his father-in-law George Williams (half brother of Larkin)

gave it up or died.<sup>9</sup> When I can I'll copy the genealogies of the other Marlborough families in our ancestry.

Weekend before last a Toledo friend & husband dropped in unexpectedly. They were on the west coast briefly. It was a pleasant surprise.

Weekend after next Jary & Judy are going to a conference & the girls will stay with me. It will be a lively weekend. Jessie wants to play games (she makes the rules) & Zaidee wants stories. Jessie also wants to play with other children & there aren't many in this neighborhood—of her age anyway.<sup>10</sup>

Just finished *Diary from Dixie*.<sup>11</sup> Now I should get out the N. Y. Civil War newspapers & read the other side.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 15, 1980

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Enclosed is another of the Marlborough ancestral families. I find reading the genealogies in the back of the history of Marlborough quite interesting. Little items like going as a missionary to Ceylon or being captured by the Indians, etc.

Since several of the Marlborough families came from Watertown, it might be interesting to look them up in the Watertown records if you have a chance.<sup>12</sup> Many families came from Sudbury also.

I suppose you are all busy with your various schools & colleges.<sup>13</sup> Everything is in full swing here. Jary & Judy report that things are off to a good start at Comptche.<sup>14</sup> They have more aides this year & their new students have a minimum of trouble makers. That's the report at the end of the first week of school.

All the organizations have taken up again so I seem to be running to meetings nearly every day. I hosted LWV last week.<sup>15</sup> The meeting had rather sparse attendance because of traveling or illness. I'll have them again next week. The first program meeting of study club came off last Friday. Three members gave talks & demonstrations of table settings. The one who did the non-flower arrangements had some really clever ideas, including a wooden dinosaur. I guess you'd serve raw food at a table with that centerpiece!

Then there's been a bit of social life—a bridge luncheon last Monday, a choir pot luck (that ruined the minor weight loss I had) & dinner with 2 widows Friday night. The hostess is living in the house her parents bought in 1914 (she was born in Caspar) & it's filled with fascinating antiques. There's another bridge luncheon this week & another October 2<sup>nd</sup>. If I could arrange to stay home long enough to cook, I'd have a party, too.

There had been almost constant fog for about 2 weeks until last Friday. The sun broke through Friday morning & it's been lovely since. There are predictions of an early winter. Unlike the rest of the country our summer was cooler than usual. I doubt if my minuscule tomatoes ever turn red. The broccoli & lettuce were good though.

Love,  
Mother

September 22, 1980

Dear Jonathan, Kathy, & Keith—

The very nice picture taken at the Salem Willows arrived last Friday & the most interesting chart of New England sea life came this morning. I am happy to have them both. The picture has been put in a frame & sits on a bookshelf in the study. The chart awaits decision as to where it will go but I expect it will be in the study along with a chart of California wild flowers put out by the native plant society.

This has turned out to be a rather lost day. Last night just about as I went to bed I began to feel quite uneasy in the stomach & spent the night visiting the bathroom. Felt quite rocky, indeed, this morning. I assume it is what has been going around here. I've felt better as the day progressed & expect to be all right tomorrow. Judy had it last Friday & Jary has had it, too. Jary says it lasts about 24 hours. To-morrow the League is meeting here & I had quite a lot to do to-day including errands in the village. Jary took care of the errands for me, & I slowly dusted living room furniture & cleaned bedrooms. If not looked at too closely the house should pass inspection. Fortunately, I made zucchini bread & cookies last

week so it's only a matter of thawing them to-morrow. One advantage of this disease is that *no food* appeals.

Enclosed is another of the Marlborough ancestral families. I don't think I'll send all the Brighams—there are pages & pages of them—but limit it to our direct forbears. If you want to know more about the Brigham family you can look up the history. Since many of the early Marlborough settlers came from Watertown there may be a history of Marlborough in the Watertown library. By the way, I found something in the stuff Dad accumulated to the effect that Cambridge was first named Watertown. Is this so?

In reading about the various Marlborough families I'm amazed at the number of those old timers who lived into their late 80's & 90's. I guess they were pretty tough stock. Of course, there were lots of children who died before 1 year & many wives died early. Elizabeth Breck, for instance, married at 16 & died before she was 20. She died about 2 weeks after her son Larkin, our ancestor, was born.

I saw only the first half of the Anderson-Reagan debate last night because I went to a concert. I thought Anderson was doing very well but the commentators this morning seemed to think Reagan had the edge.

We're finally getting summer weather. Temperatures in the 70's and sunshine nearly every day. We need rain, but it's nice to have sunshine after a cool & foggy summer.

Again, thanks a lot for the birthday remembrances.

Love,  
Mother

March 5, 1982

Dear Keith—

This is being written with my left hand as I broke a bone in my right hand last week. It is a simple break & there is no displacement. I have a splint from wrist to the end of the little finger, & have to wear it for a month. I stumbled on the step to the back porch. I was carrying firewood in each hand. It was pretty painful at first but I soaked it in cold water right away. I kept ice around it all evening & the pain subsided. I could move all my fingers so I thought nothing was broken. Next day it

was swollen & got quite dark so I called my doctor. He couldn't see me until the next afternoon. When he took an X-ray the break showed up & he sent me to an orthopedic man in Fort Bragg.

All this was complicated by lack of a car. A kind neighbor provided transportation. The car has been in the garage for over 2 weeks. There was a voltage problem, leaky radiator, & transmission slippage. Right now they are waiting for some seals from the Saab people who are out of them. I may have the car by the end of next week. This is going to be expensive but less than a new car. My dishwasher broke down, too, the day I got the splint on my hand. And there is something wrong with the fluorescent fixture over the sink. This is apparently not my year.

But enough of my troubles.

The things you sent are most interesting & I'm delighted to have them. The *Marlborough Times* article about the Williams Tavern had several bits I had not seen before.<sup>16</sup> I noted the parenthetical item that William Williams' wife was supposedly Elizabeth Larkin. In my copy of *History of Marlborough* she is given as Elizabeth \_\_\_\_\_, but handwritten in is "Bent of Sudbury." I have assumed it was R. O. Williams' writing, but it might be Aunt Jeannie's.<sup>17</sup> It is in black ink with broader tipped pen than the other handwritten notes. The thing to do, I guess, is check Sudbury records. The Williamses lived in Sudbury before Marlborough. If she was Elizabeth Larkin instead of Eliz. Bent it would explain Larkin Williams' name. There are no Larkins in the Marlborough history genealogies.

I am impressed with the Somerville pamphlets. Especially the Stavely/Fitzgerald ones. How long has the united neighborhoods group been functioning?<sup>18</sup>

I had hoped to get this done before the mailman comes but writing this way is slow. I could use the typewriter but I find I put some strain on my hand using the first three fingers. So I'll have a shower (with hand in plastic bag) dress & take out the checks I've written only.

Lena now weighs 10½ pounds & begins to look like a fat Buddha.<sup>19</sup> She doesn't have much hair yet, but what she has has a reddish glint to it. She is beginning to notice the world around her. She is doing better at sleeping most of the night. Of course, I'm completely objective when I say she is a pretty baby. I took some pictures of her last week.

About a month ago I spent a day at Sutro Library in S. F. Sutro has a large history & genealogy collection & I was able to get more data. In a history of Pittsford, VT I found data on the Keith family. Israel Keith came to Pittsford from Easton, MA about 1790. Eventually 3 brothers & his father came to Pittsford. The father's name was Zephaniah. One brother was Scotland which probably indicates where the family came from originally. Another brother was Alfred. At least three of the Keith brothers were ironmongers. Alfred later went to Sheldon, VT & set up a forge there. His wife was named Hannah. Their daughter Rowena married Jacob Saxe. The New Eng. Hist. Gen. Soc. has a history of Easton, MA in its loan collection so I'll send for it with my next order & see what more I can find out about the Keiths.

I'm probably going back to Sutro next Wednesday unless not enough people signed up for the van.

From various sources I've found out that Desire Dimmock's mother was Desire Sturgis & Desire Sturgis' mother was Temperance Gorham, a sister of Lt. John & James Gorham. So Desire Dimmock & Job Gorham were cousins, as were their son Thomas & his wife Hannah.<sup>20</sup> Oh, in a footnote in a book on Barnstable families is the information that our ancestor Capt. John Gorham was fined 40 shillings for carrying on with someone else's wife. The woman was fined 50 shillings and later she was in trouble with the authorities.

Things have been very busy here. In addition to the regular things I'm committed to, I've been on 2 LWV committees that have meant extra meetings. One has finished its job.

It is now Sunday morning. Zaidée & Jessie were here last evening. When Jary picked up the girls he said that there is a problem with Lena's belly button that may require surgery. Jary told me the name of the condition but I forget the word. It seems to involve failure of healing where the umbilical cord was attached. The doctors hope it will heal & not require surgery. I gather that it is a rare situation.

The rains ended for a week or more, & while not very warm, the days have been beautiful. This morning the barometer is down & rain is predicted. Whales have been migrating north. I was on the headlands one day last week when there were lots of spouts & even a glimpse of a back now & then. I did not have field glasses with me, unfortunately. Yellow violets & redwood sorrel (deep pink blos-

soms) are in bloom & one white trillium has appeared back of the house. Spring is springing.

My ride to church will appear any minute so I'd best stop.

Thanks a lot for all the things you sent. Regards to Kathy & Jonathan.

Love,  
Mother

August 31, 1982

Dear Keith and Kathy—

The book<sup>21</sup> arrived to-day, or I picked it up to-day. The notice of package arrival was in my mailbox yesterday. I got packages from Aunt Jane & Tony to-day, too.

The book is fascinating & I've already dipped into it. From the index I can see that several of the Marlborough ancestors are mentioned. The Rev. Mr. Parkman gives a good idea of what life was like on the Massachusetts frontier. Thank you so much. The book is a great addition to my library.

As I told you on the phone, the birthday celebration began with breakfast at Brannon's, followed by phone call from Jane<sup>22</sup> & a gift bouquet, your call in the afternoon, & dinner out with Jary, Jessie & Zaidee. It seems Lena was difficult the last time they took her to a restaurant so Judy & Lena stayed home. We went to a restaurant in Fort Bragg new to me. The food was good, the atmosphere a bit exotic. On one side there are raised booths where diners must sit yoga fashion. We sat in regular chairs, but there were several adventurous souls.

Summer has finally come to Mendocino. The last three or four days have been sunny & warm. Temperature even got up to 80° F one day. Huckleberries are ripening. I've already frozen several bags of them.

Jary is proceeding with house remodeling. I haven't seen it yet but he finished the alcove for books & desk. Now he's working on the alcove for the couch. He said they decided against the more extensive addition they first planned. Zaidee has a new kitten, a yellow striped one she named Hayfoot.

Judy has been a street musician on two occasions recently.<sup>23</sup> She performs with the hurdy-gurdy players.

Aunt Martha phoned last evening. She had some eye trouble which she thought might be detached retina, but her ophthalmologist assures her it isn't. The problem cleared up of itself, but the doctor charged plenty for his opinion of what the trouble wasn't.

My friend the retired Methodist minister has written a book, *Door of Hope*, which I'm finding most interesting. She was chaplain at a mental hospital for some years & the book is directed toward ministers & their counseling of parishioners with problems. I have never heard Louise Long in the pulpit but I'm quite impressed by her book.

Thanks again for a most interesting & handsome book.

Love,  
Mother

March 13, 1983

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The rains have let up from time to time, but never more than a few hours.

Monday –

A friend appeared at the above point. She took me to dinner at a local restaurant that is starting to show movies on Sunday nights following dinner. Last night's movie was on whales in the lagoons of Baja California. The movie maker was there to talk about his film & it was quite interesting.

Earlier I had been at Jary's to get manure for my rose bushes (which aren't doing very well). Dusty's coral is a morass.<sup>24</sup> There's only one corner where Dusty isn't in mud over her ankles. Jary said it held up pretty well until mid-February. Jary was out there in boots shoveling up the wet manure. Inside, Judy was cleaning the girls' room. They had discovered that the walls were mildewed. So Judy had a fire in the [wood] stove in the room in an effort to dry the place.

I've run out of dry firewood & since electric heat is very expensive now, I've been living with the damp which probably isn't a good idea. I did turn up the heat in my bedroom as it began to smell musty. A couple of weeks ago I developed a very itchy skin condition. At first I thought it was insect bites, then I thought of al-



lergies (which I haven't had much of) & finally wondered about fungus. About the time I began to think of medical advice, it began to go away.

Keith, would you do some genealogical research for me? See if you can find out anything about a Keith family in Easton, Mass. Rowena Keith's<sup>25</sup> father was Alfred Keith & her mother was Hannah ?. Rowena was born in Pittsford, VT. A Pittsford history mentions that the Keith family was from Easton, MA. There were 4 brothers, Israel, Scotland, Daniel, & Alfred & their father Zephaniah. Alfred went to Pittsford in 1793. Israel came there in 1791. Scotland & Daniel came later. I think you said that the Watertown library had records of all Massachusetts towns.

Then I'd like you to look up a Thomas Browning in Topsfield, MA. His daughter, Deborah, married first in 1666 a John Perkins. Perkins died in 1668 & she married second Isaac Meacham in 1669 & became our ancestor. I got her father's name from my friend Carol Perkins<sup>26</sup> who looked her up in a Perkins genealogy. That gave her marriage to John Perkins & the information that she was the daughter of Thomas Browning of Topsfield. I suspect Thomas was an immigrant. I'd appreciate your looking up these two items for me.

I've been in correspondence with the man at the New England Historic Genealogical Society who wrote the articles on the New England ancestry of the Princess of Wales<sup>27</sup> & we do have a common ancestress, Elizabeth Charde. We descend from her son by her first marriage, Aaron Cooke whose granddaughter married a Griswold, & the princess descends from a daughter, Abigail Ford, by a second marriage. From Mr. Roberts<sup>28</sup> I have learned that Thomas Haskins, whose daughter Hannah married James Gorham, was lost at sea in 1679 (I think). He came from England at age 21, was an early settler of Barnstable & did quite well for himself financially.

The sun has been out for most of to-day & it's beautiful.

Love,  
Mother

[Late October, 1983]

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Arrived here about 8 pm. last night & have been unwinding more or less today. The whole trip was most enjoyable.

You entertained me royally & I loved every minute of it. I really got a chance to see what you are doing in your careers. In my old age, your pace seems overwhelming, but you seem to take it in stride. Thanks for all your kind hospitality.

The flight to Denver was smooth. Jane & a friend met me as Andy had a job interview that afternoon. On Wednesday the job was offered so we went to a Mexican restaurant to celebrate. The job is in the laboratories of the state department of health. Andy was quite enthusiastic about the labs when he came from the interview so he was delighted when he got the job.

Aunt Jane is doing very well. I think she controls her grief better than I did, but she is rather overwhelmed by all the financial & other details she has to cope with. I think my lawyers took care of more of those things than hers is. Andy, of course, is a big help.

The weather was beautiful after the first day—sunny & warm. One day we went to Tim's house in the mountains to clean & make some repairs. Jane hopes Tim will sell it, as being rental agents of property 50 miles away is quite a headache for them. Andy starts work Nov. 1st & so won't have time except on weekends to look after the place.

We went to the museum of natural history one day, up to Boulder another & to Fort Logan cemetery where John is buried. I went with Jane to her Bible Study group one morning—they are working on the Book of Acts.<sup>29</sup> We walked to the church—about a mile—through a park that cuts through Broomfield. It was a very nice walk & Jane should do it every day.

Jary met me last evening. Apparently nothing new or startling has happened here since I was gone. He said something about Lena having been exposed to chicken pox. I'm to go out there Friday—Judy's parents are coming down. There's no school Tuesday—it may be a teacher's meeting—& the girls are to come here.

The invasion of Grenada sounded like insanity when I first heard of it. While it now sounds as if the island was being turned into a military base, it does seem as if other means could have been used. We certainly can't take a holier-than-thou attitude towards the Russians' invasion of Afghanistan. The President seems bent on getting us into a real war.

I phoned Aunt Maude this afternoon and got no answer, then called Aunt Martha. She said Maude went in the hospital yesterday. She has abscessed diverticulosis & is being fed intravenously & also getting antibiotics. It is hoped the antibiotics will take care of the infection. If not surgery is indicated.

The past three weeks were relaxing for me. To-day the phone began ringing & now my calendar is filling up. The church bazaar will take up a good bit of this week. I'll be helping in the kitchen, I guess. Fortunately, I won't have to make pies—they have enough already. But I'll have to make something for the bake table & finish a knit doll. Later in the month comes another bazaar for which I'll make gingerbread men.

I must finish unpacking or I can't get into bed.

Love,  
Mother

P.S. Many thanks for the coffee filter. I forgot to mention it last Monday.

Nov. 18, 1983

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I don't know how far I'll get with this as my favorite TV program starts soon.<sup>30</sup>

I hope the full-time job comes through as you expected when you wrote. Let me know how the new assignment is. And about how Jonathan likes the Intensive Studies Program.<sup>31</sup>

The other night I looked into an old box (cowhide perhaps) that I brought from Greene. I found three small blue notebooks with a History of Universalism, written by R. O. Williams. These books are parts 1, 3, & 6. Maybe Jane has the others or they may be in the bottom of the box. They are handwritten with the Biblical text written out first in Hebrew (at least I'm assuming it's Hebrew). R. O. W. seems to start his history with the Resurrection. I am a little reluctant to trust these to the Postal Service. I'll try Xeroxing the first few pages. Part I was given in Dover, NH & in Norwich, CT in 1840. There is also something else he wrote about Universalism which he sent to someone in Buffalo & it wasn't returned. What is in the box is apparently a first draft & the sheets are fastened together in such a way as to make them difficult to Xerox. But I'll look them over again & see what can be done.

Saturday—

Rain almost steadily to-day. There is a concert in Ft. Bragg to-night, but it is just too messy to venture out. A friend was going, too, but we decided to stay home.

Aunt Jane sent me 4 copies of her parish newsletter. It has items about John, including Tony's poem & also Jane's column which is a regular feature she's been doing for several years.

Aunt Martha sent the item from the history of the Phoenix church. Someone had given it to her. I knew about your grandfather spearheading the fund drive to finish Good Samaritan hospital, but I didn't know he started the youth institutes. Your father used to talk about them & what fun they were. There are pictures taken at the institutes in the old album Martha sent me.<sup>32</sup>

Aunt Maude is now home & coming along very well. She had surgery to correct the diverticulitis condition about 2 weeks ago. Beckie is to go to Glendale Monday to stay a week. I talked with Martha to-day.<sup>33</sup>

Lena has chicken pox. She was quite ill week before last & they asked me to stay with her at their house while Judy went to school for a few hours. I got out there about 8 am. It was pouring rain & Jary was cleaning up from a toilet overflow. Their septic tank had chosen that day to back up. Lena was better the next day & they got the septic tank cleaned out the following weekend. In the meantime they flushed the toilet only one day.

If Jessie & Zaidee don't come down with chicken pox between now & then we are all going to Covelo for Thanksgiving. Covelo is about 100 miles north & inland & is supposed to be very pretty. Patty & Michael Boyland who used to live here are now in Covelo where Michael is pastor of Covelo Presb. Church. Patty's mother used to be librarian in Fort Bragg & I like her very much. She will be at Patty & Mike's too, so I am looking forward to going. However, I'm going to get a frozen turkey to have on hand in case we can't go.

Aunt Jane is not coming for Christmas. I doubted that she would. Andy won't have time off. She said they might come out next spring, but Andy won't have time then either, & he might not want to spend what vacation he has on a trip here. Jane probably doesn't want to fly either. Andy likes his job, so far. Just before he started

work, he was offered the job he had expected to get on graduation. Salary was quite a bit more than the state health dept. pays but he decided to stay with the state.

Must stop & do something about ordering Christmas things. You may all get checks as I can't see much time for shopping right now.

Hope all is going well.

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 5, 1983

Dear Keith & Kathy—

We had a pleasant Thanksgiving in Covelo. Jary called about 10:30 pm. Wednesday & said they didn't know whether they'd go or not. Zaidee, who had been quite ill Tuesday, was feeling a little better, but it was quite stormy. He said they'd leave about 8 am. If we went. I woke up at 5:30 and it really poured between then & 6, so I thought we wouldn't go, but I dressed as if, just in case. Jary phoned at 8, said they were going & would pick me up at 9. It was nearly 9:30 when they got here. We rode in & out of rainstorms all the way, but we had one stretch through a canyon (new road to me) with a big & bright rainbow ahead of us for about 5 miles. Streams were over their banks & small waterfalls cascaded down hill-sides. Round Valley, where Covelo is located, was beautiful from the ridge where we descended, so green & fertile. Water hungry So. Cal. water districts want to dam the Eel River & flood Round Valley. It seems a pity.

We had a bountiful meal & a very pleasant time. There were 11 of us plus 2 dogs. Patty Boyland's son John is in his first year at Davis & he talked a lot about campus life & his courses, especially linguistics. He likes Davis a lot & it was fun to see his enthusiasm. Patty's mother, Virginia Barrett, used to be the head librarian in Fort Bragg & we were good friends then. She had come up with John so it was very nice for me to have a day with her.

It rained off & on all the way back. Lena & Jessie were car sick on the way over. They gave Jessie Dramamine or something on the way back, but she & Zaidee both stretched out in back & slept all the way home. So did Lena but she was in her car seat & could only bend her head sideways.

The next couple of days were delightfully sunny. Actually most of last week was beautiful. Saturday was sunny but we had a terrible wind & there was the inevitable power outage. I was out from noon Saturday until noon on Sunday. Jary's power went off earlier but came on earlier. I had dinner Saturday evening with Mel Griffin who cooks with gas. If the power had come on earlier he would have come here. I could keep warm with the woodstove & I could cook simple things on the woodstove. My little battery operated radio no longer works & I was out of batteries for the larger radio. So I went to bed at 9:30 after I got home from Mel's & read a short while by flashlight. Somewhat less than satisfactory.

I have ordered some things for your Christmas to be sent direct. One is from Harry & David in Medford, Oregon, another is from Williams/Sonoma, San Francisco, & one from Breck's. I hope all arrive safely. There will also be a small package. I've been picking up things here & there in an unorganized way & I'm not quite sure now what I'll be sending to Cambridge.

Tony writes that the children are to spend Christmas & the day after with Linda.<sup>34</sup> They'll come to him on his birthday<sup>35</sup> & he plans to take them to Delaware to visit Fred Masterson<sup>36</sup> & maybe include Washington. He suggested I go east to spend Christmas with him, but having just gone east I'm not going. I think he is now feeling lonely. He applied for sabbatic leave next year.

Lena is here to-morrow afternoon & my carpet is to be cleaned. I'll have to find places for all breakables & I've no idea where I can put them.

Love,  
Mother

P.S. I'm anxious to know how the new job is.

December 26, 1983

Dear Kathy and Keith—

The book<sup>37</sup> is wonderful! I dipped into it yesterday at Jary's and on almost every page in the first part I found names of people I knew or knew of long ago. I started at the beginning last night and am finding it fascinating. I didn't even know a biography of Barbara McClintock existed. It is a great gift and I am most grateful to you for sending it.

We had a nice day yesterday in spite of inclement weather. It was really stormy when I went to choir rehearsal at 9:45 am. I wondered how many people would brave the storm for church. A goodly number appeared, but by 11 am it wasn't as windy or as wet. I went out to Jary's after church. Just as I locked the door the phone rang. It was Jary with a plea for eggs. It seems that Jessie and Zaidee had prepared a breakfast dish for them and had used up all their eggs, so there were none for the Yorkshire pudding they wanted to make to go with the roast beef. Real English—and a neighbor who joined us brought some Major Gray's chutney.

Lena had dinner after everyone else as she was asleep when dinner was ready and they did not want to awaken her. Lena didn't seem to mind eating alone, especially when it came to the cranberry charlotte I had fixed for dessert. In fact, she finished up Jessie's and Zaidee's portions (they had had seconds).

I did not go to the midnight Christmas Eve service at church. The choir had practiced a number requiring a soloist. Our soloist became seriously ill and couldn't sing. Since it was too late to work up anything else, the choir director prevailed on a couple of local professionals to sing (they are members of the church) and our interim minister has a visiting daughter who was willing to provide instrumental music. Since the choir was not required to appear, I stayed home and listened to the rain on my roof and the San Francisco sing-along *Messiah* on TV. It was a lovely relaxed evening—everything was done. I don't like midnight services anyway, when I have to drive alone. The woman I usually take to choir goes to her brother's in the Bay Area each Christmas.

To-morrow I am having dinner guests. The wife is sort of a cousin—she and we have about 5 common ancestral lines, several in Marlboro. She is descended from a sister of Elizabeth Breck (the one who married Dr. Gott), Thomas Brigham & Mercy Hurd, Edmund Rice, Edward Griswold (the immigrant). I think there is someone else, too. She is in your generation. Her husband is a Whalley, but I don't know if there is a connection with the regicide.<sup>38</sup> Then on Thursday another woman and I are having a bridge luncheon, doing it the easy way. We are eating at a restaurant in Fort Bragg and playing bridge at her house. I just pay half the bills and bring some cards, score pads, tallies, and munchies.

The Comptche Road remodeling has resulted in much more liveable space, plus much needed storage space. They can now walk on a wide deck from the house to the washhouse.<sup>39</sup> You'll have to come out to see it.

Must fix some supper. Happy New Year!

Much love,  
Mother

December 26, 1983

Dear Jonathan—

I want to thank you for your gifts to me. The notepaper with the elegant roses is beautiful and will be used for special occasions. I'll have to improve my handwriting to be worthy of such lovely paper. I also am enjoying the biography of Barbara McClintock. I am so glad to have it and to read about this excellent scientist I knew so long ago.

I hope you had a pleasant holiday in spite of snow and cold. I am assuming that is what you had from watching TV news. Here we just had rain and more rain. It was very wet, blowy and foggy when I left for church yesterday morning. Very few cars on the road so I thought maybe no one would come to church except the choir and the minister. The choir had to be at church an hour early to practice and by the time church started the storm wasn't as bad and quite a few people came, including visiting relatives.

I went out to Uncle Jary's after church, taking gifts and some things for dinner. At the last minute I got a call from Jary asking me to bring some eggs as Jessie had used up all their eggs in preparing a dish for their breakfast. Their chickens are not laying well this winter.

I heard that the whales are migrating but I haven't been down to the headlands to look for them. Last week I was too busy and now it is stormy. They are out there swimming away but when waves are high one can't tell whales' spouts from wave spray. Besides standing out in the rain is no fun.

Jessie started piano lessons in September. Maybe the next time you come out she can accompany you when you play violin. I understand Rachel is taking flute

lessons. How about a Stavelly chamber orchestra? Though I guess a chamber orchestra is usually just strings.

I hope you are having a nice holiday.

Much love,  
Grandma Betty

March 23, 1984

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Just got in from a meeting & have some time before preparing dinner. Seemed a good time to write, there having been few unoccupied moments lately.

I've been fighting a sore throat all week—not a very bad one & not a real cold or flu developing as yet. I just don't feel very good, but don't feel bad enough to go to bed. Hence I accomplish very little. The rest of the Mendocino Stavellys seem to have had something similar. In fact, this month ailing Stavelly girls have spent several days with me. Jary didn't feel well last Sunday.

Spring is here, though. Wildflowers are appearing in the woods & my assorted daffodils & narcissus are in bloom, also an azalea given to me several years ago. We've had warm & sunny days.

I'm reading a fascinating book, *March of Folly* by Barbara W. Tuchman. I saw a review of it on TV, mentioned it to the head librarian of the Study Club library (now known as community library) & a week later, had it. It had come to the library the day I mentioned it. I suppose you know about it & perhaps have read it. Ronald Reagan should read it, also all the cabinet & Congress.

Jary & Co. are considering a house exchange with a family with three children in Edinburgh, Scotland. I think this is for summer 1985. Jary didn't sound very enthusiastic about the project. Zaidee told me about it first.

Lena is growing up fast. She's a very self-possessed person, is talking in phrases now & is almost completely toilet-trained (really self-trained). She is the only orderly Stavelly I know. When she comes here, she immediately hangs up her jacket, insists on hanging it, actually. She puts toys & books back where she got them. This all comes, I guess, from Green genes. At least, none of this is very apparent among Stavelly or Williams people.

Hope you are all well & getting a break from winter.

Love,  
Mother

April 12, 1984

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Your exhibit, films, & panel discussion on the bomb look most interesting & timely.<sup>40</sup> I hope you have good crowds. I'd like to attend it. There is to be some discussion on nuclear weapons here (Fort Bragg) in May, but I forget just which day.

I'm amused at your encounter with teenage activity. Well do I remember those days. I never could understand why it took so long to comb a flat top haircut. Some families resort to getting a phone for just the teenagers. There was a wonderful cartoon in the *New Yorker* years ago, showing a phone booth in a living room with teenager in booth & a man reading in a chair. Underneath was "Guess what Daddy got me for Christmas!"

Things are busy here, especially last week—2 bridge sessions, two concerts on succeeding nights, plus dinner out one night. On Sunday the 1<sup>st</sup> there was an "at home" next door for our assistant pastor who leaves for a pastorate in Idaho this week. I got involved in refilling trays & making punch & washing cups. Next day was a bridge luncheon. Tuesday I went to the Mormon library in Oakland for some genealogical research (didn't find much new except for mother of Charles Welch—Catherine) then had jury duty next day—didn't get picked but had to report & wait until a jury was selected. Next day went to Ft. Bragg for church women's meeting. Expected to collapse on Friday but was called to substitute at bridge.

Jary & Co. have had colds off & on. Lena has one now. She has been here three days in a row. She's bigger than her sisters at the same age & more aggressive. Quite delightful really. Perhaps "aggressive" isn't the right word. "Definite" may be better.

Jessie's 9<sup>th</sup> birthday was Monday. I was out there for dinner. I think she was having a party to-day. Lena sang *Happy Birthday* several times before dinner. Judy says Jessie is doing 4<sup>th</sup> grade math (she's in 3<sup>rd</sup> grade). Zaidee is reading very well—usually aloud—at least when she's here. Saturday evening Judy, Jessie,

Zaidee, Zaidee's friend Margaret, & I are going to the Oakland Ballet which is coming to Fort Bragg. Jary will stay home with Lena. For awhile they planned to all go but decided since it was an evening show, it would be too much for Lena.

On April 1<sup>st</sup> Grant MacLean preached his last sermon here. During the last hymn the members of the youth group & the junior choir trooped up to the chancel each carrying a few flowers. They all gathered in the chancel & one girl got too close to the candles & her hair caught fire. It was quickly put out & I guess she suffered only shortened hair but it frightened many people (the incident was not visible from the choir). Later one of the congregation commented that it was quite a ceremony—with tears, flowers & a burnt offering. One could smell the burnt hair. Someone said her hair spray caught fire. Never a dull moment at Mendocino Presbyterian Church.

Hope your snowstorms have ended. Spring flowers are out here in spite of cold windy days—with sun, though.

Love,  
Mother

May 13, 1984

Dear Kathy, Keith, & Jonathan—

My living room is brightened by red gerberas in a basket. They are potted & can be put in the ground (if I can find a sunny, well-drained spot). They are most colorful & I'm delighted to have them. Thank you for such a great gift.

Jary & his daughters took Judy & me to lunch at a restaurant in Albion. It has a lovely ocean view & good food. We had a nice time—no overturned milk or juice & everyone was happy with his or her menu choice.

Perhaps you heard on the news that the Rev. Benjamin Weir was kidnapped in Beirut. He has visited Mendo. Presb. church a couple of times since I've been here & he & Mrs. Weir stayed at my house once. Very nice people. It was a shock to hear he had been abducted.<sup>41</sup>

Aunt Maude is thinking about visiting Beckie in June. The Birmingham, Michigan church where Clarence was pastor before Los Angeles is having a 150<sup>th</sup>

anniversary June 1 or 2 & Maude has been invited. If she goes, she will probably go on to visit Beckie, too.

Yesterday there was a historic house tour here. It was most interesting. One house has an old metal bathtub like the one in Greene.<sup>42</sup> I had no idea there was another one like that. Judy & two others provided music on Kelly House lawn. They played Irish & French folk tunes & sounded very good. Jary says Judy is getting to be in demand in local folk music circles.

Tomorrow is grandparents' day at Mendocino Grammar School. Zaidee is not letting me forget it. Today I found a long-forgotten photograph of my second grade in Fayetteville (NY) school. I'll take that to share—also Jary's first grade picture. That should interest his students.

On Palm Sunday I stumbled & fell in front of the church, hitting my head on the sidewalk. As a consequence I had a spectacular black eye for a couple of weeks. The doctor said there were no broken bones nor concussion. I sure looked bad though. The color has finally faded & a sore bump at the end of one eyebrow is about gone. I walk carefully now & watch where I'm putting my feet.

Hope Kathy is soon over the flu. A rather bad flu has gone around here this year. Several people I know have been quite ill for several weeks. So take care & get bed rest & plenty of fluids.

Thanks again for the colorful gerberas. They are really spectacular. I also have a mixed up Christmas cactus which has chosen to bloom today!

Love,  
Mother

July 9, 1984

Dear Keith –

It was a good trip. I enjoyed it. My roommate & others from this area got pretty tired. There were some rather long days & our bus was not the most comfortable on rough roads. Maine roads weren't very smooth.

There are lots of farms on Prince Edward Island that take guests. I enjoyed our stay at the MacLeod farm. Both Nova Scotia & Prince Edward emphasize the Scottish background.

Last week Edith Nordblom sent me quite a lot of material on your Dutch ancestors. I [am] enclosing a copy of what she sent about the Van Schlichtenhorsts. They were apparently "some punkins," and were connected with several prominent early Dutch families. She also sent material on the Schuylers & the Tellers. I'd like to get hold of a Schuyler genealogy if there is one.

Jonathan sent me a card from Stavelly in Cumbria.<sup>43</sup> That's the town your father & I stayed in a bed & breakfast place in 1969. I went through it on the bus last year. Your father's forebears came from near Ripon where there is another Stavelly. As the crow flies these 2 Stavellys may not be so far apart, though one is in Cumbria, the other in Yorkshire.

I leave for Tuolumne Meadows on the 21<sup>st</sup>. After a week there Esther & I are going to visit Mildred Benioff at her mountain cabin near Mammoth Lakes. I expect to get home about August 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Tony said he enjoyed his luncheon with Maude, Beckie, & Steve very much.<sup>44</sup>

It groweth late so I'd best get to bed.

Love,  
Mother

July 10, 1984

Dear Jonathan—

Welcome back to the United States! I hope you enjoyed England. I think England is great.

Thank you for sending the card from Stavelly in Cumbria. Your Grandpa Homer & I stayed in a "bed & breakfast" place there in 1969. And last summer I went through Stavelly on the bus. I'm not sure your Stavelly ancestors lived there, though they may have. All I know is that before the Stavellys went to Ireland, they lived in Yorkshire near Ripon. There is another town named Stavelly in that area—a small village. Your grandfather & I had lunch in a pub there.

My trip was pretty nice. When we crossed the Bay of Fundy on the ferry there were several town criers on board on their way to a contest in Halifax. They wore 18th century type clothes including 3-cornered hats. One cried out the news on the ferry a couple of times.

One day we went to St. Bonaventure Island off the Gaspé coast. Thousands of birds nest on its rocky shores. It's quite a sight. In Quebec we saw the tall ships. I saw a couple come in with sailors on all the yardarms. It was quite a sight.

Your cousins are in the state of Washington. They are to come home Friday. They were pretty excited about going on a trip. I forgot to tell you that Zaidee started violin lessons this spring. I haven't heard her play yet. Maybe you & she can play a duet the next time you come here. Jessie can accompany you on the piano and Lena can sing.

Have a good July & August.

Love,  
Grandma Betty

September 2, 1984

Dear Keith & Kathy —

You must be psychic! How did you know I wanted that kind of slicer? My hostess on Prince Edward Island had one & I thought it a very neat gadget. She said her mother had had one & she herself had recently found one at a crafts sale. I immediately got a part loaf of banana bread out of the freezer to try it. Thank you, thank you. The French birthday card is delightful, too (and I could translate it!).

Esther & Diana took me to breakfast, as I told you, & I had dinner at Jary's with all but fish & cake from their garden. Jessie made the cake (3 candles). Next day a friend took me to lunch & my marathon bridge partner brought me a chocolate cake with whipped cream topping (my good resolutions about losing weight are getting nowhere). I had about 2 days of celebration.

The girls were with me a couple of days last week & they were here last evening. Jary & Judy were playing at a square dance. Their music group is the Every Other String Band.<sup>45</sup>

I'm glad your vacation trip was so enjoyable.<sup>46</sup> Judy said raccoons got into their cooler once when there was meat in it. After all, their paws are quite similar to hands.

I've been making huckleberry "jam"—two batches that didn't quite jell & one that is like leather. I'm going to try again, though. Bumper crop of huckleberries this year. How did your garden turn out?

Thanks again for the slicer & card & phone call.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 20, 1984

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It occurred to me that I hadn't written to you in some time. In fact I find 2 letters from you in my unanswered mail folder.

While I haven't had much spare time, it is hard to think of what I've been doing. Nothing particularly outstanding. School started day after Labor Day. Lena spent a couple of days with me & Zaidee came here after school one day because no one was home when her bus got there. Jary has only kindergarten this year—26 lively youngsters. I know—they have library the day I work there. The aide brings them in two sections. If I heard correctly when they told their names, one girl is named Canada & another is named China.

For about a month we had absolutely gorgeous warm weather. Last Tuesday it was *hot* & humid. Then we had thunderstorms (mild) & a little badly needed rain. Some people's wells have gone dry. To-day has been more Mendocino type weather.

Perhaps you heard of the 6.+ earthquake offshore a couple of weeks ago. I did not feel it. I was at the church attending a 50<sup>th</sup> wedding celebration but a neighbor of mine said his house shook badly—no damage though. Apparently Preston Hall is very sturdy for we didn't feel it there. The 50<sup>th</sup> party was very nice. Their daughter had arranged a slide show of the couple's life beginning with childhood pictures through scenes of places they had lived which included Japan & Hawaii. The slides were accompanied by cello (unaccompanied) played by the couple's niece who is a professional. It was a very pleasant presentation. I was asked to provide some cookies for the reception & afterwards the wife (who is an artist) sent me a note of thanks on one of her prints. I think I came out ahead.

Last Saturday I went to a showing of mostly marine paintings by the husband of one of my friends. This man has been a merchant marine captain. One of the choir members had a showing a couple of weeks ago. So I've been doing the galleries lately.

Tony phoned a few nights ago. He is buying the house he has been renting. It suits him & is less expensive than other houses he's seen of the same size. Jotham is at Mt. Hermon school, apparently likes it except for the food. Tony & Rachel went on a 2 day canoe trip after the Logo Institute was over. They went down the Saco River in Maine. Danny & Molly Watt were with them. Now Tony is thinking of buying a canoe.

I decided not to go on the New England Historic Genealogical Society trip to Salt Lake City. I didn't feel like packing up & traveling again. I am busy with LWV & Study Club this fall. LWV meetings start next Tuesday. Study Club has already started. I don't expect to do much genealogy this year

I did read an article about Huguenots & discovered that one of my grandmother's ancestors is considered a Huguenot. That was Alice Gaylord (originally Gaillard) who married Richard Treat. Her grandfather was Nicholas Gaillard who left France in the 16<sup>th</sup> century & went to England. Grandma had another Gaylord (Gaillard) on her father's side—William Gaylord—but he's not considered a Huguenot. To be considered a Huguenot the person had to have left France during the period of persecution. I had never thought about any of my ancestors having been French.

Is everyone at your library reading *And the Ladies of the Club*? I started it in the mountains since my hostess had a copy from the local library. I understand there is a long list. I want to read it as it is laid in Ohio.

One of my Christmas cactus burst into bloom on Labor Day. This one bloomed at Halloween last year. I expect blossoms at 4<sup>th</sup> of July next year. Another one is in bloom now. My biggest one hasn't set any buds so I've put it upstairs where it doesn't get light at night. Judy gave me several plants that she was dividing. So far, they seem to be living & growing a bit here.

I have new neighbors to the south—a new teacher at the high school. They have a 2 year old girl & 2 dogs.



It groweth late. Hope all is well in Cambridge.

Love,  
Mother

January 2, 1985

Dear Kathy, Keith & Jonathan—

The Arlen book is fascinating. The *Exiles* has been read & I'm halfway through the *Passage*. I find I know very little about Armenia except that the Turks persecuted them.<sup>47</sup>

The Tousley tape will spur me to get the stereo repaired.<sup>48</sup> After months of difficulty with the amplifier switch, it finally gave up shortly before I went east last summer. I just haven't taken the time to see about repairs or replacing the system.

The art center puts out a magazine more or less monthly. From time to time they put out one with drawings & writings of local children, Such a one came out in December & Jessie & Zaidee each had 2 poems in it. I typed off their poems to send you. I think they are pretty good, but I'm not exactly objective.

This past Sunday they sang a duet at church. The junior choir was scheduled to sing but only Zaidee & Jessie showed up. Since they knew the song, *Shepherds Awake*, they stood up in the choir loft & sang—nicely, too. Several people have spoken to me about them. Jessie has grown taller in the last few months. Zaidee seems to be at a standstill.

When they all came back from McKinleyville Lena was wearing 2 dresses, one over the other. It seems she couldn't make up her mind which dress to wear, so she wore both. She is almost as tall as Zaidee now.

We've had a lot of sunny days this winter but it's been colder than usual. I've been able to keep the house comfortable with the woodstove, though the wood supply diminishes. There is a lot of illness going around, most of it the flu/cold I had, but also some chicken pox. I still cough a little but otherwise I feel all right.

Do you remember Mark Brady? His parents live in Florida. A few days ago I got a package from them. Inside were 2 paper plates with "paintings" of 10118 Darmstadt Rd.<sup>49</sup> Years ago we had gone to a party at the Bradys & at one point we

were given paper plates, poster paints, & brushes & everyone painted a picture of his/her house. They sent me the ones your father & I had done (they're initialed). Your father's is bright red & quite delightful. Mine has better perspective but is less interesting. It's amazing that they kept these so long. I've leaned them against books in the living room. If you are stumped for a party idea, here's one.

Hope all is well with you & that the doctors find a solution to Kathy's leg problem.

Love,  
Mother

P. S. I had a piece of the cake you sent Jary & Judy. It is great, reminded me of the fruit cake I had at relatives' homes when I was a girl. Did you make it? Would you share the recipe?

January 25, 1985

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The month has flown by with very little time for personal pursuits. LWV, study club, church women's group, choir, & church nominating committee have taken quite a bit of time. But I've never been noted for managing time well anyway.

I note on TV weather reports that you've had it rather frigid with snow. Hope it hasn't been too bad. It's been a bit colder here this winter, I think. In spite of the cold, daffodils are coming up & some are budded. My miniature Dutch iris are in bloom, also one Grecian windflower (a small anemone). Last year the ones I planted the year before seemed to multiply. This year fewer have appeared.

Lena's third birthday party came off last Saturday. Very successful. There were several of her nursery school friends and neighbors plus a child each of Jessie's & Zaidee's ages. Jary built her a new sandbox for her birthday & everyone gathered around that. Then they all went to the climbing net & tried that. Somewhere Jary acquired this huge rope net—it may be for cargo loading—& it hangs from 4 trees, making a wonderful climbing opportunity. When they tired of outdoor play everyone went inside for cake & ice cream & balloons (helium filled with matching ribbons). Of course, 2 children took their balloons outside & let them go off into the wide blue yonder. The others let adults tie the ribbons around their wrists.

I had a letter from Tony, written after his first few days at Ann Arbor.<sup>50</sup> He said everyone was very kind to him & he was finding things very stimulating.

I enjoyed *Passage to Ararat* very much & appreciate your review.<sup>51</sup> I'll have to show it to Jary. He drops in here Sunday mornings while the girls are at choir practice. I forgot to show him the review last Sunday.

I appreciate Kathy's letter with extra details of your life. I'm sure the presence of an adult when Jonathan comes home from school has many benefits. I hope the orthodontia proceeds smoothly. Too bad Jonathan had to lose teeth. So did Tony. I can't remember if Jary did. I spent my senior year in high school with braces. It really helped though a perfect alignment was not possible. I've been wondering if Zaidee will need orthodontia. She has lost 3 lower teeth & the space looks narrow for 3 larger teeth.

And I'm glad to have the fruit cake recipe. I'm not sure I'll attempt it next Christmas time, but it sure tasted like the real thing. I was at a pot luck luncheon Wednesday where one woman brought a cake that apparently had sherry poured over it after it was baked. It was *very* good—moist & tasty. My new neighbor brought me a small fruit cake made without sugar. She said she added more dried fruit to a carrot/fruit cake recipe in *Laurel's Kitchen*. It was good but not as good as your cake.

At this point however, I shouldn't think about cakes. I have a lot of pounds to take off in the next few months. I'd like to be slim & svelte when I get to Ithaca.<sup>52</sup> Last fall a friend gave me some sour dough starter so I'm a slave to that—it's supposed to be used & renewed every 2 weeks. My freezer has several loaves of sour-dough breads in it. This morning I made whole wheat biscuits with herbs & dried onion in it. They are good & not too hard to make. I gave some to a neighbor who was recently hospitalized.

It grows late & I must get to bed.

Love,  
Mother

P. S. Is therapy taking care of the leg problem?

Feb. 15, 1985

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I hasten to write this evening since tomorrow is the last that I can mail a letter for 20¢. I really feel the Postal Service is mismanaged. They shouldn't have to keep raising 1<sup>st</sup> class rates. They should go after the bulk mailers. They are what is clogging the system.

My stereo system now works so I can hear Ben's tape when Jary returns my tape player. He's had it for months. I got it repaired in a roundabout manner. Two plumbers were here working on my well pump & when they got through they came in to clean out the hoses to my washer. The helper noticed the AR<sup>53</sup> turntable & was apparently impressed. When I told him it didn't work he took the platter off & found the belt was off. Then the plumber jiggled the switch on the amplifier & that worked again. They tightened the connections to cut out a rumble, so now the stereo works. They didn't charge me for the stereo adjustments—but the well work ran to over \$200.

It would seem that teaching is perhaps Kathy's field. Perhaps a seminar format seated around a table would involve less wear & tear on the legs, but hard to achieve in high school.<sup>54</sup>

Last Friday afternoon Mildred Benioff & I went to Sacramento where we stayed overnight with a League member before going to a workshop in Davis. A pleasant trip & good workshop though we got a bit lost in Sacramento.

I've had miniature Dutch iris in bloom for about a week. Daffodils are budded & the wild yellow violets are starting to bloom. About 2 years ago I was given a cymbidium orchid. A few weeks ago I noticed something growing that looked different from the new pseudo bulbs that have appeared. To-day I asked a friend who has cymbidiums if I could be having a flower stalk & described what I have. She said it sounded like a flower stalk. So maybe I'll have blossoms!

I've had a couple of letters from Tony since he's been in Ann Arbor & he sounds very pleased with everything there. People have been very kind to him. He's auditing some seminars that are exciting to him. He's going to a conference in Tempe, Arizona in a few weeks.

Did I tell you about Jessie, Zaidee, & Lena's Cornell connection? Jessie has had a family history project at school & had to ask grandparents about forebears,

etc. It seems that Judy's mother is descended from Dr. John Cornell who was an older brother of Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell U. Dr. John Cornell migrated from New York state to Ohio.

There's been quite a bit of League work lately with more to be done. At church I've been on the committee that arranged an election for a new pastor nominating committee. The original committee which was fairly representative of the congregation couldn't agree on any of the various candidates they considered. The newly elected committee is rather fundamentalist oriented, I fear. The interim pastor has resigned—he's been here 16 months & I think he's great—but apparently some members of the congregation gave him a hard time. It will be interesting to see what happens. There is a real danger of a split. At this point I can see an advantage to a bishop just assigning pastors.

The election was last Sunday evening. I tallied votes (it was secret ballot) & began to get cross-eyed at the end.

It's getting late & the fire in the woodstove has died down.

Hope all are well.

Love,

Mother

March 18, 1985

Dear Keith & Kathy—

What a sad time you've had with Kaori's mother dying. A terrible shock for all of you. Will Kaori continue her education in this country or return to Japan? Does she have brothers & sisters? It is good Kaori has had you to turn to.<sup>55</sup>

The trip to La Jolla & Borrego Springs was lovely. I left here on the 6<sup>th</sup> in rain. From Boonville to near Cloverdale there was snow. No buildup on the road & the countryside was beautiful. It was windy & a little rainy in S. F. but I had a good connection to the airport bus. When I checked in at the airline I found I could get an earlier plane & arrived an hour earlier than planned. Took a cab to Martha's place. It was sunny & warm in La Jolla. Martha is thinner than ever & had developed pain in hip & knee so walking was quite uncomfortable. The hip pain has subsided (I called her yesterday) but the knee is worse & the doctor wants her to stay off it as

much as possible. White Sands is a beautiful place.<sup>56</sup> I had a nice room with lanai (though it was never warm enough to stay out there). There is cable TV there which includes C-SPAN & I was fascinated by Congressional hearings & sessions. I read a couple of books from the library & took things pretty easy. One morning I walked to La Jolla Presbyterian Church & saw Ron Garton, former pastor here. Looked for migrating whales but saw only surfers, gulls, & other shore birds, plus some fishing boats & a naval vessel.

On Sunday Esther & Jade came for me & we went to Borrego Springs, about 110 miles east of La Jolla. Monday was overcast & cool & it was very windy one night, but the other days were sunny & warm. Desert flowers were in bloom, many quite colorful. We went with a hiking group on Monday to a site of Indian dwelling & saw stone implements & pottery shards. The leader of the walk is a knowledgeable amateur anthropologist. We got to go on this because of a retired park ranger & his wife who live in Borrego in winter. Art grew up in Fort Bragg & has gone on hikes with us here. The next day he & Jean took us to Palm Canyon where we were lucky enough to see a young mountain sheep climbing around the canyon wall. There were four of us from here & four from Sacramento. The serious birders went to Salton Sea one day. Three of us non-birders explored the park further & also visited the model homes of a very fancy development. Some of our rooms had kitchenettes so we made our own breakfasts & a couple of dinners. The hotel has a heated swimming pool, which was most pleasant.

I rode back with Mildred & Jade (Esther had to take the rental car back to San Diego). We stopped in Palm Springs to go through the desert museum—also looked at shop windows of this well-known resort. A vast change since I was there in 1935.

It seems quite cold here in comparison to the heat of the desert. The Borrego valley reminded me of Green Valley<sup>57</sup> where your father & I bought a lot, especially at Ram's Hill, the fancy development. Ram's Hill is considerably more plush than Green Valley, however.

Martha showed me *The Stavelly Times*, a newspaper your father & his sisters put out the summer of 1920 to send to your grandfather. They & their stepmother were in California & your grandfather was in Kansas. Maude was editor, Martha was inside reporter, your father was outside reporter & Mother Viola<sup>58</sup> was busi-

ness manager. I thought it delightful. Your father was 13 that summer. Maude had just graduated from high school.

It grows late & I seem to get sleepy early—we retired early in the desert.

Love,  
Mother

March 30, 1985

Dear Keith & Kathy—

We had several days of rain with hail this week. To-day was bright & sunny. Spring wildflowers are blooming increasingly. There are more of some varieties this year.

Judy's parents came yesterday afternoon & stayed overnight with me. This afternoon they went to Jary's to stay until Sunday. Gene Green said that once they get to Comptche Rd. they don't seem to get away & so came to visit me first. They took me out to lunch before they left. We went to a relatively new place that I'd not been to. A truly spectacular view & fairly good food, to-day anyway. I had heard that the food there was mediocre. We also spent some time on the headlands. Gene & John hadn't been there for several years.

One advantage of having visitors this week was that it forced me to do some long-delayed house cleaning. Gene Green is an excellent housekeeper & I hated her to see the mess I had here. If weather is mild to-morrow I hope to do some yard work, mostly pruning & weeding, but there are some bulbs to pot. Since I'll be away much of the summer I may not be able to see blooming what gets planted this month (April, that is).

Love,  
Mother

April 20, 1985

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Tony phoned last Sunday evening with news that he had had an accident with his bike. He now has a broken collarbone & some stitches in his head. He hit some loose gravel on a curve going down hill. Having to type with one hand seemed to

bother him most. Said he'll have to wear a harness for about 4 weeks. Perhaps he called you, too.

I had a busy weekend last week. Study Club meeting Friday afternoon, followed by dinner out and a concert. Saturday noon there was a picnic. Then I went up to Esther's for dinner & a concert (local community college orchestra with our choir director as soloist—Brahms Concerto). It was foggy that night & I was to be back in Fort Bragg by noon the next day, so Esther invited me to stay all night—which I did. We went for a walk in the morning, saw a lot of redwing blackbirds & a wonderful planting of rhododendrons & azaleas. Shortly before noon we went to Diana's for lunch where we met Peggy Casey. Peggy was our hostess when we went to Belfast. She was in this country for a month visiting her daughters in S. F. She spent a few days in Fort Bragg.

I have my reservations for the trip east. I'll leave here May 31<sup>st</sup> & fly to Denver. On June 5 I'll fly to Fort Wayne. June 10 I'll go to Findlay, OH to visit Jim & Mary Jane Roberts.<sup>59</sup> I fly to Ithaca June 13 & Tony plans to come to Ithaca June 16 to take me to Keene. After a few days there I'll go to your place until June 26 when I fly back to S. F.

In mid July I'll go to Tuolumne Meadows for a couple of weeks. After about one day home Esther & I are going on a trip to the Pacific Northwest—Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria & the Olympic Peninsula. We get back August 18. I expect to stay in Mendocino indefinitely after that.

Jary & Co. seem to keep busy. Jessie & Zaidee are both in 4H. They have a sewing project and Jessie has a pony project, too.

Our winter rains seem to be coming now. We had several lovely sunny days last week, but it's been foggy or raining this past week. We do need the rain, but I'm ready for sun & warmer temperatures. There's a bumper crop of wildflowers on the place this year. There's lots of repotting of plants to be done but whenever I have a day at home to do things the weather comes off cold or rainy.

Next weekend I'll be in Oakland for the state League convention. No one else could go. The national president is to speak & it will be interesting & exciting. After May 14 I won't be League chairman anymore. I'm looking forward to having more uncommitted time.

Hope all is well with you & Jonathan. I appreciated his nice letter recently.

Love,  
Mother

May 16, 1985

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Tuesday afternoon a beautiful floral arrangement arrived. It brightens my living room greatly. It consists of yellow chrysanthemums, pink carnations, & dark pink roses. The arrangement is in a pretty basket. It is lovely & I thank you. The roses were buds when it arrived; now they are opening. They are an unusual color—a soft, almost lavender. I may have guests for lunch Saturday & I hope the flowers will still be nice then. I'm keeping it out of sunlight.

The gerberas you sent last year are budded & should bloom soon, but perhaps not before I leave.

Coming events are casting shadows or something. Day before yesterday I had a letter from the woman I roomed with my freshman & junior years at Cornell. I don't think I've heard from her in 30 years. We saw her and her husband when we were in Williamsburg in 1951. Then yesterday a classmate phoned me. She lives in Princeton, NJ & is visiting a son, who lives near Palo Alto. I'm not sure we've had any contact since we left New Jersey. Both of these women expect to be at reunion. A lot of people are coming. The Predmores are planning to come if Pat's second hip surgery goes well. It was scheduled for late April I think.<sup>60</sup>

Tuesday I turned over the League unit to another. I'll have to get the files in order before I leave. The annual meeting went well—the co-chairman presided. I gave a report on state convention & a couple of women did a cute skit on the League's history—the League is 65 years old this year.

Jary will perform in the College of the Redwoods Chorus Saturday in Fort Bragg.<sup>61</sup> They are doing the Bach B minor Mass. They performed in Point Arena last Saturday & did very well I hear.

Saturday afternoon there's a historic house tour for the benefit of Kelly House. I'm to be a hostess at the church between 3 & 4. Esther, her sister, & a friend of Ruth's are probably coming down for lunch & going on the tour with me.

Except for the Masonic Hall & the Chinese temple, the houses are different this year from last. The church wasn't on the tour last year.

The wind still blows. It was very strong in the village. The trees break the wind some here.<sup>62</sup> The wind contributes to the dryness—we're way behind on rainfall this year.

Must do something about some supper.

Love & many thanks  
Mother

July 4, 1985

Dear Keith & Kathy & Jonathan—

It is late to be writing to you, but I've been accomplishing things slowly since I got back last week. Everything went smoothly on the trip except that the Airporter was an old one & my feet didn't reach the floor. Also there was a huge traffic jam for miles after the Golden Gate bridge & we were 45 minutes late getting into Santa Rosa. Jary met me with my car & the 3 girls. We stopped at a Sizzler for some supper. Lena managed to leave her new folding fan (purchased that afternoon) in the restaurant. Fortunately I had an old one I could give her—slightly different but acceptable.

Judy took Lena & Jessie to her folks on Friday & was picked up there by her friends to go on to the music camp in Washington. Zaidee & Jary are holding the fort here. Zaidee is going to summer school—has drawing, painting, & ceramics Mondays & Wednesdays, French & chorus on Tuesdays & Thursdays. Jary had a tidepool workshop this week. Zaidee stayed overnight with me Monday as Jary had a lecture that night & a field trip early Tuesday morning. I played bridge Monday afternoon. Jary & Zaidee came here after her Monday classes (afternoon) & Jary cooked dinner for us. He said the instructor kept them on an island too long & they had to wade in almost hip deep water to get back to shore.

I had a lovely time with you. I enjoyed everything—Lowell, Busch Museum, Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Bread & Roses,<sup>63</sup> even weeding. I envy you the fresh vegetables. I got some locally grown lettuce (red) that's pretty good & locally grown peas.

I also enjoyed just sitting reading. When I read here there's always something I ought to do hanging over me. So to read with a clear conscience is a rare luxury.

So far as I know, we'll be leaving for Yosemite a week from Saturday. Esther hasn't answered her phone since I've been back. Someone said she was at her daughter's. Gradually I'm getting some of the things done to get the house ready for sitters. The reupholstered couch & chair have come back. The couch is very pretty. I'm not so enthusiastic about the chair—the material doesn't look as good as I thought from the sample. The window washer will come next Wednesday. I've cleaned my bedroom & the living room and have thrown some papers away. Two cords of firewood were delivered to-day & that has to be stacked. I won't get it all stacked before I leave. But it's of nice size & I won't have to find someone to split it.

There's been no rain here since the day I left & little fog. Consequently everything is *very* dry. This morning I washed dishes in a pan & put the water on plants.

Hope the drama camp at Tufts is all that you want, that an interesting job develops from all the interviews, & that the book production goes on apace.<sup>64</sup>

The church pastor nominating committee is presenting a candidate next Sunday. There is to be a reception for him Saturday evening. The committee is enthusiastic about this person & I expect he'll be elected.

It is good that the TWA hostages were released, but I wish the other seven had come home, too. Especially Ben Weir who has been held so long.<sup>65</sup> Certainly there should be no talk of retaliation until the seven are released.

I did not go to the local parade to-day, but my garden cart was in it. Jary borrowed it for some child to ride in. I had planned to go but did not finish the day's cleaning chore by noon, so decided to finish that & prune some of the yard's overgrowth instead. I watched fireworks on TV—in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Have a good trip to Ireland<sup>66</sup> & a good summer generally. I expect to be back in Mendo on August 19.

Love,  
Mother

August 25, 1985

Dear Keith and Kathy and Jonathan—

Your letter and Kathy's postcard from Ireland were here when I returned from the northwest. I assume you are now back from your vacation on the Cape.

I'm rather sorry the Winchester church did not pick Kathy. Perhaps the job would not have been so great for you, after all. Did the other interviews come to anything?

I'm glad that my alma mater has come forth with some interest in your book. Maybe you'll have to make some trips to Ithaca!

We had a nice time in Yosemite. It is a dryer year than usual and an earlier season. We didn't have to worry about crossing streams on logs (I'm not good at that) but many of the flowers were past blooming. Birds were fewer too. Two days before we left my left heel began to hurt, out of a blue sky. At least, I can't think of anything I did to it. This cut down some of my hiking. I did do a 6-mile walk the first day and was in quite a bit of pain by the time I got back to the tent. After that, as soon as my heel hurt, I turned back. In Seattle, though, it was really bad—I was walking on pavement there, of course. So I missed some things on the trip, but not many. The last couple of days the heel hasn't bothered me so much. Last fall I had the same trouble with the right heel, but that started on a long hike (last mile or more on pavement). I didn't have time to see the doctor before either trip and haven't taken time to make an appointment since I got back.

The Pacific northwest is beautiful. Puget Sound is dotted with wooded islands, snow-capped mountains are visible (on clear days) and the vegetation is rampant. Our motel in Seattle was downtown. We visited the public market, watched boats go through the locks connecting Lake Washington and the Sound (a Coast Guard cutter went through while we were there) ate steamed clams and barbecued salmon on an island in the Sound. The meal is prepared by Indians and they did some dances for us. We spent a day on San Juan Island with a long ferry ride at each end. In Vancouver I had dinner and an evening with Margaret & Malcolm Robertson whom we knew in New Brunswick. Their son Alan is your age, Keith. Their son John is Tony's age. You probably don't remember them as you were pretty young. I had a lovely time with them. They live on a hill in West Vancouver with a porch that has a view of the Sound. They were both born in Canada and went there after Malcolm retired.

We rode the tramway to the top of Grouse Mountain which overlooks Vancouver, rode a steam train along the Sound to a small lumbering community, saw sea lions and killer whales from boats. The water was rough both times. And we had a day at a wide beach in Pacific Rim National Park.

I hadn't done any research on Vancouver Island and so was surprised to find it so mountainous and heavily wooded. Vancouver papers were full of a story about a girl of 11 who was mauled by a cougar while on a Y camp overnight 20 miles or so from Victoria. A counselor beat off the cougar but the girl suffered serious cuts on her face and neck. It is still pretty wild country. Our first night in Fort McNeil the wife of the hotel cook took us to the town dump to watch the black bears feed on the day's garbage. There were seven, of various sizes.

Victoria is the prettiest city I've seen. No high rises are allowed. Each lamp-post downtown has flower baskets. The provincial museum is fabulous. There are lots of little green places. Our walking tour guide said that with each 10,000 increase in population a certain number of acres of park must be provided. It's a city geared to people instead of the motor car. Our hotel was across the street from the Greater Victoria Public Library. The library rents space in a large building owned by the provincial government. Esther & I indulged in high tea two of the afternoons we were in Victoria. The first was very pleasant, caloric, and sinful—tea, sandwiches, scones with Devon cream and jam, pastries, and syllabub. The next day we chose a tearoom in a residential district. I thought their scones were better and it was quiet and pleasant. A very civilized habit—tea.

We had two days in the rain forest at the end. We stayed at a resort on a lake. The rain forest vegetation is dense and all the trees wear moss hanging from their branches.

Now I am trying to remember all the things I was going to do after I got back from the trip. The yard needs lots of pruning and cobwebs abound.

Jary and Judy have been involved with workshops. Jessie and Lena were with me one day. Lena grows apace. Zaidee was with Judy's folks the past week.

It's time to fix my supper.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 7, 1985

Dear Keith & Kathy & Jonathan –

Your gift arrived this past week. I found the book quite delightful.<sup>67</sup> I've decided I need more light fiction in my life. The story was intriguing, especially with a Stavely estate involved. I'm assuming the Stavely estate is completely fictional since its setting is 40 miles +/- west of Cambridge. This is quite a bit south of the most southern town of Stavely—I got out my Shell atlas of Britain to check. I rather neglected everything else to read the story. Thank you.

My birthday was spent pleasantly. I played bridge in the afternoon—my hostess brought forth cake & ice cream in honor of the day. Then I went to Jary's for dinner. Jessie made a cake for the occasion. Zaidee and her friend Margaret each gave me a bouquet from their respective gardens. Lena made a poster & a piece of needlework, the latter very good for a three-year-old.

School started last Tuesday. Lena was here several days & Zaidee & Jessie came after school a couple of times. Enrollment at Comptche is up considerably this year so beginning next week Judy will be teaching 6/10 time instead of 5/10. She will have her own class—2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup>—and Zaidee will go to Comptche as Judy will be out there every day until 1 pm. Jary is teaching kindergarten again. On Friday afternoons, however, he will relieve a couple of teachers in the afternoon. This means he will be in Jessie's class for an hour each Friday afternoon. The principal (new last year) moved teachers around this year, making quite an upheaval in some cases—upper grade teachers moved to lower grades & vice versa.

It has rained all day to-day, the first rain in months. We certainly need it but I hoped it would hold off until I got my wood under cover. Half of it has been stacked.

To-day I was reading the *July Country Journal*, & in the feature "Rural Persuasion" (p. 12) is mention of a reading & discussion program started in 1978 by a librarian in the Rutland, VT Free Library. Perhaps you have heard of this as the ALA has expanded the program. It reminded me of your book discussion program.

Sunday evening

It has rained off and on all day. At the moment it's raining quite hard. Things will green up if the rain continues.

I suppose you know Tony has shaved off his beard. Perhaps you have already seen him. Does he resemble his pre-beard days?

Love & many thanks –  
Mother

Sept. 17, 1985

Dear Folks –

The heel has improved somewhat. I still haven't seen the MD yet. I'm supposed to see him in October, anyway, so I've put off making an appointment. I'm trying to lose weight—but not hard enough. I have lost what I put on during the Puget Sound trip.

I'm glad your Cape Cod vacation was pleasant in spite of rain. Also glad that Cornell has continued to show interest in your manuscript.

I'm enclosing a couple of photos I took while I was with you in June. I hope you enjoyed a great bounty from your garden. Perhaps I mentioned that the public markets in Seattle & Vancouver had spectacular displays of fruit & vegetables. We bought fruit & enjoyed it greatly, especially the blueberries. Esther had never eaten fresh blueberries & was enchanted & bought them every chance she had.<sup>68</sup> There were some delicious yellow plums—Golden Plums they called them—that I had never had before—rather small & round, juicy & delightful.

While I was in Cambridge I talked one day to Jonathan about the legend of your ancestor, William Stavely, who left Yorkshire for Antrim about the time Charles I was beheaded. He expressed an interest in the story (or stories) in the Stavely material the New Zealand Stavelys sent Aunt Martha. I have been typing off this material, a little at a time, so that you & Tony may each have a copy. This morning I Xeroxed the 1<sup>st</sup> 3 pages with 3 versions of the legend. This evening I notice there is a fourth which I'll send on sometime. I hope Jonathan finds this interesting. The "Stavelys of Cork" were, in general, a more prosperous lot than the "Stavelys of Antrim." There were fewer clergymen & what there were served the Anglican church. I

think it was Aaron Stavely who became a Covenanter. I'd like to see a genealogy of the Lescelles family.

There isn't much of interest here since I wrote last week. I worked at the school library last week. Jary's kindergartners have library my day & also the 2<sup>nd</sup> grade that Zaidee was in before she changed to Comptche. (I learned to-day that Comptche was named for a Pomo Indian chief)

Rain has come on several days. Since everything has been very dry, we can't complain that our lovely sunny days are over. Two of my Christmas cactuses are in bloom. They don't know what their periodicity is.

Thursday AM. Just got back from the library. Jessie has now reached the status of library helper (5<sup>th</sup> grade). She came in to work while I was there. Suzanne had her making bookmarks. I told Jessie that now when I find books out of place I'll blame her. I left early this morning as I ran out of work & I also have a luncheon engagement.

Love,  
Mother

October 14, 1985

Dear Keith & Kathy—

We keep on at our usual pace here. Zaidee had scarlet fever a couple of weeks ago. She was out of school less than a week. Penicillin apparently knocks that disease out fast. Jary said there was one case at Comptche school before Zaidee's. I haven't heard how many since. Neither Jary nor Judy have had scarlet fever, nor Jessie nor Lena. Tony was the only one of you boys that had it. He was quarantined for a month, was ill only a few days. It was a real nightmare time, for you were a toddler, the washing machine broke down, & the war was on.

Our new minister was installed last evening. There were several visiting clergymen. The sermon was given by a female Methodist minister—quite a dynamic speaker. Her husband is also a minister, I think they have different churches—presumably not too far apart. Michael Boyland, whom you may have met in 1975, gave the charge to the pastor. He is now pastor of Covelo Presbyterian Church. He did



well, too, and, of course, there were many present who knew him when he & Patti & their children lived here.

Jary was here Saturday evening & this afternoon to watch playoff baseball games. Zaidee & Lena came with him. They played with paper dolls & Lena asked me to make a dress for one of the dolls. I think it's been 65 years or more since I've done that.

I loaned *A Company of Swans* to Diana Botsford. She liked the story. We both would like to read more stories by this author.

The weather continues beautifully sunny, though a week ago we had one day with sudden change to cold fog. It has been cold enough lately to use the woodstove.

Last Saturday I worked at the silent auction at Kelly House. It was sort of fun but I got tired. To-day I had X Rays of my heels. I saw my MD last week. He thought there might be spurs or hairline cracks. Of course, now that I've gone to the doctor my heel is hurting less. It was almost painless to-day.

Hope your Maine vacation was (or is) pleasant.

Love,  
Mother

December 7, 1985

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It is quite a long time since I wrote to you. Time just zips by. I did, though, spend several days reading *And the Ladies of the Club* by Helen Hooven Santmyer. It came out last year. I found it fascinating, probably because I lived in the midwest so long. It also has quite a lot of history. Anyway, I practically gave up letter writing.

I wondered if Black Pond Preserve is the place you often go for hiking. This item was in *Nature Conservancy News*. If it isn't, it might be a place you'd like to explore.

This week Jane sent me some pictures Tim took when she & he hiked to the old stone quarry at Norwich. When we were girls it was a favorite hiking place—an abandoned stone quarry on the top of West Hill. One of the pictures is of the inte-

rior & it is now full of vegetation. Way back when it was mostly bare rock. There were two slag piles from which one got a wonderful view of the valley. The other pictures are of the valley & the view is still good though now the playground has trees where it used to be cow pasture. Cows were sometimes a problem on our hikes up there. I am grateful to Jane for sending the pictures.

I assume you had a pleasant Thanksgiving. We went out to the Woodlands for a large potluck of Jary & Judy's music friends. It was a messy rainy day, but otherwise nice. There was lots of food & music. Several people had filled eggshells with confetti. Late in the afternoon people were breaking the eggshells on other people's heads. Lots of confetti everywhere. The children loved it & picked up confetti from the floor (the floor was *not* clean) to throw at others again. For days I found pieces of confetti in the house where it dropped from hair or clothing.

November was colder than usual—rain finally came. We still have less than had fallen last year at this time. The sun is shining now but it has rained off & on all day. Last weekend was quite stormy & Monday morning I awoke to no electricity. There was no school because of no power. Jary had to take his truck to Fort Bragg & Judy went to Comptche to work. So the girls were here. They got a bonus for lunch—I was afraid the sherbet in the freezing compartment wouldn't keep so I gave it to them for lunch—topped with synthetic whipped cream I thought wouldn't keep. "It's an ill wind, etc."

Zaidee needs money for Christmas gifts so she is dusting for me on Tuesdays after her piano lesson. I pick her up at her teacher's house & Judy or Jary come for her after Jessie's lesson. Lena has already invited me to her birthday party—quite formal—by telephone.

Speaking of Christmas I hope to get packages in the mail Monday. There are some things, though, which I've ordered sent direct. A small item will come from an outfit called Comfortably Yours. Another will come from Medford, Oregon & another from Breck's of Holland. Items for Jonathan will come from the Smithsonian & The Nature Conservancy in Berkeley. I hope the Smithsonian item isn't too young for Jonathan. I thought it looked interesting.

I hope all the jobs & other activities are going well.

Love,

Mother

December 30, 1985

Dear Kathy & Keith –

I am late getting letters of thanks off, but ever since Christmas day I've been concentrating on preparations for a bridge luncheon Esther & I gave today. I had let housecleaning chores pile up shamefully for months so it was quite a job to get the house ready, especially the study. We had three tables of bridge. The party seemed to be quite a success. But now I am tired.

The penicillin book<sup>69</sup> looks great & I'm sure I'll enjoy reading it & learn many things I hadn't known. Your father is not listed in the index but several members of the department at Squibb are. I noticed pictures of Dr. Wintersteiner (department head), Dr. Harrop (research director) & Joe Aliciano (member of the department). Joe's picture must have been taken after we left New Jersey as he doesn't have much hair; I remember him with dark hair. I'm delighted to have the book & am looking forward to reading it. You should read it too.

We had a nice Christmas out here. Friday the 20<sup>th</sup>, I went with Jary & Co. to Comptche for the annual Grange party. (Judy joined the Grange so Lena could go to their nursery school). The Comptche schoolchildren put on a play—*The Little Engine That Could*—& Zaidee had a few lines to say. She was a stuffed lion on the train. The nursery school children sang some songs & Lena could be heard over the others. Santa Claus came & it was a gala evening.

Christmas Eve the tribe came here for lunch after the girls had music lessons. After lunch we opened your package & one from Aunt Jane. Next day I went out to Jary's for our gift exchange & dinner. There were 12 of us. Alice & Amy Wittig came as did Bob & Carol Zvolensky & their two children. Two year-old Nicholas sat on a paper house of Zaidee's but the house was repaired next day.

The day after Christmas Jary & Co. & I were breakfast guests of Alice & Amy. We had a beautiful breakfast & Amy, who spent last summer in Japan, gave the girls cute cotton kimonos.

Judy's parents were coming here for Christmas but Judy's mother picked up a virus & couldn't come. They were to come on Thursday but John Green just called

& Gene is still running a temperature so they won't come this week either. I won't have to scramble around to-morrow getting in supplies, but I have lots of salad ingredients left from to-day's luncheon.

This was interrupted by a couple of phone calls—one very long. It's now after ten & it's been a long day. So I'm going to bed.

Love & many thanks,

Mother

# 1986 - 1987



**Elisabeth Ripper, "Marsh Blue Violet"**

Card used for letter of October 5, 1986



**In Her Own Living Room, Mendocino, CA, Christmas, 1987**

Photo: Kathleen Fitzgerald

Chapter Two: 1986 - 1987

March 20, 1986

Dear Kathy & Keith –

Your letter came some time ago. Things have been pretty busy since.

I hope the manuscript revisions are coming along to your (& the readers') satisfaction.

I have reservations to fly to Boston from Indianapolis May 1<sup>st</sup>. I'll be leaving here April 26 on the bus & stay overnight at an airport motel & fly to Evansville next morning. I'll stay with the Ellingsons<sup>1</sup> until May 1<sup>st</sup> when I fly to Indianapolis for the LWV board reunion luncheon.

Last week I had a little trip to Monterey—a tour by a local bus co. Diana Botsford & I went together. It was very nice. In Monterey we had a tour of historic sights & a visit to the new aquarium which is quite wonderful. The next day we took the famous Seventeen Mile Drive to Carmel. Along with spectacular seaside sights there were several famous golf courses & millionaires' vacation homes. At a realtor's office I saw an ad for a cozy French contemporary house of 8000 sq. ft. with 4 fireplaces, 2 wet bars, 6 bedrooms, 5½ baths, large entertainment area. Asking price \$1,795,000. The picture was rather attractive. This area made Mendocino's more expensive developments look like slums. On Sunday's return trip we had a champagne brunch on the boardwalk in Santa Cruz (a real old fashioned seaside resort with roller coaster & merry-go-round).

Yesterday I went to a native plant society field trip down the coast 20-30 miles. Saw several wildflowers, especially calypso orchids—I've had 8-10 of them here this year. A beautiful day & it was good to walk in the woods.

Andy Kelly got married again January 25<sup>th</sup>. Aunt Jane said she didn't know about the event until the week before. The bride is Elizabeth Ann Doyle (called Beth) & is the younger sister of a friend of Andy's. He began seeing her last summer. The wedding was at Beth's sister's house with a judge officiating. Jane said they didn't want to wait for an annulment of Andy's first marriage. They're expecting a baby in August & Beth has a 2 year old boy. They live in Broomfield but not very near Jane—2 or 3 miles from her, I think. Some time ago Jane wrote that

Andy was dating a girl that was rather scatterbrained, but I guess she's just young. She's 12 years younger than Andy.

I had a very enjoyable visit from Peter Hutchings' mother early in the month. She brought me some N. Y. maple syrup from near Ithaca. She was thrilled to see some whale spouts off the headlands.

The rains have abated for a few days & it's been a little warmer. It rained during much of the trip to Monterey though Friday was lovely.

Jary's crew is all right, I guess. Lena will be here to-morrow morning.

Love,  
Mother

May 21, 1986

Dear Keith & Kathy –

Things are at their usual dizzy pace here. I'm still not completely unpacked. The luggage arrived all right on the next day's bus.

Liz Kelly had a daughter May 12. As things turned out it was a Caesarian. They have named her Charlotte Elizabeth & she weighed 6 lbs. 11 oz (just like Keith), 19 inches long.

I had a great time with you. Thanks especially for all the tender loving care. The days on your couch with heating pad was just what I needed. The leg hasn't bothered me at all since I left you, except for a slight twinge now & then.

I must be off to the school library. I play bridge this afternoon, choir to-night. Somewhere I have to work in some dusting—I'll have guests to-morrow PM.

Love,  
Mother

June 24, 1986

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Things continue here at the usual pace, though most meetings have ceased for the summer. I've had the luxury of several days with no necessity to leave 10961 Gurley Lane so some long deferred chores have been done.

Jessie graduated from the grammar school week before last. There was a pot luck dinner for the 6<sup>th</sup> graders & their parents & some ceremonies afterward. All the girls were dressed up & some of the boys. Jessie wore a long yellow print dress Judy had made.

Tony came up the first weekend in June. He had some trouble with the rental car—it idled pretty fast. But he got here all right on Friday evening before 1 AM Saturday. Jary & Co. came for breakfast—sourdough pancakes & N. Y. maple syrup. After Jary & his family left for assorted commitments Tony & I went to the headlands. It was a beautiful day but quite windy. Jary & Judy invited him to go to a music party with them Saturday evening. Sunday after church & dinner (at home) we went to a concert at the art center—piano, violin, cello—a very good program. Tony left here about 6 pm Sunday & presumably got to Hartford next morning. He phoned from SF airport at my request.

The weather has been warm & sunny most of the time recently. To-day, however, the fog rolled in & it's been damp & cold.

Last Saturday I had guests for lunch & bridge—four widows who get together for bridge sporadically.

Sunday a Presbyterian minister from a church near Dublin was in our pulpit. A very good sermon. In the evening he spoke on the situation in Northern Ireland. He grew up in Belfast, said until he went to college in Dublin he had never known any Catholics, that the two cultures were completely separate. A very witty speaker with a real concern for peace. He thinks the recent arrangement between Margaret Thatcher & the Irish prime minister is quite good but they went about it & presented it in a way to enrage the extremists. Our pastor had got to know him while both were graduate students at Edinburgh University.

I hope your prepared changes in your book meet with approval. It is gratifying that the latest reader liked it. I can see the point that it is almost 2 books.

I suppose the graduation festivities are now over.<sup>2</sup> I hope a sunny day came so things could be outside. The little things I sent are meant to be useful on the bike trip and later.<sup>3</sup>

I go to Yosemite July 15 or 16 & return before the end of the month. Will be gone 10/12 days.

Love,  
Mother

August 3, 1986

Dear Keith & Kathy

I got back from Yosemite last Sunday afternoon, after staying overnight in Berkeley.

We had a pleasant time as usual. It was somewhat warmer this year. I used all the blankets provided on only 2 nights. However, it rained every afternoon the last 5 days we were there. One day Esther & I got caught in a real downpour about 4½ miles from the lodge & we didn't have raingear with us. Another day we experienced a hailstorm. That was at Saddlebag Lake (10000 ft.) & we were waiting for the water taxi to pick us up. We took shelter in a small clump of evergreens & they cut the force of the storm some. Others of our group were on the lake when the hail came & theirs was the real adventure. The worst for me was when I sat down in the boat—there was hail on the seat & I did not think to pull my poncho under me as I sat. The boat was bobbing & the wind was blowing & all I thought of was getting in the boat safely.

There were lots of flowers this year & I thought the colors more intense than usual. Saw some interesting birds, too.

Jary & Co. were to go to music camp the day I got home so I haven't seen them. I did see Judy at the intersection of Highway 1 & Little Lake when I was returning from church. She had her eyes on traffic & didn't see me. I assumed she was on her way home from music camp.

You have a new relative. Andy & Beth Kelly have a son born July 30<sup>th</sup>, 6 lbs. 12 oz., 19 inches long. They have named him John Thomas. Aunt Jane called me Friday morning. Liz & her baby were to arrive Saturday to stay a week. So Jane has acquired two grandchildren this year, plus Beth's little boy, now 2. John Thomas was born in Boulder.

Night before last I went to see *West Side Story*, this year's production of our local "opera" company. They did very well. I had never seen this musical though I remember a Christmas vacation when Tony played his record of it constantly.

Hope the rewriting continues smoothly, that Bread & Roses is prospering & that Jonathan had a great time on his bike trip.

To-day the choir came forth in new robes—light blue to match the interior woodwork.

Love,  
Mother

August 19, 1986

Dear Keith & Kathy –

Your card from the Cape came yesterday. I'm glad you had good weather. TV reports indicated rain in New England—at least that's what I thought.

I expect you are beginning to think about getting ready for high school. I hope the selected school proves a happy choice for Jonathan.<sup>4</sup>

Jessie makes the transit to middle school. There is an orientation meeting of students & parents next week.

From the time I got back from Yosemite until yesterday we've had almost continuous fog. It's been quite cold. The sun finally came out for all day yesterday. The heat (about 70°) seemed almost unbearable after the clammy cold.

Jary & Judy both had classes last week, Jessie had swimming class & Zaidee went to a nature day camp. I got involved in the transportation. Zaidee is still going to day camp but her parents are running up & down Highway 1 this week.

Last Saturday I went on a hike at the Nature Conservancy reserve 15 miles or so north of Fort Bragg. It is far enough inland that the coastal fog didn't reach. I hadn't been there in several years. I guess we walked 5 or 6 miles. I was pretty tired when I got home. Guess my age is beginning to catch up with me.

To-day some of the genealogy society went down to Elk to catalogue the grave-stones at the Protestant cemetery there. It's on high ground overlooking the ocean & very scenic. It was sort of interesting to record the data on the stones. The president brought a bottle of champagne which we drank when we finished.

Jessie's new bedroom is enclosed now Jary said.<sup>5</sup>

Love,  
Mother

September 14, 1986

Dear Kathy & Keith –

I'm glad Kathy's cruise was pleasant & that Jonathan's first two days at school pleased him. Jessie found middle school less intimidating than she feared. She could pick four electives & chose volleyball in P. E., freehand drawing, improvised theater, and science & the environment. Zaidee has acquired a Japanese pen pal. If I understood Zaidee, some drawings by Japanese students were sent to the school & Zaidee wrote to one of the Japanese girls & has received a letter back. The girl's father speaks English so he translates the letters.

The fog has lifted some the last week or so. We've had about six days of warm sunny weather—most welcome. I've had assorted lamenesses in my right leg the past two or three weeks. Since I can't think of anything I've done to cause lameness I'm blaming it on the cold clammy weather of the last month & a half.

I thought you might like to have the enclosed charts for your archives. Abigail Salter was an immigrant to Massachusetts. I think the Hammonds & Hastings lived in Watertown. It was fun to chart the lineages & I hope you understand them. In the Jocelyn/Wingfield lines there was a cousin marriage which I hope you can decipher.

The Comptche Road Stavelys acquired four new kittens this summer. Lena named hers Alice, Zaidee's is Hazel, & Judy's is George. Alice & Hazel are litter mates & undoubtedly have some Siamese in them, especially Alice. George is an orange tiger. Jessie still has Sunshine. Rachel & Hayfoot died during the past year.

Could you remember to send me a copy of your Milton's prose book?<sup>6</sup> Louise Long seems quite anxious to have one.

The organizations have started up again. I did the League program last week because the woman who was supposed to had to go out of town because of illness & death in the family. And I'll chair the next meeting because the chairman will be out of town. I should be giving thought as to what I'll need on the China trip. The itinerary hasn't come. I hope it will include what we can expect in the way of weather. Tony sent me the letters Dan & Molly Watt wrote from China last May & June. They were complaining about heat & dust.

My friend Esther left Friday on a walking trip in Japan. I think she'll be gone about 2 weeks.

This afternoon I watched *The Cradle Will Rock* on PBS. It came out in 1937 & I think your father & I saw it when we were first married. It wasn't too familiar so perhaps we only talked about seeing it. It was a WPA project originally & stirred up controversy.<sup>7</sup>

My mixed up Christmas cactus was in full bloom for Labor Day! It bloomed at Christmas the first year I had it. Since then it chooses other holidays.

Hope everyone is well.

Love,  
Mother

October 5, 1986

Dear Keith, Kathy, & Jonathan –

The China book is proving most interesting.<sup>8</sup> I doubt if I'll get it finished before I leave, but as far as I've gone (1<sup>st</sup> section) I find it fascinating. Jary wants to read it, too.

I also am glad to have your friend's letter or account of his trip. Do you want this back? Tony sent me copies of the Watts' letters of last summer. I must return them.

I haven't taken the Milton book to Louise Long yet but will do so soon. She'll be here next Monday if I don't see her before.

Jary was here most of the afternoon watching the Giants – Dodgers game. He brought some school work to do & some peanuts to munch & finished the beer I had on hand.

We're finally getting summer weather. Lovely warm (70°F) sunshine for about a week.

Aunt Jane is in Dallas for a week for the christening of Charlotte Elizabeth Thomas. I haven't heard about the christening of John Thomas Kelly. John Tom, as they call him, has light red hair like Tim's.

I hope I come out even on all the things I have to do before I leave. We leave Oct. 21 & return Nov. 7.

Many thanks for the book & your friend's travelogue.

Louise asked the price of your book, but I don't find it anywhere.

Love,  
Mother

October 19, 1986

Dear Kathy, Keith & Jonathan—

I'm sorry to have cut short our phone conversation this afternoon. My friend at the door didn't hear me call. She had volunteered to finish up for me a child's sweater I knit for the church bazaar which comes off the day I get back. I had planned to take it to church with me & give it to her, but when I wasn't able to go I asked her to stop by here after church.

This has certainly been an interesting day as far as getting ready has gone. After I talked with you I slept for a couple of hours. I had a ticket for an Amnesty International fund raiser this evening. It involved music & a buffet supper. The mere thought of a buffet supper turned my stomach. Too late in the afternoon I tried to give the ticket away, but couldn't find a taker.

Jary dropped in to watch an inning of the game. He had work to do at school, said they hadn't had supper yet.

I thought Jonathan would be interested in the enclosed genealogical charts. As I mentioned on the phone, to have common ancestors with Jane Fonda one has to assume that our Ruth Moore & John Norton, Jr. are the same as hers. Margaret Seymour could have been related to Jane Fonda's Seymours. I haven't checked the Seymour data in my files. The descent from John Howland is confusing because the Gorhams went in for so many cousin marriages. Job Gorham & Desire Dimmock were first cousins once removed & Thomas Gorham & Hannah Gorham were second cousins.

The fog has persisted in coming & going. We don't seem to get our usual warm sunny October days. I keep thinking all the dampness has contributed to my lameness. Interestingly, to-day I've been less lame than in a couple of months, and that without any pain killer. So perhaps I'm getting over this bout. With an upset

stomach I didn't want to swallow either aspirin or Advil. The latter tends to nausea. The doctor said I should always take it with food.

It's great that your revisions have met with favor. Now you can all relax. According to Cornell Alumni News the new director of Cornell U. Press is David H. Gilbert. Before U. of Nebraska Press he was at University of Texas Press & before that at Holt, Rinehart, & Winston in the college department. I assume he's not young. The News says "the Cornell press publishes scholarly books & is ranked among the top ten university publishers in the nation." Annual sales of almost \$ 4 million. Louise Long was pleased to get the Milton book & will write to you.

Hope all continues smoothly for you all. Kathy at Bread & Roses & French, Jonathan at school, Keith at the library.

Judy was bridesmaid at a wedding last weekend & the girls were flower girls. The wedding was on the headlands (in fog) with reception at Crown Hall. Apparently the bride & groom are music friends of Jary & Judy.

I've been writing this during commercials of the World Series game. The Sox seem to be doing all right.<sup>9</sup> My stomach seems to have settled down, too.

Next communication should come from China. Jary has an emergency address. Hopefully, you won't need to use it.

Love,  
Mother

November 16, 1986

Dear Keith, Kathy, & Jonathan –

As I've told you on the phone, the China trip was most interesting though tiring. I haven't felt too well since returning but suspect I got excessively tired. The day after I returned I went to the church to work at the bazaar. I'm aware now that I'd have done better to have stayed at home in bed & slept.

We left Sacramento between 10:30 & 11 AM on Oct. 22, flew to Los Angeles & from there to Tokyo, a 12 hour flight. The plane was no more than half full, if that, so we all stretched out over 2 or 3 seats to sleep. Arrived in Tokyo in late afternoon of the 23<sup>rd</sup>, & after an hour flew to Beijing. Our guide met us at Beijing airport & we were bussed to Zhao Long Hotel. The hotel is rather new & quite luxurious. There

were fountains in the lobby, & one wall had a handsome map of the world with the time at assorted cities in lights. The only U. S. city was New York. Vancouver, B. C. was there & since its time is also Pacific time we could tell what time it was at home.

It was near midnight when we got to bed that night. Next morning we watched people doing their morning exercises in a park that bordered the highway in front of the hotel. Breakfast was "Western" style—a buffet of fruits, rolls, yogurt, eggs (scrambled & boiled) ham, bacon, several kinds of sausage, fried tomatoes, toast, etc. There were several other groups of Americans, some French, Italians, Australians, Canadians. I was amazed at the large number of tourists.

That morning we went to the Summer Palace which is 30 +/- KM northwest of Beijing. Here, large numbers of Chinese added to the foreign tourists. The temples, pavilions, pagodas, etc. are all lavishly decorated. The palace is on the shore of an artificial lake—fairly large. We saw the famous marble boat but its upper parts were obscured by scaffolding for repainting. We had lunch at a large restaurant on the palace grounds. This was our first Chinese food—first course consists of cold meats & vegetables, often peanuts; then came the hot dishes—meats, poultry, shrimp stir-fried with vegetables. Usually there would also be whole cooked fish, usually very bony but delicious. Beer, orange drink, Coke, mineral water were served. Except in Canton, one had to ask for tea. All hotel rooms were furnished with large Thermos jugs of boiling water & tea bags (usually jasmine) with covered mugs to make the tea in.

After the Summer Palace we had about a half hour at the Beijing Zoo where there were several pandas. One was outside on a sort of jungle gym & he or she was a real clown. We also saw some lesser pandas which are an orange brown with a long bushy ringed tail about the size of a raccoon. None of us had ever seen them before. We also saw a lot of water birds at a small lake.

That night we were taken to a performance of traditional Chinese music & dance after dinner. Dinner & lunch were always much the same, though the meats & vegetables varied. We had quite a lot of cauliflower in the north, more broccoli in the south.



The next day we went to the Ming Tombs & the Great Wall. These are farther away from Beijing & in the mountains. Beijing is on flat land. The road to the tombs has the stone animals so often pictured. There is a museum in one of the tomb buildings displaying imperial silks, headdresses, jewelry, etc. The opulence is rather breathtaking. From the tombs we went on to the Great Wall. The number of tourists, Chinese & foreign, was staggering. It was cold & very windy. I walked a little way on the easier side of the restored wall, but I felt I was holding up the crowd & soon turned back. Going & coming we could see from the bus parts of the Wall, some pretty dilapidated. The cost in materials & manpower to build it must have been tremendous for it follows the crest of rather steep ridges.

That night we had a special dinner that included Peking Duck. The duck came on after we had dined on several very delicious dishes. They serve the duck in small flour pancakes, folded in a precise manner, along with a hot bean sauce & slivered scallions. They also gave us a good wine that night.

Our last day in Beijing we went first to a Friendship Store to shop (I didn't see anything I wanted to buy) then to the Temple of Heaven where the emperors worshiped their gods. Most of the afternoon was spent at the Imperial Palace (Forbidden City). It is a *large* complex of temples, pavilions, buildings surrounded by a moat. One interesting museum was of 17<sup>th</sup>, 18<sup>th</sup>, & 19<sup>th</sup> century clocks collected by one or more emperors. Most of them were English—very ornate with all kinds of fanciful detail.

While we were walking in the Temple of Heaven, one of our group stumbled on uneven pavement & fell. She skinned a knee & scraped a wrist. Several of us contributed Band Aids for the injuries. Later, in the Imperial Palace she said she would sit & wait for us while we visited the clock museum. When we got back to her she could scarcely walk & said the foot on the unskinned leg was very painful. 2 of the group were nurses & they persuaded our leader that Martha needed medical attention. The guide & the bus driver conferred (the bus driver spoke no English) & they decided to take Martha to a Chinese hospital. The two nurses, tour leader, & guide took Martha into the hospital while the bus driver parked us on a street behind the hospital. We got to watch the local neighborhood life. There were several trash bins near the bus & people came by to seek treasures. A boy transferred what looked

like charcoal briquettes from a pile beside the curb to a single layer in front of his (?) house, then spread a border of what looked like lime around it. A man had a small mole-like animal on a rope tied to one of its legs. He & a couple of other men seemed to be abusing the animal which disturbed us. When the others returned Martha's ankle had been taped. Xrays showed she had broken a small bone in her foot. A salve & Chinese medicine were prescribed. The bus driver bought the medicines—the bill was about \$7.65—

After dinner that night we took the plane to Xian. Another guide met us there & conveyed us to the People's Hotel which had been built in 1952 by the Russians. This was far from luxurious but it was comfortable enough.

Beijing has a population of 9 million people & 6 million bicycles. Xian has a population of 2.8 million. It is a very old city, the seat of 11 dynasties. The old city hall is still there, restored I guess, & there are several pagodas. There are fewer high rise apartment buildings & it has considerable charm. Our first Xian expedition was to the site of the terra cotta army. This was some distance in the country so we got to see farming operations along the way. It was rice harvest time.

The excavation site is covered by a large barnlike structure with ramps along one end & one side to view the figures which are grouped by companies of archers, swordsmen, officers, etc. In a separate building there was exhibited a bronze chariot & four horses. These are not life size as the army is but they are beautiful in minute detail.

On our way back to Xian we visited a hot spring resort. Later we visited an embroidery factory & a pagoda. That night we went to a performance of music & dance of the Tang Dynasty (618 – 907 AD). The costumes were gorgeous. The first number was the imperial court orchestra. When the curtain went up they certainly looked imperial. That evening we encountered the only rain of the trip.

Next morning we visited a commune. I assume it is one of the more prosperous. This commune was started in 1958 & has a population of about 16,000. They raise field crops & vegetables & have some craft enterprises. We saw a pottery where they make pottery horses. The main courtyards were nicely planted [with] flowering plants. We visited one of the primary schools—that is, we looked in windows, some of which were broken. The children sat 2 to a desk. One class was read-

ing aloud & it seemed to me each child was reading as loud as he could. We also saw a phys. ed. class in the courtyard. A group of girls were jumping rope. We got to see a couple of homes—neat & clean but sparsely furnished. Pre-school children greeted us with waving hands & “Hello.” Lunch that day was at a restaurant in a lakeside pavilion in a park. That day we had sweet potatoes in a taffy-like sauce. Chinese meals, by the way, end with soup, though we were often given fresh fruit, too.

In the afternoon we flew to Shanghai. We landed at a bleak airfield which turned out to be an old military field. No one official on the plane spoke English but a passenger who understood Chinese told our leader what had happened. Because Shanghai airport was crowded that day our Chinese Airways plane was diverted to a military field. A bus finally picked us up & took us to a waiting room (I suppose it could be called an officers club) where after 20-30 minutes our guide came for us with a bus. Shanghai teemed with people. Most of the streets were as crowded as American streets at the height of Christmas shopping. That night after dinner we went to a performance of acrobats, animal acts, & magic. Next day we went to Suzhou on the train—first class on red upholstered seats with lace antimacassers & lace curtains at the window. There was a table between each pair of facing seats with a potted plant on each table. Suzhou is a charming city with many canals. We went to two gardens there & to a fashion show at a silk factory. The Chinese seem to be fascinated with odd shaped rock formations & set them in their gardens & plant around them. The gardens we saw are privately owned. We returned to Shanghai that evening. Our hotel there was new & quite luxurious. Our last day in Shanghai we visited some museums & factories & the international trade fair. Diana & I missed a cue or something & got into exhibits of plumbing supplies & other mundane objects.

We left Shanghai quite early in the morning for the flight to Guilin. This was the most beautiful part of the trip. It is the area of odd shaped mountains that appear in so many Chinese paintings. Guilin was the smallest of the cities we visited—200,000—& the most “Chinese” I’d say. Our hotel faced the Li-jiang River & Diana & I had a gorgeous view of the river & mountains. Diana was ill the day we got to Guilin & stayed in bed once we got to our room. In the afternoon those of us

feeling well went to the Reed Flute Cave which was most impressive. There were lots of stalagmites & stalagmites & one enormous room. Colored lights enhanced the effect. I found it more impressive than Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Our second day in Guilin we had a boat trip down the Li-jiang River. It was a spectacular trip. In addition we saw people doing laundry in the river, fishing from bamboo rafts with cormorants,<sup>10</sup> water buffalo plowing.

There was a day in Guangzhou (Canton) after Guilin & then a night train ride to Hong Kong. The sightseeing highlight here was a day on Lantan Island where we visited a fishing village & had lunch at a mountain top Buddhist Monastery. There are more high rise buildings in Hong Kong than in 1978, fewer junks, & freighters. While most of the population is Chinese, I saw quite a few Indians or Pakistanis, and scads of tourists of all kinds.

I hope this gives you some idea of the trip.

Love,  
Mother

December 11, 1986

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Monday I sent off a package to you. Most of the contents were purchased in China. I hope it arrives in good condition.

I wish you could be here this month to see Jary, Jessie, & Zaidee in the Christmas musical. It was locally written. The “plot” of the story is pretty light, but the music & lyrics are good. Jessie is one of the bratty children with the “gimmies.” She plays her small part so well that Judy says the director asked her if she was a brat in real life! (She’s far from it.) Zaidee has an important part as the littlest elf. She is really great, very cute, words clear & singing good. I think you’d enjoy seeing your little brother dancing & singing as a department store Santa Claus. (There are three.) He’s pretty good. I went opening night (last Friday) & most of the grammar school staff was there from principal to custodian. They are doing 3 performances for four weekends. I’m going again on the 20<sup>th</sup>.

The biggest news here is that part of the middle school (4 years old) burned last night. The story seems to be that it is a case of arson. The gym/cafeteria build-

ing is gone except for some of the outside walls. It looked awful from Little Lake Rd. this noon. It was discovered at 2:30 AM this morning & undoubtedly had a good start before discovery. I knew nothing about it until a friend called me at 9 this morning. The wife of one of the grammar school teachers said that the 7<sup>th</sup> grade is at the high school, the 8<sup>th</sup> grade at the continuation school, & the 6<sup>th</sup> grade is at the building—some of the classrooms were undamaged. It is a great blow to the community. There was quite a fight with the state to get the money for the building.

I called Beckie last Tuesday. Arnie's surgery took 9 hours & they were keeping him asleep for 12 hours. She said they made 6 bypasses.<sup>11</sup>

Tim Kelly called last Sunday. He's going to be in California for a few days & will come here on the 19<sup>th</sup> for the weekend. We'll go to see *Santa's Christmas Present* Saturday night. Jane had alerted me that he might come. He'll be alone but will go to Karla's folks in Fresno until Christmas day. He'll fly to Denver on Christmas day. Liz & her family will be at Jane's for Christmas, also Andy & his family.

Have a happy holiday.

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 29, 1986

Dear Kathy & Keith –

I hope you can get some recompense from the post office since you went for the packages the day after you got the notice, & if they lost the package in the Cambridge post office they should make good. The cost of the pears was \$24.95. They were Maverick pears. I have the order number. Harry & David did not have the date when shipped—at least not at hand when the girl talked to me this morning. The Mendocino post office puts the ZIP the parcel is from on the notice. I got a package from Tony this morning & I noticed the ZIP right off. I do not think the post office should get away with losing packages.

The pretty poinsettia trivet is the centerpiece of the dining room table this evening. I'm having guests to-morrow afternoon & I thought it would look good on the crocheted table cloth. It is an elegant thing & will really dress up holiday tables.

The "Welcome Guests" sign is nice, too, & I'll put it out when I have guests. I've never seen anything like it. I thank you for both of these interesting & useful items.

Two friends are coming in to-morrow afternoon to see my China pictures. I'm going to give them "high tea" like I had at the Peninsula Hotel in Kowloon. Besides tea there will be little sandwiches, scones with strawberry jelly (unfortunately Devonshire Cream isn't available in Mendocino), cookies & cakes. I'll trot out the best silver & china. I should be having more than 2 guests but really wanted to have these two in to see the pictures.

There hasn't been a review of the musical in the local paper but last week's chit-chat column had this: "Christmas Specials—cute, blonde, little Zaidee Stavely who was the epitome of the verve, talent, and charm of the Gloriana Opera Company's 'Santa's Christmas Present' which made Christmas come to life in both Mendocino and Fort Bragg." Judy says they've been asked to try out for next summer's production of *The Wizard of Oz*. Zaidee wants to try out.

Friday we're all invited to Alice Wittig's for brunch. She invited us last year the day after Christmas. This year Jary & Judy couldn't go then so Alice has asked us for after New Year's.

It's been pretty quiet here since Christmas but I've really enjoyed staying home & getting caught up on a few things & reading. There's some yard work to be done but it's been a little cold for that. Last August the genealogical society platted the gravestones at a cemetery down the coast. I picked up 3 loose bulbs & planted them here. Now I have a white narcissus in bloom.

Aunt Martha has shingles & has been quite miserable. Aunt Maude was to have spent Christmas with her but I don't know whether Maude went to La Jolla in view of Martha's misery.

In case you are interested—the game was purchased at the Summer Palace near Beijing. The turtle was bought at the gift shop at Red Flute Cave near Guilin. The blue beads & mahogany box were purchased in Shanghai, the embroidery at a commune near Xian, & the cotton hat at the village of Yangshuo on the Li River.

Has Tony informed you about his friend Mary? He seems to be spending the holidays with her parents in Northern New Hampshire.

Love & many thanks,

Mother

P. S. Jary says the music on the tape of the musical is awful. The tape he had was made by the writer of the show & copies aren't available.

January 11, 1987

Dear Jonathan—

Your letter came yesterday & I was very glad to get it. I hope you can have some fun with the Chinese game. The people I saw playing it seemed to be having a good time. The first couple I saw, at the Summer Palace, were more skillful than the ones I saw later.

I am late, indeed, in expressing my thanks for the nice gifts you sent me. The poinsettia trivet has been much admired. I haven't used the "Welcome Guests" sign yet. I did have guests over the holiday but Christmas decorations were where I plan to hang the sign. I guess I could have put it up last evening when your cousins came for dinner, but I didn't think of it.

Uncle Jary & Aunt Judy went out to dinner to celebrate their wedding anniversary so the girls ate with me. Lena is excited about her fifth birthday which is next Thursday. She is having five guests at her party.

As you may have heard, the gymnasium/cafeteria of the middle school burned down before Christmas. Jessie has to go to the high school for gym classes. A trailer has been fixed up as a kitchen to provide the hot lunches. All the old building has been torn down & the site is being prepared for rebuilding.

I'm glad you like your school, that you are making friends & getting along well with your teachers. Hope the school year continues as well as it started.

With lots of love,  
Grandma Betty

January 22, 1987

Dear Kathy & Keith –

As I wrote the date I was reminded that today is my mother's birthday—she would be 106 if still living.

At the moment I'm somewhat immobilized. Two men are working on my pump. Late yesterday afternoon I discovered that a fine stream of water was spewing out of the pipe connecting the well to the pump. The water had been brownish for a couple of days & the toilet made unusual noises while the tank filled. Whether the pipe corroded or froze the pump man isn't sure. Last week we had below freezing temperatures for the first time in several years. They are rewiring the pump & resetting it as well as removing the original tank which was left as is when the pressure tank was put in. The rewiring is because one of the men got a shock when the pump switch was turned off. Oh the joys of country living!

Last Saturday I went to S. F. to see *Cats*. I really had no idea what to expect, never having read any of T. S. Eliot's work. It was very good. This was a bus excursion by the same outfit that did the trip to Monterey last year. I had to get up at 5:30 AM. We got back to Fort Bragg at 10:30 PM. Had lunch at a restaurant on Pier 39. The pier is full of tourist trap boutiques & didn't impress me much. It was a beautiful day, however, & at lunch we had a window seat for a view of Alcatraz, ferry & sailboats, & an enormous harbor seal.

I had a nice letter from Jonathan. It's good to know he's enjoying school & making friends. Progress on the book publication seems to be coming along, if slowly.<sup>12</sup>

I guess all is well with the Comptche Road Stavelys, though Jary missed a day of school last week because of severe headache. I was out there for dinner on Lena's birthday. She had had a party with her friends in the afternoon. Zaidee had made the birthday cake—a heart shaped cake covered with strawberries & whipped cream.<sup>13</sup> They had saved a piece of the cake for me. Lena was pretty excited to be 5.

The burned out middle school gym was removed during the holidays. The plan is to rebuild using the plans for the gym that burned. A couple of portable buildings have been moved in. One is a restroom, the other a kitchen for the preparation of meals. I think Jessie said they are bussed to the high school for physical education.

Jotham graduates from Mt. Hermon around June 9. Tony wants me to go east for the festivities. I'm not sure now if I can. Jane, Liz, David, & Charlotte are plan-

ning to come out in June so I have to know their plans before I make any of my own.

The pump men are nearing the end of the job they say. I'm supposed to be at a meeting in about 5 minutes. I've warned the president that I might not make it. I'm the secretary.

Hope all is well & that you aren't too snowbound.

Love,  
Mother

February 26, 1987

Dear Keith & Kathy –

I was going to write a Stavely round robin letter tonight, but having watched 2 TV news reports on the Tower Commission report,<sup>14</sup> I might write something that would annoy some of the others.<sup>15</sup> What a mess! It's really astounding that the administration is so inept or careless, if not criminal. Within the month I had a note from Pat Hutchings (her son was your classmate at Yale) in which she urged me to visit them in Silver Spring, MD. She wrote, "This is a rerun of our annual invitation to visit Washington & check up first hand on current scandals and alarming trends. This must be *the worst* administration so far." I'm not alone in viewing the situation with horror, but I suppose I'm still in a minority.

Tony has suggested that I attend Jotham's graduation from Mt. Hermon on June 9<sup>th</sup>. I have been waiting on plans until I heard when Jane, Liz, David, & Charlotte were coming. Last week I heard from Jane & it will be late June when they come. So I'll give some thought to an early June trip. What are your plans for that time?

Tony & his friend Mary have been planning to come out in July or August, but the latest word is somewhat "iffy." In case you haven't heard, he is living at 8 Glenwood Ave., Northfield, MA 01360 Sunday evenings through Thursday evenings & sometimes parts of weekends. He says he visits Sullivan St. daily for messages, mail, & clothes.

Jary, Jessie, & Zaidee are all in the cast of this summer's production of *Wizard of Oz*. Jary is in the chorus as a citizen of the Emerald City. Jessie & Zaidee are Munchkins & Zaidee has an additional part as the wicked witch after she shrinks.

Zaidee had an eye infection early in the week. She spent Monday morning here while Jary went to the dentist. Apparently something has been going around Comptche school. As of last night Zaidee was better. The doctor prescribed an antibiotic. Other than Zaidee's problem I guess they are all right. A couple of weeks ago Judy played in a polka band at a masquerade ball (benefit of the local symphony). Jary wore a rather outlandish costume—probably put together at the last moment. The girls came here for dinner & the evening.

We've had bright sunshine for several days but with high cold winds. I've lots of things to do in the yard but it has been too cold & windy to work outdoors.

My aching joints seems to have recovered. No explanation. I've been swimming once or twice a week since summer. I'm assuming it's doing me good. The place where I swim also has a hot tub & that certainly feels good on the old bones & muscles.

Saturday night our choir is singing at a local "music celebration." We're doing 3 numbers. I've been trying to lose weight so I can get into my one long dark skirt (purchased in Toledo). I've lost 2 lbs. but as things turned out all the women on the front row are wearing black slacks so I will too. With it I'll wear the white silk embroidered blouse I bought in China.

Speaking of China, Jotham has been accepted in the Northfield – Mt. Hermon Chinese program & will go to China this summer.

A friend of mine went to an Elderhostel program in India last Nov./Dec. Her grandson was there on a student exchange program. I told her about your being in India 20+ years ago. Tuesday she gave me a Xerox of an article on India written by A. M. Rosenthal entitled *The Gift of the Day*. I'll get it copied & send it to you.

I'm glad you like the blue beads. I wish I'd bought some for myself. I bought some jade beads—that is, they are supposed to be jade, but I suspect they are soapstone jade which isn't as good as jadeite. Anyway, they match some jadeite earrings I have.

Friday –

The enclosed photograph was taken at the minister's home last December. They had a Sunday afternoon cookie exchange. Everyone (or almost everyone) brought cookies, & could take some other cookies home if they wished. It seems our minister likes to bake cookies & he had made scads in addition to what people brought. I was one of the helpers that afternoon. One of the men went around taking pictures. Wendell Rickon lives on Comptche Rd a few miles beyond Jary. He used to be a park ranger but now does "handyman" work. He said park rangers have to do more & more police work & less & less biology. Besides he thought he might be transferred elsewhere. So he took up repair work & is good at it. Charles Jones is my dentist. He isn't very tall, but when I said something about being short between 2 taller people, he bent his knees to be the same height as I.

The wildflowers are coming up. I have 2 calypso orchids in bloom plus a few trilliums, yellow violets, & redwood sorrel.

This has been interrupted by *Washington Week in Review*. I just couldn't miss it this week in view of developments in Washington.

I'm sorry that *Prairie Home Companion* is ending. There is movement afoot to get a PBS radio station in this area & I was looking forward to hearing about Lake Wobegon. I suppose tapes can be played & replayed for years.

Must stop & get to bed.

Love,  
Mother

March 22, 1987

Dear Keith & Kathy –

I liked the write up by the gentleman from the U. of North Carolina.<sup>16</sup> I had to look up "heuristic" in the dictionary.

If I go east this spring how would it be if I were with you the last week or so of May? Jane thought they would come here late in June so I'd rather get home by the 15<sup>th</sup> at least. Tony called last Sunday. He & Mary want to buy a house in Northfield, MA so he put his house on the market & 2 days later got 2 offers at the price he is asking. If all goes through he would move to Northfield May 1<sup>st</sup>. Mary rents a house

there & they can stay there while they look for houses to buy. He said Mary wants to have chickens so they're looking on the edge of town. It may not be convenient for me to visit if they are still in Mary's present house. I think he said the house has 4 bedrooms but maybe it was only 3.

A couple of weeks ago I called your Aunt Jane to see if she would be interested in a trip to England next September. She thought she would be. This is a Kathy Zedekar trip. How long I'm not sure, probably 2 or 3 weeks.<sup>17</sup>

Jessie has won a recent spelling bee, the first time she has entered it. And she scored highest in the school on some national math test they all took.

Last week I mailed a package to Kathy. I hope it arrives all right & that the contents are useful.

Have you given any thought to a trip to Mendocino?

This is whale festival weekend & the town is full of tourists. I've ventured out only to church. It's been rather cold with high winds & on again, off again rain.

Hope all is well with you & Jonathan.

Love,  
Mother

I recently received an invitation to the wedding of the youngest Roberts boy. The bride has a name I take to be Japanese.<sup>18</sup>

April 26, 1987

Dear Keith & Kathy –

This afternoon Esther & I went to see *Hoosiers* & enjoyed it very much. It took me back to Indiana days & Hoosier Hysteria. In the scenes of the happy fans returning after the game, I was reminded of the time your father & I got in the parade of happy fans returning from sectional at Versailles (or some place in that area). We were on our way to Cincinnati where your father had an ACS<sup>19</sup> meeting. First year in E'ville.

Last Monday & Tuesday Jary went to S. F. to meet Wilbert Campbell, a North<sup>20</sup> classmate. Wilbert is now a dentist in Phoenix. They went to see *Hoosiers* together which was quite appropriate. Jary commented that the filmmakers didn't

realize that it's the home team that wears white. And I missed their including the cutting of the nets by the winner.

Yesterday the Friends of the Fort Bragg Library had a speaker on censorship & its threat to intellectual freedom. Esther & Diana went & Esther gave the enclosed puzzle for you.<sup>21</sup> She said the speaker was good. She was Peggy Rawlins of Healdsburg. I heard about the meeting the day before & would have liked to have gone, but I had counted on the day to get some things done in the house & yard.

Jary & Jessie read a couple of stories on the radio yesterday morning. It's a reading program that is on every Saturday morning. Both did very well. Jary's voice comes over very low.

The last two Saturday evenings Judy has played & sung at a place in Fort Bragg called the Green Parrot. It used to be an ice cream parlor (I always think of it as the Green Lantern because of the ice cream parlor of that name in Greene). A couple of years ago new owners took it over & I'm not sure what its category is now. They serve no alcohol. A week ago Jary & all the girls went. Last night Lena & Zaidee chose to come here.

Last Monday morning I discovered that my mailbox had been vandalized. It had been pried off the top of the post (I'd think it too much work to be fun). The mailbox next door plus post was knocked over. My neighbor thought first dogs had knocked it over & because some of the post wood was rotten, it had fallen easily. When he saw mine he decided dogs were not the culprits. He repaired mine for me—straightened the nails & pounded it back in, but it took him a day and a half to repair his. He had to get a new post. It seems that knocking over mailboxes is the "in" entertainment now. Some people must be hard up for amusement.

The dining room table, coffee table, & tea cart are covered with plants. The window washers are coming to-morrow & I had to clear the window sills.

Before the movies this afternoon I went to a rhododendron show. A beautiful display. I think I'll buy some more rhododendrons next fall, and put them in a sunnier place than the present ones. Only one blooms but it is quite impressive. I saw two of the same variety at the show but they seemed a lighter shade of red than mine.

Must get to bed in order to get up in time to-morrow to greet the window washers.

Love,  
Mother

June 22, 1987

Dear Keith & Kathy –

Things are relatively quiet here. There were a couple of luncheons last week plus a bridge club here. Also a play at the art center. This week has no events except a music class I signed up for last week.

There is to be a music festival here next month—2 weekends--& one of the local pianists is giving a preview of the music to be presented at the festival. A friend urged me to attend so I am. It is quite delightful—no homework, no final exam. Last week it was listening to Tyler Lincoln (the instructor) playing 2 Mozart & 1 Beethoven sonatas, explaining as he went along the various parts.

Judy goes to a music camp at the end of the week. Jary, Jessie, & Zaidee have rehearsals each evening & Lena will be with me at least one evening next week.

They have been canning apricots & picking cherries lately. Some farmer has "pick your own" cherries for \$.60 a pound.

It was cold & foggy a couple of days since I've been home, in fact, I built a fire one day. The rest of the time it's been sunny & pleasantly warm.

I'll be leaving for Yosemite July 15 & will return July 26. Tony expects to get here July 14, will camp out at Jary's. He & Mary expect to be in & out of Mendocino until the 27<sup>th</sup> when they'll come back until the end of July. Jary & family will be going to Judy's folks about the 22<sup>nd</sup> & return a day before they go to music camp on the 26<sup>th</sup>. July is so complicated for us that we'll all relax in August.

I assume Jonathan did well on all his finals & that the index problem<sup>22</sup> was solved to your satisfaction.

Love,  
Mother

August 1, 1987

Dear Keith & Kathy –

July turned out to be pretty busy. Fourth of July I went to the parade. Jessie was in the 4H entry (she's the new president). Jary & Zaidee were in the *Wizard of Oz* entry. I never saw Zaidee—she was in the truck which zoomed past me at a great rate. It had had some trouble earlier & the driver finally got it going as it got to my place on the curb. Jary was on foot. After the parade they all came here (Judy was at a music camp in Port Townsend, Washington) plus their friend Kelley & a friend of Jessie's. The friend has the wonderful name of Mercedes Evangelista. Jessie made ice cream—a rich chocolate with strawberries.

I went to the opening of *Oz* with Diana & her grandson. It is a great show with several amazing technical effects. The scenery & costuming are great. Jary is a general with a tall green plush shako. Jessie as a Munchkin wears a blue & white striped nightgown & carries a blue teddy bear. She has a small solo part & did well. Zaidee is a cute Munchkin in the first act & has a few lines. Later she's the shrunken witch & looks quite fearsome. She got a nice write-up in this week's *Beacon* & if I can get enough copies I'll send you one.

Tony, Mary, & Ila<sup>23</sup> arrived on the 12<sup>th</sup> in time for dinner. Next day we did some sightseeing in town & spent the afternoon at Jary's. Everyone was here for dinner that night. Next day I packed for Yosemite & they did assorted things & Ila went back to Jary's & stayed all night. She & Jessie had a good time together & Ila rode one of the ponies.

On the 15<sup>th</sup> I went to Yosemite with Esther & Rita Fenton. Rita drove her Volvo station wagon—overslept—so we started 2 hours later than planned. Picked up Esther's sister in Berkeley & another friend & got to White Wolf between 8:30 & 9:00 PM. It was surprisingly warm. That lasted only one day. The next night a very strong wind came up & it was cold from then on. Esther & I hiked to Hardin Lake one day & we were the only ones there. It was cold & windy. After three days we took Eva (the other friend) to the valley so she could get a bus to S. F. & we went to Tuolumne for seven days. It was the coldest I've experienced there. Only the last day was warm. It is very dry this year. Many flowers were already dried up & there were very few birds. Other years there have been 10 – 12 in our group but this year there were only the four of us. The others were birding friends of Esther's sister.

One was ill & others chose not to come. Esther's sister has failed in the last year & didn't do much walking. Since she is an avid birder she was disappointed at the lack of birds.

One day we went to an old gold mining town which is now a state park. This was quite interesting. At its heyday in the 1880's it had a population of 10,000. The last inhabitants left in 1942. A cold wind blew when we were there, making the story of an abominable climate quite believable. One evening we went on a nature walk at Mono Lake & that was interesting & fun.

I got home about 4 pm. Last Sunday. Tony & Mary arrived Tuesday evening. Ila stayed in Hopland with friends of Mary's who have a daughter Ila's age. Jary & Co. went to music camp last Sunday so there weren't any Stavely girls here. Wednesday Tony, Mary, & I did the tourist bit including lunch at Café Beaujolais. Mary left Thursday to take care of matters involving her horse & Tony left yesterday by bus.<sup>24</sup> They were to head east to-day & expected to be at Aunt Jane's tomorrow night.

Judy's parents are coming down next weekend to see *Wizard*. They'll sleep at my house & I'll go with them to the show. It's worth seeing more than once.

The rest of August will be quieter, I think though there are two bridge lunches & a river cruise. The latter is Aug. 22. Esther & I are celebrating our birthdays.

Hope your summer is happy.

Love,  
Mother

August 2, 1987

Dear Kathy & Keith –

I appreciate having the Cornell Press brochure & the letter in the Watertown paper. I'm impressed by both.

How nice that Jonathan did so well in his first year of high school. You must all be pretty pleased.

The enclosed clipping from the *Beacon* isn't very good, but I guess you can read it. Another one or two have been promised me so you may keep this.<sup>25</sup>

Hope you found all the errors<sup>26</sup> & that publication goes on apace.



I've watched the hearings as much as possible what with trips & company. Tony, of course, watched when he was here. The whole thing is pretty amazing & it seems as if no one was "minding the store"—or many are playing fast & loose with the truth. I'm impressed with Senator Inouye & Congressman Hamilton, Senator Sarbanes. The New England Republicans come off pretty good, too.<sup>27</sup>

We had a woman preacher in the pulpit to-day. She is on the staff of a Presbyterian agency in S. F. but has been a parish minister. I also had lunch with her after church at the home of the chairman of our worship committee. A good message & a charming person. She's a rather slim (almost skinny) woman & is going backpacking in the Trinity Mountains in September, had camped in northern California this week before coming to Mendocino.<sup>28</sup>

It's nearly time for *Jewel in the Crown* so I'll stop.

Love,  
Mother

August 13, 1987

Dear Keith & Kathy –

By now you probably have my letter with the clipping about the "wicked witches." Zaidee has made quite an impression around here. Jary & Jessie have also drawn favorable comments. The show was really very good. I saw it for a second time with Judy's parents last Saturday night. Diana went to see it 3 times!

Tony, Mary & Ila got back to Northfield last Sunday. Apparently they had no difficulties on the return trip. Andy took them to the mountains while they were in Colorado. Tony said they explored Wilson Drive & its environs when they crossed Indiana.<sup>29</sup> He said there is a new school building just east of Thornton School (old building still there). The new school is named for Adelaide DeVaney whom you probably remember was the principal. He said Wilson Drive looked much the same.

Your plans for Christmas sound great. We look forward to your visit. I hope it won't be unmitigated rain while you're here. It will probably be nice in Southern Cal.<sup>30</sup> Since this has been a very dry year we really need a wet winter.

I started to watch the rerun of *Jewel in the Crown* but missed so many episodes with all my comings & goings that I've started reading the book on which it is based. Have you read them? The first one was copyrighted the year you were in India. Of course the stories are laid during World War II.

Jary & Co. celebrated the end of *Wizard* by going camping for 3 days at a state park north of here. Jary said they had sunshine which has been sorely lacking here.

We leave for England September 13. We fly out of Sacramento the next day for Dallas 7 from there to Heathrow. Aunt Jane will meet us in Dallas. I expect Liz & family will see us off.

Hope all continues well at 161 Hancock.

Love,  
Mother

September 3, 1987

Dear Keith & Kathy & Jonathan –

The record arrived to-day & I'm anxious to hear it. At the moment, my stereo isn't functional & I've procrastinated about taking the amplifier up to Fort Bragg for repairs. Perhaps I'll take the record to Jary's or to a friend's to hear it before I leave for England. Thank you so much.

I appreciate the Doonesbury cartoon. Judy said that when Beckie & Arnie took them to dinner, Beckie told them that when they (or she) travel they look up psychics or mystics & asked about any in this area. Beckie didn't mention the channel experience she told us about.<sup>31</sup> Judy was rather surprised, but I think she'd have been more surprised at what we heard.

My birthday turned out to be rather gala. My old friend Marian Ryan was in Greene this summer & sent me an apron advertising a bakery in Greene plus a brochure about Greene which I xeroxed—copy enclosed. Jary wanted to know if it was the bakery where we used to get fried cakes.<sup>32</sup> That one closed down long ago. This one is the Naturally Good bakery that, according to the map, is on Genesee St. The Gray house next to Grandpa's is now a gift shop apparently.

I also got a birthday card from a couple of high school classmates (man & wife) I hadn't been in touch with for years.

A couple of women I know here had a big bridge luncheon on the 28<sup>th</sup>. Lunch at one of the inns & bridge at the community building at the development where they live. During bridge they declared a recess for dessert. Dessert turned out to be a big birthday cake for me—7 candles. Everyone (25 people) sang Happy Birthday & signed a card. Esther Meskis told one of the hostesses it was my birthday.

Jary & family took me out to dinner that evening. We went to a newish Mexican restaurant north of Fort Bragg. Very good food, almost as good as Sol Azteca.<sup>33</sup> The girls each made me a birthday card. There were six pieces of birthday cake left over at the party & the hostesses sent them home with me. After the Mexican dinner we had cake here. So you see it was a pretty big day.

I enclose an itinerary. I don't have exact addresses for the hotels where we'll stay, but you'll know where Jane & I are.

The weekend of Aug. 22/23 Esther, Mildred Benioff & I had a little boat trip. We took a boat (it holds 500) from Fisherman's Wharf in SF to Sacramento. It was a lovely day, not too hot. Points of interest, some history, etc. were announced along the way. In Sacramento we had a couple of hours or so to wander around Old Sacramento & get dinner & then were taken back to S. F. on a bus. We went to the Bay area Friday afternoon & stayed at a Sixpence motel & stayed there Saturday night before returning to Mendo. Sixpence motels, by the way, are quite nice. Better, I think, than the Motel 6. \$13 per person per night. They are clean & comfortable with all one really needs, but not luxurious. The people in the office are friendly & pleasant. This is the second Sixpence motel I've stayed in. We even got a free glass of wine at a nearby restaurant. I think they are British owned.

Tony wrote that Kathy was ill the day he & Mary saw you. I hope it was a brief illness & not serious. By the way, Aunt Martha has had a rough time lately. She had a skin cancer removed & it proved deeper than expected & she was in the hospital several days. The latest report I have from Aunt Maude is that Martha is out of the hospital but in the hospital wing of White Sands where she lives.<sup>34</sup> Maude was going to White Sands to-day to stay several days. Saturday is Aunt Martha's birthday & Aunt Maude had planned to go to White Sands before Martha's surgery became necessary.

I just finished the 4<sup>th</sup> volume of the *Raj Quartet*. I found it most interesting & am curious whether you've read it. Aunt Jane sent me the Humez brothers' book on the history of the Roman alphabet.<sup>35</sup>

Thanks for sending the genealogical charts. I don't know when I'll get to filling them in. Wish I did calligraphy. My writing & lettering is scarcely worthy of these elegant charts.

School started here last Monday. Judy is teaching full time this year—K/1. Lena is one of her students. Last Saturday some nut drove down Gurley Lane & plowed into the side of the school, damaging a third grade room. Also knocked over a tree & a sturdy wooden sign.

Laura Chase called me a couple of weeks ago so I asked her about putting you up during the MLA mtg.<sup>36</sup> She said it would be fine.

Love,  
Mother

September 8, 1987

Dear Keith –

First League meeting of the year was to-day. Our speaker was a former state board member who says she is a "card-carrying environmentalist." She had some rather scary things to say about recent Supreme Court rulings. Two she cited pretty much disregard local people's desires concerning the environment. The feds (or most likely the Reagan administration) are hellbent on gutting the California Coastal Commission which is trying to save our coast. To make matters worse the governor is trying to destroy it by cutting its budget to zero. It begins to look as if developers and oil companies will be free to destroy everything. When all life on earth dies off, maybe some of the moneybags will concede that the environmentalists were right after all.

Must fix some supper. It won't be much as I had a husky lunch of jambalaya. The restaurant where we ate features Cajun food. Maybe we'll go there while you are here if you like Cajun food.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 20, 1987

[Postcard from London—aerial view of Hampton Court Palace]

We spent most of Friday at this impressive place. Like VIPs of old we went there by boat. It was a lovely day & delightful. Our hotel is conveniently located near the National Gallery, Leicester Square & Picadilly & Trafalgar.

Mother-

October 13, 1987

Dear Kathy & Keith

The review of your book seems quite impressive to me. Hopefully, every academic library will buy it as Ms. Stussy recommends.<sup>37</sup> The discussion at your library<sup>38</sup> on the Constitution must have been very interesting. I hope the audience wasn't too small. It's a good picture of you but you do look slightly supercilious. Thanks for sending them.

I called Aunt Maude last Sunday. She thinks Martha is coming along slowly from her recent plastic surgery. The earthquake was noticeable in Glendale but did little damage. She indicated that one of the aftershocks was more frightening to her than the major one.

The trip was most enjoyable. I got to see Liz & her daughter briefly at Dallas airport[.] Charlotte is a rather elfin little thing. Liz had a harness on her because she tends to take off now that she can walk. Jane indicated that Charlotte is more active than the Kelly children were, but very good natured.

We had a nice hotel in London practically next door to the National Gallery of Art & only a few short blocks from Piccadilly Circus & Leicester Square. We had a couple of free days there—one of which Jane & I spent at the Tate gallery & the national gallery & the other we spent shopping in the rain. We had an overall bus tour of London that included changing the guard at Buckingham Palace which I had not seen before. There was a boat trip on the Thames to Hampton Court & that was enjoyable. Hampton Court was impressive. Several of our group went to the theater each evening, but Jane wasn't interested. One show—a musical—was included in our tour so we went to that. It was *Follies* & I assume it was on Broadway before

London since it was about New York shows of the 1920's. One of the chorus girls was supposed to be from Indiana & her colleagues called her "Miss Terre Haute" once & "Miss Evansville" later. It was by no means the best show I've seen but it was fun.

We left London after 5 nights & went to the Cotswolds, staying at the same hotel we stayed in 4 years ago. We visited Blenheim Palace which is rather overwhelming. At my suggestion we drove through Upper & Lower Slaughter which are interesting towns. The inn your father & I stayed in at Upper Slaughter is now a posh hotel. I assume different owners from the quiet couple who owned it in 1969. We had an afternoon in Stratford-upon-Avon & saw *Taming of the Shrew* at the Royal Shakespeare Theater. Jane & I got to talk to a woman in a long boat tied up at a quay in Stratford. These are long narrow boats that ply the canals. This woman lives in Birmingham & she & her husband were on holiday on the canals & rivers.

When we left the Cotswolds we went through the industrial midlands. Some of the towns looked rather bleak. We had a tour of the Bronte Parsonage & traveled through the moors. In Ripon we stayed at an old resort hotel that is being refurbished. I thought it charming though I never was able to unlock the door to our room. Fortunately Jane could. We had a morning at Fountain's Abbey (your father & I were there in '69) a visit to York & to Castle Howard where *Brideshead Revisited* was filmed. This was most impressive.

From Ripon we went to the Lake District, crossing the Yorkshire moors & dales. It was very green in England, greener than I remember, & often on top of a height we could see for miles. The air was so clear. In the Lake District we had a nice hotel on the shore of Lake Windermere. It was rainy & foggy some of the time. A visit to Beatrix Potter's home at Near Sawrey was scheduled but when we got there it was closed for cleaning. Someone slipped up there as it is closed every Friday. The shop was open, however. We visited Dove Cottage in Grasmere.

From the Lake District we went to North Wales with a stop in Chester. It was Saturday and the streets were mobbed with shoppers. The previous Saturday we had shopped in London & were amazed at the crowds. It was like Christmas shopping here. I guess the English do all their shopping on Saturday. We walked on the old city wall & visited the cathedral, but I couldn't find the museum of Roman an-

tiquities your father & I visited. A young man gave me directions but I misunderstood him. On our way out of town we passed it. Ruthin Castle was delightful as before but with more guests it seemed to me. The first night we were there we had a medieval banquet with lots to eat (with one knife provided to eat with). I could have made a meal on the wonderful soup & bread they gave us for the first course. This was followed by hunks of roast lamb & vegetables, Cornish hen (I think) & baked potato. All this was accompanied by mead & spiced wine. Dessert was syllabub & they gave us a spoon for that. The next day we had a ride on a narrow gauge railroad. We were in an old compartmented coach. The guard locked us in. On the way back to Ruthin we took back roads & I'm sure no bus had ever been on some of them. Even the sheep looked at us in amazement. We went to evening services in a Presbyterian church in Ruthin. The service was all in Welsh though the minister paraphrased in English some parts of his sermon—the text had to do with going through rituals but not really serving God, I think. The congregational singing was wonderful. The female servers at the medieval banquet also sang & beautifully, too.

From Ruthin we proceeded to Holyhead where we got the boat to Ireland. We had a lunch stop at the Welch town with the very long name. It took 3 hours to cross the Irish Sea—a very smooth crossing. Our Dublin hotel was quite luxurious. A piper piped us in. Next day we had a tour of Dublin that included Trinity College library & the Book of Kells, a whiskey distillery with samples—I liked Tullamore Dew best—& some other things I've now forgotten. We were dropped in mid-city at lunchtime. It was very crowded & most of us needed Irish money. Most of the banks were closed for the noon hour but with the help of Peggy Casey who had come down from Belfast to join us for the day, we found a savings bank that was open. In the afternoon we were taken to Powers court gardens south of Dublin & they were lovely. It was a sunny day, about the last we had until we got back to England.

The next day we went west from Dublin to Galway & Connemara. We had tea at an Irish farm. Getting there was an adventure & the directions were confusing. Had we had a larger bus we'd never have made it. Two young women, sisters-in-law, served us tea, three kinds of bread with butter & jam, & apple tart (pie) with whipped cream. After tea their children sang Gaelic songs & danced for us. The old-

est girl, age 10, was about Jessie's size & very graceful. Both of our hostesses had lived & worked in Boston before marriage. That night we stayed at Cashel Bay in an utterly delightful hotel. Most of us would have liked to stay there several days. The narrow bay with its many rocky islets reminded me of East Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

From Cashel Bay we headed south along the coast. We visited Aillwee Cave & the Cliffs of Moher. Jane didn't like the cave at all. I found it interesting mostly because it had been discovered only a few years ago. Compared to the cave in China we saw last year it was pretty small. It was wet underfoot, which made walking hazardous, perhaps.

The next day we did the ring of Kerry & visited Muckross House. Muckross House was very interesting & the gardens nice. Most of the next day was spent at Blarney. I did not kiss the Blarney Stone nor even climb the steps to the top. It was raining off & on & the steps were wet. With my propensity to fall I decided I wouldn't tackle wet stone steps. As we were walking away from the castle (Jane & I) a couple of girls came toward us & one was wearing an Evansville University sweatshirt so I asked her if she was a student there & she said yes. They both were E'ville students spending the semester at Harlaxton, Evansville's English branch (the Ellingsons spent some time there a year or so ago). The girls were very friendly; both were from Northern Indiana.

After we returned to Wales & England we spent an hour or so at a wildlife refuge on the Severn River. This was a fascinating place. They do breeding of endangered species & have been able to send birds back to their native areas; among those successfully bred is the Hawaiian goose. These birds are very tame & ate out of our hands. There were scads of water fowl everywhere.

England was very green & beautiful. Ireland was green also but no greener than England. We heard England had a wetter than usual spring. Irish TV reports indicated that Ireland's economic situation is down but we saw lots of new houses. The young woman at the farm told us the government gives a grant if you want to build a new house. The grant is bigger if the family speaks Gaelic at home. Government grants may explain all the new houses.

I did very little shopping. I saw very little I wanted to buy & prices are high both in England & Ireland. At many hotels the standard price for dinner was £9.95. That translates to over \$16.

It is now 2 days since I started this so I hasten to get it in the mail. I've a meeting this afternoon at which I'm hostess, another to-morrow morning & bridge to-morrow afternoon.

Pat Predmore is coming to visit on the 27<sup>th</sup>. She'll stay about a week. She's probably at Michael's to-day & will come here from there.

Hope all is well in Cambridge.

Love,  
Mother

Nov. 13, 1987

Dear Keith & Kathy—

THE BOOK<sup>39</sup> arrived Monday. I think it looks very good. I've started reading it. The day it came I played bridge with my monthly foursome which includes Esther & the Rev. Louise Long. All were properly impressed.

Things have been pretty busy in Mendocino lately. Several organizational commitments came due right after Pat Predmore left. And there are more to come.

Pat's visit was a great treat for me. We did the tourist bit—she contributed to the local economy by buying Tshirts, etc. for sons & grandchildren & daughters-in-law. I had the bridge party—2 tables on Friday afternoon & that was fairly successful, I think. Diana had us up to dinner & we spent a couple of hours with one of the members of the genealogical society whose late husband was a Pennock which is Pat's maiden name. Mrs. Pennock has a book about the Pennocks & Pat found her grandfather, great-grandfather, & other forbears in it. The book is out of print, but Pat said she would like to get a copy. Mrs. Pennock gave her Goodspeed's address. Goodspeed's was where Mrs. Pennock got her copy. The title is *The Pennocks of Primitive Hall*. Pat said she had visited Primitive Hall, the ancestral home near West Chester, Pa. The Pennock immigrant got something like 5000 acres in Pennsylvania from his father-in-law who was a friend of William Penn's.

It is now Saturday morning & I want to get this in the mail. I started it in the dentist's office. I have embarked on a long & expensive process of having a bridge replaced. Dr. Wesner, in Evansville, put it in. Last summer my dentist here found that one of the holding teeth was cracked so the bridge had to be replaced & the holding tooth repaired.

Jary called last night & invited me to join them on Thanksgiving. We'll be going to a gathering of their music friends. It is also Jary's birthday as you know.

Yesterday at Study Club one of the members showed slides she took last year in India. She attended an Elderhostel course in Patna & lived with an Indian family for a week. Her grandson was in India at the same time on a student exchange program. It was an interesting program. Then in the evening I went to a showing of slides on China, Tibet, & Nepal. Another woman I know here was on a trip to Tibet in September & October & was there during the riots.<sup>40</sup> She had an exciting time. Experiences included a bus ride from Tibet to Nepal—that is, it was bus part way, for the road was washed out by torrential rains & they had to walk. While we were in England we heard about the Tibetan riots & knew Lotte was there & worried.

I have a lot lined up to-day & must get started. Rain has finally come, badly needed. Hope you got through the recent snowstorms all right.

Also enjoyed the article about the party.<sup>41</sup>

Love,  
Mother

# 1988 - 1989



**Artist Unknown, Untitled**  
Card used for letter of December 31, 1988



**At Keith Stavely's and Kathleen Fitzgerald's Condominium  
Cambridge, MA, Christmas, 1989.** See p. 252 (Chapter 4, n. 2)  
Photo: Kathleen Fitzgerald

Chapter Three: 1988 - 1989

January 17, 1988

Dear Keith and Kathy—

Aunt Martha wrote that the friend who is reading your book is delighted with it. The friend is a retired librarian & will review it for Martha and read her bits and pieces.

I have trouble remembering the intestinal test you had and that is recommended for your blood relatives. Please write it for me; I'll remember it better then.<sup>1</sup> I have an appointment with my doctor in late March. Actually I saw him a couple of days ago. I went in for a blood pressure check. About a week ago I discovered a swelling at the back of my left knee (it doesn't hurt) so I mentioned it to the nurse. When she saw it she said Dr. Kirkman should see it and since they weren't too busy he looked at it. He thinks it is a Baker's cyst and I am to get a sonogram at the hospital on Wednesday to confirm his diagnosis. Then I will have to see an orthopedist. He said it could be drained but that the fluid would come back. He said it could have arisen from an injury. If it isn't what he thinks it is, I don't know what happens then.

Friday was Lena's 6<sup>th</sup> birthday. Instead of a party she wanted to go out for breakfast, so yesterday we gathered at the Seagull. Besides Stavelys there were Kelley, Fiona, and a friend of Jessie's. Lena had her ears pierced for her birthday. She looked cute with her gold knobs.

This Friday a friend and I are giving a program on genealogy at the Study Club meeting. I have been boning up on things the past week and organizing what I want to say. We got together to decide what to cover and who would do what. Since I've done little research the past few years I'm somewhat rusty on methods. I have also mislaid some of my stuff.

It has been rainy here most of the month. We now have well over the 20-year average for rainfall. At the moment the sun is shining but there is a cold wind. I finally saw a whale spout the past week. My first this winter. It has been too rough for the local fishermen, so one can't always get fish.

I picked up the amplifier this past week but have not installed it. They said the switch "normal/monitor" was on monitor and that was the trouble. Jary said he would install it for me.

A package should come from Joan Cook of Fort Lauderdale, Florida. I hope you find the contents useful. Let me know if nothing has appeared in a couple of weeks.

Love,

Mother

PS. Jary came over for supper & installed the amplifier. Everything works, but one speaker makes a scratchy noise. I guess I really need a whole new system. We played Ben's record & it is very good.<sup>2</sup> Jary & Judy must have played it a lot as Lena sang along with much of it.

Jan. 26, 1988

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Thank you so much for the pictures. They are great. It is fun to compare the one of the ocean with the one I took from almost the same place.

I am enclosing some of the pictures I took with the new camera so you can see what it does. Next time I take film in for developing I'll specify matte finish. I like it better. I took both the Instamatic cartridge & the Kodak 12 roll in at the same time. They were having a special—duplicate prints for 99¢ extra, hence all the prints.

I've decided to go on Kathy Zedekar's trip to Europe in May (10<sup>th</sup> – 31<sup>st</sup>). Diana is going but Esther isn't. Neither is Jane. She is recovering from foot surgery but would probably be able to walk all right by May. Main reason is that neither Tim nor Liz's husband have found jobs & she wants to be ready to help if necessary.

I have, however, developed a problem with my left knee & leg. A couple of weeks ago I noticed a swelling behind the knee—no pain, just swelling. My doctor diagnosed it as a Baker's cyst<sup>3</sup> but sent me to the hospital (outpatient) for an ultrasound test. Test confirmed diagnosis. This week I am to see an orthopedist. Meanwhile I have developed some of the same pains I had a couple of years ago at your house (result of a fall). The leg seems quite weak at times, especially if I've been on

it for any length of time. After Thursday I'll have a better idea of how I'll be getting around. The technician at the hospital asked me if I had been catching baseballs; he said catchers get such cysts behind their knees.

I got a notice from Jane Cook that one of the items was out of stock, that they would send it later. It's a vegetable keeper similar to my parsley keeper. You should have the yogurt cheese maker by now.

It's now Wednesday morning & I must be off to the school library. I had to leave early last week so I want to put in full time to-day.

Love,  
Mother

February 15, 1988

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I'm glad the cheesemaker & veg. keeper arrived & are being useful. I'm fast becoming a yogurt cheese addict. One of the combinations in the pamphlet that came with mine suggested using chutney & curry powder. I found this delicious on green pepper wedges.

By the way, the interesting measuring spoon you gave me for Christmas is proving most useful—especially for measuring  $1\frac{1}{3}$  tbsp. or a third of a tsp.

Congratulations to Jonathan on all the good grades. I'm not really surprised, but it's nice to have one's ideas confirmed.

The new car sounds good & I hope it gives years of good service.<sup>4</sup>

I can't remember what stage my knee was when I last wrote. I had a sonagram at the hospital & a week later I went to an orthopedist. He took X rays & said my knee didn't show much evidence of arthritis. He drew pictures & explained what was wrong. Then he drained the cyst (it looked like about  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of fluid to me). Then he injected cortisone. Almost immediately the leg felt better & the swelling has continued to lessen. The doctor said a cyst could come back in which case he would repeat the procedure or resort to telescopic surgery whatever that is. I don't have the orthopedist's bill yet but the sonagram came to nearly \$200. My doctor said it would be expensive.

I don't know if you saw anything on TV about the big hearing on off shore oil drilling that took place Feb. 3 & 4. There was a *large* crowd. All kinds of people quietly (most of the time) determined to stop Sec. Hodel's<sup>5</sup> plan to drill for oil off our coast. The innkeepers oppose it—who wants to come here to look at oil rigs? Fishermen oppose it for what it will do to fishing. Some of them cited what has happened to fishing around Santa Barbara where there is drilling. The city manager of Ft. Bragg pointed out that Ft. Bragg's water system doesn't have the supply needed for such a project. The hearing was for comment on a draft environmental impact statement. I haven't read the statement but from assorted comments it was prepared poorly & minimizes environmental damage. Reputable biologists take issue with this. This coast has a long history of shipwrecks so it is entirely feasible to predict oil spills along the coast. The amount of oil expected from lease sale 91 is about a month's supply. For this they want to ruin the coast. The area off Big Sur is exempted from the lease sale. Probably someone important to the Reagan Administration lives or has interests there. All the Democratic presidential candidates sent statements opposing the lease sale. None were reported from Republican candidates that I heard anyway. I went up to the hearings the morning of the first day. The hall was full & also the nearby church that provided space for overflow. I stood in the street & listened to the loudspeakers. Jessie sang in a children's chorus that made a presentation & our choir sang a pertinent anthem in the evening. The anthem was *I Wander by the Sea* & was written by a man who lives on the coast 30 or 40 miles south. We got a standing ovation which was rather exciting. The anthem is a nice one & we've had quite a lot of good comment.

Last Thursday I went to the "dinosaur museum" at the Comptche School. This was a project of the K-1 class. They had been studying dinosaurs & had made models of various kinds. Students acted as curators & answered questions about their model. Lena & a boy were curators by the brontosaurus (now named something else which I never did understand). One youngster demonstrated digging fossils—bones were embedded in something & the boy dug them out with hammer & screwdriver. Judy asked me to take pictures as she had forgotten her camera. The prints should be done to-morrow & I hope they are good.



I hope the pastoring job is proving rewarding. Yesterday we had in our pulpit a Presbyterian minister from Kenya who is studying for a doctorate at San Francisco Theological Seminary. I thought his message very good. While he mentioned some of Africa's problems (& he pointed out that it is a large continent of varied peoples & cultures) that wasn't the main thrust of his sermon. His wife & four children were with him—3 boys & a baby girl. The boys were handsome children. They had stayed overnight with the chairman of our Missions Committee. She has a home on the headlands. She said the little boys didn't want to go home.

The town has been *full* of tourists over the past holiday weekend. There's a week's school vacation this week. Jary & Co. are "going to the snow."<sup>6</sup>

Love,  
Mother

March 25, 1988

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It has been quite awhile since I wrote. Things have been pretty busy here lately. There has been a lot more going on or I am slowing down so much I can't keep up.

About a month ago Esther Batchelder with whom I roomed my first & 3<sup>rd</sup> years at Cornell came for a visit. She lives in Williamsburg, VA & we spent an evening with her & her late husband in 1951. She has a son in the Bay Area and also a brother-in-law (Cornell '36). The brother-in-law & his wife brought her up. They had visited Fort Ross (site of an old Russian settlement) on the way & came up the coast road. Poor Esther was carsick by the time she got here. They were all here for dinner. Lloyd Batchelder & Dorothea stayed at one of the B & B's that they had visited before. About 15 minutes before the Batchelders got here, I had a phone call from a Toledo friend, now residing in Pennsylvania, & she was in town traveling with her son & his wife in an RV, and would be in Mendo the same 2 nights as the Batchelders. Of course, I wanted to have time with both friends.

Lloyd & Dorothea planned to be off on their own the next day so I took Esther out sightseeing—headlands, some of the village, pygmy forest, etc. She wanted to

take me out to lunch so we went to the hotel and my Toledo friend & family were lunching there, too. I had asked them to come in for tea in mid afternoon & they did. Mildred Calvert's son & wife moved to Sacramento from Michigan about 4 months ago. Mildred was visiting them, obviously warmer than Carlisle, PA. Her son told me she had just celebrated her 90<sup>th</sup> birthday.

After dinner that evening the Batchelders came in & we got to talking genealogy. They (not Esther) have done quite a lot of research & when they got home they sent me a copy of the book they had assembled for their children & grandchildren. It's quite interesting. They are descended from a Stephen Bachilor who came from England in 1632. A Puritan preacher who was rather controversial—he was invited to leave every town he lived in. One place was Lynn, MA.

There have been several sad occurrences lately. Millicent Loomis, who was Dad's tenant for many years, sent me a clipping about Helen Ingraham's death. She had lived next door to the Williams place since she was six or seven years old. After my mother died she looked in on Dad every day. Then last week I got word that our Evansville neighbor Earle Oglesby had died. I don't suppose you knew him. His wife & I were quite friendly the later years we were in Evansville.

About a week or ten days ago Kathy Z., the tour leader, called me to tell me the woman she'd planned for me to room with had had to cancel out for medical reasons, & did I know of anyone who would like to go. I called Jane first to see if she would like to change her mind. She would like to go but Liz' husband hasn't found another job & there are other problems so she feels she should stay where she's available if needed. Beckie had written that a friend she'd planned to travel with to Germany & Switzerland couldn't go, so I called Beckie & she's going on the trip. She'll meet us in Amsterdam. She thanked me for asking her to go. The itinerary looks interesting. Holland first, then Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, Belgium & back to Holland. We're to stay in country inns mostly. I'll leave here May 9 probably & get back June 1<sup>st</sup>.

Beckie said Aunt Maude seems to have aged rapidly lately. Beckie plans to visit her mother in April & possibly take her on a little trip. It seems that Maude had a small stroke some months ago. I can't remember whether it was before or after Christmas. Maude mentioned an incident but I didn't realize it was a stroke.

Two or three weeks ago she tripped over an electric cord & fell under the grand piano in the lounge. She chipped a bone in her left wrist and cut her head in a couple of places, requiring stitches.

It's great about getting the grant or grants.<sup>7</sup> Tony had mentioned the first one the last time he phoned. Will you be doing research in the Boston area or will you have to travel around? I'm glad Jonathan got on the honor roll—he's worked hard. And I'm sure the Unitarians/ Universalists are thriving under Kathy's & Ben's ministry.<sup>8</sup>

It is now Saturday morning & I want to get this in the mail before the postman comes.

Love,  
Mother

April 23, 1988

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The *New York Review* came & I'm pleased with Christopher Hill's review of *Puritan Legacies*. Jary is also impressed. It's interesting that your book & Michael McKeon's are reviewed in the same article.<sup>9</sup>

Congratulations on the grants & the felicity between Kathy & the Unitarians. I forget just where the church is located.

Jary is thinking about going east for the wedding & may bring Jessie, too.<sup>10</sup> The music camp they go to takes place the week before the wedding (if the wedding takes place on July 31<sup>st</sup>—I've never been given anything more specific than "last Sunday in July.") I am planning on getting to Northfield 4 or 5 days before the wedding & then visiting you the week after if that's all right with you. Jary would probably come the day before the wedding & stay on, too. I suggested he and I rent a car to use. Tony offered Jary the use of their house after the wedding when Jary & Judy were thinking of all going east. I'll probably fly into Hartford/Springfield this time as that is more convenient for Tony, and out of Boston if the difference in price isn't too much. Next week I'll call my travel agent about reservations.

I've been up to my ears in LWV work lately & haven't had time to think about reservations for July.

Best wishes to all—  
Mother

[May, 1988]

[Dear Keith—]

Happy Birthday—Somehow I acquired a number of old fashioned New Years cards. Since a birthday is sort of the start of a new year I thought this more or less appropriate. Have a happy day & I'll be thinking of you in Holland & remembering when I first saw you. You looked like a baby picture of your father.

Much love,  
Mother

May 22, 1988

[Postcard]

Dear Jonathan—

We saw many houseboats like these the day we had a boat ride on the Amsterdam canals. Most of Netherlands is flat, but southern Germany, Austria, & Switzerland are mountainous. To-day we rode the cable cars to the top of Mt. Pilatus. Plenty of snow up there, & also some hang gliders. This is a holiday weekend, so the countryside is full of hikers.

Happy Birthday,  
Grandma Betty

June 19, 1988

Dear Keith & Kathy & Jonathan—

It is now nearly three weeks since I got back from Europe. Jet lag lasted a couple of days, but I still find myself sleeping later in the morning than usual—or what was usual before the trip.

It was really great. It was a good time to be in Europe. The weather was good most of the time, & there were wild flowers in bloom along the roadways as well as all the flourishing gardens.

Holland is delightful. It was very green & the towns are neat & tidy. It was a little past the prime for tulip bloom but I was impressed with what I saw. When we landed at Schiphol Airport (Amsterdam) we were first taken to a village, Zaanse Schans, that is a reproduction of an early Dutch village. Tidy green or brick houses, cows grazing in the fields, canals with ducks, etc. We had a demonstration of wooden shoe making, using a machine that spewed out a lot of wood chips. Our hotel in Amsterdam was new—open about 2 months—& was quite comfortable. The first night we were taken to dinner to an old fishing village. We had an excellent dinner at an old restaurant furnished with interesting antiques. The next morning we went to Keukenhof Gardens, an extensive place with wonderful displays of tulips. It was quite wonderful. That afternoon we had a boat tour of Amsterdam & visited a diamond factory. I didn't buy any, though some of our party did. That evening we went to a ballet performance at the new & impressive performing arts center. The next day we went to the Aalsmeer flower market. This is where cut flowers are auctioned off. The market building is the length of 3 football fields. We walked on a ramp above the floor. Many of the flowers we saw were probably for sale in Cambridge the next day. In the afternoon we had a bus trip to the countryside, seeing a cheese market (outside), windmills & fields of tulips.

Northern Holland is flatter than Illinois or Indiana but southern Holland is hilly. We stayed 2 nights at a resort town. The day between we visited Maastricht, an old town built on the site of a Roman camp. We had a walking tour of the city in the morning, took in the annual parade in honor of St. Silvetius in the afternoon & visited a museum of Roman artifacts. Southern Netherlands is predominantly Catholic, northern Netherlands Protestant. That evening Beckie & I went off by ourselves to an old castle-turned-inn for dinner. Beckie had stayed there a couple of times & wanted me to see it. We took a cab from Valkenberg where we were staying. We had drinks on the terrace beside the moat & watched black swans & mallard ducks (I saw more ducks on this 3 weeks trip than I've seen in my whole life before). When our dinner was ready we were called (escorted, rather) to the most attractive dining room for about the most delicious meal I've had.

From Valkenberg we went into Germany & by midmorning were on a Rhine boat for a ride up the river—probably about 4 hours. We had lunch on the boat.

Next stop was Heidelberg Castle. Since your father & I went through it in 1970, I didn't go in this time but wandered the grounds. That night we were in Titisee on the shore of Lake Titisee which looks very like Otsego Lake in NY state (where the baseball hall of fame is). The next morning Beckie & I walked along the lake shore & also in some woods where there were wildflowers in bloom & a pond with ducks. In the afternoon we went to a museum of 19<sup>th</sup> century Black Forest life & a cuckoo clock store.

Next day we went into Bavaria & in the afternoon visited the castle built by King Ludwig I. I'm sure you've seen pictures of it. It sits on a rocky peak amid other rocky peaks & has lots of turrets & battlements. It amazes me to think anything could be built in such a place. Ludwig was a great admirer of Richard Wagner so many of the rooms are decorated with scenes from Wagner's operas. That night we were in Austria & spent 3 nights there.

We were in a small hotel halfway up a mountain side overlooking the town of Fugen. This is ski resort country. Beckie & I had a room with a view of the town & a waterfall on the opposite mountainside. Next day we rode the local narrow gauge railway up the valley. In the evening local musicians & dancers entertained us & a French tour group also staying at the hotel. Some of the dances were rather bawdy. The next day we went to Salzburg & had a tour of the city, both by bus & on foot. It rained that day so the on-foot part was not too pleasant. Since your father & I had been there in good weather I didn't mind leaving the tour early with Beckie to have a dessert lunch in a little café. I had managed to pinch a finger in a heavy bank door so we had to find a store that sold bandaids. (Beckie wrapped my finger in a "wash & dri" as a temporary measure; I had quite a bruise for several days).

We left Fugen on a Saturday morning. Climbed a snowy pass before getting into Lichtenstein. We had lunch in Vaduz at an outdoor café which was less than pleasant as there was a strong cold wind. In late afternoon we spent a couple of hours in Luzerne shopping, as all stores would be closed the next two days, it being a holiday of some kind. Arrived at our hotel in Engelberg in time for a very good dinner. Nice hotel in another ski resort. Spectacular snowcapped mountains all around & a charming town. Next morning Beckie & I walked the back streets. In the afternoon we all went to Luzerne & rode cable cars to the top of Mt. Pilatus. I

don't particularly like cable cars but this one moved slowly & without jerks. Below treeline there were many paths. There were lots of hikers & picnickers on the mountain side. The mountain top was sheer rock & snow. We were there about an hour. There is a restaurant at the top & other tourist facilities. There were hang gliders taking off from time to time. A sport I've no interest in trying. We saw hang gliders also in Bavaria around King Ludwig's castle. I would have liked to stay longer in Switzerland & cut out Paris, but, of course, some of our group had never been to Paris.

On our way to France we stopped to see the Rhinefall. This is where the Rhine starts, at the outlet of Lake Konstanz. It is an impressive waterfall, not as high nor as wide as Niagara, but the bed of the river is so rocky that it is a mighty boiling cauldron before it drops over the edge. Our first stop in France (except for lunch at an autoroute rest area) was at Beaune. This is an interesting old Burgundian city with some of the old wall standing. Here we went through wine caves with over 40 wines for us to taste. As a souvenir we could keep the metal tasting cups they gave us. I did not taste every wine, nor did I buy any. Our hotel was on the outskirts of the town surrounded by vineyards. They gave us free wine before dinner. Most of us liked this wine better than those we had tasted. I suspect this was an aperitif wine rather than the Burgundys we had tasted.

Next day after exploring Beaune a bit more in the morning we went on to Orleans. We were on the autoroutes most of the day. Europeans have planted trees along the autoroutes so except when one crosses a river one doesn't see much except trees. Sometimes a castle in the distance. Our one full day at Orleans was spent in the Loire Valley looking at chateaux. This day we were on ordinary roads, going through villages. It was a lovely sunny day & most enjoyable. We went through only one chateaux—Chenonceaux—but it is impressive. It is built as a bridge across the river. We saw the outside of several others.

Next day we went to Paris. First thing we had a boat ride on the Seine. Also on the boat were a group of French school children from northeastern France. Beckie spoke to them & they summoned their top student to talk to her. They had all studied some English. Beckie said they had never heard of Boston. After the boat trip we had an hour's ride or more in search of our hotel. For one thing, there was a mis-

print on the list & the telephone number given us was wrong. And our driver didn't know much French. Anyway, we saw parts of Paris few tourists do, I suspect. We got into seedy areas largely inhabited by Arabs & Africans, some of the latter in exotic headdress. When our driver finally went on foot in search of the hotel he locked us in the bus. After we finally checked into our hotel, not far from L'Opera, we had a tour of the city & this tour included areas previous tours I've had didn't. Next day most of our group wanted to go to the Louvre. Beckie & I planned to do the Musee d'Orsay which is across the river from the Louvre. Our bus driver got lost again & a half hour or  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour trip took twice as long. By the time we got to the Louvre, I decided it would take too long to walk to the D'Orsay (that's where the Impressionists are now) so suggested we go to the Ste. Chapelle instead. Beckie had never been there & neither had 2 other women who decided to go with us. Ste. Chapelle was built in 1248 & was the private chapel of King Louis I. It is small but has wonderful stained glass. Beckie & the other two seemed pleased to have seen it. Afterwards we walked along the Seine past flower & pet stores & had lunch at a nice café. One of the women had been commissioned by a friend to get a particular French perfume so we went in a department store near the Metro station we needed. When an English speaking clerk was found, we learned that this perfume is not sold in France! It is all exported. So we went to the Metro, figured out what train to take & within 5 minutes were at the station nearest our hotel. That afternoon we had a tour of Versailles palace, an impressive place indeed.

Next morning we left Paris & went to Claude Monet's garden & house at Giverny. This was one of the highlights of the trip. It was just beautiful, especially the water garden. Then it was on to Brussels which we reached in late afternoon. Again it took a long time to find our hotel & again we got into rundown areas inhabited by Arabs. Our hotel, when found, was very new & luxurious, designed to accommodate visitors to the nearby World Trade Center. It is in an "urban renewed" area though some of the area has been cleared but not yet renewed due to a downturn in the economy. Belgium appeared less prosperous than the other countries we visited. The next morning we had a tour of Brussels & then we went on to Holland, arriving at Tilberg about mid afternoon. Beckie & I rested until dinner time so I didn't see much of Tilberg. Next day we were taken to a wooded area some miles

east of Tilberg near a town named Oisterwijk where Beckie had spent some days earlier. There were paths in the woods, a couple of ponds, & at least one inn. Some of our group went bicycling in another part of the woods & met some senior citizens at a center. We had lunch at the inn where we had been walking & then we went back to Tilberg to pack for the trip home. The hotel gave us a special meal that night (all breakfasts & dinners were included in the tour price). Next morning we had a 90 mile trip in the rain to Amsterdam airport. Beckie was dropped off at her airport motel—she flew back the next day.

Beckie was a good traveling companion & she made a big hit with everyone on the tour.

I don't know what Jary has told you of his plans for his trip east. He & Jessie will fly out of S. F. around 11 pm Friday, the 29<sup>th</sup> & will get to Boston about 10 AM. Saturday. I assume you will meet him & proceed to Thornton, NH. A note from Mary to-day indicates that the rehearsal will be at 3 pm with dinner afterward. After the wedding Jary & Jessie expect to go to Northfield & after Tony & Mary leave for the reunion Jary wants to visit Harvey Golubock<sup>11</sup> at his vacation place in the Catskills & possibly take in NY City. He plans to get to Boston by the weekend & he & Jessie will return to S. F. on the same plane with me. I haven't seen Jary in over a week nor heard from him. I expect to go home from the wedding with you.

Jessie took all kinds of awards at the end of school—geography, math, history, language, science—& was named Top All Around Scholar for the middle school. She wasn't elected president of the student body, however. She seems to have shot up since Christmas & now looks like a teenager.

Pat Predmore wrote that Michael had seen your name in the Guggenheim list. It must be gratifying to get overtures from libraries & publishers. I noticed on the list that Harry S. Stout, Yale U. has a grant for "Religious Culture in New England, 1783-1859." Maybe you should get together.

I hope all is going well with you. In mid May Aunt Martha had a cataract operation. I guess all went well but normal vision is not expected for another couple of weeks. I didn't expect this to be so long. I hope I didn't lose you several pages ago.

Love,

Mother

August 22, 1988

Dear Keith & Kathy—

In spite of the temperature it was a great trip. Never have I been so waited upon. And all the sightseeing! I enjoyed it as much as Jessie did. (She called me to-day to tell me she had received a silver award at a county 4H meeting recently—and spoke clear English).<sup>12</sup>

Aunt Maude is going east for Jim's<sup>13</sup> wedding & staying on with Beckie until after Steve's wedding. Perhaps you can invite her to your place during that time. She seems a bit more chipper in her letters lately. For awhile she seemed pretty worn out & confused.

I didn't get as many pictures at the wedding as I thought. And they aren't all that good. Not the camera's fault, but my failure to take things from the right angle. I'm enclosing some prints I thought you might like to have. A day or so ago I wondered why I had not assembled my grandchildren for a group picture. It's a big event when they are all dressed up as they were at the wedding.

I'm going to Ashland, Oregon, Sept. 11 – 17 for an Elderhostel program. There are five of us going from here. There is a theater course (3 plays, two of them Shakespeare), a course on humor & one on literature of the northwest.

When I got back I had a postcard from Greene. A woman I know here has a college friend who has a vacation home at Lake Petonia near Greene (when I was growing up Lake Petonia was Round Pond). My friend says Greene is prettier than ever.

Things were pretty busy for awhile after I got back—a bridge luncheon, some committee meetings, etc. This week is quieter so I hope to get some deferred chores done. It was foggy & cool when I first got back & there was a bit of rain one day. Lately it has been sunny & warm—in the 70s.

Jary has taken Tony's old desk from the guest room to use in his cabin.<sup>14</sup> In its place is the maple drop leaf table. In some ways the table takes up less space but is less useful.

It is now Tuesday morning & I must get this to the mail. I overslept & won't get as much done as I planned. I hope you had a happy time on your anniversary trip. Jary said he saw the inn you planned to stay at.

Love,  
Mother

August 28, 1988

Dear Keith, Kathy, & Jonathan—

Your package arrived a few days before my birthday. Thank you for the prettiest cookbook I've ever seen. The recipes look good, too. Next time I have someone in for tea I'll have to try one or more of the recipes.

I've had a pretty gala day. Jary took me to a champagne brunch after church. Then in midafternoon he & the girls came here with gifts they had made. Lena made a pretty ring of beads, Zaidee a large potholder, and Jessie a chocolate cake which her grandfather would have loved. It was a *three* layer cake & quite delicious. Jary made supper—macaroni & cheese which is a favorite with the girls. Judy didn't come because a band she is in was having a rehearsal.

I thought you might like to have the enclosed photos. I'm sorry I cut off Massasoit's head. I should have turned the camera the other way.

The past week was quite gala. A couple who have been at Tuolomne Meadows when we have were in town for a few days, staying at Little River Inn. They spent some time here Thursday morning & went to the theater with Esther & me that evening. Friday they had us for dinner at the inn, with champagne in their room (with a magnificent view of Little River Bay) before dinner. It turned out to be Robert's 85<sup>th</sup> birthday.

Jessie got a silver star for leadership at a recent 4H county wide meeting. She also made some 4H posters that were used as props at a local play & got listed in the program. She & Zaidee are planning entries for the county fair in Boonville in September.

Had a long letter from Tony & Mary. They had a good trip to North Carolina. Perhaps you've heard from them, too. He said there were 50+ at the reunion.<sup>15</sup>

I'm reading the *New Yorker* article on your friend Giamatti.<sup>16</sup>

Fog came in to-day after several days of 70° weather. Still no rain & everything is very dry.

Thanks again for the delightful cookbook.

Love,  
Mother

September 26, 1988

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your letter with pictures came to-day. Thank you for all the pictures—you are most generous. I especially like the one of the Stavely boys at the rehearsal dinner. I'd like a couple of copies of that—one for Jane & one for Martha. I'll show them to Jary the next time he comes around, & see if he wants any for himself. I'm appalled at how fat & old I look & my red eyes really show at the rehearsal dinner. My MD gave me a prescription for some eye drops that seem to help.

I am also glad to have your account of Jim McCalmont's wedding. Tony wrote an account, too. It must have been a very posh affair. Probably the church has a "wedding hostess" who sees that all goes smoothly. Mary mentioned dancing with you, Keith, & reported you are a good dancer.<sup>17</sup>

The Elderhostel experience was great. There were five of us from Mendocino & Fort Bragg plus a Cloverdale friend of one of the Fort Bragg women. One of the men referred to us as the "Mendocino Mafia." He, by the way, is a native of Clay, Indiana, one of the prairie towns near Terre Haute. Ashland, Oregon is in a scenic area with mountains east & west of a broad valley. Southern Oregon State College is on a hillside & is an attractive campus. We were housed in a wing of a dormitory complex—6 or 8 wings with a cafeteria in the middle. The food was good but not gourmet. College was not in session but there were entering students undergoing orientation & later in the week football players, judging by their size. Cost for the week was \$230 not counting theater tickets.

The Ashland Shakespeare Festival has been going since 1935 & I can see how people become addicted to it. I know people here who go every summer to the plays. While Ashland hosts lots of tourists it has managed to avoid being touristy.

Three courses were offered. It is obligatory to take one course but nearly every-one took all three. There was a course in American humor given by a woman who is completely disorganized but very funny. She could go on stage as a stand up comic. Instead, she packs fruit for Harry & David. She gave out Xeroxes of many humor-ists from Mark Twain to Garrison Keillor. There was a delightful course in Elizabethan music given by the director of the free “Green Show” at the festival. We learned about music of Shakespeare’s time & about old instruments. The third course was theater given by one of the actors. He was good as an actor (we saw him in *Twelfth Night*) & as a teacher. We had a backstage tour of the Elizabethan theater. There were 3 plays in the course—*Twelfth Night*, *Romeo & Juliet* & *The Emperor* by Pirandello. On our “free” night some of us went to see *Boy Meets Girl*.

The festival has 3 theaters—the Elizabethan, the Bowmer, & the Black Swan. The Elizabethan theater is an outdoor arena within the walls of an old Chautauqua building. (The Chautauquas that came to the places I grew up in were always in a tent in a vacant field.)<sup>18</sup> The stage is designed to resemble the Globe theater of Shakespeare’s day. We saw *Twelfth Night* there. It gets cold at night in Ashland. I wrapped up in an Afghan I brought. The Bowmer theater is next to the Elizabethan & is a modern theater seating 600. The Elizabethan theater seats 1200. The Black Swan is across the street. It is the smallest & is arranged for theater-in-the-round. I saw three plays in the Bowmer, none in the Black Swan.

Outside the Bowmer & the Elizabethan is an area paved with bricks. This is where the free “green show” of music & dance takes place. A common saying in Ashland is “I’ll meet you in the bricks.” The Bowmer theater is named for Angus Bowmer who was a professor at Southern Oregon State. In 1935 (July 4<sup>th</sup>) he proposed to put on Shakespeare in the old Chautauqua bldg (minus roof which had caved in) as part of the July 4<sup>th</sup> celebration. The city fathers agreed providing there could be a boxing match in the arena in the afternoon. It turned out that the Shakespeare took in more money than the boxing did, so the Shakespeare festival has gone on.

Behind the theaters is a lovely park in a canyon. The day we had a matinee we ordered box lunches & ate them in the park. Since we were going to the theater that night, also, we lived it up & ate dinner in town. It wasn’t all that fancy a dinner but a change from cafeteria food.

13 miles north of Ashland is Medford. A couple who used to live here recently moved to a retirement home in Medford & one afternoon we went to see them. It is a beautiful place & apparently less expensive than similar places in Calif.

Jary & Zaidée tried out for parts in a locally written musical entitled *The Elves & the Shoemaker*. Both have parts & I gather Zaidée’s is an important one. It opens Dec. 8 & runs 2 consecutive weekends plus Dec. 21 – 23. Jessie did not try out as she felt she had too much going on. Jessie, by the way, got several ribbons for her entries (baking & sewing) in the 4H exhibit at the county fair. Zaidée snagged a couple for her rabbit & sewing. The fair was on the weekend I got back from Ashland so I didn’t get to it.

Perhaps Beckie told you she had taken Maude canoeing on the Concord River. Maude seemed entranced with the leafy winding roads in New England.

We had a *small* amount of rain last night. Mostly it’s been sunny & sort of warm. A few clammy, foggy days. There was an LWV meeting this morning at a home on the headlands. Quite a palatial place with magnificent views. It’s in a gated complex in Little River. I’d never been there before. Our hostess joined the League a couple of years ago.

Mary commented to me before the wedding that she wasn’t going to have a reception line as she thought it would be hard on her mother to stand so long.

It’s time to put out the weekly trash.

Love,  
Mother

October 23, 1988

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Congratulations! The news of the Modern Language Association award is great.<sup>19</sup> I’ve told no one else but Jary & will keep mum until the award is in your hand.

I had not heard about your giving a paper in New Orleans in the spring. What is the conference & when? All this is great news.<sup>20</sup>

A couple of weeks ago I worked at a used book sale. In sorting a box that had come in, I found a book on channeling which I will send to Kathy when I finish reading it. It even has a list of “channels” most of whom seem to be in California.<sup>21</sup>

About a week ago Jary & I had dinner with Harvey’s father & stepmother. They were out here visiting her daughter, son-in-law & grandchild. The daughter & family are soon to move to Gurley Lane to the first place on the other side of the street. The house has been for sale for several months. The new owners are making a lot of repairs & changes, including a deer-height fence.

According to Gene Green,<sup>22</sup> Lena has been asked to do a solo from *The Messiah* in the children’s chorus concert. This is Lena’s first year in the chorus. *The Messiah* seems pretty hot stuff for a first grader. Jessie has been in the chorus for 2 or 3 years. Zaidee & Jary have probably started rehearsals for the Christmas show.

I heard you had lunch with Maude & Beckie recently. I think Maude has enjoyed her sojourn in New England. Did Beckie tell you she is to have her thyroid removed Nov. 7? She will be at Deaconess Hospital in Boston.

Your Christmas gifts may turn out to be checks only this year. I am so up to my ears in preparations for 2 bazaars that I don’t see any time for shopping & packaging. I’m in charge of ornaments at the church bazaar & knitting/crocheting at the Study Club event. I’ve crocheted seven collars for study club & am working on a pair of socks. Yesterday I started on a sleeveless sweater for the church. The latter is an afterthought & I’m not sure I can do it in 2 weeks. I’m using some black yarn that was given to the women’s association & am doing it in a sort of lacy pattern. The pattern shows a narrow tie belt & I’m thinking of using orange with the black for that.

Tony writes that Rachel seems to like Northfield Mt. Hermon. She’s apparently making friends & taking part in things.

An old friend sent me a clipping about a friend of hers who is restoring a mural in upstate N. Y. The most interesting thing about it to me is that the artist who did the mural was a distant cousin of mine. His paternal grandmother & my paternal grandmother were cousins on both the Smith & Crandall sides. They were about the same age & grew up together. I don’t remember the artist though I probably saw him when I was quite young. I do remember his parents & sister, though

I’ve forgotten the sister’s first name. The muralist was Lee Brown Coye & the mural being restored is in a bar in Hamilton, NY.

The presidential campaign is pretty discouraging. Maybe it’s best that Bush win—I think we’re in for a big crash so I’d just as soon let the Republicans take the blame. However, the thought of Senator Quayle as president is frightening indeed.

I went to a fundraiser for my assemblyman yesterday. A gathering at a beautiful seaside home with seafood hors d’oeuvres & wine—we got to keep the wine-glasses.

Mark Russell is on in a few minutes & I want to watch him.

Hope all continues well on Hancock St. Remember me to Jonathan—

Love,

Mother

November 29, 1988

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It has been very busy around here & I don’t seem to be able to keep ahead of what’s going on. The 2 bazaars are over, thank goodness, & were fairly successful. Now I have to get ready for hostessing of Study Club on the 9<sup>th</sup>, receiving Judy’s parents the same day, & preparing for a bridge party here on the 12<sup>th</sup>. I’m planning to collapse on the 14<sup>th</sup> as there is an LWV luncheon (pot luck) on the 13<sup>th</sup>. I’ve no idea when I’ll get packages in the mail. You can look for Valentines. I’ve ordered the usual pears from Harry & David so look for them & something else has been ordered for Kathy.

We had a nice Thanksgiving. Judy invited a Japanese family & five of their music friends to join us. The party included 2 baby girls aged 2½ months, born 4 days apart. Presumably because of downed wires there was no electricity on Comptche Road until after 6 pm. I think it went off shortly before I got there. Jary was scrambling around setting up kerosene lamps. They cook with gas so there was no problem with cooking. We ate in a dim religious light, however. Those wooden walls soak up light amazingly. After dinner the musicians performed in the dark, all playing by ear.



Saturday Jary's friend Ronnie had a brunch for him with Judy & the girls, Kelley & me in attendance plus her two sons & the girl friend of one of them who were visiting from Davis.<sup>23</sup> She has a house that Mike Moreland built after he built mine & it has features similar to mine. I had seen it once during construction. Some earlier owner has added to it so it is now considerably bigger than mine.

It is discouraging, indeed, that the Democrats can't get a president elected. I thought the Bush campaign downright slanderous. I hope the Democratic Congressional leadership is slow to accommodate Bush. The voters of Indiana must regret they elected Dan Quayle over Birch Bayh in 1980, for they've now elected Birch's son governor. Evan Bayh's birthday is the same as Tony's. I remember when he was born. We were still in Terre Haute. On the local level the voters of Fort Bragg area defeated a real right winger for county supervisor. They elected a woman who seems to have good sense & some liberal views. The right winger thinks the Holocaust never happened. I don't know if he believes in a flat earth, too.

The insurance companies are up in arms because a measure that would cut insurance rates substantially won (not by much). The companies had a measure providing for no-fault insurance but they included in it a ban on lawyer contingency fees & a ban on regulation of the insurance business. The insurance companies claim they are losing money in California. Considering the rates, it is hard to see how this is unless the companies are woefully mismanaged.

I assume Kathy's Caribbean cruise was most enjoyable.<sup>24</sup> I've always wanted to go on one—or to Bermuda or the Virgin Islands.

Did you get shaken by the recent earthquake? 6 on the Richter scale indicates a pretty strong one.

Zaidee's & Jary's show opens Dec. 8. I'll go with the Greens on Dec. 9. I would like to go to the opening but it's a Thursday & choir practice is on Thursday this year.

The chorus that Jessie & Lena are in has a concert this Friday afternoon. Lena has a solo from *The Messiah*.

Wednesday morning—

Zaidee has a sore throat so she's spending the morning with me. Must get this in the mail & do assorted chores. I hope to get the channeling book in the mail this week.

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 31. 1988

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It is a bright sunny day, but with a cold wind. The sun is welcome after several days of wind & high rain (rather high wind & rain). Tuesday we were cut off from inland—snow on the hills closed all roads to the coast.

The lovely holly berry pin has been worn during the holidays. I have never had a "permanent" holiday ornament to wear & have admired them on other people. This one is especially nice. Thank you. I've read some of *O Albany* & am finding it most interesting. William Kennedy is obviously considerably younger than I. I have been in Albany only a few times. When I was in high school we went there once & visited the museum in the state education building. I was impressed most by the reproduction of Iroquois villages. When I lived in New Haven I had to change busses in Albany on my way to Norwich. Once, I remember, I had a very good lunch at a restaurant that was in what had been a bank—lots of impressive marble around. Once I walked to the Schuyler Museum. It was then (1936 or 37) in an Italian section. Later I heard that it was dangerous to walk in that section—several years later. Aunt Jane worked in the state labs for several years before she went to the Signal Corps during the war. When I finish the book I'll send it to her. On page 9 it says: "The Pruyn family traced its lineage back to the Schuylers (so do you) and in a more remote way back to Brandt Aertz van Schlechtenhorst, who in 1646 was a director here of the patroon's desmesne of Rensselaerwyck." Since writing this quotation I got out the material on the Schuylers & van Schlechtenhorsts (or Schlichtenhorst) & find that your ancestor Margaretta van Schlechtenhorst was a daughter of Brandt Arentse (Aertz) van Schlechtenhorst. It would appear from this material that the van Schlechtenhorsts were "some punkins" as my father used to say. So thank you for the book, too.

Judy & the girls got back from McKinleyville all right. Roads were clear, but they did get to see some snow on the way home. On Christmas Eve which had heavy rain & hail in the afternoon, the girls were hoping for snow. Since I had to go to the 11 pm. service, I was *not* looking forward to snow. Jary got back from the Bay Area on Wednesday, too, & said there was snow beside Rte. 128 in places.

I've taken it easy most of this week. Had dinner out with friends a couple of times & had 3 friends in for bridge yesterday. There are no plans for festivities to-night. Jary is coming over to-morrow, I think. A few days before Christmas he dug up a small fir tree for me & put it in a large shallow pot. I had that on the coffee table for a Christmas tree with small ornaments (all that the slender branches will hold). It is a bit too heavy for me to move so Jary will move it to the back deck, where, if it lives, it may provide another Christmas tree next year.

I am anxious to hear details of the New Orleans meeting.<sup>25</sup> According to weather reports in the paper, temperatures have been mild there this week, though rain was mentioned one day. New Orleans is supposed to be an interesting city but I suppose you didn't have much time to see it. Anyway, do let me know how everything went.

The clipping about *Elves* came out the week it opened. So far, there has been no review in the Mendocino paper. Zaidee has drawn a lot of praise for her performance. Jary has had approval, too, & someone suggested he try for the part of Captain Hook in next summer's *Peter Pan*. Jary, however, says he doesn't want to give up his spring & summer to the theater. Zaidee wants to try out & Jessie has talked about it, too.

Many, many thanks for the gifts and the telephone call on Christmas Day.

Love,  
Mother

December 31, 1988

Dear Jonathan—

Happy New Year! I hope your holidays were filled with all kinds of happy events to look back on once you are back in school.

I have enjoyed all the nice presents you sent—the stationery, book, & pin from Grand Cayman. All are useful, attractive or thought provoking. On an early page, the book mentions an ancestor of yours—Brandt Arent van Schlechtenhorst who was an important person in what eventually became Albany, NY.

We celebrated Christmas here on Christmas Eve this year. Jary, Judy, & the girls came over to gather around the 2½ foot fir tree from the yard. Three other guests came in for dinner. It had been a stormy day & the girls were hoping it would snow. The weather moderated in the evening, however, & it was quite pleasant when it was time to go to the candlelight service. The girls were disappointed but I wasn't.

They got to see snow, though, when they went to see their other grandparents early this past week. There was so much snow last Tuesday that all the roads to the coast were closed for awhile. It has been much colder & stormier than when you were here last year. I hope you'll come again some year.

I hear you are doing very well at school this year. Congratulations.

With much love & thanks,  
Grandma Betty

January 25, 1989

Dear Keith & Kathy—

As I told you on the phone, the press release from the MLA came & I was impressed. Thank you for arranging to have one sent to me. I also appreciate having a copy of the certificate & the meeting newsletter. It is recognition deservedly earned.

A robin letter from Aunt Martha to-day has thanks to you for the audio cassettes you sent her. She says it's the first time she had any of her own & appreciates them. She has had the flu—a rather virulent kind—& has little energy so you may not get a letter direct for some time.

I am finding the Albany book fascinating. I've nearly finished it. The city seems to have been more of a den of iniquity than I suspected. I'm going to send it to Jane when I finish it. She lived there for two or three years. Just before she went to Fort Monmouth in 1943.

I assume you had a good time in Northfield. I'm glad you escaped blizzards. I can visualize that Lyman Rd. might be impassible at times, though Tony said the town plows the road.

Last Friday I had a pleasant time at Comptche School. The second/third grade was having a Beatrix Potter party & I was invited to attend & talk to the children about my visit to her home in Near Sawrey. Alice Wittig (school librarian) was also there to talk about Beatrix Potter's life. There were refreshments—camomile tea, lettuce, radishes, carrots, parsley, currants, & some scones shaped like carrots. Today Jary brought me a thank-you letter prepared by the class.

On Feb. 4 I'm taking the bus to S. F. where Michael Predmore, or more probably his wife, will meet me & I'll spend about four days at Stanford. Michael has some kind of mysterious trouble with his feet & now has to get around by wheel chair. Any number of MD's have tried to discover the problem—so far, without success.

About the first of April I'll go to Hawaii for 2 weeks. Apparently it will be a small group of 5 or 6. One of the local LWV members may go. She seemed interested when I mentioned the trip.

There was a League meeting at the home of a relatively new member whose husband is a "rock hound." In the living room there was a lighted display case with polished rocks & other interesting things like fossils. A table lamp had a shade of thin slices of onyx & it reminded me of the Beinecke rare book building at Yale—the way the light came through the onyx. Do you remember what kind of rock that building is made of? I mentioned it to Mr. Spring & he thought it might be alabaster marble.

In spite of lower temperatures than usual early spring blossoms seem to be appearing. Plum blossoms are out at a house on the corner of Little Lake.

My best to all—

Love,  
Mother

Feb. 25, 1989

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Jonathan's record looks good, indeed. You should be proud of him. I hope he is enjoying his studies & that they are not drudgery for him.

I'm sorry you didn't get any of the academic jobs if you wanted them. Meanwhile you can set the library world on fire. Your next trip to New Orleans should be fun for you.

My friend Louise Long wondered if you knew the source of the following quotations:

"Love is strong as death itself

And passion masters like the grave."<sup>26</sup>

"Could the grog we dreamt we swallowed

Make us dream of all that followed?"<sup>27</sup>

She has not found them in books of quotations she has. (I don't know what ones she has).

My visit to the Predmores early in the month was very pleasant. Michael & his wife met the bus in S. F. When I saw all the snow that morning I was glad I wasn't driving myself, though Jary caused some worry when he called at 7 AM & wondered if the bus would run. Michael is head of the Spanish department. They live in a condo (very spacious) built by Stanford for faculty of professorial rank. They have one child (male) six years old. Michael's wife is from Chile. She doesn't look very Indian but Misha does. Iza is very nice. Michael has had a mysterious ailment for several years which makes walking very painful. Iza takes him to work & if he has several appointments she takes him to them, too. Their political views seem to be even farther left than Stavely views. While there was no snow at Stanford, it was very cold so Pat & I couldn't do some of the things she had planned like swimming (heated outdoor pool belonging to the complex) & extensive walking. Nancy Carlson, who lived in the New Brunswick area when we did, came up from Santa Cruz & had lunch with us one day. And some of Michael's colleagues were in for dinner a couple of nights.

The snowstorm was a real event here. Jary said the snow was on the ground for several days & it snowed more after I left. There was probably never more than 3 or 4 inches but it really changed things here. Some of my plants outside seem to

have bit the dust. I hope some of the fuchsias may come up from the roots but they sure look sad now.

Mendo schools had vacation last week. Jessie went to the Sierra for skiing with a friend & now seems to have become a devotee. Zaidee caught the local flu bug & ran quite a temperature one day. She recovered enough by last Saturday to go to the 4H rabbit show in Cloverdale where her rabbit captured a blue ribbon. Jary flew to Phoenix last weekend to visit his high school pal, Wilbert Campbell, who is now a dentist there.

The itinerary for the Hawaii trip looks very good. We'll be in Honolulu 2 nights, 4 nights on Kauai, 4 nights on Maui, & 5 nights on Hawaii. We'll visit nature preserves, bird sanctuaries, botanical gardens, volcanoes. Diana decided to go after I read the itinerary to her. We'll leave here April 3 & stay overnight with her daughter in Santa Rosa. We fly out of S. F. the next morning about 9 AM. We get back April 20.

TV news to-day indicates that you've had a bit of real winter the last couple of days. I assume you aren't completely snowed in.

Love,  
Mother

April 2, 1989

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I hope the trip to New Orleans was successful in every way. That the paper went well, that you got to see what is reputed to be an interesting city, and that you enjoyed the famous cuisine.

Thanks for sending the *NY Review*. The ad is indeed impressive. If I didn't already have a copy, I'd rush out to get one.

It's great that Jonathan made the honor roll in his junior year. I'm not surprised though.

Jotham has been accepted at Antioch College & Beloit. Antioch is his second choice so he's pleased with that. St. John's in Annapolis is his first choice. He was to go there for an interview, I understand. St. John's also has a campus at Santa Fe, NM.

Jessie & Zaidee have performed in a piano recital, both creditably. Jessie, especially, showed progress over the previous year. Jessie & Lena performed at a concert of their children's chorus. Lena had a solo & did nicely. Zaidee's science project got a third place at a regional meet. Her project had to do with the proportion of salt to ice to make a smooth ice cream & the time involved for the freezing. Using a hand freezer. She made several batches of ice cream over a period of weeks.

Thanks also for the copy of the MLA release. Jary must have lost the original one I had.

We've had a few warm & sunny days, but mostly it's been rain since the first of March. In view of two winters of light rainfall, with failure of some local wells as a result, we can't complain about the present sogginess. Wildflowers have appeared in the woods. The frosts of early February have taken a toll on some of the domestic plants—geraniums are gone, some fuchsias, the gerberas, etc.

Week before last the genealogy society made a trip to Ukiah to visit a couple of historic houses there & the Mormon library. At the latter place we got to do a bit of research—just enough to whet one's appetite to go back on another Tuesday & stay all day. The first historic house we visited is across the street from the Presbyterian church. The director, a Presbyterian, persuaded us to have lunch at the church. It was a Lenten soup & sandwich lunch with a short service afterward—all for \$1.00. So the coast genealogists swelled the crowd at Ukiah Presbyterian.

The former manse here has been remodeled & the choir now has a more spacious room for practice. The previous spot, which you visited, is to be the meeting place for the youth groups. (We also have a shorter walk to the sanctuary, an advantage when it rains.)

The dining room table is piled with appeals from worthy causes so I must get to weeding the pile.

I return to Mendo April 20. I'll tell you all about it.

Love,  
Mother

April 9, 1989

Postcard from Wailua, Kauai

Hawaii has been far from hot. Was even cold at a lighthouse we visited. Have seen lots of exotic tropical plants & birds. The only grass shacks we've seen were at the Polynesian Cultural Center in Oahu. Kauai is more rural with small towns yet there is a constant stream of cars on the highways. It is very green & lush with waterfalls cascading down mountainsides.

Mother

May 6, 1989

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It is now over two weeks since I returned from Hawaii. A lot has been going on since I got back, including the state LWV convention, so I've had no time for letters.

I had not planned to go to convention but had said I would if no one else could. We had a delegate, a relatively new member who didn't want to go alone. Someone else was to go with her, but that person became ill, so I went. It was just Friday & Saturday & we didn't stay at a convention hotel but with a friend of the delegate's. This lady turned out to be a native of Terre Haute who left there in 1949 or 50. Her family had a grocery store on the north side. We had practically no friends or acquaintances in common, but it was fun talking with her. Her maiden name was Serban which was the name of her family's grocery.

Our hotel in Honolulu was a block from Waikiki beach & across the road from a very nice city park. Like Boston, Honolulu has allowed high rises which I think is a mistake. The streets are rather narrow & they have monumental traffic jams each evening. Our first afternoon four of us went to the Bishop Museum via city bus (ride anywhere on the island of Oahu for 60¢). It took us almost an hour to get there & the museum would close in 1½ hours. I spent all the time in just one room devoted to the history of Hawaii. Because the bus took so long & I was to meet a friend at the hotel at 5:30 pm, we called a cab. Between a torrential rainstorm at 5 & the usual traffic jam I didn't get back to the hotel at 5:30, but the friend (who used to live here) said she knew what had happened to me & waited in the lobby. The other two in our group tried to go to a botanic garden but never got there, having taken the wrong bus or something.

Next day we went birding in the park, had an interesting (& expensive) breakfast at a waterfront restaurant & watched a hula dance performance in the morning. In the afternoon we went to the Polynesian Cultural Center on the north side of the island. This is connected with Brigham Young U. – Hawaii & teaches Polynesian students their history, culture, arts, & crafts. There are Samoan, Fijian, Tahitian, Hawaiian & Maori villages with demonstrations of assorted arts & crafts. There was an "all you can eat" buffet dinner & a spectacular show of song, chant, & dance.

From Oahu we flew to Kauai where we spent four nights at a delightful resort hotel beside the sea. It rained most of the days we were on Kauai but I think it my favorite island. For one thing, the towns are small & it's less developed. We had a boat trip on the only navigable river on the islands & walked to a fern-draped grotto through forest (jungle?). Aside from tropical plants there were jungle fowl thought to have been brought to Hawaii by the early Polynesians. The males looked like small Rhode Island Reds. We went to a botanic garden devoted to preservation of Hawaiian native plants & to a lighthouse where boobies & albatross were nesting on nearby cliffs. We went to a state park on top of a mountain & got a view of Waimea Canyon which is pretty impressive. Another day we went to a wetland nature preserve where we saw water birds & people harvesting taro, the root from which poi is made. Poi is to the Hawaiians what rice is to orientals. I guess if you grow up with it you would like it, but it's rather tasteless & of a thin cream of wheat consistency. It's sort of a purply gray in color. One can buy taro chips, but they are more expensive than potato chips & have less flavor. On Kauai we had our first papaya & they are wonderful.

From Kauai we went to Maui & spent 4 nights in another seaside hotel. Our room looked out on a mountainside with sugar cane & pineapple fields at its base. It was sunny & warm on Maui except for the day we spent at Haleakala volcano. This was at about 10,000 ft & it was cold, windy, foggy, & barren. In this Alpine region an interesting plant, silversword, grows but it is endangered because goats eat it. In this area we visited a forest grove where birds are said to abound. The day we were there they chose not to appear. We visited a plush resort hotel one day & a "plantation" that had a tram which took you through sugar cane fields, pineapple

fields, orchards of papaya, mango, macadamia nut, coffee, etc. with explanations of their agriculture.

Last island was Hawaii, the big island. We were first at Kilauea-Kona on the west (dry) side. We went to a place of refuge [illegible word written above this phrase], now a national historic park, had a hot walk (from sunshine) over some lava rock to some petroglyphs. Saw some more fancy resort hotels. The Hyatt Regency – Waikaloa is very opulent & new (open less than a year). One can get a room there for \$195 a night (without ocean view) & a suite from \$425 - \$2500 a night. For \$55 one can swim for 1/2 hour in a pool with dolphins. If you are age 12 or younger you can do it for \$45. The place is so big they have a tram to take you from place to place on the grounds. Or you can have a boat ride on the canals. One can walk, of course. The “museum walkway” is lined with oriental art. Another resort was elegant & more restrained. We had much of one day in the highlands driving through the largest privately owned ranch in the U. S. Our last three days were at Volcano National Park. Our hotel, an old comfortable one, was on the rim of Kilauea crater with steam vents all around. It was cold & foggy here until the morning we left. We drove around the rim, walked a rain forest trail to a lava tube, walked a boardwalk over pumice that destroyed a forest in 1959. One day we went to Hilo to visit a wonderful botanic garden. The last night, at the visitors’ center, there was a lecture on tsunamis. Earlier, we’d seen movies of volcanic eruptions of Mauna Loa. The island of Hawaii, especially on the west side, has areas of lava rock where eruptions have brought flows down the side of Mauna Loa. Eventually, plants take root in it but some of it is really barren.

A letter from Tony to-day has news that May Mantell<sup>28</sup> had an accident this past week. A drunk hit her car & totaled it. May had to have stitches where her chin hit the windshield. Other news is that Linda is about to be engaged to a Jamaican she met in Jamaica. Apparently there are immigration problems to be solved. Jotham has been accepted by St. John’s in Annapolis & is planning to go there.

The new library position sounds interesting & challenging.<sup>29</sup> Is there any chance that the Cornell Miltonist will invite you to give a paper there sometime? Where does Kathy work at Watertown library?<sup>30</sup> In children’s section? A children’s author, Denys Cazet, visited Mendo Grammar School this week. Zaidee said he told

fifth graders how to go about selecting a publisher. I was invited to have lunch with him but had been committed to a genealogical workshop in Ukiah & had to decline.

Jary has been on jury duty since last Wednesday & the case will continue on Monday. Jessie came in second in the county spelling bee. She went down on “ochlocracy.” She gets to go to the state bee. The county winner is a Ukiah boy who won last year. According to the paper he has 5 coaches while Jessie has not had any special coaching.

This has gone on longer than I expected. I put a birthday package in the mail a few days ago. I hope it gets to you by the 13<sup>th</sup>.<sup>31</sup> A little something I picked up in Hawaii.

Love,  
Mother

June 9, 1989

Dear Kathy & Keith—

You have been in my thoughts a good bit lately as you go through these sad days. I’m sure Kathy has been called upon to help her father in many ways.<sup>32</sup>

Things are more or less winding down here—sort of. Last Saturday Esther & another friend & I went on a native plant society trip to a Nature Conservancy Preserve in Lake County (next county east). This is an area new to me & there were lots of interesting wildflowers. Sunday evening the minister & his wife entertained the choir at dinner at their house. Played bridge Monday, went to the dental hygienist Tuesday, worked at school library & swam Wednesday, worked at the soup kitchen yesterday. Stayed home to-day & expect to to-morrow. Sunday the Fort Bragg Presb. choir comes down to sing with us (we go there on the 18<sup>th</sup>). In the afternoon there’s a tea for the Mendo High graduates for which I’ve promised cookies, & the choir is in a concert Sunday evening—benefit for the local hospice & AIDS. This is supposed to be a quiet country town.

Next week Zaidee graduates from the grammar school Wednesday evening & Jessie graduates from the middle school Friday morning. Fortunately someone thought to schedule the festivities at different times.

A week ago I drove to Ukiah to read a census film at the LDS library. In a census index there a month or so ago I found a Martha Kelly listed in Pittsburgh in the 1850 census. Also a John Kelly listed on the same census page. Your father's paternal grandmother was Martha Jane Kelly & she had a brother J. D. I've no idea whether the Martha Kelly in the 1850 census was your father's grandmother. She (this Martha) was 20 years old in 1850, was born in Ireland & lived with a John White who was a confectioner & his wife. The Whites were born in New York & Pennsylvania. The John Kelly was in the next family listed & he was 30 years old & born in Ireland as was his wife. He was a laborer. There was another male in the family (not named Kelly) also born in Ireland. If this Martha Kelly married William Stavely she would have been 32 when they were married in 1862. I need to see an 1860 census for the same area & an 1870 census with the William Stavely family listed. I did go through Allegheny County 1870 census once without finding any Stavelys but didn't do Pittsburgh. Ukiah is just too far to go. Maybe sometime when I'm with you I can go to the National Archives branch in Waltham to read census microfilms. The nearest branch here is at San Bruno south of S. F.

The new library in Fort Bragg opened last week. It is much roomier & lighter than the old one that burned. It is in a residential area so parking is less of a problem than at the former site which was downtown. A former funeral home was purchased & remodeled. There is a genealogy & rare books room. One of the rare books disappeared on the first "open house" day. It was the 1849 volume of the set of "Bancroft" which is, I guess, a history of California. Everyone speaks of Bancroft in reverent tones.<sup>33</sup>

I hope you are all well or as well as can be expected at this time.

Love,  
Mother

June 25, 1989

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I hope the trip to Nova Scotia & Maine proved enjoyable & restful & that Jonathan got to see several interesting colleges. I liked Nova Scotia a lot when I was there several years ago, but Prince Edward Island was my favorite.

The Japanese andromeda sounds like a very good choice. I looked it up in my garden encyclopedia. It's not a plant I'm familiar with. I hope it grows vigorously & flowers profusely.<sup>34</sup>

I shared the reunion book treatise with Jary yesterday. I was a bit surprised at the statement that public library clients are mainly Roman Catholic. That may be true in your area, but my experience has been that a wide variety of people use the libraries. The main reason I haven't used them more is because my house is full of books I haven't read.<sup>35</sup> I think you should have gone to reunion, though as things turned out with Edith's death, that might not have been feasible. Come to think of it, I didn't go to my 25<sup>th</sup> either.

Week before last Zaidee graduated from grammar school & Jessie graduated from middle school. I heard that Jessie got a stack of awards an inch thick. The only one I was told specifically was "outstanding scholar." Because of a previous commitment I missed the awards presentation but did get to both graduations.

How nice that Jonathan got a Latin prize. Does he particularly like Latin?

Zaidee & Jessie went to 4H camp last week. Jessie was a counselor-in-training. Judy & Lena went for a couple of days. Next Thursday Judy & the girls are going to Washington (state). Judy will attend a music camp & the girls will stay with her brother & his family in Longview. Jary starts teaching summer school tomorrow. He's teaching 3 classes—measuring, theatrics?, & ?. The measuring class is for 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, & 3<sup>rd</sup> graders & is a cooking class. Several items from my kitchen will be used in the cooking class. Summer school goes on for 5 weeks.

In July I'm housing a baritone & his wife for a week during the music festival. Next week I'll have to start major housecleaning upstairs.

About ten days ago I had a spell of abdominal pain plus some diarrhea. When it went on for 5 days & kept me awake most of the night I went to see the doctor. He has ordered some tests & I go back to him July 3<sup>rd</sup>. Meanwhile the cramps & twinges have ceased & I feel good. During the worst of it I felt pretty dragged out. Several people I know have had a violent intestinal flu & I'm beginning to think that is what I had. The doctor has not committed himself. The day after I saw the doctor I woke up feeling much better, no longer dragged out, though the twinges of pain continued for a couple more days—considerably lessened, however.

We've had some days of lovely, balmy weather. The fog rolls in every 3 or 4 days to remind us that we can't have real summer all the time. It's been warm enough for short sleeves, even!

I'm reading a book of excerpts from George Catlin's account of his trips to the Indians of South America in mid-nineteenth century.<sup>36</sup> The book also has some of his drawings. George Catlin's paternal grandfather, Eli Catlin, was an older brother of our ancestor David Catlin. I bought the book at the Grace Hudson Museum in Ukiah. She painted Indians, too.

Love,  
Mother

July 21, 1989

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I did go to Nova Scotia in 1984. We spent three nights there. We took a ferry from St. something-or-other in New Brunswick to Halifax but spent no time there. I can't remember the first place we stayed but there was a college there & then we spent 2 nights at a nice inn on a lake (or bay) on the far side of the causeway. It was from there that we visited Peggy's Cove (where the Anglican church was similar to Mendo Presb.) & we had a scenic drive along some high headlands that resembled the Mendocino coast. At the second inn they had a "Scotch breakfast" that was rather monumental. We didn't get to the Acadian areas, though.

Recently I read a review of a book, *Wildflowers of Indiana* by Fred & Maryrose Wampler, published by Indiana U. Press. I seem to remember the name Fred Wampler in Terre Haute. Do you remember a boy of that name a bit older than Tony? The review, which was in *The Conservationist*, was favorable & expressed the hope that someone would do as much for New York wildflowers. Text is by Fred Wampler, original paintings by Maryrose.

For the past ten days there has been a music festival here—local & Bay area musicians. It has been great. I've been housing a baritone who has the lead in a one act opera. I'm going to it to-morrow afternoon. I've gone to about half of the concerts. Most of the music is classical but there was one jazz concert (very good, I

hear) & a children's concert. The concerts are in a huge tent in the field next to Ford House & across from the hotel.

Judy & the girls are back from their trip to Washington (state). The girls visited Judy's brother & his family while Judy went to music camp.

Jary is still teaching summer school. It goes on for five weeks, ends at the end of July, I think.

The assorted tests I had revealed nothing serious. My doctor thinks the pain was caused by muscle contractions at the beginning of the large intestine. I am now taking meta-musil to provide more bulk. I think I had a bout of intestinal flu which triggered the pains. I've been free of the pains for several weeks now. When I get the bill for all the tests, I'll have another kind of pain.

I'm sorry mosquitos were a bother during your trip. I hadn't heard of an unusual hatching this year.

In preparation for the Australian trip, Kathy Zedakar recommended *The Fatal Shore* by Robert Hughes. It's about the convicts sent to Australia 1788-1840. I found the book pretty depressing. So did Diana.

The baritone & his wife have come back from the cook-out for the opera cast & have gone to bed. So it seems to be the end of the day.

Weather lately has been lovely. Warm & sunny enough for short sleeves & very little fog.

Love,  
Mother

July 30, 1989

Dear Jonathan—

This is late to be offering congratulations on the Latin award. Where are you keeping your silver medal? I think it's great that you got the award.

Thank you for sending me a card from Nova Scotia. We didn't get to the Acadian part of the province but we were in Peggy's Cove for a few hours. One inn we stayed at had a Scotch breakfast on the menu. I had it one morning—it was rather filling as I remember. One scenic road we took was along headlands similar to those here in Mendocino.



Jary & Judy & the girls are at music camp this week. A week ago to-morrow Zaidee got braces on her teeth. On Tuesday she sort of lisped when she talked.

Summer has been beautiful here this year. Sunny & warm with very little fog & wind. We had a ten-day music festival beginning July 12. It was held in a big tent on the headlands next to Ford House. There were visiting as well as local musicians. The lead baritone in the one-act Puccini opera stayed at my house for a week. He came to Mendo after two weeks in Israel & a week in Boulder, Colorado. The local “opera” company is doing *Peter Pan* this summer. I hear it is very good & hope to go soon.

I hear that Zaidee’s Japanese pen pal is to visit her in August. That should be interesting.

I hope the rest of your summer is good. Don’t eat too much ice cream!

Love,  
Grandma Betty

August 22, 1989

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Eventually I’ll use up all these World Wildlife cards, but for now you can enjoy the elephants.

Things seem to be moving along in Cambridge & Watertown according to your latest report. Kathy’s promotion sounds great.<sup>37</sup> Hopefully Massachusetts can find its way out of its financial difficulties.

A recent *Cornell Alumni News* had an article on students who are descendants of Cornellians. In the list of 3 Cornell generations was: Arthur Adelman ’20; Peter Adelman, ’53; Caryn Adelman, ’93. I assume that Arthur is Jonathan’s great grandfather, Peter is a great uncle, & Caryn his first cousin once removed.<sup>38</sup> With so many Cornell connections Jonathan should consider going there, though now it is terribly big. Over twice the number of students when I was there.

Zaidee has had a Japanese pen pal for two or three years. Last week Myuki (sp?), her father, brother & friend (or stepsister) visited on Comptche Rd. The father speaks English but the children don’t. They had a beach picnic one evening, rode the Skunk to North Spur one day,<sup>39</sup> & went to see *Peter Pan*. There were 13 of

us here for dinner—in addition to Stavelys & the Japanese, there were Kelley & Fiona, & Ronnie. I cooked a turkey. The others brought vegetables & salad. Judy said they wanted to have American food. I put 2 leaves in the table & set up a card table for the younger girls. Judging by all the giggling at the card table, language was no barrier! The brother is about Jessie’s age.

My oven chose to stop functioning about the time the turkey was done. I had just tested it & decided to leave it in a little longer. Five or ten minutes later I looked at the stove & saw sparks in the oven. When I opened the door I could see sort of an arc at the front of the heating element. I turned off the oven & the glowing spot disappeared. About then I noticed that the element was broken on one side. I had rolls to heat so I stashed them around the roaster pan & let residual heat keep them & the turkey warm. Next day Jary got a new element & installed it. I don’t know what I’d have done if the thing had gone out before the turkey was done.

Two or 3 years ago, at a luncheon, I met a woman who grew up in Casey, Illinois, Helen Stohr’s home town.<sup>40</sup> This woman goes back to Illinois every year or so & she found out that Helen had remarried (Stanley died a year or so before your father did) & was living in California. This summer the woman called me & gave me Helen’s name & address & I wrote to her. She is now Mrs. Helen Jeanine & lives about 25 miles north of La Jolla & her new husband of 5 years was in high school with her. Paul is a neurosurgeon in St. Louis & has 3 boys. Joyce married an engineer & has 2 girls & a boy. Jackie lives in Terre Haute & is Dean of Students in “a big Hi School called North,” & has a boy & a girl.<sup>41</sup> Helen’s husband has some kind of job in horse racing. She wrote from Washington, Pa. where they were attending races & a golf tournament. My letter had been forwarded to her from California.

The Australian itinerary came a week or so ago. We fly out of S. F. October 2 & return October 25. Yesterday I showed the itinerary to a friend who was in Australia last year. She says we’re going to lovely places.

Hope all is well with you.

Love,  
Mother

September 1, 1989

Dear Keith, Kathy, & Jonathan—

The books you sent are providing much enjoyment. *The Frugal Housewife* is especially enjoyable.<sup>42</sup> I'm not about to try any of the medical remedies, however, nor preparing buffalo tongue. Thank you for contributing to my birthday festivities.

This was one of the more gala ones with both lunch & dinner out & a bridge game between. Jary & Ronnie took me to the Botanic Gardens which has recently begun serving dinners.

I know you must feel saddened by the death of Mr. Giamatti. I've heard only bare details on TV. Jary just phoned about it. It is too bad. He seemed a talented man & one probably good for baseball.

A rather peculiar cold has plagued me all week. It seems considerably better to-day so I hope I'm over the hump.

Again, many thanks for the books & phone call.

Happy school & job starting.

Love,  
Mother/Grandma

October 6, 1989

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Enclosed is a copy of my itinerary for the December trip to Massachusetts & Denver. I could have had a later flight out of Boston on Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> but this one was more convenient for Andy to meet me.

I hope all continues to go smoothly at your libraries & Jonathan's school. Sounds as if things started off reasonably well.

A group of students from Costa Rica are spending two weeks at Mendocino High School. One girl is staying with Jessie. Her name is Mellina. She's also a freshman & is quite fluent in English. Last Wednesday they were here for dinner (Stavelys & Kelley). There were late afternoon music lessons & open house at Comptche School & Kelley had a class. They had no time to prepare dinner so I did—& got Jes-

sie & Mellina (Melina?) from the church after the youth group meeting. Last weekend Judy & Kelley & their music friends put on a barn dance for the Costa Rican youngsters & their hosts. According to the local paper, Jary called the dances. Kelley said the youngsters seemed to have a good time & most of them danced.

Perhaps you've heard that Zaidee is taking clarinet lessons at school. Jary says the sounds she makes remind him of you, Keith.

Last weekend I had a cold & on Sunday I didn't feel very good. I was rather glad I wasn't driving to Santa Rosa in preparation for flying to Honolulu the next day.<sup>43</sup> The cold is pretty much gone now. Much of September & so far in October there has been a lot of fog, often quite dense. This is unusual for this time of year.

As of yesterday we have a much needed traffic light at the Little Lake & Highway 1 corner. Cal Trans finally put it in after much pressure. They were reluctant. There have been a lot of accidents there. Visibility is poor & traffic gets heavier & heavier. I've often felt I'm trapped on this side of the highway.

Hope you are all well.

Love,  
Mother

October 25, 1989

Dear Keith and Kathy—

Mendocino County now has Public Radio, finally. From Philo, of all places. Right now they seem to be playing folk music, but there is classical music in the afternoon, and All Things Considered, National Public Radio news in the morning. It went on the air on regular schedule day before yesterday.

In your search for colleges have you considered Wesleyan? Both brothers of your Grandmother Stavelly went there and I think her father did, too, and perhaps her grandfather. Bates and Bowdoin appeal to me, probably because they aren't in cities.

It is good to have Jonathan's letter and Sandy Mack's<sup>44</sup> piece about Prof. Giamatti. Jary hasn't mentioned seeing the first World Series game and I didn't watch it, nor the second one either. Forgot it, actually.<sup>45</sup>

The earthquake is still the subject of much talk here. I talked to Michael Predmore's wife last Saturday. They didn't suffer damage to their house but it was very scary. Michael was in the swimming pool (outdoor) that serves their section. Great waves set in and water ran out over the children's playground nearby, and the water level was a foot lower than it was before. Michael is head of the Spanish department and his building is unusable. So much damage was done to the wiring that they are afraid to turn on the electricity, and asbestos dust is coming from areas where fixtures came down. He can go in for 10 minutes to get things needed but that is all. Iza said their next door neighbor is in the chemistry department and that building had lots of broken glass and chemicals spilled all over. Iza grew up in Chile and said she had been in many earthquakes but this one was the worst she has experienced. Pat was to arrive this evening from Durham. If no more quakes occur I will take the bus to San Francisco Saturday morning and stay until the following Thursday.

Sunday night we had a heavy rainstorm with high wind. In the morning I had only partial power—dim lights. I turned off the refrig., TV, electric heaters, as I had to go to a meeting. "Downtown" Mendocino had full power.<sup>46</sup> When I got back at noon I had no power at all. I went swimming and on my way back bought a battery-powered lamp. When I got home the power was on. But now I am set to go through the next outage in style. Gurley Lane seems to lose power first and get it returned last. When the power was down the grammar school students and middle school students were sent home. I heard this at the bank and wondered how Zaidee fared as there would be no one at home. To-day I learned from the school librarian that Jary was substituting for his co-teacher so Zaidee joined him. The librarian said they had to phone parents to come for their children and it was a real mess.

If you want Jonathan to go to a nearby college, you certainly have a large number to choose from. All reports indicate that Jotham is very happy at St. Johns (438 students). Jessie seems very pleased with Mendo High so far.

Love,  
Mother

November 19, 1989

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I did not feel the earthquake off Cape Mendocino you heard about, but a neighbor down the street said he felt quite a jolt at his house. I was home but was busy & moving around; he was sitting in his living room & wasn't sure whether the jolt was from an earthquake or that his house (considerably older than mine) had settled. He phoned me in the evening to tell me that he'd heard on the news that there had been an earthquake off the Mendocino coast. Cape Mendocino is quite a lot farther north.

I can't remember whether it was Tufts or St. Lawrence to which Rufus O. Williams<sup>47</sup> gave books to the library at its founding. Both were founded by the Universalists. Good luck to Jonathan on his applying & I hope he's accepted by his first choice. Tony reports that Jotham is very happy at St. John's. Tony went there for parents' weekend.

You may be interested (or you may not!) that you & President Bush share two ancestral lines. He is descended from Philip Pieterse Schuyler & Margaretta van Schlichtenhorst and from John Howland & Elizabeth Tilley, as are you. I share only the Howland-Tilley line. Old Philip Schuyler, by the way, adopted the surname Schuyler after he got to this country, as did his brother. His father was Peter Tjercks, his mother Geertruyt Philips van Schuyler. I haven't seen any explanation of why he adopted a name from his mother's family instead of using his father's surname. Perhaps Tjercks is less impressive than a name preceded by a "van."

I wondered, Kathy, if there are any yarn shops located conveniently to you. The place here where I've bought sock yarn went out of business and no other yarn shop around here carries it. I am running out of sock yarn including some I bought in Canada in 1985. I had planned to buy yarn in Australia. So I thought I might be able to find a good nylon yarn in Cambridge or Boston if we have any time while I'm there. There is a yarn shop in Fort Bragg that would probably order a batch for me if I'd be willing to take a case of the stuff or whatever they call a large amount of yarn. I'd have to pick a color & everyone would have to wear the same color.

Jessie is going to spend a week at Yosemite Institute in early December. It's a class or school affair. She has a new heavy jacket from L. L. Bean & we found that my hiking boots fit her. My boots are far from the best but they should do for a

week. There will be snow in Yosemite presumably. Esther & I have been on the grounds of the Institute on our way to Tuolumne.

College of the Redwoods will be performing the Schubert Mass in B ♭ with the local symphony December 2<sup>nd</sup>. Jary is in the chorus this year. The chorus director was born in Middlesex General Hospital at New Brunswick.<sup>48</sup> Her father was on the faculty of N. J. C., now Douglass College. *Cinderella*, in which Zaidee plays a mouse that turns into a coachman, opens Dec. 7.

I had a lovely time with the Predmores at the end of October. Michael took us to lunch at the faculty club one day. About 26 Stanford buildings suffered earthquake damage including the one where Michael taught & had his office. Now his office is in one building & he teaches in another. Since walking is very painful for him this has meant even more driving for his wife. I think Michael's political views are farther left than yours. One day in our talking Pat & Mike & I came up with the idea of having a reunion of all Predmores & Stavelys. Jary suggested Cape May.<sup>49</sup> We're all pretty scattered. Pat is in North Carolina, Richard is in South Carolina (he teaches English at Spartanburg branch of U. of S. Carolina), Jim is at a college in Tacoma, Washington (Spanish) & Michael is at Stanford. Michael has one son (7), Richard has 2 sons (15 & 13), Jim has 2 daughters (3 & 1+ months). I think it would be great fun to get together.

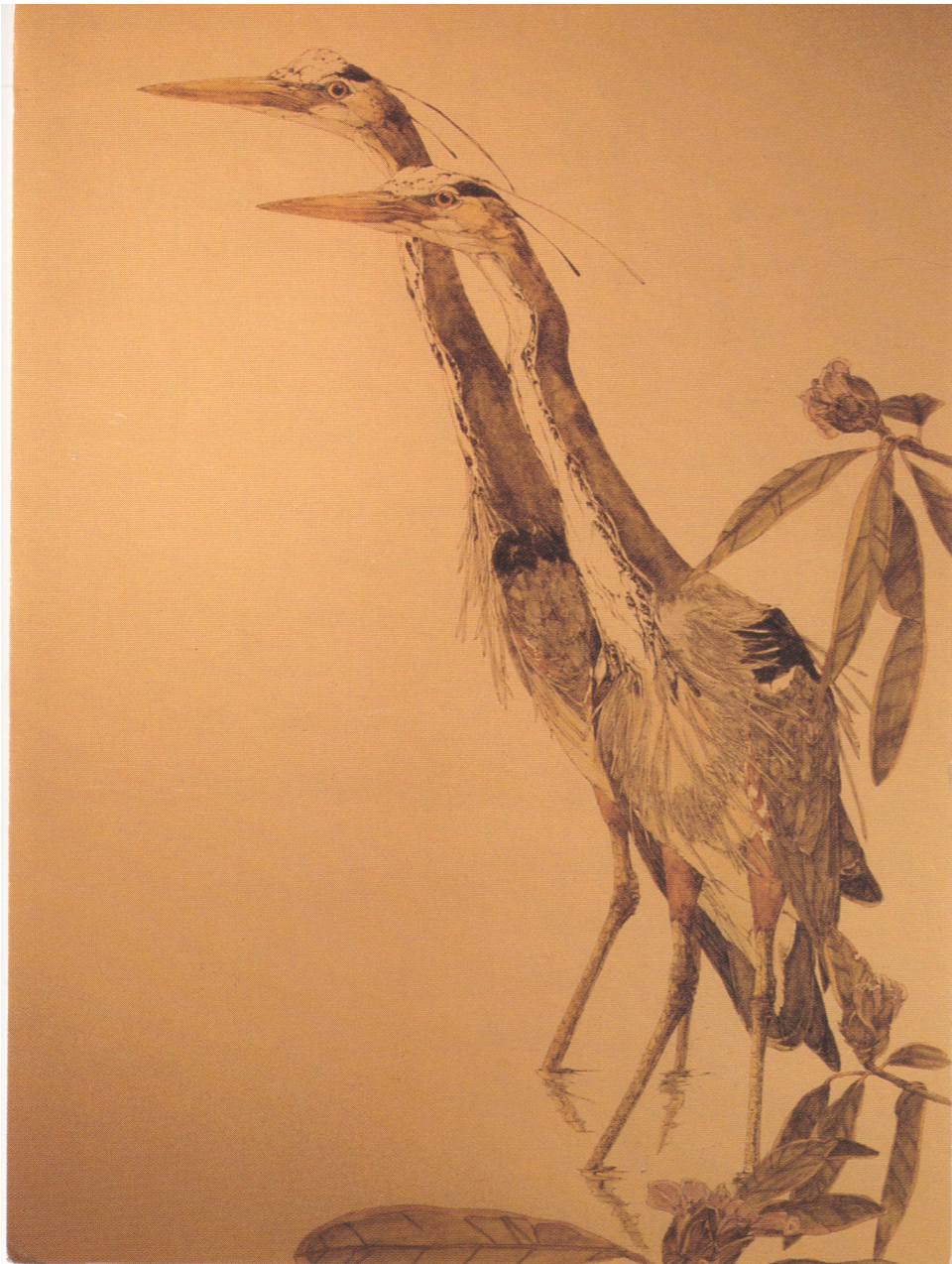
I'm having Thanksgiving with Jary & Ronnie. Judy & the girls are going to a community dinner at the church. Everyone will come here next Sunday for Jary's birthday celebration.

Study Club bazaar came off yesterday. I was co-chairman of the knitting/crocheting booth. We sold most of the things we had though not as great a percentage as last year. We'll mark things down & put the surplus out for sale at the December meeting.

It's nearly time for a TV program I want to watch.

Love,  
Mother

# 1990 - 1991



**Joy Swan, Untitled**  
Card used for letter of December 11, 1991



**Arlington, MA, June, 1990**  
Photo: Kathleen Fitzgerald

Chapter Four: 1990 - 1991

January 16, 1990

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I hope your flu is long gone by the time this reaches you. You probably got over tired during the holidays. Of course, I could have brought strange germs, I guess.

In case you heard about a northern California earthquake to-day—I really felt this one. The house shook considerably but not enough that anything fell down or broke. It was the most intense & largest quake I've felt. Reports are that it was 5.1 on Richter & was centered around Petrolia in Humboldt County.

I had a good time at Jane's. Tim met me at the airport & got me to Broomfield well in time for the luncheon. This is a sewing and/or handcraft group Jane belongs to. I had met one of the members several times. Andy and his family came for dinner the next day. Beth is tall & slim, very quiet, & quite concerned that the children do no damage. Her son Ronnie is an attractive & sweet child. Little John Thomas looks much as Andy did when he was little. Patrick is a round, chubby baby & very good natured. One day we went to an exhibit of American Indian art at the Denver Art Museum. It was an impressive exhibit & many of the items are quite sophisticated. There were guests for breakfast on Saturday—Jane's godson, his father & his brother (mother out of town to take care of an ill relative)—a dinner guest (neighbor of Jane's whom I have met several times) one evening, Beth & her mother & the boys for tea one afternoon. There was snow on the ground when I got to Jane's but no more fell, and the last 2 days it got to 60° at midday & most of the snow melted except in shady spots. The green of California seemed strange after 3 weeks of snow cover.

You all waited on me so much & treated me so royally, it has been hard to come back to the usual routine here.

Last evening we celebrated Lena's birthday at Judy's house & also exchanged Christmas gifts. Lena had had a party with her peers the day before. She was wearing a dress Jessie had made for herself when she was in 6<sup>th</sup> grade. Lena is in second, so she is well on the way to being bigger than her sisters.

I meant to tell you that I was quite comfortable at Tony's house when I turned up the thermostat in the bedroom to 50°. I was provided with a flannel sheet, wool blankets & a down comforter. The first night I set the thermostat at 60° but that was too warm. Upstairs, the stove made it so warm I often shed sweaters. One morning a wild turkey strolled across the yard—an impressive bird.

There was a heavy rainstorm while I was gone & it's rained a couple of times since I got back. The moisture is badly needed. It's rather cold this evening—nothing at all compared to what you've had—but with the dampness it's not exactly cosy. So I'm going to quit this & go to bed—it's only 9 pm, but I'm sleepy & not too warm.

Take care of yourselves—

Love,  
Mother

P.S. Kathy, would you send me Maryanne's address?<sup>1</sup> I bought thread for a collar to-day. At Lena's birthday, Jessie wore shorts. The house was none too warm & I was colder looking at Jessie's bare legs & feet. Teenagers!

January 28, 1990

Dear Kathy and Keith—

Enclosed is a check for \$12.17 which I believe covers the cost of the "moo" you bought for me and sending my gifts to me.<sup>2</sup> I had forgotten about several. The Boston Tea Party tea is very good. Somewhat strong but I like it. Did you or Jane give me the Jeremy Fisher Frog soap? The tag was missing and I can't remember. The gold earrings have been admired very much when I've worn them—strictly state occasions. So have the pewter earrings Jane gave me.

I hope the flu is long past. From what I've been hearing on the news, this year's virus is worse than usual. So far, I have escaped colds and flu. I did have a flu shot early in December on my doctor's recommendation.

It seems Tony is going to a conference in San Francisco early in March and will come up here for a couple of days before he goes back. I guess this is something that has developed since the holidays for he said nothing about it when I was east.

Do you know the date of Jonathan's graduation? I should be making plans for my trip east in the spring. Reunion at Cornell is June 7-10. I had assumed that Jon's graduation would be in late June and I could take it in after reunion. Pat Predmore wants me to go to Durham and then go to Ithaca from there. This might have been practical if I were going to New England after reunion. If I go east in mid-May I would return to California from Ithaca, I think. Evansville friends have suggested a stop there, one way or the other. This would be fun, but the airlines charge extra for extra stops. Esther is going to Yosemite about mid-June with her daughter and a grandson and has invited me to join them. I could do that if I return west right after reunion. I just have to see.

I have finished crocheting a collar for Maryanne. I still have to put a button on and block it. I would appreciate having her address fairly soon.

Jary and the girls were here for lunch to-day before going to a dance class in Fort Bragg. He and Ronnie and the girls went to a Robert Burns outing at Kelley House last evening. Jary said the girls went under pressure. I heard from one of the choir members that Jary was there. Probably wouldn't have heard about it, otherwise.

I'm going to order a "Maine Handbag" like yours, Kathy, only in canvas. The catalogue suggests the large one for vacation travel, but I charted the measurements out on a piece of paper and I think the 17 x 11 inch one is much too big. Perhaps, though, if one had one that big, one wouldn't need carry-on luggage. The 14 x 9½ one is a little larger than the one I've been carrying and has twice as many compartments.

I have a new spring wardrobe. A friend gave me 2 dresses and a 3 piece suit (jacket, skirt, slacks) that her sister didn't want (and she had hardly worn them). I guess the sister is a compulsive buyer. There are also several short sleeved light-weight jersey tops. I had planned to look around for a light-weight suit for summer travel. This one is light peach color and will be nice to wear in the east though I'll probably wear navy blue on the plane. Of course, the reunion committee may come up with some idea which will require additional purchases.

Love,  
Mother

The holidays were special to me, also. I had such a good time!

March 2, 1990

Dear Keith & Kathy—

There has been a lot going on here lately & letters have been the last thing to think of. Nothing very exciting—just a lot of chores.

Your news is, by far, the most exciting. I hope you will like the new job & Columbus.<sup>3</sup> I know very little about the city. I went to several League of Women Voters meetings there but have no clear remembrance of where. I don't even remember if I ever saw the Ohio State campus. The country is relatively flat, I think. Much of Ohio (northern) was settled by New Englanders so there is a touch of that atmosphere in the smaller communities. Ohio, in general, always looked more prosperous than Indiana. Republicans used to abound there, though the present governor is a Democrat.

I will have to make reservations soon for my trip east. If you will be preparing to move will it be inconvenient for me to visit? There is a symphony concert here on May 19 for which I have a ticket so I may try to go east on Sunday the 20<sup>th</sup> or Monday the 21<sup>st</sup>. Let me know which you prefer. I don't have to stay here for the concert, of course, if the week before the 20<sup>th</sup> would be more convenient for you. I'll want to go to Northfield before Ithaca. Tony is to be here to-morrow night & Monday, so I'll talk to him about his & Mary's plans in May, too.

Thought you might like to have these pictures.<sup>4</sup>

Love,  
Mother

March 26, 1990

Dear Keith & Kathy—

There are quite a few things I want to tell you & I hope I don't forget too many of them.

First—I have reservations to fly to Boston from S. F. on May 20. I have to change planes in Philadelphia so I'll be getting into Boston on U. S. Air flight 279 Philadelphia, arriving at 9:32 PM.

I'm glad Columbus & Wooster & terrain in between impressed you favorably on your recent trip.<sup>5</sup> When we used to take old U. S. 40 east, the hills began at about Cambridge, Ohio as I remember. There are some Indian mounds in southern Ohio I always wanted to see, but your father wasn't interested. Perhaps I can interest you in them. The small cities & villages of Ohio always struck me as looking fairly prosperous in contrast to the coal mining communities around Terre Haute.

I can no longer say I never won anything. Last week I attended a concert in Fort Bragg, the last of a series of seven, but the first I attended. Ticket stubs with names had been put in a bowl all winter. Lo & Behold—my stub was drawn & I am to get season tickets for next winter's series. This is the first thing I've won since I got a Pyrex flameware pot at a PTA card party in Terre Haute.

I had a note from Beckie a few days ago. She said her mother's memory is failing, that they are sending trays to her room because Maude forgets to go to meals. Beckie said she will go to see her mother in April & may take over paying bills, etc. if Maude wishes.

Tony writes that he is going to a conference in Dallas in June & hopes to get to see Liz Kelly Thomas then.

The wildflowers are coming into bloom, now. It seems a bit surprising as it hasn't been very warm & there hasn't been a great deal of sunshine. Jary & the girls were here for lunch yesterday & I joined them at Ronnie's for dinner. Ronnie wanted me to see a large patch of calypso orchids near her place that she & Jary had found.

Jessie goes to Costa Rica in April. An English class from Costa Rica was here for 2 weeks in September. Now the Mendo High Spanish class is going there. I think Jessie is to stay in the home of the girl who stayed with Jessie.

The Boston Harbor Tea is very good. I'd like to get some more of it. Yesterday there was a tea at the Art Center with tea tasting of teas blended by a local coffee processor. I tried only two, mostly because I got involved in conversation with friends & didn't get back to the "tea bar." One I tried was Russian Caravan which has lapsong souchong in it & another was a gooseberry blend. To-day I bought a package of the Russian Caravan which I liked better than the gooseberry though that was good, too.

Must stop & get some supper. I'm going to observe the sewer board meeting this evening. I hope it doesn't last until 11 pm as the last one did. I volunteered to observe this board for League of Women Voters.

Hope to get a package in the mail for Kathy soon.

Love,  
Mother

May 2, 1990

Dear Keith & Kathy—

A couple of days ago I had a birthday gift sent to you. It will arrive from the Melting Pot in Mendo & probably will arrive by U. P. S.

A friend recommended a book to me—*The Chalice & the Blade* by Rianne Eisler. I can get it from the local library but I thought if you have it in your library maybe you could get it while I'm in Cambridge so I could read it there. I'm planning on getting a good rest in the east. Things have been very busy here with several frustrating complications.

Judy's mother died last Wednesday. She lost her battle with the form of leukemia she'd been fighting for 3 years or so. Judy's father is planning to come here for the wedding as is her brother.<sup>6</sup>

The prospective teaching schedule looks interesting. I hope it suits you.

Rehearsals have started for Jary & the girls. I haven't seen Jessie since her return from Costa Rica, but I guess it was a great experience. All I've heard that she did was that she went to a rock & roll party.

I've shortened one skirt I plan to take east & have slacks & a couple of dresses to do. These clothes were gifts that I've been saving for summer.

Last 2 days here have been quite warm & wildflowers are burgeoning.

Love,  
Mother

July 6, 1990

Dear Kathy & Keith—



Enclosed are the photos I took at Jonathan's graduation.<sup>7</sup> I've forgotten the name of his friend who was with us in the street outside the church. A truly gala evening.

Also the item about the singer who looked very like Kathy. And a chart showing descent from the Griswolds.<sup>8</sup> As I remember, there were two or three Griswold brothers who came to this country in the early days & were early settlers of Windsor, CT. Descendants of one of the brothers (Matthew, perhaps) became quite prominent. One was a governor of Connecticut. I think that line moved to Saybrook. I forget some of the details. I may have notes somewhere. I read several genealogies of that line & began to wonder where our Griswolds were—finally found them in a history of Wethersfield or Windsor, CT.

The house in Worthington sounds good. I've found the intersection of routes 23 & 161 so I have some idea of your location. I'm assuming the house's overall dimensions are larger than those of 2708 Wilson Drive. The dining room & kitchen there were quite small, especially the kitchen when three boys chased each other through it while I was trying to cook. It might not have seemed so small to us if we hadn't moved from a 9-room house.

I stayed quietly at home on the 4<sup>th</sup>, mostly watching interesting programs on PBS, until 3 pm when Ronnie came to get me & we went to a softball game in which Jary was playing. The Gloriana Opera players were playing players from Mendocino Theater Co. It was sort of a caricature of a game with children as well as adults playing. Gloriana won & Jary was credited with bringing in the winning run. I can't remember when I last went to a ball game.

I had a good time in Yosemite. It was quite cold the first night & we couldn't get a decent fire in our stove. The next day was windy, but after that it was quite warm. We went to Hetch Hetchy one day. I had never been there. It is lower than Tuolumne & there were lots of wildflowers in bloom. It must have been a beautiful valley before it was dammed to provide water for San Francisco. I can see why John Muir fought the dam so hard. We went to Mono Lake one day & to Saddlebag Lake another. There was far less water in the latter than in other years. Even though it was early in the season the streams weren't very full of water—a dry year again. We didn't hike more than 3 miles any day. Esther has had a painful leg for

about a year so long hikes were out. The campfire programs at night hadn't started either.

A high school classmate of Jary's & her mother are to be here next weekend & will be staying here. I don't know how much Jary will see them as he has rehearsals these days. *The Golden Goose* opens July 21 & will play Saturday & Sunday matinees, only.

Tony said Rachel is going to a drama camp at Hartwick College for 3 weeks. Linda & Henry were taking her there about the first of the month. That's where Linda went to college & also Aunt Jane.<sup>9</sup>

It's been quite warm here—up in the 70s most days. Yesterday, however, there was a little rain. The town is *full* of tourists. It's almost impossible to find a parking space.

The county is hard up for funds so library hours have been cut—open only in afternoon.

I found an old AAA tourbook of the midwest & I find Worthington mentioned (1972-3 edition). Worthington then had a population of 15,326 & an altitude of 908 ft. The Ohio Railway Museum is off State Rd 161 at 990 Proprietors Rd. Sometime you may want to visit Kingwood Center & Gardens at or near Mansfield. Your father & I went there once when tulips were in bloom. Mansfield is west of Wooster.

Sat AM.—Tony just called & we arranged how we're going to see Aunt Martha & Aunt Maude while he's out here.

Must get a lot of chores done to-day.

Love,  
Mother

July 19, 1990

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your house looks very nice. Looks more like the Stohrs' house, though, than ours. I think the Stohr house had a hexagonal window over the front entrance between the 2 bedroom windows.

When Tony comes out (Jotham is coming, too) we're going to La Jolla & Glendale to see the aunts. Mrs. Stohr, who is now Mrs. Jeanine, lives in Carlsbad, CA

about 25 miles north of La Jolla. We're going to call on her on our way to Glendale. In the fall she & her husband expect to be in Columbus as her husband has a nephew there. She may call you. I'll give her your address.

The great niece of a friend of mine here is a student at Wooster. Her name is Karen Powers & she'll be a sophomore. My friend says that Karen likes Wooster very much.

By the way, I had to pay 20¢ postage due on your letter & house brochure. The 25¢ per ounce applies to letter size only. Larger items cost more. Wish I were running the Postal Service. I'd make monumental changes, like 50¢ per item for all the junk mail I get.

Love,  
Mother

P.S. No need to send me 20¢. I mention it only as a matter of information.

August 20, 1990

Dear Keith & Kathy & Jonathan—

Presumably this will reach you about the time you get to Worthington. I hope your move west went reasonably smoothly.

I'm writing this in the light of a battery operated lamp as the electricity went off about an hour & a half ago.

Tony, Mary, & Jotham are flying back to New England to-night. They packed a lot into their 2 weeks out here. They got here on the 10<sup>th</sup>, driving Ronnie's car up from Cloverdale where it had been for repairs. Twelve of us for dinner that evening.

The next afternoon I dragged them off to see *Golden Goose* which they seemed to enjoy. Jotham arrived without anything warm to wear & after the show bought the only shirt Mendosa's had that fit him—gold colored flannel. One of the first things he asked when he got here was whether there were banana slugs still here. Actually, this is a banner year for them.

Sunday evening we had dinner at Ronnie's. Jary was cook. On Monday Tony & Jotham stacked my firewood & Mary washed all the downstairs windows. She said she likes to wash windows.

Tuesday morning we got up at 5 AM & were on our way to SFO by 6 AM. Mary dropped us off & used my car while we were in Southern California. Our plane was a little late leaving SF & the car rental agency in San Diego had the slowest system imaginable, so it was over an hour later than I expected when we got to White Sands. Martha had got it into her head we were arriving an hour earlier than I had said & was quite frantic when we didn't appear at that time. To complicate matters, her plumbing backed up & the plumber left a mess. At least she said it was a mess. We had dinner with her & talked in her room until about 9 PM. Tony & Jotham had TV in their room & I guess they watched that. Martha looks pretty good but has some trouble remembering some things. She asked me several times if we were staying for lunch the next day.

We had breakfast with her next morning & then stayed with her until about 10:30 AM. Then we set off for Carlsbad to see Helen Stohr Jeanine. About 5 miles north of La Jolla we ran into practically stopped traffic on the interstate. After crawling along for 1/2 hour or more we took an exit & got on a coast road that paralleled the interstate. We got to the Jeanine's house about an hour later than I had expected. They took us to their very luxurious country club for lunch. Helen's red hair is now more gold; otherwise looks about the same. It was a very nice time & I would have liked to stay longer. We left Helen's about 2 pm & coped with the interstate traffic for 2+ hours. No slowdowns were as bad as we experienced in the morning. We found the cemetery in Glendora & your father's grave without much trouble & also drove past Martha's house there.

We found our motel in Glendale pretty easily & after washing up went to Beckie's cousin Jan's house for dinner. Maude was already there. I was pretty shocked when I saw her. She is very thin—just skin & bones really—& quite frail. She needed help getting out of chairs & used a walker. Beckie's cousin & her husband are very kind, friendly people & we had a pleasant time with them. Maude asked to be taken home about 8 pm.

Next morning after breakfast we went to Windsor Manor & spent about a half hour with Maude. She was more alert & talkative then. She is now in the "assisted living" wing & Jan says someone looks in on her about every 2 hours.

We got to the airport in plenty of time as we encountered no major slow-downs. Soon after we got on the plane it was announced that there was an oil leak & we all had to get off & get in line for boarding passes on another flight. We lucked out—we got first class seats. Of course we were late into S. F. but Ila was at the gate when we got off.

Mary & Ila left us at Cloverdale to stay with friends. On Friday Tony & Jotham went on a beach walk with Jary & the girls. In the evening Tony, Jotham & I went to see *Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* which is ribald but very funny.

Next day we went to Hopland to the home of friends of Mary's & I came back home. Tony phoned as I write. Still no power.

Love,  
Mother

August 31, 1990

Dear Keith & Kathy & Jonathan—

Thank you so much for the books. The *Puritan Legacies* in paperback is most attractive & the nice reviews on the back are an added attraction. I'm enjoying the book on Chinese ceramics very much. I went through all the pictures first & recognized many of my favorites from the show. What I've read of the text so far is adding to my memories of the exhibit.

I had three days of birthday celebration, On Tuesday I worked at the soup kitchen until 1:30 or so. One of my co-workers recently worked on a Habitat for Humanity project in Mexico & President & Mrs. Carter were workers too.

Jary & Ronnie took me out to dinner. The next day Esther & I went to Fort Ross Historic Park which is the fort & settlement the Russians had from 1812 to 1841. It is a beautiful site & some of the original buildings are still there. The chapel is a second replacement; the original chapel collapsed in the 1906 earthquake & its replacement burned in 1970. It is about 80 miles south of here. Esther had never been there before. Yesterday I had lunch at the senior center in Fort Bragg—their birthday lunch for those with birthdays in August. I got a balloon to bring home.

I thought you might like these pages from the *Golden Goose* program. Last performances are this weekend.<sup>10</sup>

The tornado near Chicago reminds me that we were advised to go to the north-east corner of the basement in the event of a tornado since most of them in the mid-west come from the southwest. You've gone from hurricane country to "Tornado Alley."

Hope things are working out smoothly & you can find most everything.

Thanks again & write soon about Worthington & OSU.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 23, 1990

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I hope the teaching got off to a good start in spite of all the trials of getting settled & getting Jonathan off to college. Jim's work is much appreciated, I know.<sup>11</sup>

I should think the college would be anxious to find a roommate for Jonathan. Did the boy just decide against entering? How many students in the dormitory? Are there counselors in each dorm?

I'm enclosing some pictures I took while we were in southern Cal. I'm sorry I didn't get people arranged right in the picture taken in my living room. I took another that was better centered but I cut off Tony's & Jotham's heads.

I probably told you about winning the concert tickets last spring. The clipping is part of the publicity for the series.

I xeroxed last year's itinerary. Kathy Z did not send a new one so I changed some & made notes on last year's itinerary. I hope you aren't completely confused. The stay in Fiji includes a 3 day boat trip among the islands. My Quantas tickets came last week so I guess we're really going this year. From now on I have to give thought to what I'm going to take. It will be spring there. Temperatures in the paper have ranged from the 50's to mid 70's for Brisbane & Sydney.

Jary seems to be surviving his first graders so far. He said he wished they all could read. His class doesn't have library when I work so I don't see his class this

year. I haven't seen the girls since school started. Lena's class doesn't have library either when I'm there.

Hope all is well with you.

Love,  
Mother

Have been reading the articles about a black drug dealer in New Haven. Sad to read how the city has changed since the '30's.

November 20, 1990

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The second day I was home I began getting a cold which has slowed down my activities some. Last week I was part of a League of Women Voters program & also involved with a bazaar so I had to devote time to those. Last weekend the choir was in a multi-church concert but my cold kept me out of that. Now the cold is better & the activities are less so there is time for letters.

The trip was great. We saw a lot of interesting things & had enjoyable experiences, though we saw only the the eastern & southeastern rim of Australia.

Our first stay in northern Queensland was delightful. Cassowary House is run by an English couple. He is a biologist & dedicated bird watcher. She runs the house & produces excellent meals. 9 of our party had rooms in the main house & its annex (I was in the annex). The other 4 stayed at a nearby resort but had lunch & dinner with us & went on all the trips. John took us out each day. Kuranda, the village near Cassowary House, is about 17 miles from Cairns in rain forest hills. We looked out on tree ferns, banana trees, eucalypts, acacias, vines of many kinds. Australian birds are colorful & noisy. One, called the whip bird, sounds like a cracking whip. We were taken to an aboriginal dance show, a ride on a train similar to the Skunk here, a day on the Great Barrier Reef (rode in a glass bottom boat & a semi-submersible). We saw fruit bats, wallabies, a bandicoot, a butterfly sanctuary, cranes flying in to roost at a caldera,<sup>12</sup> & a platypus swimming up a stream & scrambling up rocks beside a small waterfall. (One Australian lady we saw later said she'd never seen a platypus except in a zoo.) We saw bowers made by male bower birds to attract females. One had piled white snail shells as an adornment. Another

had accumulated bits of blue glass. We made an overnight stay in a rural town & stayed in an old hotel. There were also lots of colorful flowers. Except when we were in Cairns or on one of the islands of the Barrier Reef it wasn't hot.

From Cairns we flew to Brisbane & were taken to Binna Burra Lodge in the mountains about 30 miles from Brisbane. On the way the lights of the Gold Coast were pointed out. This is, I gather, a resort strip along the shore south of Brisbane with lots of gambling & Las Vegas type attractions. Binna Burra Lodge is just outside the boundary of Lamington National Park. There are "tracks" for hiking & beautiful views everywhere. The lodge is rustically elegant & the food excellent. More colorful & noisy birds were everywhere. One, the currawong, took blue items of one of our group—a sack & a blouse—from a balcony where they were drying. The bird dropped the blouse but I think it made off with the sack. Rainbow lorikeets (small parrots, I think) were fed outside a kitchen window. Also an opossum. There are about 20 species of opossum in Australia; most are more attractive than North America's one. Except at Cassowary House, all our rooms were equipped with an electric pot for heating water for tea or coffee. It was rather cool at Binna Burra & our beds had electric blankets. Australian mountains aren't very high but they are *steep* & often quite craggy.

Next stop was Sydney. Here we were met by Richard Jordan & his bus. He is a biologist who now leads camping trips, also English (we met so many English in Australia I began to wonder if any were left in England). We were taken to our hotel which was in an old section of Sydney called the Rocks. That afternoon we rode a ferry to Manly which is across & down the bay, an impressive piece of water. When we came in from dinner we discovered that our hotel had a bar downstairs & festivities were going there full blast with a *loud* band & *loud* singing (next morning I read the hotel brochure & learned they had an Irish band). Between the noise from the bar & an elevated train that ran frequently no one slept until the bar closed & the train stopped running. So Richard was asked to find us another place to stay the next night. Next morning most of us took a tour of Sydney Opera House which is most impressive. An all-school children's concert was in rehearsal in the concert hall which has the largest tracker organ in the world. I also did some shopping in Sydney—that's where I bought most of the yarn I got.

At 3 pm that day we got back in the bus & headed southwest out of Sydney. Richard had got us rooms at a very nice motel in the Jamberoo Valley, a dairying region near Wollongong. He lives in this area. Next morning we left about 6 to go to Barren Grounds Ornithology Reserve of which Richard had been the first director. It was on top of a mountain. It was cold & foggy but we saw interesting wildflowers & a few birds. The present director led the walk. Bare flat rock was visible in some places & an aboriginal carving of a lizard was pointed out on one. The director prepared breakfast for us at a conference house on the property. It was good to get inside beside a heater & have hot tea & coffee, & porridge. We then went back to the motel for our luggage & set out for Canberra. Canberra is a beautiful city with many parks & wide streets. We spent some time in the National Botanic Garden which has only Australian native plants. We also went up in the Telecom Tower where one could see the surrounding territory. That night we stayed in a motel near Canberra.

Next day we visited Tidbinbilla Reserve & there we saw koalas, large kangaroos, & emus for the first time. The first koala we saw had a young one in its arms. We also saw a male musk duck which is an odd looking thing & of such an evil temper that it beats up anything that comes near it, including females of its species. The young ranger said it had nipped him several times.

From now on we had picnic lunches which Richard prepared. There was always fruit & fruit juice, water for tea, bread, cold meats, cheese, salad, etc. We usually ate in state or national parks, but once in a town park.

One night we stayed on Phillip Island & saw fairy penguins returning from the sea to feed their young in burrows in sand banks. We spent half a day at Healesville Sanctuary, a private zoo that has most of Australia's animals & birds. We had 2 nights in the Grampian Mountains & here we saw more koalas & kangaroos. From the Grampians to Melbourne we had lunch at a sheep ranch (the Australians call them stations) & saw a demonstration of a sheep dog herding sheep.

From Melbourne we flew to Launceston in Tasmania & had part of a day there. I visited a conservatory & a museum & got thoroughly drenched in a rainstorm. We went from Launceston to Hobart by bus & the driver kindly deviated from the 4 lane highway to show us some of the small towns. It was very green in

Tasmania & seemed more English than had the rest of Australia we saw. It was spring & lots of lilacs, or rhododendrons, azaleas, & other spring things were in bloom. We stopped for tea in one town & had Devonshire tea. In Hobart we were met by 2 women from the Tasmanian Field Naturalists Society. Next day they took us to the Botanic Garden & part way up Mt. Wellington. We didn't get all the way up because our bus broke down. A kind lady where the driver & one of the Hobart ladies phoned let us use her bathroom & see her garden which was lovely. Later we heard that this garden had taken several prizes. Hobart is a lovely city, built on & around hills & on a sizeable harbor.

From Hobart we flew to Melbourne. I forgot to say we attended a meeting of the Field Naturalists Society. Heard a lecture on preservation of habitats. In Melbourne we stayed at a hotel within walking distance of the Botanic Garden so we went there. It is supposed to be one of the 10 best in the world. The next day we did shopping. Melbourne is the only city in Australia to keep its trolley cars & I must say they are a very good mode of transportation. They are smooth, quiet, & comfortable. A senior citizen can get a ticket for \$1.20 (Australian) that is good anywhere in the system until midnight.

From Melbourne we flew to Nadi in Fiji, arriving after dark. We stayed at a very plush resort on the waterfront. They greeted us with a fruit drink; there was a bowl of fruit in our room, 2 small bottles of wine, & 2 packets of cheese. A robe was laid out on the bed for us. Our room had a balcony with a couple of chairs. Next afternoon we embarked on the Salamanda of the Blue Lagoon cruise line. There were about 34 passengers. Except for us & an American girl from Connecticut, the other passengers were couples (we had one couple—from Seattle), 2 German, 1 Swedish, 1 Swiss, 1 Italian, 1 New Zealand, 1 English, several Australian. The crew were Fiji & very kind & helpful. It was very rough the first afternoon & several people were seasick. I escaped that, but moving about was a problem. Our cabins were on the lowest deck with very steep stairs to the next higher deck & a very high sill to the doorway at the top of the stairs. This presented problems for my short legs.<sup>13</sup> Food was excellent & I guess they were afraid we would starve. There was coffee & tea between 6 & 7 in the morning. Breakfast at 8. Mid morning tea at 10:30. Lunch at 1. Afternoon tea at 4. Dinner at 7 or 8. After the first day we were mostly in quiet

lagoons & the ship was anchored each night. They took us ashore for swimming & snorkeling, to visit a village. There was a glass bottom boat for looking at coral. One lived in one's swim suit. The Fijians are quite dark but handsome. After 4 days on the Salamanda we returned to Nadi & the Regent of Fiji for a day and a half. It was so hot & sticky that I did nothing much but sit in my muumuu on the balcony of our room.

We left Fiji on a night flight to Honolulu. Changed planes there for S. F. Took the airporter to Santa Rosa where Jary met me & drove me home. We flew Quantas & I think it about the nicest airline I've flown. They give you fruit juice as soon as you get on practically & the wine is free with meals & before.

Jary is cooking Thanksgiving dinner at Ronnie's. The girls & I will join them. He shaved his beard for Halloween, is now growing it back.

Hope you are all well.

Love,  
Mother

December 28, 1990

Dear Keith, Kathy & Jonathan—

Thank you so much for the books you sent. The Mennonite cake cookbook looks most interesting & I'll have to try some of the recipes soon. (Right now I'm a bit tired of baking.) I've glanced through the Worthington history & *Ohio Pride* & am anxious to read them. I wonder which branch of the Griswolds Ezra came from. I assume that your street was named for him or his son. I'm a little puzzled as to the significance of the hair clamp that was tied to the outside of my package. It has been added to my small supply of these devices.

I hope you got home before the storm I heard about hit Ohio & that the flight to Chicago was good. Also the meeting & Kathy's new job.<sup>14</sup> The article about Mendocino you sent appeared in our local weekly the same day I got it. Next time you come here we'll have to take you to Café Beaujolais. I've had breakfast/brunch & lunch there, but not dinner. Dinner seems very expensive to me but the food is probably superb. Margaret Fox, the owner, lives down the road from me but our paths crossed only once when she gave a talk at Study Club.

As I mentioned on the phone, we had a gala time Christmas Day. Since then I've been trying to get some sense of order to the house. All the plants on the deck look pretty sad except for the azaleas. The fuchsias may come up again from the roots. Unfortunately another cold spell is predicted for this weekend.

Judy & Kelley took the girls to Judy's father's place the day after Christmas. I think they were to come back to-day. Jary & Ronnie were going birding, first north, then south. However, the southern expedition was put off as Ronnie had a party last night. I'm having 3 women in for lunch & bridge to-morrow. I planned it originally for a friend who recently moved back here. At dinner time this evening she phoned & said she was ill & had to have blood tests to-morrow. I found a substitute after several phone calls.

I have no plans for New Years except to take down the Christmas decorations. It's been nice this week not to have to go anywhere.

Do you remember Annabel Lee Johnson in Evansville? The Johnsons lived in the white house at the corner of Darmstadt Rd & Evergreen. According to her parents' Christmas letter she is a grandmother. I think she's younger than you, Keith.

Liz Kelly Thomas drove to Broomfield for Christmas. Her daughter is 4<sup>1/2</sup>. They stayed overnight on the way with a friend in Oklahoma City. Jane said she was going back earlier than planned because a blizzard is predicted for this weekend. That's the trouble with Christmas travel. We should bring back railroads though sometimes a bad storm held them back.

Must get to bed. Thanks again for your nice gifts.

Love,  
Mother

January 12, 1991

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The pictures came last week & have been looked at closely. I notice a clump of hosta (plantain lily) at the foot of a pole or tree in the back yard photo. The front hall appears more spacious than the one at 2708 Wilson Drive, and the house across the street resembles the senior Dyer house on Wilson Drive.

I've been dipping into Worthington history a bit & the community seems most interesting. I'm anxious to see it. Probably in early summer.

On February 7 I'm going to visit the Michael Predmores again. Pat is coming out to visit them Jan. 31<sup>st</sup> for a couple of weeks. Esther Meskis is going to the Bay Area to visit her sister then & will take me to Stanford. We will stay about 4 days.

Our extreme cold started soon after Christmas & we've had a couple of days of rain this week—most welcome. My decks have pots of dead plants.

School started up again here last Monday. I haven't seen the girls since Christmas, but Jary dropped in several times over the holidays. He very kindly split kindling for me & split into more manageable pieces some of my firewood.

I haven't done anything very exciting since Christmas. I did have some friends in for lunch & bridge a few days after Christmas & I played bridge a couple of times this past week. I went to a League meeting, a Study Club meeting, & worked at the soup kitchen one day. In between I've been trying to get rid of accumulated junk mail & other paper on my desk to make room for the computer I bought from Jary. In between I've been knitting a sweater for Lena's birthday. It won't be done by Tuesday.

Now I guess we can look forward to war. President Bush painted us into a corner. Mistakes were made many years ago—siding with Iraq when it made war on Iran, arming so many dictators. Now we're cozying up to Syria's head man & will probably regret it in the future. It seems to me the administration should have seen & forestalled Iraq's invasion of Kuwait. It's all very bad business.

I hope all is going well with you. That the MLA meeting was all you hoped for & that your respective jobs are fulfilling. I assume Jonathan has gone back to Wooster & that all is well there.

Much love,

Mother

January 21, 1991

Dear Kathy and Keith—

Your letters and a note from Jonathan came last week and are most welcome. I am glad to hear that the meeting in Chicago went well even if you had no time to

explore the city. I am happy to hear of the good things pertaining to your jobs and about Jonathan's good start at college. I assume you enjoyed the swimming meet at Ohio Wesleyan. By the way, there used to be a good restaurant in Delaware, called Bun's (or Bunn's). The walls used to be decorated with pictures of Ohio Wesleyan athletes.

The insane war started before your letters came. It is sad, indeed, that it came to this. I think the administration did not exhaust all the possibilities for peace, and I fear it will be a long and disastrous undertaking. Saddam Hussein is certainly a difficult person with whom to deal, but George Bush does not appear easy either.

I was interested one day last week to see on C-SPAN the governor of Indiana give his "state of the state" speech. Evan Bayh looks a little like his father. His birthday is the same day as Tony's. He sounded a bit conservative, but he couldn't have got elected in Indiana if he didn't.

I have dipped into the Worthington history book and the town sounds most interesting. I'm assuming that your street was named for one of the prominent Griswolds. I want to see if any of the Worthington Griswolds are in the Griswold data I have. There were 2 and possibly 3 Griswold brothers who came to Connecticut very early. One branch had several governors of the state (not our branch).

Jary and I have talked a little about visiting you as soon as school gets out here. I'm not sure just when that is but it is usually at the end of the second week of June. We might be able to bring the girls, too. Tony and Mary usually teach summer school so it's possible they couldn't make it to Ohio then. But I would like to have us all together if it could be managed. Travel may be restricted, though. One of the members of the choir said last Thursday that he and his wife had planned on going to Europe in May but reservations could not be made. Domestic flights may be restricted, too. I don't suppose that Amtrak goes anywhere near Columbus. It used to go through Toledo.

I am going to visit the Michael Predmores early in February. Pat is coming out to visit them and they have invited me to come down. I am getting a ride with Esther who is going to the Bay Area to visit her sister at the same time.

Mary's mother called me a few days ago. They are going to be in California about the first of February and are going to come up here to see me. She said she

recently learned that a cousin of hers lives in Mendocino. She has never met this cousin nor have I.

You may be interested to know that you share ancestors with Margaret Fuller, Susan B. Anthony, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It's the Williams and Breck line with Ms. Fuller, a very early Ward with Susan Anthony, and the Schuyler line with Mrs. Stanton. Sometime I'll diagram the descents for you.

We finally got a little rain but it is far from enough. I've lost most of my outside plants to the freezing weather before Christmas.

Love,  
Mother

February 1, 1991

Dear Kathy & Keith—

At last we are getting a bit of rain. There have been 3 rainstorms since Christmas, but since we've had about 10 inches less than last year (a low rainfall year) any rain at all is most welcome. Walt & Jim Mayshark are to come to-morrow & it is too bad they'll get to see a soggy Mendocino (hopefully) but we'll take rain anytime we can get it.

Since I talked with you last weekend I've had some thoughts on your situation. It seems to me that it is really a short time since you moved to Ohio & you should let more time elapse before you give up on teaching, especially in light of how long you've wanted such a job. Certainly it will take more time & effort to prepare for classes than if you'd been teaching all along. Jary, who had been teaching kindergarten for six years, has put in a great deal of time preparing for his first grade assignment. A couple of weekends ago he dropped in here briefly before spending time at school.

All courses don't go smoothly. A couple of years ago Tony commented on a course that didn't turn out as planned. With your hiatus in teaching you have to expect more time & effort the first year & perhaps the second. If your department is supportive that should give you comfort & if your fall students gave good evaluations that should bolster confidence.

As for insufficiently prepared students I guess all that can be done there is adapt your course & try to stimulate interest & application.

As for the general atmosphere—you have been living in probably the most intellectually stimulating part of the country. Any move from “the hub of the universe” would involve culture shock. I certainly experienced it when we moved to Terre Haute from New Jersey & I wasted a year being homesick & adjusting. Later I grew quite fond of Indiana. I had assumed that Ohio in 1990 wouldn't be as different from Massachusetts as Indiana was from New Jersey in 1948, but perhaps the country is not as homogenized as I thought.

Another thing your father & I discovered was that as we got older we didn't make as close friends as we did when we were younger—or it took longer. In Toledo I felt I had a lot of organizational acquaintances, but not many friends. Sometimes I feel I did not make enough effort myself to seek people out.

Perhaps you should take some time from work preparation & house settling to do some things just for fun. Not that I am advocating neglect of duty. Take a weekend & drive to Terre Haute & Evansville, explore Ohio, visit the state capitol building.

I do think you should give Ohio & Ohio State more time, before you make any change.<sup>15</sup>

Mendocino County is low on funds. Libraries have been cut to half time—Fort Bragg anyway (it's part of the county system) & there are mutterings about closing them completely. Much of the county's problems can be laid to Prop. 13, but federal subsidies have been cut & also state. There just doesn't seem to be any money for anything but war. It's all pretty discouraging.

I keep remembering World War II & how Germany bombed England almost to pieces, yet the British came back & were on the winning side. It is scary to hear reports of Arab sympathy for Iraq building as a result of the pounding it is taking. Somehow this whole thing was handled badly.

It's become late & I must stop. Tomorrow is the last day to mail a letter for 25¢. That's another mismanaged area, but I won't go into that tonight.

Love,  
Mother



March 4, 1991

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your letter of February 10 has sat here unanswered for far too long. Much of my time has been occupied with cleaning out the “study” to make room for a bridge table & four chairs as I entertained a 3 table group last Thursday. I joined the group last year & this was my first hostessing. I’m at the end of the alphabet. I also had to make room on my desk for the computer I got from Jary.

He has been giving me instruction, & I fear he’s finding me less receptive than his first graders. I should practice each day but it’s hard to find time. Eventually you’ll get a letter done by computer, I hope.

I must admit I’m concerned about your giving up on academia, mostly because it was what you wanted for so long and you were so delighted with the prospect. It won’t be easy to go back and you can’t expect everything to be as it was before. Of course, you may find a situation that is better!

I had a lovely time visiting the Predmores at Stanford. One day Pat & I had lunch with another classmate who lives near Princeton, NJ & was visiting her son who lives in the town next to Palo Alto. This was Lois Arscott—when we lived in New Jersey the Arscotts, Predmores, & Stavelys got together a few times. The Arscotts had 2 boys about the age of you & Tony. Lois’ husband, Jack, was a College of Wooster graduate & taught English (I think) at Princeton High. One of the Arscott boys went to COW. One evening the Predmores had a dinner guest who is a professor at University of Madrid spending a semester at Stanford. Another evening there were guests from Seattle visiting a son in the Bay Area. This couple gave sanctuary in their homes to refugees from Central America. Pat said that both Richard & Jim complain about poorly prepared students.

We finally got some rain—3½ inches since last Wednesday. On Saturday the rain was accompanied by high wind which caused lots of fallen trees on wires. I was without power from 9 AM Saturday until 10:15 AM Sunday. Other areas were without power even longer. A neighbor who cooks with gas invited me to dinner Saturday night & I cooked an egg & heated water for coffee on the woodstove Sunday morning.

Jary took Zaidee to Petaluma last Saturday to a 4H rabbit show. They had to be there at 7:30 AM which meant getting up at 4 AM. Zaidee’s rabbit got a best of breed award. So I guess it was a successful trip.

The war seems to have ended & George Bush is getting all kinds of praise. The next thing will be devising a peace which does not lay groundwork for a future war. And I suppose now there will be no chance of cutting down on armaments. Weap-onry we can have, but schools, libraries, decent medical care for everyone, affordable housing, good roads, pollution control, environmental protection are too expensive. Now I see President Bush is going to make another trip abroad.

It’s getting late so I must get to bed. There will be a bridge game here tomorrow afternoon. Fortunately I can stay home in the morning to get things ready.

Love,  
Mother

The history of Worthington book presents a picture of an interesting community. I’ve enjoyed reading it very much.

March 30, 1991

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Jary just phoned with some pretty exciting news. Jessie has been accepted to an international student exchange & will spend her junior year in Norway. The program is called Youth for Understanding. Jary said she applied for an English speaking country but got Norway. I’ve always wanted to go to the Scandinavian countries. Maybe I should try to go next year.

As you probably know, Jary is taking the girls to Grand Canyon next week. His North High pal, Wilbert Campbell, lives in Phoenix & offered Jary the use of a car.

Things have been pretty busy here—meetings, bridge games, etc. I’m sort of catching on to the computer & have been putting in another Staveley family each day. Next one to do is the William Staveley who went to Ireland from England in the 17<sup>th</sup> century.

The New England Historic Genealogical Society has had a trip to Salt Lake City each fall for several years. This year it is Oct. 27 – Nov. 2. I’m thinking about

going. The Mormons have experts on various countries & I might be able to find out something about the German ancestors. Since you will be moving this summer & Tony & Mary have a complicated summer (Mary will spend 6 weeks in Washington, DC) I think I won't try to go east this summer. I might go east early in October & visit you & Tony & then take in Salt Lake on the way home. I'd get to see fall color again & maybe you'll be more or less settled. If this won't be convenient, let me know.

Last Thursday was Grandparents Day at Mendocino Grammar School. I visited Lena's class. There was also an assembly in which Jary's first graders sang two songs about dinosaurs. In Lena's room the grandparents were asked to tell about their school days. One of Lena's classmates said she had 5 grandmothers & said her mother's father had been married six times! A commentary about modern society, I guess.

I hope your house sells soon. With all the redecorating you've done it must look pretty good. And I hope interesting jobs appear, too. The Cambridge Public Library would certainly involve a short commute. The one time I visited their genealogical department, I thought it needed attention. It seemed pretty disorganized.

The rains stopped a few days ago & it's been warmer & sunny. This afternoon, however, it clouded up so it may be a rainy Easter. It just poured on Palm Sunday. I have to sing at two services to-morrow. A committee will give us breakfast between services. In the afternoon I'm going to a potluck with Jary & Ronnie & in the evening to theater with Esther & another woman.

I hope the spring tornados skip Ohio.

Love,  
Mother

April 17, 1991

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Keith's letter explained your trip to Lancaster, PA, about which I was curious from Kathy's card & gift.<sup>16</sup> I've already tried the corn pudding recipe. Thank you!

To-morrow I'm leaving for San Pedro & the state LWV convention. There will be three of us. Two of us will come back Sunday. The other one is going on the state board & will be staying on another day or so for a board meeting. It will be nice to go as a delegate instead of as an observer.

For the past month & a half I've been putting ancestors into the computer. The enclosed chart is a sample of what the program can do. It can't do more than 10 generations so this one begins with the William Stavely who left England during the reign of Charles I. He was born between 1638 & 1655 but the printer took only the 1638. The number after each name is the number in which each name was entered into the computer. Same for the number after each marriage. Numbers in parenthesis are birthdates when known. I haven't put Beckie & the McCalmonts in yet. Right now I'm working on the Saxes, Wisners, Boards & Woods. I'm not sure how the first cousin marriages among the Boards will go. The computer (or I) may not be able to cope with that! It's sort of fascinating to work it out.

The sun has been out for most of the past week but it hasn't been very warm & the wind has been strong. In spite of this the wildflowers are in bloom. Unfortunately, deer have eaten most of my clintonia buds & there were a lot of them.

Love,  
Mother

May 14, 1991

Dear Keith, Kathy, & Jonathan—

Last Saturday afternoon a lovely floral arrangement came to my house, and you are responsible for it. There are large pink carnations, small yellowish pink carnations, a lot of very small white asters, & a lavender something I don't recognize. They are all in an attractive white bowl that will be useful in future. Thank you!!

It was a very pleasant day. Jary took me out to lunch at the Sea Gull & then I was a guest at Ronnie's for dinner, as were Jary & the girls. I had not seen the girls in some time. Jessie had been to the prom the night before. She had gone with three girl friends. Apparently, at Mendocino High one can attend the prom without a date. Jessie had been in Santa Cruz the weekend before for some orientation to

foreign studenthood. The only specific she mentioned was that in Norway, it is very poor manners to put a slice of bread on top of an open-face sandwich.

A week or so ago I bought a small white rhododendron to replace the princess plant that appears dead as a result of freezing. At choir practice I heard a couple of basses comment that their princess plants were coming up from the roots. So last Saturday Jary put the rhododendron in another spot & I'll wait longer to see if the princess plant comes back. A few more fuchsias are sending up shoots from the roots so I guess I shouldn't throw out the pots of apparently dead fuchsias yet. It hasn't been very warm here yet. We've had lots of sunshine but it has been accompanied by strong winds.

To-day I got a change of address card from the Ellingsons. They've apparently moved to an apartment. I can't find their new street on the old Evansville map I have but the zip code is the same so I assume it's on the east side. I expect the house & grounds got too much for them to handle.

I have been wondering when Jonathan's college is over & where he is. I may phone you to find out where to send a birthday remembrance.

Tony phoned Sunday. Jotham is working in a health food store & doing a lot of reading. Rachel is considering colleges & apparently Smith is her preference at present. She doesn't want to go far from home.

Tim Kelly sent me some of Andy's honey & packets of tea, all done up attractively in a basket. He wrote that he had filtered & bottled the honey (his kitchen was sticky for 2 weeks). He said the honey is from "the apiaries of A. E. & T. J. Kelly" so Tim may be trying to market the honey. It has a very nice flavor, much nicer than the commercial honey I've bought here. I use that for baking & Andy's honey for bread or rolls.

Last Saturday a woman who likes to photograph wildflowers took some pictures in my yard. She was visiting a League member. In recent years a couple of rare & very small things have appeared in the yard. Not pretty but interesting. One has no chlorophyll & I thought it was a fungus the first time I saw it.

I hope you are all well & that things are moving smoothly.

Love,  
Mother

June 15, 1991

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I hope your prospective buyers of your house have no trouble in securing financing so that the sale goes through smoothly. In addition, I hope the job interviews turn out happily. Amesbury looks like quite a commute from Cambridge.

I had a nice thank you note from Jonathan in which he mentioned getting through his first year with a B average.

Perhaps Jary has told you that he will be moving in July. He's going to rent a house belonging to Alice Wittig, the head school librarian & Lena's godmother. It is a two-bedroom house across Comptche Rd. from Judy's & down the road a bit. He will have room to have visitors. His mailing address will remain the same, I guess.

School ended here yesterday. Lena was in a dance revue last Saturday & Sunday. She was in a tap dance group. All the girls were in a performance of Gloriana highlights a couple of weeks before that. Gloriana is the name of our local "opera" company.

Jessie flies to Norway from Newark, about August 1<sup>st</sup>. Another Mendo High girl is going to Germany on the same program at the same time so they expect to travel together as far as Newark. At least that was the plan when Jary told me about it a week or so ago.

I see you've been having temperatures in the high 80's & even up to 90°.

I hope your move back to Cambridge goes without undue trouble.

Love,  
Mother

Sunday AM—someone from Worthington phoned in on a C-SPAN program this morning—name something like Hauhausen.

July 31, 1991

Dear Keith & Kathy—

About 9:30 this morning Jary & Jessie came for my car & set off for S. F. where they are spending the night. Early to-morrow morning Jessie flies to Newark & a hour later flies to Norway. Jary's car has become unreliable (something about

the head gasket) so he wanted my car. Jessie looked a bit pale, I thought, but it may have been the black raincoat & black hat she was wearing.

I finally got to see Jary's house a couple of weeks ago. Jessie had a party there—6 teenagers plus Jessie, the Zvolenskys, Mike Moreland & 2 girls, Alice Wittig (Jary's landlady & Lena's godmother), Ronnie & visiting cousins (2), & me Judy, Kelley, Zaidee, & Lena. There is a big yard—badminton net up plus croquet. 8 cars parked easily. He has 4 rooms plus a shed-like room back of the kitchen—LR, kitchen (divided by a half partition), 2 bedrooms, plus 2 carpeted rooms in the water tower. He has taken some of my surplus & Judy's & frequented yard sales. The day before the party he got a very nice barbecue for \$1.00. Everyone brought something to cook & the youngsters made ice cream—4 freezers, some electric, some hand cranked. A good time was had by all. Between my place & Jary's there is room for all Stavelys at once. We'd better make plans for next year.

The music festival ended last Saturday. I went to 9 of the 12 concerts. The last one I went to was music of south India. I found the music rather monotonous. The second half was livelier than the first, being dance music. There was a flute, violin, percussion, & voice. A young man who made coffee & acted as a guide for the tent stayed here off & on.

Thursday morning—

I hope Kathy's job proves congenial & interesting & challenging. It is an advantage to be within walking distance.<sup>17</sup>

Now that things have settled down here a bit, I'll put my mind to making reservations for going east.

I had expected to go out for lunch & bridge to-day, but the hostess just called to cancel. She has a bad cold. The fog is lifting a bit so I may do some long deferred yard work.

Love,  
Mother

August 16, 1991

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The pace has slowed considerably here but I can't say I've accomplished much in the way of getting done long deferred chores. I've just enjoyed laziness.

A couple of days ago I went with 5 others to Hendy Woods State Park (near Boonville) to help celebrate Esther Meskis' birthday with a picnic. It was sunny & warm but not hot & a most enjoyable day. The park was not crowded. This has been the foggiest & coldest summer since I've been here. It was a real treat to be in sunshine.

Judy called this evening to read the message on a postcard from Jessie. She has been with her family for a week or ten days. The tone of the message was upbeat. She & her "sister" Guro were about to make some cookies. In celebration of the grandfather's birthday they were all going to Cyprus & Jessie needed permission to go so Judy was going to phone her this evening. Judy needed to phone Jessie on another matter anyway. Jessie had phoned a couple of times but the connection was poor on one. She had a few days of orientation at an institute in the mountains before she went to her family, named Fossom. They live in Nyrvoll, which is apparently a suburb of Oslo. The Fossoms had taken her to Oslo sightseeing.

I have reservations to fly to Boston on Sunday October 6<sup>th</sup> on United flight 20 arriving in Boston at 8:53 PM. I'll depart Boston on United flight 343 at 8:30 AM on October 27. I hope this does not inconvenience you too much.

Last Friday Jary & Ronnie took me out to dinner & to a slide show about the Mendocino Coast & the depression. The slide show was put together by a class at College of the Redwoods to coincide with a Smithsonian traveling exhibit of photographs about the WPA & the arts. The slide show was very good. There was also a speaker about the WPA, a professor at Humboldt State U. in Eureka. The slide show depicted various WPA projects in the area & also CCC projects & had interviews with people who lived here during the depression. One member of the audience suggested the show be videotaped & sent to President Bush. Many people clapped.

I see the president claims that to extend unemployment benefits would gut the budget. He had no hesitation, however, about gutting the budget for the Persian Gulf war. He seems to think that any program to help people or the environ-

ment is too expensive, but millions spent on “defense” is quite justified. It’s all pretty discouraging.

It’s now Saturday & I must hurry to get this in the mail.

Love,  
Mother

September 2, 1991

Dear Keith, Kathy, & Jonathan—

Your package arrived two days before my birthday but I saved it to open on the appointed day. I’ve read several chapters in the Yankee boyhood book & the chapter on New Haven in the New England tales book. I’ve enjoyed all that I’ve read so far. Thank you for the phone call also.

I hope the trip to Wooster went smoothly & that Jonathan is comfortably situated for his second year with interesting & stimulating courses in view. I looked at a map in an effort to determine what route you took. I hope the holiday traffic was not too bad.

The New England Historic Genealogical Society recommends that in preparation for the Salt Lake City trip one goes to a local LDS library to check catalogues, etc. for data indices of areas one wants to research. The nearest LDS library here is in Ukiah. Unfortunately it was closed most of the summer due to remodeling & now I find in September it is open only on Tuesdays & Thursdays & I have commitments on those days. So I was wondering if there is an LDS library in your area I could visit. The main reason is to save time before one gets to Salt Lake.

A couple of women who belong to the local genealogical society gave me a couple of newspaper clippings about interesting Crandalls. One was about Prudence Crandall who in the early 1830’s opened a school for Negro girls in Canterbury, CT. The townspeople were outraged, put her in jail, vandalized her house & forced her to close the school. She left town & went to Kansas eventually. Recently I splurged & bought a copy of the Crandall genealogy (\$80.00) & looked up Prudence. She was third cousin of my great grandfather Welch Crandall. The other clipping was about an Irving Crandall & his wife who owned & lived on the Crandall property that old Elder John bought from the Narragansett Indians in the 17<sup>th</sup> century. The

town of Westerly, RI increased the taxes so much they couldn’t pay so instead of selling the land to developers (much of it is boggy) they have given it to the Narragansett tribe.

Summer has finally come to Mendocino. We’ve had four or five days of warm sunny weather recently. This has been the coldest and foggiest summer since I’ve been here. People who have lived here longer than I have say it’s the coldest they’ve experienced, too.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 14, 1991

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I have enjoyed very much the mementos you sent from Greene & your account of your visit there. I hope Kathy was favorably impressed. It is hard to be objective about Greene since I always liked it so much. Perhaps if I had lived there it would not have had the glamor it had when I visited there.

I suppose you know that the “Princess Go-won-go” lived in our house, too. She became a “princess” after she became part of Buffalo Bill’s Wild West Show. She was the daughter of Dr. Allen Mohawk & his wife Lydia. (Her name may have been Lydia, too.) My father said that once when he was a boy the “princess” came to the door & said she had lived in the house as a girl. I am under the impression she had lived in both houses but when the historic marker was put up it went in front of the Gray’s house which is much more attractive. When I was very young the Gray’s house was owned by some people named Merrill who owned a grocery store I think. Charlie Gray & his first wife bought the place in the 1920’s & fixed it up considerably. Our house was assembled rather than built. Two small houses were moved to the site & combined. I’ve seen a picture of it when my grandparents first had it & it looked very much like the Ingraham house next door (south). Grandpa & Grandma did several remodelings & Aunt Mary made it into a two family after Grandma died.<sup>18</sup>

Aunt Jane was glad to get your postcard. She had occasion to phone me.

Jonathan's dormitory is very attractive. Thank you for his address. I hope he has a great year.

Jary seems rather tired after his first week of school. He has a larger class & less aide time. Budget cuts have meant changes in Mendocino schools. A parcel tax was defeated last spring.

A week ago we had a few days of sunshine & warmth (up to 70° F) but the fog has come back & it's clammy & cold.

I will be leaving here the afternoon of Oct. 5<sup>th</sup> & will stay overnight with friends who live near Santa Rosa airport from which I start my trip east.

Hope all goes well for you.

Love,  
Mother

November 19, 1991

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It has been hard to get back to the usual routine after the delightful time I had at your place & Tony's. The week in Salt Lake was most interesting & I gained good information along with many new mysteries.

Nov. 21, 1991

I didn't get very far the other day as you can see.

I really enjoyed my stay in Cambridge & Northfield. I certainly had royal treatment. The colorful top I bought at Cambridgeside Galleria has been much admired. Also the blue dress which is very comfortable.

Thanks for all the Keith data, though I'm not sure if it all pertains to your Zephaniah Keith. According to a Xerox I have of a page from the Pittsford, VT history, Zephaniah Keith & his sons went to Pittsford from Easton, MA early in the 19<sup>th</sup> century or late 18<sup>th</sup>. There were apparently 4 sons—Israel, Scotland, Daniel, & Alfred. They were apparently iron workers. Later Alfred & at least one brother went to Sheldon, VT where they had a foundry. The data you sent states that Capt. Zephaniah Keith committed suicide in 1803. Perhaps there was more than one Zephaniah Keith.

I found the death record of Martha Jane Kelly, your Grandfather Stavely's mother. She was 52 years old when she died in 1877 (Nov. 12) & was born in Ireland. So she would have been born in 1825. She died of paralysis. The death records at the time did not require the names of parents unless the deceased was under 12 years of age.

The data on my Grandmother Hauck's family is pretty confusing. I found her baptismal record & that of her brother Rafael (after they came to this country he became Robert) & her sister Caroline. There was also a Magdalena Bachle, daughter of Friedolin, but the mother was given as Elizabeth Siebold instead of Elizabeth Schmiedle. One of the baby's sponsors was a widow named Siebold (other Siebolds were sponsors of Raphael & Caroline) so I suppose whoever wrote the record could have made a mistake. A NEHGS member who helped me with the German script & translation said it was customary at that time for sponsors to be relatives. I did not find a marriage record for Friedolin Bachle & Elizabeth Schmiedle. Elizabeth Schmiedle was supposed to have a brother Johann Schmiedle, but the only Johann Schmiedle I found was pretty young to have been a brother of Elizabeth. It was among his forebears that several illegitimate births occurred.

Things were more orderly among the Haucks (spelled Hauke in the Knielingen records). And the Lutheran records were easier to read. Grandpa Hauck's father was Georg Jacob Hauke. He was born 19 Nov. 1808 & died 18 Mar 1851. He was a master tailor & citizen. On 28 Nov. 1830 he married Marie Salome Knoblauch, daughter of Christian Knoblauch & Anna Maria Schlotz. She (Maria Salome) was born 12 Oct 1809. Georg Jacob Hauke's father was also Georg Jacob, a farmer. He was born 4 Apr. 1771 & died 23 Dec. 1825 in Knielingen. He married Christina Barbara Beüzer on 25 Apr. 1795. Christina died before Georg Jacob did. They had 4 sons (Georg Jacob was the youngest) & one daughter who died young.

Christian Knobloch was born 27 Jan 1759 & died 20 Mar 1818. On 11 Mar 1786 he married Anna Maria Schlotz who was born 29 Oct 1764. They had 3 sons & 2 daughters. Maria Salome was the youngest.

Maria Salome & Georg Jacob Hauke had 2 sons who died in infancy, as well as Grandpa (the youngest) & his brothers Jacob Frederick & Johann Christoff.

In one of the many volumes of *Germans in America* I found a Bachle family that more or less fits Grandma's but the wife is given as Dorothea & there is a baby named Elizabeth. Rafael, Caroline, & Rosa are there but there is a girl with the strange name of Genovefa of the age Magdalena would be. This family came on the Sophie from Bremen to NY on July 1, 1851.

Love,  
Mother

P. S. I made a paperclip bracelet for Fiona & gave Lena the one you gave me. They were very pleased & are planning to make some for their friends for Christmas.

Dec. 11, 1991

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Three small packages have gone to your address this week. I hope they arrive in good condition. I put the last of the out-of-town packages in the mail to-day, perhaps a little earlier than usual for me. Next I start writing cards.

I found the info you sent on dextran most interesting. Apparently it has not proved to be effective in the treatment of AIDS, as yet. I had not heard anything about it before your letter. Your father worked very hard on that product & was disappointed when Commercial Solvents gave up manufacturing it. I've forgotten the details & never quite understood them, but CSC got into some trouble with the gov't over depreciation on the plant they built to make dextran & stopped production rather than pay fines—or something like that. Your father wanted to have CSC assign the patent to him as long as they weren't making the stuff, but they wouldn't. Years later some biochemist told your father that dextran was being widely used & had your father had the patent rights, we might have been quite wealthy.<sup>19</sup>

I had a note with Christmas card from Ed & Maurine Carr who live in Akron. Ed & your father "batched" together at Iowa State & in New Haven until Ed married. I had mentioned your book & Ed apparently got a copy & wrote: "We can now report that yes, indeed, we have seen Keith Stavely's PURITAN LEGACIES and have read it thoroughly and intently, thanks to our good fortune of your having

mentioned it. Initially, I wasn't quite prepared for the excellence and appealing character of his rhetoric, having been conditioned by the general run of contemporary media writing. I expect to return to Keith's book many times." You have impressed one non-academic anyway, & a scientist at that. The Carrs live in Akron, OH.

Jary came by this evening bringing his dinner to eat here. He was elegantly attired in 19<sup>th</sup> century finery for singing carols at Kelley House with Gloriana carolers. Zaidée & Lena did well last weekend in their respective parts in *Elves & Shoemaker*. Zaidée has gone from sweet little girl (2 yrs ago) to a really nasty bully. Lena has one line, looks very pretty & dances nicely.

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 27, 1991

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I am delighted to have the Greene bicentennial calendar & recognize most of the village views even though some predate my memory—like unpaved Genesee St. And the ginger grater is most welcome. I'll probably grate ginger into everything. The biggest surprise is the microwave oven which Jary brought in after we'd opened everything else. It is on the nonfunctional dishwasher now & I've mastered its mechanism enough to reheat leftovers. I hope to get some kind of stand with shelves underneath to replace the dishwasher. Thank you for everything.

We had a pleasant time—& too much food—with Jary, Ronnie, Zaidée, Lena, Judy, Kelley, & Kelley's daughter Fiona. I cooked turkey, dressing & potatoes. Others brought the rest. Judy, Kelley & the girls were to go to Judy's father's, to-day. Jary said he & Ronnie might go birding but the rain started to-day so I suppose they didn't go. My throat began to be sore on Christmas Eve so I haven't been very peppy yesterday or to-day. I suppose Jary has told you he bought a new Mazda. Thought you might like to see Jary in his Gloriana carolers regalia. Ronnie said he looks like a rabbi in the bowler hat. He's the man in the middle. Last Sunday they gave a concert at the Baptist Church in Fort Bragg. Did very well. They have a New Year's Eve engagement.

I assume all is well with you & that you had a bang-up Christmas.

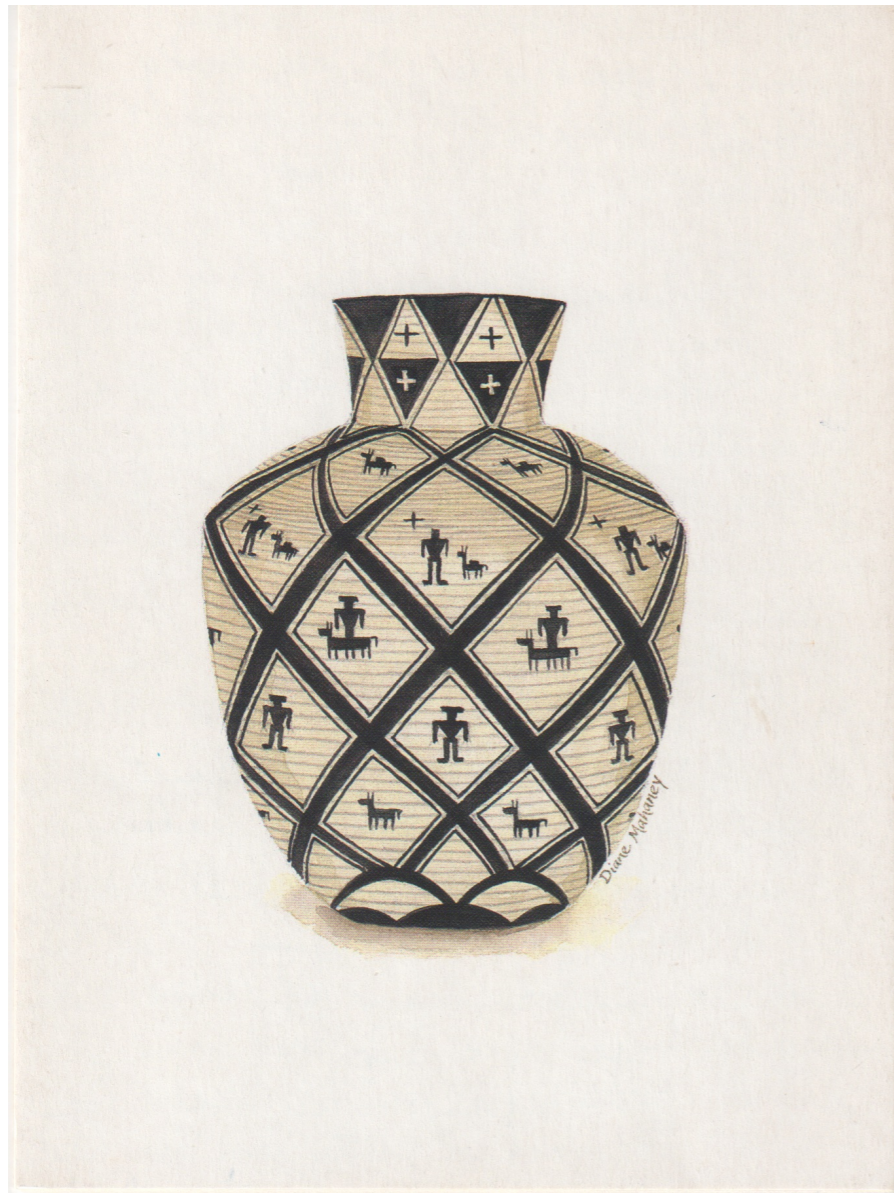
Love,

Mother

Aunt Jane gave me this stationery—it commemorates the 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Mozart's death (or birth) & the music is by him.



# 1992 - 1993



**Diane Mahaney, "Apache Basket"**  
Card used for letter of June 13, 1993



**At Plimoth Plantation, MA, July, 1993**  
Left to Right: Zaidee Stavely (age 14), EWS, Jary Stavely, Lena Stavely (age 11)  
Photo: Keith Stavely

Chapter Five: 1992 -1993

January 11, 1992

Dear Kathy & Keith—

New Years was a little more gala than usual this year. I was invited to have dinner & a bridge game with friends & to stay all night which I did. We did not expect to stay up until midnight but we did. We tried to turn on the TV set at midnight to see San Francisco festivities but the cable company chose not to be functional. Next morning it was on again in time for the Rose Parade. Jary entertained Ronnie & me for lunch on New Years day. He made Hopping John, a more or less southern dish of black eyed peas (really black eyed beans) & rice which is supposed to insure good fortune for the year when eaten on New Years Day. My mother said lentils served the same purpose.

We have had some much needed rain during the holidays. My cold is about gone. Aunt Jane phoned this morning. She has had flu since New Years. Tim & Karla plan to marry March 21<sup>st</sup> in San Diego. Jary & I will probably go down. Tony is going to a meeting in San Diego at the end of February & suggests I go down there as he won't have time to come up here.

Next Thursday I'm taking the bus to San Francisco to spend a few days at Stanford with the Predmores. Pat will be there until early February. I'll get back on the 22<sup>nd</sup> at the latest.

Last Saturday Zaidee & I went to see the movie *Hook*. Jary & Ronnie had seen it & Judy, Kelley, Lena & Fiona had seen it while Zaidee was at a birthday party. She had expected to see *Hook* then but the others at the party wanted to see *Star Trek*. So I took Zaidee. I thought the sound too loud much of the time & that it was longer than necessary. I see so few movies these days that I'm completely out of modern trends.

I am beginning to get the hang of using the microwave. I have learned that in cooking vegetables I need to cook them far shorter than the manual specifies since I cook smaller amounts. I completely dried up some carrots & broccoli at first. It certainly is a convenient appliance.

According to the local paper, there is a new Thai restaurant in Fort Bragg. I'll have to check it out.

Love,  
Mother

February 2, 1992

Dear Keith—

I wrote to Union Dale Cemetery in Pittsburgh but I am no wiser as to Martha Jane Kelly Stavely's parents. Her interment record gives her date of death (which I knew), place of residence (which I knew), & birthplace—Ireland (which I knew). Three Kellys are buried in the plot but the only information is their interment dates. There is a John Kelly buried in 1853, a Thomas Kelly buried in 1863, & a John Kelly buried in 1864. The plot was purchased by a John Kelly on the date of the first John Kelly burial. No other Kelly woman listed. The person who sent me the information said that if I knew Martha Jane's mother's name they would search for it in other plots. Unfortunately, I don't know that. I guess the next thing to do is get census records for 1850 & 1860 & search for a Kelly family with a Martha, Thomas, & 2 Johns. She had a brother James D. Kelly who went to Kansas when the Stavelys did. He was an undertaker & I got his burial record in Salt Lake along with William Stavely's.

My forearm was quite painful this morning but a heating pad helped. It's beginning to ache this evening. I think I'll try to see the doctor to-morrow. Someone suggested I keep it in a sling to keep it immobilized—or to keep me from using it.

Love to all,  
Mother

Feb. 15, 1992

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your news of a job at Fall River is great, indeed.<sup>1</sup> I hope it proves to be as good as it seems in prospect. The long commute seems a drawback to me, but perhaps not so bad in reality. I'll be anxious to hear how everything works out.

No doubt, you are aware of the heavy rainstorms in So. Cal. We've had some much needed rain, too, though no floods. It has rained off & on all day to-day & about half an hour ago it turned very dark. No storm yet but it seems rather ominous.

I may have mentioned when I phoned that I had fallen on my left arm the day before. It didn't hurt very much that day & I may have done things I shouldn't, for the next day it was swollen & a large bruise appeared. A couple of days later I decided to get medical attention. My doctor turned out to be out of town & I was referred to another. This man sent me to the hospital for X-rays. No broken or even cracked bones appeared. The doctor said I should apply heat, hold my forearm up, restrict my driving, & lift nothing heavier than a fork. The bruise faded after 5 or 6 days but the arm is still painful though much less so than a week ago. I'm learning to use my right hand more, but instinct makes me reach for things with the left hand far too often. Anyway, it has slowed me considerably.

Jary & I have reservations to fly from SF to San Diego March 20 & return March 22<sup>nd</sup>. It will be a night flight down, leaving here after school on Friday. We'll have an hour's drive probably after we get to San Diego.

Mendocino schools have a vacation next week. Judy & Kelley are taking the girls to Mount Lassen for skiing. Jary hasn't mentioned any plans he has. My smoke alarm started chirping this afternoon, indicating the battery has run out. In my present state I don't want to take the ladder upstairs to get the alarm down, so I've left a message on Jary's machine. He may not appear for a week.

The microwave is being used nearly every day. Vegetables cooked in it are great, if I don't cook them too long. I tried making oatmeal in it this morning but was not impressed. (I had some wheat cereal mixed with the oats & that did not cook in the time stated for quick oats.) Neither was I impressed with fish I cooked last evening. However, it may have been the fish rather than the oven as I didn't buy the fish at the usual place.

I was given a copy of a series of articles entitled *America, What Went Wrong?* that the *Philadelphia Inquirer* ran last October. If you haven't seen the articles, I suggest you do. The *Inquirer* will send them free but you pay the postage—\$2.15

for one copy; \$4.00 for 26-50 copies. It will make your blood boil unless you are one of the millionaires who have got out of paying any income tax.

Mendocino County is in such financial straits that there is a threat to close the county libraries June 1<sup>st</sup>. Fort Bragg library is open 30 hours a week now. It is a disgrace that in this wealthy country there seems to be no money for amenities for the general public.

Some rain has fallen since I started this & it isn't quite as ominously dark as it was.

Had a note from Becky to-day. She & Arnie are going to Oslo on business soon. And she was excited that George Bush was going to be in Hollis on Sunday.

I had lunch this week at the new Thai restaurant in Fort Bragg. It is far simpler than the place in Cambridge but the food was good.

Must fix some supper.

Love,  
Mother

March 13, 1992

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The latest news here is that Zaidee has had her appendix removed yesterday. I haven't talked to Jary to-day but did talk to Kelley. He said she was a little uncomfortable & bored, & would probably come home to-morrow. Jary called me about 4 PM. yesterday to tell me Zaidee's surgery had occurred less than an hour previously. She apparently became ill Wednesday night—had had no previous indications of trouble.

I was glad to hear that the new job was satisfactory after one week's duration. I hope it continues that way & improves.

I expect you are enjoying Jonathan's spring break or is he not at home that much? Your father used to complain he never saw you boys when you were on college vacations. You were still asleep when he left for work & evenings you were off with your friends.

After 4 weeks my arm returned to normal. After 3 weeks I really noticed a difference.

Ronnie James, the middle one in the enclosed clipping, is Jary's friend. I thought you might like to see what she looks like.

This is turning out to be a busy month. Somehow I got on the hostess committee for 3 different meetings (2 under my belt as of to-day); I'm hosting several bridge sessions, & I'm chairman of the LWV nominating committee. The latter is almost done—just one more member of next year's nominating committee to find. For several days in a row, I baked cookies or coffee cake each day. I still have to make another batch of cookies & a cake for the last week of the month.

Spring flowers are appearing. There are fewer trilliums this year & the blossoms seem smaller. The calypso orchids are starting to appear. Last year I had the most I've ever had. This year I see a lot of leaves & some flower buds. Some plants seem later in appearing this year. We're still getting rain but perhaps not enough yet to make up for 5 or 6 years of drought.

Jary & I go to Carlsbad, CA, next Friday for Tim Kelly's wedding. We're to stay in a condo on the beach. I've been watching San Diego's temperatures in order to plan clothes to take. This week high temperatures have been in the 60's which isn't much warmer than here. Earlier I saw 70's & even 80's there.

Hope all is well with you.

Love,  
Mother

April 8, 1992

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The wedding was very nice. It was in the community building of the building where Karla's parents live. A friend of Tim's has a florist shop & he & his wife did all the flowers. The minister was a Lutheran—Karla's family is more or less Lutheran, I guess—and it was a very nice homily. Did I write all this?

Jary & I went to see Aunt Martha & had lunch with her. She seemed frailer but more mentally alert than when Tony & I saw her 2 years ago.

Jessie is having a great time in Norway. She has fallen in with a group of Scouts, male & female, & had gone on a winter camping event. One of her girl friend's birthdays is close to hers & they were planning a joint party. Jessie & her

friend were making 80 meat pies for the event. I fear Mendocino will seem dull when she gets back. She wrote me that her host parents thought her grades were good enough so she could cut more classes—though she said she thought they were kidding.

Wildflowers are in bloom & rhododendrons are beginning to bloom. It's been sunny & warm—warm for here, that is.

Happy Easter—

Love,  
Mother

United Flight 189

June 8, 1992

Dear Kathy & Keith—

In about an hour we should be landing at SFO. It's been a bit rough since Chicago.

My flight to Washington Dulles left 20 minutes late but I made my connection there all right. The flight was early into Durham & Pat wasn't there to meet me, but as I picked up my bag I thought I saw her drive by so I went outside to some seats & she soon appeared, having driven a fairly large circle back to the entrance area.

The day after I got to Pat's she had a coffee for her neighbors & one woman lived in Binghamton for awhile & knew someone I knew—well I didn't know him, he was younger than I but I knew the family. On Friday Pat had a bridge party. One day we went to the Duke art museum & we were taken out to dinner a couple of times. One of our hosts was Dot & Grey Kornegay whom I knew in Evansville. They moved to Durham when Grey retired. They are moving in the fall to the same retirement complex that Pat is moving to. By the way, I played bridge with David Gergen's mother—a very nice lady who is also moving to the same place.<sup>2</sup> About half of Pat's friends are moving to the same place. We drove around it one day—an enormous complex of apartments & cottages. Pat is having a one-bedroom & den apartment & the Kornegays are having a 2 bedroom & den cottage.

It rained the first 2 days in Durham, then went up into the 90's. We went swimming one day—or I did—Pat thought the water too cold—in the pool at the de-

velopment where Pat lives. She hasn't sold the place yet but there were several lookers while I was there. It's a lovely place—3 bedrooms, den, 2½ baths besides a spacious living/dining room, nice kitchen with dining area with a brick walled patio outside.

We were taken to a new barbecue place one evening & it was very good but one got only one kind of meat with one's meal. Another night it was seafood & the first thing the waiters brought was a basket of hush puppies.

I enjoyed your hospitality a great deal. It was a great luxury to be able to sit & read without feeling guilty. Thank you for providing the books I'd been wanting to read.

I hope all is going well, that a paycheck has arrived<sup>3</sup> & that Jonathan has found a summer job.

Hope to hear from you soon,

Love,  
Mother

6/13/92—Your letter came the day after I talked with you. Zaidee graduated from 8<sup>th</sup> grade Friday morning. I had a luncheon date (made before I went east) & left as soon as she went up for her diploma. Jary bought an old player piano while I was gone & is now in the chorus of *Oliver*. Someone dropped out & he was asked to fill in. He has his first rehearsal to-morrow. He also has a small part.

July 23, 1992

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It's nice that you are seeing Sandy Mack again. I'm sure you enjoyed his visit with you.<sup>4</sup>

I'm a little surprised that the Lizzie Borden case took place only 100 years ago. I would have guessed it occurred earlier in the 19<sup>th</sup> century than that.

The music festival which began on the 14<sup>th</sup> ends this Saturday. A percussionist has been staying here—a nice young man who grew up in Clifton, NJ, who now lives in the Bay area. I've gone to most of the concerts & have enjoyed them a great deal. Last Thursday evening, while walking toward Little Lake Rd. to meet a ride, I

slipped on some loose gravel & fell, banging up one knee pretty good. I broke the skin & bruised it, too. My friends are both nurses so they cleaned up my wound & applied medication & a large bandaid. After they dropped me off at the festival tent & parked the car, one of them went in the bar across the street & begged some ice in a plastic bag, so I sat through the concert with ice on my knee. That probably kept the swelling down & now, except for scabs on my knee, I'm pretty much back to normal.

Last Sunday afternoon I went to see *Oliver* & I can report that the Stavelys acquitted themselves well. Jary has a small solo as a knife grinder. Zaidee looked very pretty as a "doxy" in a tavern. However, I think she is a little young to be playing a strumpet. In one of the tavern scenes Jary is a drunken sailor but since I hadn't heard about that I didn't notice him. (He told me about it after I saw the show.) I'll have to go again to see that. Now I want to read or reread the book.

Jessie is adjusting to life in Mendocino, I guess. She is taking driver's training & has had a little work sewing on buttons & hemming for a friend of Judy's who does weaving & fashions clothing from the cloth she makes. She wove & made the dress I wore at Tony & Mary's wedding. Jessie has a beautiful & colorful Norwegian sweater her Norwegian friends gave her. She had her hair cut shoulder length in Norway & I think it very becoming. It seems to curl more since it's shorter.

Lena is taking swimming lessons & had her hair cut shoulder length recently. I think it looks better than when it was longer. Her hair is slippery & was always straggling out of anything she used to keep it out of her eyes. I had lunch at Jary's yesterday with him & the girls. He had a few figs from a tree in his yard. The blue jays have eaten many of them.

The library in Fort Bragg will be open until the end of September. The Friends of the Library are hoping to find some way to keep it open on a volunteer basis if the county cuts all funding. We have certainly come to a pretty pass in this country when all civic amenities are being cut out of public funds.

I don't know if Perot's dropping out is good or bad. The thought of him as president was pretty scary, but he might have taken enough votes from Bush to give Clinton a better chance.

It groweth late so I'll close here—

Love,  
Mother

August 8, 1992

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Enclosed is an article about Mt. Auburn cemetery & one of the invitations Jary printed for the affair on the 22<sup>nd</sup> (halfway between Esther's & my birthday).<sup>5</sup>

I decided to go ahead with the sigmoidoscopy.<sup>6</sup> I haven't heard results yet. As it turned out they didn't give me any sedation & I found the gas that developed quite painful. The doctor was a woman who comes from S. F. from time to time to do assorted tests. I had been told to have someone drive me home as I would be sedated. So Jary took me up & spent much of the day in Fort Bragg until they released me. My appointment was for 11 AM, but it was 12:45 PM before they took me. I would have been quite capable of driving home. Jary bought things for dinner & cooked here for Jessie, Zaidee, & me. Lena was at music camp this week with Judy & Kelley. Zaidee had to stay here because of *Oliver* & Jessie has had a variety of summer jobs. The day I had the sigmoidoscopy we dropped Jessie off for a baby sitting job on the way. She also has done button sewing & hemming for a local weaver & clothing maker—the woman who made the dress I wore to Tony & Mary's wedding. She was getting things ready to take to a show in S. F.

There was a lot of fog in July—not quite as much as last summer—but the past week it has been lovely & warm (in the 70's). I had a tree taken down the past week & some others limbed so my yard has more light. The tree was by the downstairs bathroom & the limbs were touching the roof, as were most of the limbs I had removed. The fire marshall frowns on trees that are close to houses. It will be interesting to see what comes up in areas that have been deeply shaded.<sup>7</sup>

Liz Kelly Thomas was to be married last Monday & I haven't heard that the wedding didn't come off. It was to be a civil ceremony in Boulder as annulment of her (& maybe his) previous marriage had not come through. Her new husband is Steve Crabtree (?) His name begins with C & if it isn't Crabtree, it's similar. He works for Texas Instruments, is an engineer, I think. He's been married twice before & has 2 sons of college age, or near so. He has six acres in the country on

which he built a house & Liz will have a much shorter commute to school. A neighbor of Jane's, who has a mountain cabin, gave Liz & Steve use of her cabin so they were going there after the wedding & Charlotte was staying with Jane. Liz, Steve, & Charlotte were going back to Texas this weekend.

The library in Fort Bragg is scheduled to close at the end of September. The county budget is providing no funds for the county libraries. They are also cutting funds to the coast mental health clinic. Yet they propose to spend \$200,000 - \$300,000 on a new computer system for the county. I think it's outrageous. The parcel tax on the June primary ballot got a 58% approval but short of the 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ % mandated by the nefarious Proposition 13. The supervisors didn't put the computer system on the ballot. If  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the electorate should approve that, the public is stupider than I think.

And if Bush is reelected I'll be convinced the public is mad—insane, that is.

Enough soapboxing.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 13, 1992

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The enclosed photos were taken at the party. I picked ones that showed Jary's yard & the setup so you might get some idea of what the event was like. I've had many comments on what a nice birthday party it was. Kelley took 2 rolls of film at the party. I took several pictures of the setup before any guests arrived but they are still in the camera as I haven't finished the roll & probably won't until the upcoming trip.<sup>8</sup>

We are staying at the Shawmut Inn, at Kennebunkport, Maine on October 4<sup>th</sup>. I don't know what time we will get there but we're scheduled to have a clambake that evening.<sup>9</sup> The night of October 5<sup>th</sup> we stay at the Holiday Inn Crown Plaza, Stamford, CT. I hope to Xerox the itinerary to-morrow & send it to you.

The past week has been quite interesting. I housed & fed Rev. Adolfo Ham, a Cuban Presbyterian minister now working for the Caribbean Council of Churches in Barbados. The Mission Committee of the local church thought it a good idea to

have someone from the 3<sup>rd</sup> World minister to us, so Dr. Ham is with us for September. When I was asked to keep him for a week I was told he would be at the church each day & I would be responsible for his breakfast & dinners. As things turned out he wasn't at the church at all except for a few hours on Tuesday. So he was here most of the week. He was taken to a Rotary Club meeting one day & to a Spanish class one evening. We were both invited out to dinner one evening & to lunch yesterday. He is a very interesting person, very well educated & traveled, and a very nice guest. But I spent more time than I expected cooking & less in trip preps. Jary joined us one evening at dinner. Dr. Ham came to me last Sunday afternoon & left this afternoon to stay with another parishioner. So far, though, he doesn't seem to have much contact with the congregation. He has been giving a talk to an adult Sunday School class & is to preach 2 Sundays.

Diana & I will drive to her daughter's next Saturday morning, take the Airporter to SFO, get the motel van from there to a motel & next morning back to SFO for a 6:30 AM departure. Hope your Cape Cod sojourn has been restful & enjoyable.

Love,  
Mother

9/25/92

—————Postcard from Cap-des-Rosiers, Gaspé Peninsula, Quebec

We passed this lighthouse yesterday. Had lunch in this national park. Lots of spectacular views of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, rocky cliffs, forested hills just beginning to turn color. We've had sunshine & rain, heat, humidity, & cold winds. Good trip so far.

Mother

October 25, 1992

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I greatly appreciate your coming to Kennebunkport to see Jane & me. It was one of the highlights of the trip. I wish, though, we had been scheduled to get there 24 hours earlier; then you could have arranged to stay all night.

I think our "clambake" was all done in the kitchen, but it was very good. I thought my lobster was better flavored than those I had in Canada.

Jane & I went into Kennebunkport with Linda<sup>10</sup> the next morning. Jane was looking for a handpainted tie for Liz. One of Liz's friends had one she got in Maine & Jane had looked for such all through the trip. No one in Kennebunkport had any either, but I found something for Rachel's birthday. Like Mendocino, many of Kennebunkport's boutiques don't open until 10 AM & we were leaving then so our shopping was somewhat limited. In spite of its vast tourism the town has many attractive old houses. Before leaving town we drove to Walker's Point & viewed the President's home from across a small bay. It is one of those large shingled "cottages," neither larger nor smaller than others in the area.

It has been hard to get back to normal life here & lots of chores have piled up.

I thought you might like to see what Jary's house looks like. I took the pictures the day of the party but before guests arrived.

Jessie's picture was on the front page of the local paper & friends have given me extra copies.<sup>11</sup> Jary said their trip to Minnesota was good. They were both most impressed by Carleton. Jary said he would like to go there himself. This week Judy has taken Jessie to Oregon & Washington to look at Reed College, Lewis & Clark, & Evergreen. I guess Jessie plans to apply to U. of Cal. at Santa Cruz as well as other colleges.

Carol Perkins, who was on your father's staff at the Institute in Toledo sent me the clipping about molecule p59. She said Margot, your father's secretary sent it to her. (Carol is now retired & living near Rochester, NY, her home town.) Lee Faber was working with your father on the progesterone receptor research & took over the research when your father died. So I guess one could say your father started this. I had wondered if the research was still going on & what had resulted. Your father had in mind a different kind of birth control if they could find out how progesterone receptors work. One never knows where research will lead.<sup>12</sup>

I must confess that I forgot to fill in the thing at the Shawmut Inn that might have won a free stay there. I read it over & put it aside to fill in later & then completely forgot it until we were many miles from Kennebunkport. I enclose the bro-

chure for you to add to your travel file. Also Linda McNicoll's brochure of her guide service.

Tony phoned me after you left. I had hoped they would spend Christmas here but it doesn't look possible. Partly a matter of time between end of the semester & their leaving & partly a matter of cost as their ticket permits one stop en route to Australia & they have to fly out of Los Angeles instead of San Francisco. Come to think of it, we flew out of L. A. too. I hope they are flying on Quantas. I think it the nicest airline I've been on.<sup>13</sup>

It has been quite warm here since I got back. There was rain a couple of days ago, but most of the time it's been warm & sunny—more summerlike than in July & August.

Jary will spend to-morrow chauffeuring. Lena has a soccer game in Fort Bragg & Zaidee is in the pep band & it's homecoming at Mendocino High. There was a chance I'd get to do the driving if Jary had to take his calendar pages to Eureka to-morrow.<sup>14</sup> He hasn't called, so far (it's late Friday afternoon) so I guess he'll do all the driving to soccer games & football.

By the way, he has 2 large cartons of player piano rolls. The mechanism on his piano doesn't work but if he ever gets it repaired he's got lots of music—I didn't read titles. Maybe next time I'm out there.

Love,  
Mother

Nov. 14, 1992

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Congratulations on the promotion. I expect the new job will have drawbacks, but I assume you'll be less involved in daycare. How does this affect your transportation?<sup>15</sup>

The Fort Bragg library has been cut to 15 hours a week as of Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>, but the supervisors (county) have increased library funding a little, so maybe this won't last long.

The election came out pretty well for us here—almost everyone I voted for got elected. The propositions on the ballot didn't fare so well from my viewpoint, but

the worst one, which would have given the governor almost unlimited power over the budget, lost, thank goodness.

I have listened to & watched a lot of C-SPAN programs & have been amazed & disheartened by the large number of callers who bemoan Gov. Clinton's election. Many have predicted a moral morass & likened the U. S. to Sodom & Gomorrah. Maybe you've heard them, too.

A week ago I was at Jary's for Zaidee's birthday "brunch." Jessie came late as she had to take an achievement test. She scored higher on her SAT tests than Jary did. In math she got 790 out of a possible 800. Jary indicated she has expressed some interest in the natural sciences. She wanted to take advanced biology this year, but it wasn't being given (disadvantage of a small school) & is taking physics which she doesn't like (or didn't some time ago). I don't blame her—I hated it when I took it in college, didn't understand it then, & don't now.

Lena has been playing on a soccer team—recreation district program, not school. Last week she was nursing an injured ankle.

I see by to-night's news that snow was falling in the northeast. Hope it was a light fall & not a blizzard. It has been cold here most of this week, but no rain. I had a slight cold this week but it seems to be waning. When I started sneezing I just cancelled everything & concentrated on drinking liquids. Made some chicken soup, too. So as colds go, it didn't amount to much. Now that I've written that, it may reappear to-morrow full force.

I called Aunt Martha to-day since I hadn't heard from her in a month. She has been laid up for 2 or 3 weeks with a sore leg. Another resident banged into her with a walker. Martha was getting out of the elevator & the other woman, using a walker, ran into Martha while entering the elevator. No bones broken but I guess her leg is quite bruised. She has to wear an ace bandage most of the time & keep her leg elevated.

Jessie plans to apply to Carleton College, Evergreen College in Washington (state) & University of California at Santa Cruz. She & Judy made a trip to Oregon & Washington to visit colleges & liked Evergreen the best. She may also apply to Reed College.



Next weekend the Study Club bazaar comes off. I knit a couple of items & finished a couple of children's sweaters that were given to us. There's a play to-morrow night—the last of the season.

Hope all is well with you—

Love,  
Mother

December 13, 1992

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Day before yesterday I put 3 packages in the mail for you. They should arrive before Christmas. You should also get a package from Harry & David, & another from Breck's.

We had a pleasant Thanksgiving at Judy's house. There were Judy, Kelley, & the girls plus Kelley's daughter Fiona, Jary, Ronnie & me. Since it was Jary's birthday the girls wanted to entertain him. Jessie made pumpkin pies which were brought in with candles.

Christmas festivities will probably be at my house. I suggested it to Jary today & he will speak to Judy or I will. Ronnie's 2 sons will be here plus a friend of one of them, so we will be quite a group.

Then on the 27<sup>th</sup> Tony, Mary, Ila, & May are to arrive. Perhaps you already know their plans. Ila flies to SF on the 22<sup>nd</sup>, Mary & Tony on the 25<sup>th</sup>. They will be with May that night, go to Cloverdale on the 26<sup>th</sup>, come here on the 27<sup>th</sup>, & go back to SF on the 28<sup>th</sup> & fly to Australia that night. It's a long flight so maybe they will sleep most of the way.

This afternoon I saw the Christmas musical in which Zaidee plays a tough juvenile delinquent. She did very well, but I must say it's startling to see this sweet faced blonde as a dark haired tough (she has a wonderful black wig). Last Wednesday she had a solo part (clarinet) in one of the numbers the high school band did at the high school music department concert. She did all right.

Jessie seems to have a boy friend. He's the son of the Spanish teacher & she's known him all her life. He's a few months younger than Jessie & a year behind her in school. Jessie, by the way, thinks she might like to major in biochemistry or mo-

lecular biology. Apparently the natural science course she took in Norway sparked her interest.

I have to get up earlier than usual to-morrow as I have an 8:30 AM appointment with my dentist. I broke a tooth the day after Thanksgiving so now I have to have a crown. An expense I had not planned on.

Love,  
Mother

P. S. At the LWV meeting last Tuesday a member talked & showed slides of Kerala in India. She & her husband spent six weeks there on a World Watch project. She is a retired MD. It was most interesting. They also spent a little time sightseeing in Madras & a few other southern India spots, but most of the time they were in Kerala.

Dec. 29, 1992

Dear Keith & Kathy, & Jonathan—

The narcissus bulbs are showing more new growth in the pretty bowl. We always had a bowl of narcissus bulbs each winter when I was growing up. There was a certain glass bowl that was used. When I was in college I had a bowl of them at least one winter. Probably bought a bowl at Woolworth's & picked up pebbles here & there. I've considered starting bulbs here but stones are harder to come by here than in NY state. The granite chips are just the thing. Thank you.

The tote bag will be very useful, too. It is larger than any others I have & I like the extra pocket feature. I should carry it to the Fort Bragg library when I go there for genealogical research.<sup>16</sup> Thank you for that, too, & for the phone call.

The festivities started for me Christmas Eve afternoon when I invited a neighbor & his house guest in for tea. They are both graduates of the University of Vermont & dated while students. Now both are widowed & she was visiting here on her way to her winter home in Florida. Both were classmates of Barbara Lawton & he played football on the same team with Bob Lawton who was a year ahead of the others.<sup>17</sup>

Then there was the 11 PM service at church. Christmas morning I got up early to make dressing & get the 18 lb. turkey in the oven. Jary & the girls came about 1

pm & we opened gifts. Judy & Kelley, Ronnie & her 2 sons & their visitor came about 3 pm & we had a large & very good dinner. Jary had assigned food to each contingent. Lena made pumpkin pies, & Jessie brought a basket of gingerbread men, rabbits, & whales (?)

Next day I made beds & dusted in the morning & went to a tea in the afternoon. Frosted birthday cake in the evening. Tony, Mary, & Ila arrived shortly after midnight.<sup>18</sup> They were pretty tired, of course, so we all went to bed practically at once. Next day everyone was up by midmorning & we had a light breakfast. Ila wanted to see tide pools so Jary took them all to Russian Gulch (I think) & I put together some lunch. About one o'clock they all came back & soon after Mary's cousins Mickey & Georgia Mhoon arrived for lunch. After they left we all had naps before going out to Jary's for birthday dinner.

Yesterday (Monday) we got up at 6 AM, had a more substantial breakfast & they were gone before 8 AM. There were several friends of Mary's she wanted to see before they got to May's place in Menlo Park. They had to be at the airport by 6:30 PM. & were to get to Sydney about 6 AM Dec. 30. International date line deprived them of Dec. 29.

To-day has been rather stormy—several hail episodes—& rain. I invited 3 friends in for bridge this afternoon.

Jary went to Santa Rosa with Ronnie yesterday when she took one of her sons & his friend to Santa Rosa airport. Dec. 26 the girls went with Judy & Kelley to visit Judy's father. They were to get back to-day.

So it has been a busy holiday season. No New Years plans. I'd just as soon rest. Again many thanks for everything.

Love,  
Mother

January 11, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I'm glad to know everything reached you all right. I ordered lilies of the valley for Kathy & Aunt Jane, but Jane says she has a white hyacinth. So I'm wondering

what kind of plant Kathy got. Perhaps they are out of lilies & made substitutions, or I could have written the wrong number on the order blank.

The narcissus are in bloom—3 of them. The 4<sup>th</sup> is budded & will probably open to-morrow or the next day. They are very fragrant. I suspect I didn't place the bulbs firmly enough in the granite chips, for as they have grown taller they have leaned to the side, in one case horizontal.

Yesterday I propped them with some pebbles I had & two of them have straightened up. There has also been sunshine to-day & that may have promoted verticality. I'm enjoying them greatly. Until the Christmas tree left the coffee table on New Years day, the bulbs were on the buffet in the dining area. Perhaps they needed more light at the beginning.

I had a letter from Tony last week. They have a small ground floor apartment—living room, bedroom, kitchenette & I assume bath though Tony didn't mention it. He & Mary are using the living room as bedroom & Ila has the bedroom. Their neighborhood has green grocers, news agents, bistros, chemists, butcher shop, betting shop—a definite change from Lyman Rd, Northfield.

He said there was a patio on the second floor & from that he could see a bay of the harbor. Glebe Point Rd. is not on the map of central Sydney I have. Tony estimated that downtown Sydney was 1½ to 2½ miles from the apartment. They had been to a beach & to a movie. Adult price for a movie was about \$8.40 U. S.

Last evening Jary & the girls appeared about 5:30 PM, bearing a bag of groceries. They asked to eat their picnic here. And I shared it, not having started any dinner yet. Jessie & Zaidee attend the high school youth group at 6 PM Sunday nights so this was a convenient place to eat since I am closer to church than Jary's house is. After taking the 2 girls to church he came back for Lena & went to school where Jary had things to prepare for to-day. This is the second time they have appeared here on Sunday evening with their supper. It's fun for me.

Friday is Lena's birthday. That day she is entertaining her friends. On Saturday there will be a family celebration at Jary's. I'm working on a pair of socks for her. One sock is done & I hope the other is done by Saturday.

Hope all is well with you.

Love,

Mother

January 20, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Most of to-day was spent glued to the TV, watching the inaugural festivities. Here it was a day of pouring rain & fog. As soon as President Clinton completed the oath, I braved the rain (in the car) to do my usual weekly stint at the grammar school library. When I got there, the parking lot was bare of cars & the whole place looked deserted, so I turned around & returned home. Jary had commented the day before that he was on jury duty this week so I called Judy & she said school had been called off because of poor road conditions. If Jary had to go to Ukiah I hope he got there all right. I just called him but got his answering machine.

Perhaps you saw the item in the *New Yorker* suggesting that the presidency of Yale be offered to President Bush.

One of the women on the trip sent me a slide she took of us at the Shawmut Inn & I had prints made. You may give one of them to Kathy's Aunt Helen.<sup>19</sup>

I had a postcard from Mary to-day. They had just returned from a camping trip. The card had a picture of Fitzroy Falls which I visited, too. An impressive sight. I guess they arrived at the time of summer vacation/holiday for Australians. Apparently having a wonderful time.

The narcissus is still in bloom. For the present the stems are more or less vertical. I'm enjoying their beauty & fragrance.

Jessie got her driver's license yesterday. Lena's birthday was celebrated Friday & Saturday. Slumber party with her friends on Friday. Family dinner at Jary's on Saturday followed by a performance by a Japanese drummer group called Oudekoza. If the group comes to your area (they are on a U. S. tour) be sure to see them. They are terrific.

The heavy rains of the last month or so have ended California's drought. Now some areas are facing floods & mudslides. Here we're just soggy.

Love,  
Mother

Feb. 17, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It is cold (49° F) & raining this afternoon so I skipped the Wed. P.M. swim. I just didn't want to get out in the rain. I'm getting to be a real Californian. Unless it was *very* stormy I thought nothing of rain in the past. Anyway, it has given me a chance to write letters in the warmth of the woodstove.

About 2 weeks ago I got a phone call from White Sands of La Jolla that they were moving Aunt Martha to the assisted living section. She had phoned me the Sunday before to tell me she was in great pain. They were giving her pain killers but they did little good. The pain is in her back—vertebrae merged or pinching nerves. She had difficulty walking even with a walker. The staff person who called me said she was forgetful so they were taking over her medication. Jary has the week off & would have gone to La Jolla with me but I had commitments this week & couldn't go. So I'm planning to go down in March. Our former pastor is now at La Jolla Presbyterian & told me he could arrange for me to stay at White Sands. A friend is driving south the first week in March so I may be able to get near La Jolla with her.

I think it would be nice if you would write to Martha. She is now in Room 6, E-Floor at White Sands. Ron Garton said a deacon had gone to see her. Most or all of her friends at White Sands have died or gone somewhere else. For the last few years she's become almost a recluse, I think.

Yesterday I gave the program at the genealogy society—on census records. Much of my time since I got my income tax stuff off to the accountant has been spent on that.

Judy & Kelley & the girls were leaving to-day for Mt. Lassen or Mt. Shasta for some skiing. Jary appeared here yesterday morning with a sweater I'd made for Jessie, now being worn by Lena, with one of the sleeves raveled. I was able to repair it fairly quickly & he & Lena picked it up in the evening. I guess Lena wanted to take it with her.

Last Saturday evening Jary, Ronnie, Lena & I went to an "edible art" exhibit at the Art Center. It proved to be smaller & less interesting than we expected so we

all returned here to eat a chocolate cake pudding I had in the freezer. I added some heart-shaped gum drops for seasonal appearance.

I'm glad you've enjoyed the hyacinths. I ordered Lily of the Valley. The spacious Fall River Library tote bag carried all my stuff to the meeting nicely.

Tony writes of a champagne picnic on a beach with reddish sand & water of skin temperature.

Love,  
Mother

March 20, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I hope the trip to Chicago went smoothly & that the conference was interesting.<sup>20</sup>

Jary & Zaidee acquitted themselves well at last evening's performance. Zaidee looked very pretty in a rose colored dress. They both sang well, and Zaidee is quite an actress.<sup>21</sup>

I called Aunt Martha this morning & she sounded more upbeat. Except for worrying about her, especially the morning she didn't remember things, from one moment to the next, I had a very good time at White Sands. It was sunny & warm—too warm, really, for the clothes I'd brought—the food was great, the residents were friendly. Many people asked me if I was a new resident. Several of Martha's friends invited me to eat with them. If it weren't so far from everyone I'd be tempted to move there. Northern California Presbyterian Homes has recently taken over The Woods (where Jonathan & Kathy swam with me) & expect to build some assisted living quarters. Maybe they'll be ready when I need such a place. White Sands & Windsor Manor where Maude lived are run by Southern California Presbyterian Homes. The first morning I had breakfast with a woman whose husband grew up in Baldwinsville, NY which is about 5 miles from Liverpool. Her brother was in my class at Cornell but I didn't know him. Later I had lunch with both Mr. & Mrs. Hawley & he asked about a couple of Baldwinsville people I did know at Cornell. Well, one, a girl, I knew. The other, a boy, I met once—I knew his roommate. One

evening 2 men invited me to eat with them. There was a slide show one evening on England, Ireland, & Scotland.

Love,  
Mother

April 23, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Another rainy day—by far the wettest year in some time. It's nice to have everything green & lots of things are in bloom, but I'd like to have sunshine for several days in a row. There's lots that needs to be done in the yard but every day I'm free to work outside, it rains.

Last week on Thursday Esther Meskis & I set out for the "wildflower weekend" near San Luis Obispo. It was a nice sunny day & we went as far as Santa Cruz area where Esther stayed with a cousin (also saw her daughter) & I stayed with Nancy & Walter Carlson whom we knew in New Brunswick days. We got to Rancho de Chorro area well before check-in time. Next day we went to Pismo Beach. Esther had taught there in the early 40's & was appalled at the acres of mobile homes in the area now. In 1957 we camped at Pismo Beach on a foggy night & never saw the beach which is quite spectacular.

Rancho de Chorro is an environmental education center owned by the county education department. Accommodations weren't primitive but they were far from luxurious. Food was plentiful & very good. About 170 people came & I think it strained the resources of the San Luis Obispo chapter of the Native Plant Society who put on the thing. Esther & I signed up for the "leisurely" walk around the rancho Saturday morning, a trip to Morrow Bay dunes Saturday afternoon, & a trip to Nipomo Dunes south of Pismo Beach Sunday morning. The "leisurely" walk included climbing a couple of good sized hills & must have been at least 3 miles. I haven't done much walking the past few years & I was exhausted when we got back for lunch. I also turned an ankle a little coming down some steps and on the afternoon walk in sand the ankle hurt so much I went back to the car. The wildflowers on the dunes were spectacular & I saw many I'd never seen before. The Sunday morning walk involved climbing dunes & I needed help getting up some, but my

May 8, 1993

ankle didn't hurt. Again the flowers were impressive. Many plants on Nipomo Dunes have been destroyed by off-road vehicles. The vehicles are now prohibited from some areas but it is a constant battle between the vehicle riders & the environmentalists. There were slide shows each evening & a barbecue Saturday night—inside because it rained. We got back late Monday afternoon.

Jary & Zaidee ate dinner here last evening. Zaidee's piano lesson (in my neighborhood) was over about 5 pm & they had a rehearsal at 6, so Jary brought spaghetti sauce & cooked it here (it's easy to have dinner guests when they bring the food). I put a salad together in the morning as I was playing bridge all afternoon. Zaidee had just got the Costa Rica pictures back so I saw those. She had a great time there (2 weeks). The mother of the family she stayed with is named *Zaida*. They spoke Spanish to her almost exclusively & by the time she left she could speak it herself pretty well & could understand them. She said that the family one of her classmates stayed with spoke English all the time because they wanted to practice their English.

Jessie has been working weekends at the state parks for the last month or so, & will work all summer. She works at the entrance kiosk & looks real cute in her uniform. I took her dinner to her on Easter Sunday.

Jary & I have talked a little about the trip east but haven't made definite plans yet. We may fly to Boston just before your vacation week & see the sights there first, then go to Northfield. I have dreams of getting everyone together (except Jessie of course) at some point.<sup>22</sup> Jary wants to see Harvey<sup>23</sup> so he might drive me to Albany & I could fly to Ithaca while he goes to Harvey's in the Catskills or Brooklyn & he would drive to Ithaca to get me & we'd go back to Boston via Greene & Norwich. I suppose Jonathan's job could keep us from seeing him. We assume any reunion would be in Northfield—haven't suggested this to Tony yet. They, by the way, are on a trip to the outback—carrying jerricans of gasoline & water with them & using a 4 wheel drive vehicle. I hope they return safely. Tony said they were to get back on the 25<sup>th</sup> or 26<sup>th</sup>. They were to leave a day or so after Easter.

Love,  
Mother

Dear Kathy & Keith—

A lovely bouquet of flowers was brought to me this afternoon. It has pink lilies & freezias (the freezias a darker pink than the lilies), yellow button chrysanthemums, a feathery something with tiny white blossoms, & fern fronds. It is quite delightful & I thank you very much.

Keith's letter arrived today also & I must say I found Jonathan's last minute clothing problem amusing.<sup>24</sup> It is quite in character for young males—of the Stavely variety anyway. I do not remember any such last minute problem after you & your brothers got to college, but in earlier years there were several though I don't remember specifics. Most of them involved my being told late at night or at breakfast that a white shirt had to be worn to school & the only clean white shirt was unironed. It seemed to me that you boys & your father just didn't want to be bothered with mundane details & I was expected to come through in case of crisis. I guess I should be proud that you had such confidence in me.

I remember Ced & Sally Smith<sup>25</sup> talking how at 8 AM one morning Barney announced he was to be a king in a play at school that day & he needed a costume. Fortunately Sally had an old velvet evening cape in a trunk & Ced concocted a crown out of cardboard, but they pled with Barney to give them more notice in future.

To-night is the Mendo High prom. Jessie has made herself a dress & Judy has made one for Zaidee. Jessie is going with the current boy friend Danny Alvarez (his mother is the Spanish teacher). Their cousin, Galen Green, was coming down to take Zaidee (or Zaidee was to take him) but last Thursday Galen's mother decided it was too long a trip for 4 days (the Greens live in Washington state) so Jessie called a friend of hers that Zaidee knows & he's going to the prom with Zaidee. The boys were to have dinner at Judy's & 8-10 others were coming for dessert before the dance at 9 PM. There may be an after prom party at the home of Jessie's closest girl friend. A complicating factor was that Lena's singing group was having a concert at the director's house at 5 PM with potluck supper following. Jary picked me up & took Lena & me to the director's house, Judy & Kelley came a little later. The

children (12 of them) did very nicely & the potluck was pleasant & Jary & I were home by 7 PM. Presumably the high schoolers will have a happy evening.

Last evening Jessie & Zaidee were in a series of comedy skits at the high school. They have been in an after school program of impromptu theater (maybe impromptu isn't the right word). Anyway, the group wrote the various skits & some were quite funny. Zaidee did especially well, I thought. I could understand every word she said which wasn't true of some of the others. Of course, the significance of some of the dialogue went past me since I'm of a different generation & don't know all the current teenage expressions.

By the way, the ceramic grater you gave me a year or so ago is just great. I grate ginger root into my oatmeal which I cook in the microwave.

Love,  
Mother

Sunday 8 PM

Tony phoned shortly after Keith did. Their trip to Ayer's Rock was great. Said they slept out under the stars & the southern Milky Way was a great white cloud. He'll get back June 24. Mary's parents are now in Australia. After a few days in Sydney they've gone to Darwin to see Mary who's at a conference there.

I put a package in the mail Thursday. I hope it reaches you by the 13<sup>th</sup>.

June 3, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Except for the clipping about Jessie,<sup>26</sup> the enclosed items have been sitting here for some time. I've just forgotten to include them when I've written.

At an awards ceremony at the high school Jessie got about five awards: a Bank of America Liberal Arts Plaque, Spanish III, Physics, Literature & Composition, & History. She is also co-valedictorian with a 4.0 grade point average. Zaidee got four awards: Band, Algebra I, English I, & Spanish I.

I was at Jary's for dinner Monday & Jessie showed me a picture of her & Danny Alvarez at the prom. Jessie had a short, off the shoulder dress she made (dark blue velvet) & Danny had on baggy cotton slacks & a windbreaker. The picture was in a laminated key ring tag. The other side had a group picture that in-

cluded Zaidee but I had such a short time to see it that I couldn't see what her date was wearing. Apparently tuxedos & limousines are not considered in in Mendocino. The girls prepared floral boutinieres for their dates & Danny's mother fixed flowers for Jessie & perhaps Zaidee. I can't remember what Susan Alvarez said.

The rains continue. Unusual to have rain this late in the spring. Sunday a woman who came here in the 60's or before said she didn't remember rain on Memorial Day before. Meanwhile everything is growing lushly. Jary has quite a hay crop in his yard. He's mowed some of it between rainstorms but he'll need a scythe for what's in his side yard. I have a lot of pruning to do but every day I can stay home to work on the yard, it rains. It was sunny & warm this morning but when I got back from a hair appointment & shopping, it had started to cloud up & was raining when I was ready to go outside. So I'm writing letters instead.

A few of the flowers you sent me for Mother's Day are still here. It was an amazing bouquet. I play bridge with the mother-in-law of the florist shop owner.

I assume Jary has kept you apprised of our plans.

Love,  
Mother

June 13, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

We got through the graduations all right. Lena graduated from the grammar school Thursday afternoon. I didn't get there because no one told me about it until 8 o'clock that morning (Jary & Lena came by to borrow my newspaper for a report Lena had to make) & I had an appointment for a permanent at the same time as graduation. Zaidee & Anna Moreland played a duet at the middle school graduation Friday morning. Anna was graduating & they played the same Clementi number that they played at their teacher's recital last month. I heard about that when a friend phoned me to tell me how well Zaidee & Anna did.

The main event was Friday evening. Jary had us for an early dinner (potluck) at his house & then we went to the high school. Zaidee was a "flower person"—all high school siblings of graduates. They came in before the graduates & formed an

honor guard along the aisle as the graduates marched in to *Pomp & Circumstance*. (Didn't anyone else write music suitable for this occasion?)

Jessie was the third student speaker (all girls). The first was the class president; next was the co-valedictorian. The salutatorian, who is a violinist, chose to play a number instead of speaking. I thought Jessie was the best speaker, but I'm not exactly objective. The other 2 girls were near tears at times & their speeches were more personal while Jessie spoke more for the class as a whole. She looked pretty, too. She had a little trouble with her mortarboard & had to readjust it on her head a couple of times. She got 4 scholarships—National Merit, Mendocino Teachers, Dora Langton Zimmer Memorial, & Ada Behrens Memorial. Dora Zimmer was an active local woman who died 2 or 3 years ago. I knew her in Study Club, LWV, & Genealogy Society. Her family established the scholarship. Dora was an active 4H leader & she praised Jessie to me when Jessie was leader of the local group. Ada Behrens was a long time secretary of the school district. A few years ago she was killed by a grandson who with a friend robbed her & took her car. The staff employees set up a scholarship in her memory. Judy said Mrs. Behrens had made a great fuss over Jessie when Jessie was a baby.

There were 52 graduates including a girl from Denmark & one from Belgium. It was announced that the Belgian girl's father had come to commencement as a surprise. There was an all night party at the Health Club in Fort Bragg. Jary & Judy were to be on duty until 2 AM. Each graduate could have 3 guests. No one could go unless as guest of a graduate. Jessie had the current boy friend (a junior), Zaidee & another girl. I haven't heard any details of the party but I guess all survived. Jessie's boyfriend was in church with his mother this morning.

On our trip east we have an hour's layover in Denver. Aunt Jane plans to come to the airport with Andy's wife & sons. Andy may also come as the place he works now is near the airport.

I would think lifeguarding would be a good summer job for Jonathan. I'm glad to hear that the camp looks good.

Your vacation plans sound good, too. Maybe you'll get a chance to work on papers in the peace of the Maine woods.

See you soon.

Love,  
Mother

July 15, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

You certainly provided royal entertainment for us. We had a lovely time. It was such a treat for me to have so much of my family together.<sup>27</sup> Thank you, thank you, thank you.

I've seen Jary a couple of times since I got back but not the girls. Zaidee leaves for Moses Lake on Sunday, I believe.

My visiting musician arrived Sunday afternoon. A very nice young man. He reminds me of Jonathan; he's about the same height, wears glasses & has some of the same mannerisms. Originally from near Hiroshima, he's been in San Francisco 3 or 4 years & is student at S. F. Conservatory. He came from S. F. on a motorcycle. His English escapes me at times; he stammers a bit which may account for my not hearing clearly—it could of course be that my hearing isn't acute.

The first festival concert was Tuesday night—full orchestra & great. Last night was chamber music & good. While it is sunny & warm (for here) by day, there has been a high wind & it's been cold at the concerts. I dressed warmer last night. Tomorrow night I'll take a blanket, too.

Day before yesterday I had a dental checkup & to-day I saw my optometrist. Nothing needed at either place except for teeth-cleaning. Hooray! Two years ago the optometrist reported an incipient cataract in one eye. Apparently, it hasn't progressed any.

I hope your heat wave has abated. I've not watched TV news much since Sunday & my newspaper wasn't delivered a couple of days.

In a week or so I'll have photos to send you.

Love & many thanks,  
Mother

August 1, 1993

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I assume this will reach you after your return from your vacation in Maine. I hope it was a happy one.

I thought you might like to have the enclosed photos including the one with the venerable suitcase.

It has been very busy here since I returned from the east. For two weeks I had a Japanese trumpeter here for whom I provided breakfast & dinner. He washed the dishes most of the time, but it was more cooking than I usually do. Then this past week Pat Predmore & Michael were here for a couple of nights. Michael's feet have improved enough that he can drive this far. His wife & son didn't come as they had all been traveling for a month & Misha (as they call Michael's son) wanted to stay near his best friend who is soon going off to Europe or other far place for several months. I had wondered what I had here to interest a 10 year old boy. Anyway, I enjoyed their company & the weather was great while they were here. Michael knew Joan Webber who is listed in the bibliography in your Milton's prose style book. He knew her at Wisconsin or Washington (or both) & liked her a lot. He said she died in a mountain climbing accident; perhaps you knew that. Michael also admires Christopher Hill as a "Marxist historian."

Jary, Jessie & Lena had lunch with us while Michael & Pat were here. Zaidee was still on the Moses Lake trip. All reports are that she had a wonderful time on the trip. She & Lena are at music camp with Judy this week.

I'm to give the program at the genealogy society this month & am spending as much time as I can at Fort Bragg library researching English, Irish, & German surnames. Since I'm going away the weekend before the program, I have to have it ready before I leave.

The past three days we've had temperatures in the 80's. It's downright hot for here.

Love,  
Mother

August 20, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your letter & photos arrived last week just before I went out of town for a few days. Thank you for all. I'll share the pictures with Jary & the girls. Unfortunately, I seem to come out in photographs these days looking either grim or silly. Your postcard indicated a great vacation in Maine, too.

It is hard to figure out how you managed to put up seven guests, but apparently you did. It's good that Jonathan likes his job at the camp. The other day I ran into a woman who lived next door while her house was being built. She was just back from visiting a friend in Haines Falls, NY. She was probably there when we went through it.

I looked up Salisbury, CT on the map.<sup>28</sup> As the crow flies it's not far from Goshen, CT where several ancestors lived—Crandalls, Griswolds, etc. By road, it's farther & somewhat roundabout.

I don't remember when I last wrote so I may repeat what I've already told you. The week after the trumpeter left, Pat Predmore & Michael came up for a couple of days. The weather was great—sunny & warm—& Michael seemed much impressed with the scenery. The next week I was expecting another old Cornell friend to visit but between her family's plans & an earlier than expected return to Virginia she didn't come.

Last week on Thursday Esther Meskis & I went to Manteca (in the central valley) where we stayed overnight with a friend. Next day we went on to Lee Vining near Mono Lake, on the east side of the Sierra. Next day there was a Native Plant Society wildflower walk at Saddlebag Lake just east of Yosemite. I had been there several times before with no altitude problem, but this time I got altitude sickness, apparently, & had to go back to the car after walking less than half a mile. (Saddlebag is at about 10,000 ft.) While the others hiked to the other side of the lake I sat in Esther's car enduring spells of nausea, sweating & general weakness. I slept a lot. Though I had food with me, I drank only water & probably not enough of that. Next day I wasn't nauseated but had little energy. We went to another lake, but again I gave up after walking only a little way. This time Esther went back with me. The walk the day before had been quite tiring & she decided not to push it, either. So we headed back to Manteca but took a different route—one I'd never been on & one she'd been on only once. It was very scenic & we saw lots of wildflowers & dif-



ferent one than we had seen around Tuolumne Meadows & Saddlebag. We got to our friend's in Manteca earlier than expected but our friend was home & we rested at her place. Her daughter, son-in-law & grandson came for dinner & brought the dinner. We had a very pleasant evening. The grandson is about 6' 3" & when he lay on the living room floor he pretty much filled it. I hope your guests ran to smaller sizes.

Most of the summer has been sunny & warm. Only a few days of fog. To-day was a foggy one. When I returned from Fort Bragg this morning (10:30-11:00) I drove through about the densest fog I've seen here. School starts here a week from Monday. Jessie leaves for Carleton on Sept. 4<sup>th</sup>. Expect you'll be traveling to Wooster about the same time.

Love,  
Mother

August 29, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The book looks most interesting. I've read the foreword but the rest will have to wait until I finish a library book I picked up Thursday. Thank you for the book, your card & the phone call.

Birthday festivities stretched over several days. On Thursday I went to the August birthday luncheon at the senior center in Fort Bragg. Yesterday I played bridge & to-day I had dinner at Jary's with the girls, Judy, & Ronnie in attendance. It was all great fun, except that I had very poor bridge hands & had the low score of the foursome. The gods ought to do better on one's birthday.

I hope the trip to Wooster went smoothly, It is good that Jonathan has had an interesting summer & I hope his last year at Wooster is a happy one.

Jessie has to work this week through Thursday, so she gets one day of vacation before setting out for Carleton. She is sending some boxes by UPS. She & Judy go to Northfield Saturday.

School starts here to-morrow. Because Jary will be going to Comptche School two days a week, the girls will have to ride the school bus those days. They aren't

looking forward to that. I guess Lena will be coming to my house some Tuesdays to wait between school & her piano lesson.

The summer here has been warm & sunny most of the time—warm for Mendocino. You might think it cool, but it's been above 70 most days. To-day the fog rolled in & there was a cool breeze. It was sunny at Jary's.

The book I'm reading is *Wild Swans* by Jung Chang, about 3 generations of Chinese women & I recommend it. Also *Life & Death in Shanghai* by Nien Cheng. She was imprisoned during the Cultural Revolution in China. An indomitable woman.

Best wishes for a happy autumn & many, many thanks.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 22, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The month has flown by very fast. I had house guests week before last—friends who used to live here & moved to Hawaii 15 months ago. They were here 5 days & stayed with me three of them. They weren't here all the time as they have lots of friends.

Jessie went to Carleton College Labor Day weekend. Judy went with her & was favorably impressed with the college. The chief hitch was that the cartons Jessie had sent by UPS the Monday before had not arrived so she had no sheets for her bed the first night in the dorm (a Sunday). One of her roommates lent her a sleeping bag & next day Judy purchased a couple of sheets & a light blanket to take care of the emergency. Jessie did well enough in placement tests to take care of her foreign language & English requirements & got four credits in biology. Carleton has a trimester system so she is taking 3 courses only, presumably pretty concentrated—calculus, psychology, & observational drawing whatever that is. Jary was sent a publication with all the new students, freshmen & transfers. About 500 new students I'd say, a few more girls than boys. 90+ are Minnesota residents, 40+ are from California, 30+ from Illinois, 18 from Massachusetts. Jessie's roommate from

Winthrop, MA is Siobhan McMahon, a graduate of Winthrop High School. The other roommate is Sarah Wright who went to Choate Rosemary Hall.

I finished the book this afternoon except for the footnotes. It is most interesting with all kinds of items unknown to me before. He has quite a lot about Australian flora. A couple of friends are interested in reading it.

Betsy Nell Skinner Ramsdell sent me (& also Jane) the walking tour of Greene brochure. Jane had written to her about getting copies of the bicentennial cookbook which turns out to be out of print, so Betsy Nell sent us each a tour brochure she found. I xeroxed mine for you & Tony in case you find yourselves in Greene with enough time to take the tour. I see the Episcopal church is on the tour but not the Congregational—or any other church. The Congregational was the oldest before it burned several years ago. The new church (3 or 4 years old) may not have been built when the brochure was printed.

Zaidee & Lena are busy. Lena is playing on a soccer team, taking a drama course, music lessons, & singing in a children's chorus, & going to the church middle school youth group. I may have to provide transportation on some Tuesdays from drama group to music lesson as Jary is at Comptche School on Tuesdays. I haven't heard much about Zaidee's activities except that she seems to be dating a senior.

I guess you know that Jary is teaching physical education this year—all 5 grades at Mendo Grammar & Comptche. He has to go to Comptche Tuesdays & Wednesdays & Friday afternoons. I don't know if he volunteered for this or it was his turn.

We're still having pretty gorgeous weather. A few days of fog recently & noticeably cooler to-day. My huckleberry bushes are bearing better this year than for several years. I've done quite a bit of baking with them & also frozen several batches. Last year I had no berries at all & only a few the year before. The drought was largely the cause of few berries.

Hope all is well with you.

Love,  
Mother

October 27, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I don't know what we've done to deserve it, but we've had absolutely gorgeous weather most of the fall. This week temperature has been in the 70's, which is unprecedented since I've been here. My huckleberry bushes have had much more fruit than in the last four or five years. I picked about the last yesterday, & expect to make sourdough huckleberry bread this afternoon.

Lena is in the chorus of *Hansel & Gretel* which will be put on in December. Jary is in the Gloriana Carolers & will be performing here & there during the holidays.

A movie is being filmed here this week, *Pacific Moon*, with Ted Danson as star. Several streets are being blocked off & an addition has been added to an already large house. Time of the movie is 1969 supposedly.

I'm reading a fascinating book a friend loaned to me—*A Vision of Eden*. It is the story (with her pictures) of an English lady artist who traveled over much of the world in late 19<sup>th</sup> century painting a lot of the native flora. You, Keith, might find the section on India interesting. She gave her paintings & a gallery to put them in to Kew Gardens. I've been to Kew twice but didn't know about the gallery & its paintings. Maybe I should run over to London to see it. Name of the woman is Marianne North & she must have had considerable wealth.<sup>29</sup>

Jary says Jessie will get home at Thanksgiving & won't return until after Christmas. Between the 2<sup>nd</sup> & 3<sup>rd</sup> trimester—in March Jary thought—she has only a week's break. Jary said Jessie was anxious for snow.

Tony said Rachel is not going to Illinois but has a job with a telephone survey outfit & is thinking of going to Boston U. next year.

Would you like some hand knit socks, Kathy? If so, what size & color? Recently one of the women from whom I bought yarn originally gave me several balls of sock yarn she had. Since I have only a ball or two of some colors, multi-colored socks will be the order until I find another source of yarn, or make a trip to England, Canada, New Zealand or Australia.

I'm finding the PBS series on the Great Depression fascinating. I was a junior in high school when it began.

Must make the huckleberry bread and a meat loaf for supper.

Love,  
Mother

Nov. 20, 1993

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Your letter & postcard reached me a few days apart. Your trip sounds very interesting & I'm sure it was a most pleasant break for you.

Things go on here about as usual. The weather continues sunny but definitely chilly in the morning. We had one day of rain. I ordered spring bulbs last summer & have planted some of them—mostly in pots & planter boxes as the ground is still too hard for my digging.

The Study Club's bazaar came off to-day & was probably successful though the crowd was smaller than usual. I'm still involved with the knitting/crocheting booth & we sold over half of the things we had. The three things I made all sold—a large multicolored sweater, a striped vest, & a pair of socks. There were a lot of interesting things at the various booths. I was tired when I got home after 3 PM (had been at the sale since 9 AM) & decided against driving to Fort Bragg this evening to hear a speaker on Fiji. Diana called me about it & I would have loved to have gone but couldn't summon the energy.

Lena & Zaidee were in a piano recital last Sunday afternoon. Both played a piece by themselves & both played a duet with another girl. Lena's partner wears the same shoe size so they traded one shoe (jogging shoes) & each wore one white shoe & one black shoe. I don't know what that signified. Lena is blonde & Rebecca has dark hair so perhaps they felt they should carry out a black & white theme. Zaidee's duet partner was Anna Moreland. They are the oldest & most accomplished of the students now.

Jessie is to get home Monday & doesn't go back until January 1<sup>st</sup>. I don't know what Thanksgiving plans are. I hope they aren't planning to come here. I haven't seen Jary since last Monday when he dropped Zaidee off here for dinner.

To-morrow the interim minister preaches her last sermon. There is a potluck lunch after service. We shall miss her. The new pastor (male) doesn't come until January.

I haven't heard from Tony in quite awhile. Perhaps he's working on the publication he mentioned when he first got back from Australia.

Have a happy Thanksgiving.

Love,  
Mother

December 14, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I have enjoyed the pictures of your trip & the account very much.<sup>30</sup> It must have been truly great. According to some genealogical material I have Welch Crandall & Mary M. Smith were living in Newtown, VA in 1871. I do not find Newtown in my world atlas. If I have a road map of Virginia it is buried somewhere.

I'm in the usual state of disorganization. The genealogy society is having its December potluck luncheon here next Tuesday. Jessie has been helping with necessary cleaning & to-day helped put up Christmas decorations. My little potted fir is trimmed & some other things put up. She had to leave before 3 pm as Lena was ill & Judy had to go somewhere.

I had dinner at Jary's last evening with him & the girls. Soon after dinner 2 boys appeared (they phoned during dinner). Neither are Jessie's or Zaidee's "boy friends." In fact, one is the boy friend of Jessie's friend Zoe who is at Davis. The other alternates between Mendocino & Hawaii, living one year with his father, the next with his mother. He has the improbable name of Panama. I could not understand one thing those boys said but it must have been very funny for Zaidee was in stitches.

Last Friday I went to see *Hansel & Gretel*. Lena was very pretty as an angel & as a gingerbread child. Her golden hair just shone. The production was very good. I'd heard parts of it on radio years ago, but had never seen it.

Christmas dinner will be here. There will be just Judy, Kelley & Fiona, Jary & the girls & me. I ordered a turkey to-day. I'll let the rest of them bring things.

The League of Women Voters meets to-morrow—a luncheon meeting. I'm part of the program, a choral reading about diversity.

Love,  
Mother

P. S.—I bought narcissus bulbs to put in that nice bowl you sent me last year. Looked quite nice for several days. The bowl was most useful, too, between the plantings. I planted last year's bulbs outside. Will be interesting to see if they come up.

Dec. 28, 1993

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I just took another look at the Irish T-shirt & what I thought was RELANO across the front is really IRELAND. With a very large & ornate I. I shall enjoy wearing it in milder weather. The napkins look very useful & will fit in with any number of table settings I have. The handsome recipe box is in the kitchen awaiting recipes. The cheese spreader with eggplant handle is very attractive & the wildflower magnet is already holding 2 photographs on the refrigerator door. I've already tried the egg poacher & it works, though I think it should be placed so water doesn't come in over the top of the egg & maybe it should be put in the water before it boils not after. Thank you for all these delightful gifts.

We had a very pleasant Christmas Day. Jary, Jessie, & Zaidee came about 12:30, Judy, Kelley & Lena a half hour or so later. We opened the multitude of gifts first, then had dinner. They left about 6 PM. Judy, Kelley, & the girls were leaving the next morning for Oregon & Washington for some skiing & to visit Judy's father & brother.

In the evening of Christmas Day I became aware that my throat was sore & since then have been nursing a cold/flu & haven't been good for much. I was to go to Stanford to-day to spend the rest of the week at Michael Predmore's. Pat is visiting there. A neighbor of mine took a house guest to the airport to-day & I had a ride with them. I felt so miserable yesterday I canceled the whole thing. I feel pretty good right now (Tues. afternoon) but this morning I was coughing a lot &

had absolutely no energy. I had been feeling pretty smug about not having a cold so far this winter. Pride goeth before a fall, they say.

Jary is taking Jessie to SFO Saturday morning & if I feel all right then, I'll go along & after putting Jessie on her plane we'll go to Michael's for a few hours.

Jary says Jessie knows someone at Carleton whose brother is at College of Wooster & refers to Wooster as "College of Woe." Undoubtedly unwarranted slander.

The genealogy society had their Christmas potluck luncheon here on the 21<sup>st</sup>. Jessie was great help. She came twice to clean (long overdue) & another time to put up decorations. She came the day of the affair & helped with last minute chores, parking, etc. (and made quite a favorable impression generally).

Jary & Lena were in a caroling concert Tuesday evening. Lena looked very pretty with her hair slightly curled. Jary was arrayed in a red velvet jacket & black bowler hat. I couldn't see him very well because of the large hat the woman in front of him was wearing. The adults wore early 19<sup>th</sup> century costumes a la old tyme Christmas cards. The children's choir is new to Gloriana this year. I thought they did very well. The youngsters wore red shirts—T or other. In another year Lena will have outgrown this group.

I see you are having it quite cold. Here it has been cold but sunny. Some of the spring bulbs I planted are starting to come up. I'm always surprised to see daffodils in January. I still live by the New York State calendar, I guess.

Have a happy new year & may you escape all winter illnesses.

Love,  
Mother

P. S. Wed. AM—Sue Young phoned last evening. Mary Ellingson died Sunday morning. She had a heart attack & did not survive.<sup>31</sup>



Chapter Six: 1994 - 1995

January 21, 1994

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Presumably by the time you get this you will have thawed out a bit. TV news indicates a warming trend for the eastern U. S. To-day we have rain after several days of unseasonable warm weather.

I thought Kathy might find the clipping interesting. A neighbor has said she has taken ginger before going on a boat & it works.<sup>1</sup>

Do let me know about arrangements for Jonathan's graduation so I can get plane reservations. I would plan to go on to New England after the festivities in Ohio.

Beckie & Arnie were out here for a few days. Arnie had expected to go to a conference in Sacramento & then they were to visit Arnie's brother & me before flying to Arizona where Jim & his wife are for part of the winter. Jim is involved with the development of a golf course in Scottsdale. The conference was called off but they decided to come out anyway & visited Arnie's brother in Pacific Grove & then drove up here. Since both suffer from arthritis & climbing stairs is a problem they stayed at a motel while here. They were here for breakfast each day, but they insisted on taking me out to dinner after Sunday. They got here in time for dinner Sunday evening. Jary & the girls were here, too, off & on. The church young people were having something special—Junior High's at 5 PM; High's at 6. Jary & the girls came at 4:30 PM. I fed Lena by herself & Jary took her to the church. The rest of us ate when Beckie & Arnie got here, then Jary took Zaidee to church & brought back Lena. It was a little weird but everyone got fed & everyone got to see everyone—in shifts, anyway.

Beckie is making baskets now & nothing was said about channeling. The whales were migrating so we spent quite a lot of time on the headlands looking at spouts.

Monday we had not turned on the TV when we were here & had heard nothing about the earthquake until Jary came at 5:30 PM to join us for dinner. We had heard about it from Ronnie who was worrying about her son who was spending the

weekend with his girl friend in Northridge. The girl friend's apartment is a block from the apartment building that collapsed. He & the girl friend got out of her first floor apartment—a wall fell down but the building didn't collapse—& found his car & they went to his apartment which is several miles east of Northridge. He was able to call Ronnie about 5 PM on Monday. What with floods, fires, earthquakes & record breaking temperatures, the old planet seems to be testing the human population.

Deer have eaten all my agapanthes (Lilies of the Nile). I've had the plants 15 years & deer are not supposed to eat them. Also half the new shoots of an azalea have been eaten.

Love,  
Mother

One of Zaidee's friends has named her dog Zaidee because she thinks it a pretty name. Zaidee didn't seem very pleased.

March 3, 1994

Dear Kathy & Keith—

This morning's TV news indicated you were having another snowstorm. I expect by now you'd rather not see any more white stuff. Your Aunt Jane sent me a weather calendar & each day mentions some outstanding weather event. On March 7, 1717 eastern New England had a Great Snow—4 storms starting Feb. 27; Boston had 4 feet of snow & Dorchester had 25 foot drifts. Maybe this year isn't that bad.

I enclose a copy of my itinerary which shows arrival in Cleveland at 6:29 PM on May 7. Don't lose it.

Jary may renew his youth this evening by driving to Ukiah to see the Mendocino H. S. boys play a tournament game. They have won all their league games though they do not have a perfect season. The girls team didn't qualify for the tournament. Fort Bragg high school is the reverse—the girls made it to the tournament & the boys didn't. It's a different setup from Hoosier Hysteria.<sup>2</sup>

Yesterday I had a new experience. I was a judge at the science fair at a Fort Bragg elementary school—3<sup>rd</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, & 5<sup>th</sup> graders. We had a check off sheet & worked in pairs & it turned out to be quite interesting. One poor child who was testing how

pinto beans sprouted in different media, lost one plant because a brother (presumably younger) pulled it up. A variable not often mentioned in works on scientific method.

I put in a lot of bulbs last fall. So far I have one daffodil blossom & several buds, one crocus blossom & a bud but 4 buds disappeared overnight. Something found them tasty. I have a cymbidium orchid growing buds. Jary brought that inside for me in an attempt to thwart banana slugs. Deer have eaten all my Lilies of the Nile plants. They aren't supposed to eat these plants which have been here for 15 years. No doubt a mutant deer.

Best wishes for a spring arrival soon—

Love,  
Mother

March 29, 1994

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Last Friday I mailed a gift to Kathy without gift wrapping.<sup>3</sup> I had stopped at the P. O. for a padded mailer but got one too small. So I took the item & the mailer back. The girl weighed the package & put the proper postage on so I decided to address it & turn it in. Hence no gift wrapping.

The girl at the P. O. said the cookbook is very good. And I ate once at the Little River Café when Debra Dawson was the cook—an excellent meal. I didn't realize until I got the book home that she has a line of herbs. I'll look for them before I go east.

Zaidee was in a "comedy" show at the high school last week. Students write their skits. Hers were not terribly funny, but good—& she did well. Jessie has returned to Carleton. Did Jary tell you she has been doing some work at the college radio station (very limited range)? Must run in the family.<sup>4</sup> Jary is to be a policeman in *Pirates of Penzance* this summer. Better come out for the show—Tony may come in August on his way home from a meeting.

Love,  
Mother

April 19, 1994

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I guess it is some time since I wrote as I have 2 letters from you on my desk. Things have been busy here. Last week Virginia Briggs, my senior roommate at Cornell, came for four days—her first visit to California. Preparations for a house guest were slowed by a fluey cold I got just before Easter. I just didn't have much energy. I was able to get someone to clean for me & that helped a lot.

Ginny got here last Thursday, having rented a car in S. F. Six or eight years ago she took up drawing & painting, so Friday we did six of the local art galleries. (To-day I noticed one I'd overlooked.) That day, also, a local woman who was a freshman when we were seniors came in for tea. Saturday we took in the LWV garden tour. I had volunteered our services at the garden where refreshments were served—we took tickets. There were 8 gardens & it was a nice day though rather windy. Sunday we went to the pygmy forest & up to McKerricker where we saw sea lions basking on the rocks—it was low tide. She seemed impressed with Mendocino. The hills are still green & a lot of things are in bloom. She took Hwy 1 back to S. F. & probably spent most of the day driving. She was to spend to-day in S. F. sightseeing & visiting art galleries with a friend who lives in Berkeley. To-morrow she flies back to Ithaca. One of her daughters teaches French—at Simmons, I think. This daughter is two months younger than you, Keith. Her husband is an ophthalmologist in Boston. Another daughter is a library assistant in cataloguing at Wheaton College. She's Tony's age. A son is in Columbus, OH & a daughter is in Snohomish, Washington.

Last week I went to a dermatologist in Ukiah about a spot on my nose. It's probably cancerous but not melanoma. He scraped it & burned it (I think) & I have to go back after I return from the east.

The day after that the League met with the Ukiah League at the Grange Hall near Boonville. I was in a skit about state and local finances & was supposed to be pompous. Can you imagine me being pompous? Anyway, our skit brought quite a few laughs.

I had hoped to lose a lot of weight & get new clothes for the trip east. Time, however, has flitted by & I don't have any new clothes & have lost only the pounds I put on during last year's trip.

The deer have eaten most of my clintonia buds & the banana slugs have done in many of the tulips I put in last fall. But other bulbs I planted are budded or blooming, a cymbidium orchid has been in bloom over a month & a clivia a friend gave me last year should have flowers open in a day or two. So I guess I shouldn't complain.

Zaidee went to Ashland, Oregon last week for some Shakespeare & other plays & Lena is at an environmental camp in the Sierra this week.

The Mendocino county library system is to join Internet soon according to the Friends of the Fort Bragg Library newsletter.

Hope you are having some nice spring weather after all your winter storms. A friend in Greene wrote that they had been "dumped on" 17 times.

Love,  
Mother

June 12, 1994

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your letter & the photos arrived a few days ago. Thank you. Ed Weiland sent some, too, so now I have quite a collection of the graduation festivities.<sup>5</sup>

The pictures I took at Tony's aren't very impressive, largely because I didn't take enough time to prepare. I still have a lot to learn about photography.

I guess the biggest news here is that I have a cat. She is a Siamese, very bright, & very active. She belonged originally to a woman who was in a wheeled chair & later died. A friend of mine took her but this woman already had four cats & they didn't like this Siamese. My friend was looking for a home for the Siamese & apparently I said I'd take her if no one else took her while I was gone. So now I have her. She thinks she should be on my lap whenever I sit down. She climbs on everything & has knocked down (& broken) one item on a window sill & also a flower pot (with plant). She also sleeps on me at night. She's rather timid & hides when I have visitors—for awhile anyway.

Pat Predmore & Michael came up last Thursday & stayed two nights (the cat climbed onto their laps after awhile). Michael's wife & child didn't come as school is still on in Stanford—it ended here on Friday. Michael & his family are going to Spain early in July—Michael will be on sabbatical so Pat came out to visit before they leave. Originally Michael & his family planned to visit Pat in Durham on their way to Spain but found out it would cost \$600 apiece for them to do that. So Pat came out here. The two days they were out here were unusually warm—80°. We drove up to Westport on Friday & stopped at several vista points. We went to the play that was on—*Crossing Delancey*—sort of a Yiddish play & quite amusing.

Jessie came home Thursday night. Jary went down to S. F. O. to get her. He says she's had her hair cut short (down to her earlobes). She started working at the local state parks yesterday. I haven't seen her yet.

Friday was the last day of school with commencement in the evening. Jary was on duty from 10 PM to 2 AM at the all night party after graduation. Zaidee was at the party as her boyfriend was a graduate.

Jary was here for breakfast yesterday before the Predmores left.

Next Wednesday another batch of guests arrive. These are friends who used to live here but now live in Hawaii. They will stay three nights.

I had a nice note from Jonathan. If he's to have training in forestry practices, it would appear he won't be sent to an urban area.<sup>6</sup>

Zaidee still hasn't heard where in Mexico she is to go—just that she leaves August 17.

I hope you had a nice time yesterday with Tony & Mary & Jotham & Rachel. Did Jotham's girl friend come too?

See you soon.

Love,  
Mother

P.S. My cat's name is Chelsea but the friend who had her called her "Sweetie." I don't like either name but haven't thought of anything similar that I like—so I usually call her "kitty-cat."

July 18, 1994



Dear Kathy & Keith—

After you left I got around to picking up a brown paper bag I noticed beside the chair by the front door. In it were three postcards which I hasten to send on.<sup>7</sup>

The opera last night was great, but we didn't get out until 11:30 PM. Near the end the performance stopped while the fire siren blew several times.

I guess Rashee<sup>8</sup> figured out you were gone because yesterday afternoon & to-day she has been upstairs most of the time.<sup>9</sup>

Last evening I discovered that all three bud stalks of my agapanthas had been munched off & all the blossoms & leaves from the ragged robin rose. I assume a deer visited the place, one that doesn't know deer don't like agapanthas.

Your visit was a real treat. I don't know when I've had so much fun.<sup>10</sup>

Hope your cat recovers from the mange quickly.

Love,  
Mother

August 5, 1994

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The bountiful package arrived yesterday. I gave the book & book review to Jary this morning (after reading the review of the 3 books).

I'm overwhelmed to have such a large supply of 4711 & shall enjoy every drop. What do I owe you for it? The pictures are great, too. Where did you find the banana slug crossing sign? And where is the rose covered cottage? And what winery? The pictures bring back memory of a delightful week.

Aunt Jane sent the clipping about the NCCC. If a similar article appeared in the *Press Democrat*, I missed it. It's good to hear Jonathan continues happy with it.<sup>11</sup>

Tony arrives Tuesday to spend 5 days with us. He will be alone. He's using up mileage acquired on the Australian trip for a free trip. Mary used the mileage (I think) to fly to Port Townsend for a family reunion. Tony couldn't go to that because of summer math at Mount Holyoke.<sup>12</sup>

Jary appears in *Pirates* to-night. I played with the idea of going, though I'll see it next week with Tony. His facial hair has been rearranged for his part—bare

chin, with mustache & wide mutton chops. Quite a change but better I think than the type of beard required for a musical some years ago. I'll have to get a picture of him now. Reminds me of some Civil War generals. I had 2 tables of bridge here to-day & was just too tired to make the trip to F. B. [Fort Bragg] for the show.

It's been quite warm here lately. Not quite as warm as one week in June but over 75° yesterday & to-day. To-day's bridge game was confusing as one woman failed to come (it's a club). She thought to-day was Thursday. So we were switching tables to make a 4<sup>th</sup> for bidding. I had terrible hands. Rashee presented problems by jumping on the dining room table to investigate the refreshments.

Love & many thanks for everything,  
Mother

Aug. 24, 1994

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It is some time since I wrote to you. Aside from my natural laziness I've been reading library books.

Tony was here for a week as perhaps you've heard. He came on the 9<sup>th</sup> & left on the 16<sup>th</sup>. His rental car was a Thunderbird, complete with cellular phone. He wanted a Ford Tempo (?) which they didn't have but gave him this at the same price. It was quite luxurious. Everything automatic but no manual. The first time he drove it at night the lights didn't go off when we wanted to leave the car. A call to the rental agency brought forth that there was something set which left the lights running a certain time after the lights were turned off. Tony changed that so the lights went off when the switch was turned. There was also a button that gave the outside temperature. What other exotic features it had I don't know.

We went to the county museum one day to see the Frolic exhibit there & then to Ukiah to see that exhibit. The latter exhibit was the best (as an exhibit), though it had less to do with the shipwreck & more about the Chinese involved & also those who came to northern Calif. & stayed.

We saw *Pirates* of course with Jary as a policeman. For his part he was to shave his chin leaving wide "mutton chops" & mustache. For performances his fa-

cial hair is darkened & I almost didn't recognize him, though I'd seen him with the mutton chops.

We also went to a play & to Zaidee's farewell party. This was a potluck supper at Jary's with 15 or so teenagers & 6 or 8 adults.

Zaidee got to Mexico all right. Her host family is named Mendoza. (The local Mendosas are Portuguese). She went first to Mexico City for orientation & then to Poza Rica dei Hedalgo by bus. Several Europeans (Swedish, Danish, etc.) are also in Poza Rica so she didn't have to ride the bus alone. It seems that the younger "brother" was an exchange student in Indiana last year. We haven't heard where in Indiana yet. The mother, a widow, owns a beauty salon. The older brother is a university student.

Jary said she phoned Monday & was quite upset because she'd found out she can't be a regular student & can only "audit" classes. Jary indicated he or Judy had talked with the counsellor at Mendo High who seemed to think they can work things out to give her some credit for her school attendance in Mexico. To be admitted as a regular student she would have to go to Mexico City to get a transcript of her grades approved. She has to wear a uniform at school (she heard that before she left). Her brother took her to a bank to open an account to get a card so she can get Mexican money from the machine. He took her to the school to show her around (school starts early in September). He also consoled her about auditing only & said she could take anything she wanted. I do think Youth for Understanding should have told her about the school situation before she left home. Maybe they didn't know.

Jessie goes back to Carleton the week after Labor Day. I'm going to Mammoth Lakes Friday, Sept. 2. Mildred Benioff invited Esther & me to join her & her daughter at their cabin. We'll stay longer than the holiday weekend but will probably be gone about a week. I hope I don't get altitude sickness again. I had an appointment with my doctor to-day & he gave me some capsules to take in case of nausea. I'll certainly take it easy the first day or so & we plan to take 2 days to get there & not go bang to the higher altitude. My blood pressure has been down since the new (& stronger) medication. Now the doctor is concerned that it may be getting too low. It was in the range he likes to-day at his office.

You still haven't told me how much the 4711 was.

Hope all is well with you & that Jonathan continues to like his project.

Love,  
Mother

August 28, 1994

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The cat basket is most elegant & soft & I would think Ra-Shi would love it. So far, however, she has merely sniffed at it & prefers to curl up in the light colored chair by the front door. Perhaps if I put it in the chair she would recognize it as a sleeping place. She changes her sleeping place from time to time. For awhile she was sleeping in the sleepy hollow chair.

I had a very pleasant time at brunch. We ate at the restaurant next to the botanic gardens on the outside deck—a warm sunny day without too much wind. After we ate we visited the gardens, just the perennial garden, the heather planting, & the begonia house. There were far more blooms than when we were there in July. The heathers were quite spectacular & there were many begonias & fuchsias in the hot house.

Zaidee reports it is hot in Mexico. She was quite upset, at first, when she found she could not be a "regular" student but could only audit classes. Jary and/or Judy talked with the counsellor at Mendo High & apparently they are willing to accept a letter from the school outlining what courses she audits & how much time she puts in.

Jessie leaves for Carleton the day after Labor Day. She's anxious to go back. Jary thinks she has been rather bored this summer.

I leave Sept. 2 with Esther to go to Mammoth Lakes to spend 5 or 6 days with Mildred Benioff at her cabin. Then we go to Santa Cruz for the next weekend. Esther's grandson is getting an Eagle Scout award & she wants to attend the festivities. We'll get back Sept. 12.

Again—Ra-shi & I thank you for the luxurious basket.

Love,  
Mother

PS – Mon. AM. I put the basket in the chair Ra-Shi has been using. She is now in the basket!

September 17, 1994

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I saw the swearing-in ceremony at the White House on C-SPAN.<sup>13</sup> I looked for Jonathan among the recruits but didn't see him. Perhaps he was already off fighting forest fires. I hope he gets back from firefighting soon & in good shape.

While I was in the mountains I talked with a woman from southern Cal. who had a narrow escape when a fire ravaged her home area. They lost their garage & some outbuildings but their house escaped. She said the firefighters were wonderful.

It was a very pleasant five days at Mammoth. Mildred's cabin is at 9000 feet out of the town of Mammoth Lakes. Esther & I did only short walks on level land. Mildred & her daughter hiked farther & did some climbing. One day we went to an old gold mining camp & another to Hot Creek where magma heats water that comes out of fumaroles as steam & sets one pool to boiling. This also heats a portion of the creek where people can go in the creek water. Some women told us the creek water was almost too hot for enjoyment.

A neighbor of Mildred's has a small pool behind her house (a large cleft boulder she fills with water). Numerous birds are attracted to the pool & Esther & I spent several hours sitting comfortably on porch chairs watching birds at the pool—my idea of bird watching.

When we left the mountains we went to Santa Cruz & stayed with Esther's cousin (aged 92) & attended the Eagle court of honor for Esther's grandson. It was an impressive ceremony with Indian dancing.

Zaidee is apparently reasonably happy in Mexico. I had a letter (birthday greeting in Spanish) from her when I got home. Her "brother" had introduced her to his friends & had been quite helpful. School had not yet started when she wrote to me. Jessie said Zaidee will be attending a private school. Perhaps Jary has told you all this and more.

I've seen Jary only once since I got home & then very briefly. I heard that he & Lena have parts in the Christmas musical. Jary is to be Santa. I haven't heard what Lena's part is.

RaShi spent several days sleeping in the elegant basket when it first came. The boy next door fed her while I was gone. The first 24 hours after I got back she followed me constantly & scarcely left the house—& cried constantly. Now things are more or less normal.

Jessie's "work" at Carleton this year is as a security guard. She received some training. Judy explained her duties to me but I've forgotten details. I think Judy said Jessie carries mace.

Until to-day it has been unusually sunny & warm here. To-day has been normal—temperature below 60° & fog.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 29, 1994

Dear Keith & Kathy—

A couple of months ago White Sands told me that some things of Martha's were in storage there & did I want them (or did other members of the family). There was a chair, a dresser, & some pictures. Neither Jary nor I wanted more furniture & we figured it too expensive to send across the country, but I thought I'd have the pictures shipped here.

There are eight of them:

Indonesian temple rubbing

Watercolor of CA coast by Maude

Framed ancient (or copy) music manuscript

Print of street in Bruges, Belgium (I think)

Framed photo of Maude (very good)

2 8"x 8" dried flower arrangements

Unframed Japanese or Chinese print of bamboo, apple blossoms & bird

I would like to have the temple rubbing. Jary would like the Bruges print (or watercolor), Tony would like the music manuscript & Beckie would like her

mother's watercolor. That leaves the Japanese print (very nice but needs new matting, & a frame with glass probably) & the dried flowers (they're attractive & small).

I'll be glad to send these to you if you want them. I phoned Beckie about the pictures & Tony happened to call me a day after Jary opened the packages. This is how your preference is sought last. Beckie said if any of us wants the photo of Maude for us to have it. Otherwise she would like it. A card on the back indicates she & Arnie gave it to Martha.

Both Jary & Tony expressed an interest in the Japanese print if you wanted the music manuscript or the Bruges print.

Let me know what you'd like fairly soon as they are taking up room. I don't quite know where I'll put the temple rubbing but I like it. There's room over my desk & in my bedroom but it won't be seen there much.

Jary has the lead in the Christmas musical & Lena will be a "tough kid." Maybe you should come out for Christmas—however performances will be over by then. Maybe Jary will give you a video.

Love,  
Mother

November 2, 1994

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It has been some time since I wrote. I've been letting other things take precedence. I'm glad to have the accounts of President Clinton's being at Aberdeen, but it is unclear to me whether Jonathan was present at the time or at the White House. I'm glad to know he got back from fire-fighting safely. I'm wondering if Aberdeen suffered from the storm that did so much damage in Baltimore recently.

Reports are that Zaidee is enjoying her life in Mexico. Judy said she had a nice letter from the Mexican mother. Jary said she was having trouble with a couple of school courses & had a conflict between soccer & cheerleading. She has a girl friend who is a cheerleader & the friend encouraged Zaidee to do cheerleading, too. I doubt if Zaidee would ever consider cheerleading here.

May Mantell has a photographic show on in S. F. with another photographer (male). Mary came out for the grand opening last Thursday. Jary had a conference

in Santa Clara last Friday & Saturday & took in May's show Thursday evening on his way to Santa Clara. He liked May's photographs better than her colleagues'. He got to see Mary & May briefly. The show will be on until Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> & if I get a chance to go to S. F. I'll try to see it.

Mildred Benioff lent me a book, *Milliken's School*, which is a history of Cal Tech (Mildred's husband was a seismologist there & she worked for the seismology department). I found it most interesting, especially the section on the biology department. Among the photographs was one of Dr. Dobzhansky taken on the Death Valley trip of 1936. I used to have a copy of it but it wasn't with my other California pictures. If I remember correctly, I sent you my pictures of Dr. Dobzhansky while you were at Yale & don't remember if you ever sent them back to me. If you did, they never got put back with the others.<sup>14</sup>

Do any of your libraries have the publication *The American Genealogist*? I saw in a footnote in the *NEHGS Register* that there is an excellent article on Philip Parsons of Enfield, CT in *The American Genealogist* 66 (1991): 193-96. Since said Philip Parsons is one of the ancestors I'd love to see the article. Actually there were 2 Philip Parsons—father & son. There's an ad for the publication in the *Register* & I've thought about writing to the publication to see if I could buy that issue. It's published in Demorest, GA. I'd appreciate any help you can give me.

The political outlook is pretty grim. The thought of Newt Gingrich as Speaker of the House & Robert Dole as head of the Senate makes the blood run cold, to say nothing of the prospect of Jesse Helms as chairman of foreign affairs. Things look a little better for Diane Feinstein lately, but I fear for our Congressman, Dan Hamburg. The Republicans' so-called contract is utter nonsense. The Republicans will run us into a depression sooner or later. They seem to want the poor to just commit suicide & leave them alone. I probably won't even watch returns Tuesday.

We finally got about ¾ inch of rain this week. More is needed but we're grateful for this amount. It is now more normally cold.

Love,  
Mother

November 20, 1994

Dear Keith, Kathy, Jonathan—

Last Wednesday I went to a jazz concert that was in a series in Fort Bragg (all the other concerts are classical). I thought Jonathan might find the program interesting since one of them lectures on jazz history. John Gilmore used to be an aide at the grammar school.

Jonathan seems to have a varied group of duties. Presumably he won't be bored.

Jessie gets home Wednesday to stay until after Christmas. She won't be here all the time & she plans a couple of jaunts with friends. Most of her high school friends won't have as long vacations.

Yesterday I managed to stumble & fall outside the building where the Study Club bazaar was held. I hit hard on knees, hands & head, especially the head. Assorted kind people helped me & a Study Club member I'd met only once urged me to go to the hospital emergency room & she took me there. The new minister's wife was there & she got the minister & they took my car home. My head hurt quite a lot, but apparently I didn't have any signs of concussion. The doctor on duty advised my having someone with me overnight so when I got home I called Jary. He came about 4 pm, had a little supper & then went off to a rehearsal. Judy came soon after 6 pm after taking Lena to rehearsal & stayed until Jary & Lena came back about 10 PM. Jary stayed all night. I skipped church this morning because my right eye is black (I look gruesome) & keeps watering. I felt I wouldn't be able to read the music in the choir. Now in mid afternoon the eye isn't watering so much, so I'm going to the theater to-night with Esther & a couple of others. I haven't been able to get Esther on the phone to warn her of my looks. Nothing hurts much now unless I press on certain spots. I have an appointment with my own doctor tomorrow, scheduled weeks ago, & Judy will drive me if I don't feel like driving.

When I turned away from the registration desk at the hospital, I was greeted by friends who were waiting for another old lady (older than I) who had also fallen & cut an arm & required stitches. 'Twas a busy day at Mendo Coast Hospital.

The election turned our worse than I feared & we're in for bad times. Newton Gingrich is mean & vindictive. Robert Dole & Congressman Armev aren't far behind. Senator Kassebaum was interviewed on McNeil/Lehrer this week—she

seemed fairly reasonable for a Republican. Anyway, our new county supervisor is of liberal bent. The timber interests gave copiously to his opponent, but he lost. It was the coastal area that elected Charles Peterson.

Judy said she phoned Zaidee on her birthday—the day before election—& Zaidee was most concerned about Prop 187 which passed by a large margin.<sup>15</sup> One wonders if the American people have lost all compassion.

I'm writing without my glasses & getting tired. Happy Thanksgiving.

Love,  
Mother

December 3, 1994

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It was good to talk to you & to Jonathan last Saturday. Sounds as if all is going more or less well with you. I hope you will get to enjoy your new bathroom soon. Strange—that there was no floor under the toilet. What held it up?<sup>16</sup>

Enclosed are copies of the newspaper articles I told you about. The "review" in this week's paper sounded more like a publicity piece. Jary was mentioned briefly with no comment on his performance & Lena not at all. Jary did very well, I thought. He had a lot to learn & several solos. Lena was especially good as an obnoxious teenager in black leather skirt, yellow fright wig, & black lipstick. She has a little solo & does a little dance. In another scene she is one of a pair of twins & I almost didn't recognize her.<sup>17</sup>

You have a new first cousin once removed. Kevin John Kelly was born last Sunday (Nov. 27) to Tim & Karla. Jane says he looks like Tim but doesn't have red hair. Tim & Karla bought a house in a new development in Broomfield last summer. It's not within walking distance of Jane's.

Jessie got home the day before Thanksgiving & will be here until New Year's. That is, she'll be in California. I guess she expects to make some jaunts with high school friends. Two Carleton friends (male) were here this week. She brought them around to my house yesterday morning. One lives in the Bay Area, the other in Seattle. They were very nice. Jessie still seems pleased with Carleton.

Zaidee is enjoying life in Mexico most of the time. Her "mother" has a beauty salon & has cut Zaidee's hair short. I bet it's cute.

My black eye is pretty much gone. There's still a little discoloration under my right eye & some scab on my forehead. My head is no longer sore to the touch & other aches & pains are pretty much gone. I still have some twinge of headache but not much. I did look pretty gruesome for awhile.

We're having quite a lot of rain. RaShi seems to think I should make it stop.

Love,  
Mother

December 27, 1994

Dear Keith, Kathy & Jonathan—

It was great to talk with you yesterday. Tony phoned to-day—from Mary's parents' place where they are staying until Friday. There's a gathering of the Mayshark clan.

To-morrow morning I'm going to cook oatmeal in the microwave & sprinkle the maple sugar on it—that will be a treat. To-day I made bread in my new toy.<sup>18</sup> The loaf is flat on top which indicates, according to the manual, that there was too much liquid in the dough. Since it has been a damp day I should have cut the liquid a bit. The bread is good, however. And it was quite easy after the ingredients went in the pan & the buttons were pushed. I made plain white bread—first one in the book that came with the machine. Next I'll try whole wheat & then some of the more exotic recipes. You can do the whole thing in the machine, or you can just make dough & after the second rising take the dough out & shape it to suit & bake in the oven. You can even put ingredients in & punch the program timer & the machine will start when you want it to.

The lovely rose colored throw will be cozy on cold nights or as an extra blanket. It is elegant, indeed. Thank you for everything.

We had a pleasant time at Jary's on Christmas day. Jary cooked turkey & other things, plus a delicious challah bread & pfefferneuse cookies (these were not so hard as to break one's teeth as so many of these cookies are). Lena & Jessie

made an apple pie. Judy had given him a small living Christmas tree in a pot & the gifts were arranged around it.

Jary very kindly came for me Christmas Eve so I wouldn't have to drive alone to the midnight service. The minister nabbed Jessie & Lena to be among the readers during the lighting of the Advent candles & Judy rang the church bell!

RaShi is driving me crazy. It's raining & she would like to go outside but it is raining so she's climbing on everything. I finally put her out in spite of the rain. She can climb on the wood in the wood shed.

Happy New Year!

Love,  
Mother

I have narcissus in bloom in the bowl you gave me a couple of years ago.

Wednesday morning 1/11/95

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It was nice of you to call last night. I still have no electricity, but Mendocino & Fort Bragg have it, I heard. Also that school is in session & Jary's answering machine worked this morning so I assume he has power now.

From a woman who lives down the street closer to Little Lake, I learned there are several wires down in her area in addition to the one between my house & the one next door.

I'm keeping warm with the woodstove & have a pot of soup simmering, also some prunes. I fried an egg for my breakfast—tasted very good, too.

I hear noises that sound like large equipment so perhaps P. G. & E. is working on the street & Gurley Lane will have power later to-day. At the moment it's not raining but it has rained off & on this morning. There's a little wind but not the wild gales of the weekend.

Yesterday afternoon I played bridge at a house with an ocean view (well away from any wave action) & the ocean was really booming in.

One of the stores in Fort Bragg—stationery & art supplies—burned to the ground Monday night. Arson is suspected according to to-day's paper. Fortunately

there was little wind or most of the downtown would have gone. Other buildings were damaged & the one that burned was considered historic.

Living without electricity isn't so bad during the day but evenings are pretty dull. Candle light isn't enough to read by & barely enough to knit by, & I'm getting tired of solitaire.

This is being labeled "the storm of the century" & I hope it is & is over. There have been as violent storms since I've been here but they lasted only one day. Flooding is not a problem here, except for closing some roads for awhile. Mud slides are a greater danger here.

During the storm I've discovered a radio station in S. F. with liberal talk show hosts—really giving it to Speaker Gingrich & the right wingers & defending Mrs. Clinton.

I want to get this out before the mailman comes.

Love,  
Mother

February 21, 1995

Dear Kathy & Keith—

This has been a lost week or ten days as I've been laid low with a cold. I've been coughing my head off & using up lots of Kleenex & the end is not in sight. Last week I stayed home all week—missing LWV, canceling a bridge game & a permanent. To-day I decided against going to genealogy society meeting, after a bad coughing spell in the morning. Each day I think I'm better but it's only a little.

Jary is on vacation this week but said he had no special plans, He was here Sunday for an IU basketball game on TV.<sup>19</sup> Lena went to Santa Cruz (?) with Judy, Kelley & Fiona to visit Kelley's mother & brother. They were coming back to-day, I guess.

We've had some bright sunny days for a change & some spring flowering plants are blooming. This morning I discovered a flower bud stalk on one of the cymbidiums. This is the first blossom stalk on this since the year everything froze back. I brought it into the house as protection from banana slugs.

Jim Larson<sup>20</sup> has received the key to Martha's safety deposit box & we've arranged with Ron Garton (former pastor here, now in La Jolla) to be authorized to get in Martha's safety deposit box & search for her will. The woman who had paid bills for Martha has now moved to Georgia or some such place. I phoned Beckie this morning on the chance that she and/or Arnie were planning to go to So. Cal. soon but they aren't. Arnie is to have a hip replacement as soon as he's sufficiently built up. Beckie said she's had a cold for 3 weeks.

Mary & Tony phoned about 10 days ago. Tony had had flu & missed a week of school. He'd apparently recovered all right as Mary said they'd gone to a sleigh ride that afternoon (Sunday).

Kelley gave me a photo he'd taken at *Dear Santa* (or a rehearsal) showing Jary in his Santa Claus costume with his "wife" assisting. Next time I go to Ft. Bragg I'll see if I can get a copy for you & Tony at Copy Quik. They have a machine that copies photos nicely.

The bread machine works fine though I don't always hit on the right amount of liquid. It's been so damp here this winter that the amounts given in the recipes are too much & I haven't hit the right amount for a perfect loaf. Too much liquid & the loaf falls. I've had only 2 perfectly rounded loaves so far. To-morrow I'll try again.

Hope you are free of colds & flu—

Love,  
Mother

March 24, 1995

Dear Keith & Kathy—

At last we have sunshine! And are supposed to have it again to-morrow. It is cold, however; colder than during the storm. I guess more rain is expected for next week, but maybe not so much. Anyway, we rejoice in sunshine.

I'm thinking of sending copies of the article about Jonathan to my congressman (a lost cause) & 2 senators.<sup>21</sup> It is sad that the Republicans aren't willing to give Americorps more time to prove its worth.

Jessie is in Miami this week as part of a Carleton College contingent working on a Habitat for Humanity project. She is the "designated driver" for the college van they are using for the trip. Her campus job this year is with the security patrol & Jary says she has been driving around the campus in a security vehicle. Jary said so many Carleton students sign up for Habitat projects that they have a lottery to see who gets to go. Last year Jessie wasn't picked.

Last night at choir practice I wore my Wooster sweatshirt & the woman next to me (a sporadic attendee) said her father & her grandfather went to College of Wooster. I asked her how she escaped & she said it was because her family moved to the west coast.

An astrologer (local) was the speaker at a Study Club meeting this afternoon. I had trouble understanding what she was saying some of the time, but she seems to be a true believer & it was certainly not the usual women's club program. I wanted to look into the astrology book Beckie gave me some years ago but it wasn't on the shelf where it used to be. Maybe I gave it to a book sale or it's behind the budded cymbidium orchid I brought in the house to keep it from banana slugs. The cymbidium is big & hard to move so I'll forego astrology a little longer.

Happy springtime.

Love,  
Mother

P. S. Saturday morning. There's sunshine again so outside work may be possible—mostly picking up branches the storms left on the ground.

April 10, 1995

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Sunshine & warm weather for a change. Yesterday was sunny but cold & windy. Before that rain—

Last week Jim Larson called & said Ron had finally been able to get Aunt Martha's will (the bank required more papers than Jim sent originally) & Jim had a copy. It is sort of a comedy of errors (or frustrations). Martha had named Bank of America as executor but B/A had given up such activities & had turned over such to Wells Fargo. When Wells Fargo was contacted they said they didn't handle es-

tates of less than \$500,000. Since I was mentioned in the will, Jim Larson suggested I act as executor & I agreed.

He then told me the provisions in the will. Martha left her furniture to White Sands. Of the rest of the estate she left 1/8 to Maude or Maude's heirs, 1/8 to me or my heirs, 1/4 to be divided equally among you, Tony, Jary & Beckie, 1/2 to five organizations to be divided equally. The organizations are a Christian college with a NY city address but an Indian (Asia) sounding name, a department of Claremont College, the medical center at White Sands, & 2 Methodist organizations. Jim Larson said there will be some bills to pay & income tax.

Last year Beckie got Martha's bank statement & broker's statement for April & they totaled about \$250,000. Some interest & dividends should have accumulated since then but whether they exceed the bills I don't know.

Since legal mills seem to grind very slowly it may be years before you see your 1/16 of Martha's estate.

Happy Easter.

Love,  
Mother

May 23, 1995

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The most interesting book arrived a few days after I last talked with you.<sup>22</sup> I have read the introduction but am waiting to start the "real" part of the book until some obligatory reading is finished. Thank you!!

Ten years ago or more in a history of Haverhill, MA I read of an Indian raid in 1708 in which our ancestor Simon Wainwright was killed. His widow, by a ruse, escaped with her children except for one which the Indians carried off to Canada. The girl never returned to Massachusetts but became a nun. At the time I read this I assumed that the gutsy Mary Wainwright was our ancestor but later research showed that Mary Wainwright was Simon's 3<sup>rd</sup> wife & the captured daughter was fathered by Mary's first husband (she had 2 more after Simon Wainwright was killed). We are descended from Simon's daughter Elizabeth who married Rev. Robert Breck & her mother was Sarah Gilbert.



This week I had a letter from Frank Williams, my cousin George's son. He wrote that his son (G. O. Williams III) & wife were to be on a camping trip & expected to include Mendocino. Frank did not say when they were to be on the coast but did include George's address & phone (Sea Cliff, NY), so I phoned him. It will be next week that they will be out here.

I am including a wrapper from the yarn you bought for me last year. If your father has not yet left for Ireland, I would appreciate any amount he cares to buy & I will reimburse him gladly. I'll make him some socks if he'd like if he'll tell me what size.

It was a busy weekend for Stavelys. Lena has been in a middle school choir & they had a concert Saturday evening. Then on Sunday afternoon her music teacher had a recital. Lena played a duet & part of a Beethoven sonata at the recital. She was a little grumpy about these performances because they interrupted a 24 hour birthday party. She was the only party guest involved in the 2 performances.

I read the copy of Martha's will at the lawyer's office. She left  $\frac{1}{8}$  of her estate to me & you boys. So I would have  $\frac{1}{32}$  of the estate & you would have  $\frac{1}{16} + \frac{1}{32}$  if my arithmetic is correct.<sup>23</sup>

It looks as if reunion at Cornell may be interesting in view of to-day's news about granting a visa to the president of Taiwan to attend reunion at Cornell. I saw something about it in the alumni news a month ago. I think they want to give him a distinguished alumnus award, but China (the republic) objected to his being distinguished. I gave away my issue to a friend so I cannot look the item up. The friend has a son in Ithaca who is among those objecting to a planned Walmart store & the issue had an article about that.

We had 3 days of sunshine & almost warm weather last week. Now it is cold & cloudy again.

I bought some warm weather clothes to take east with me so I hope it is warm enough to wear them. One outfit consists of of silk slacks, tank top & shirt. I ordered these from a catalogue & I think I ordered too large a size for the slacks. The shirt is rather long but it will look nice worn over my hand woven striped dress. I have to shorten 2 pairs of slacks & perhaps the waist of a new dress before I leave June 3.

TV program I want to see in a few minutes.

Love,  
Mother  
& many, many thanks

I like the card, too.

June 2, 1995

Dear Kathy & Keith—

My big bag is almost packed & I'll do the carry-on in the morning plus some assorted chores. I hope I don't think of many more in the morning.

Jary, bless his heart, is taking me all the way to my motel near the airport. Next week he (or someone else) makes the trip to get Jessie.

This week George Orland Williams III & his wife were here for overnight. He is the grandson of my cousin George. He & Gloria were on a short camping trip on the west coast. They live on Long Island—Sea Cliff. I had seen him only once, briefly, at his parents' home in Chicago. We had a pleasant time with them. Jary had a previous engagement but came in during the evening. George was interested in family stories. I got out some old pictures. He said he had never seen a picture of the first George Orland. I'm going to get copies made of a couple pictures he wants to have. He & Gloria were interested in the local scene. I took them out to the pygmy forest section of Van Damme Park & to the headlands (it was foggy & still is) & through the village. He said his mother attended Keene State for awhile. Lived in Keene with a sister. Apparently he & Gloria do a lot of camping. He is 6 years younger than Jary.

Much to our surprise to-day my partner & I won top prize at the marathon bridge tournament. Last time we were at the bottom.

See you in a couple weeks.

Love,  
Mother

July 12, 1995

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Among the accumulated mail when I got home was a batch of items from the Blair company including one about the silk outfits like the one I bought. I wore it last week with a light turtleneck under the tank top & it was much admired.

I'm enclosing prints of some of the pictures I took in the east. The copies I had made here are darker than the ones done in Cambridge.

We have had a week of sunshine & it's been great. To-day has reverted to summer fog but it isn't too cold.

The music festival started last night—a rousing orchestra concert of Rossini, Grieg, & Shostakovitch. The Grieg Piano Concerto in A minor was especially great. The showy, 19<sup>th</sup> century romantics do a great job & it is wonderful to hear them now & then. To-night it's a string quartet & I gave my 2 free tickets (for housing a musician) to Jary. I thought he'd take one of his daughters but instead is taking the woman who makes Mendocino Mustard. That reminds me; I must send you some of the pictures of Aunt Martha's which I forgot about.

Jary said Jessie had 2 wisdom teeth taken out yesterday (upper & lower on one side) & will have the other 2 removed next week. Jary said his dentist said they like to take out wisdom teeth before the roots get long. Maybe that's why Jon's dentist suggested it.<sup>24</sup>

Zaidee returns next Monday afternoon. Jary & Judy are going to SFO to meet her. Jessie has to work, Lena will be at church camp, & Kelley has a doctor's appointment.

According to the *Chenango American* there was a violent windstorm in Greene on June 26. A lot of trees down & power outage. Many trees came down in the cemetery breaking gravestones & the iron fence around the cemetery.

Good luck to all,  
Mother

August 3, 1995

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I had to get something notarized. It has been several years since I had anything notarized & the person who had done it has retired. So I went to the bank but they notarize only bank transactions. The woman I dealt with called someone who

was out of town until Sunday (a member of the church, I realized). Then another woman suggested someone else, so I went to her. She turned out to be an attractive young woman & when she saw my name asked if I were Jessie's grandmother. Turns out she went to Germany on the same program the year Jessie went to Norway. She asked about Jessie, said she had seen her at the 4<sup>th</sup> of July parade but didn't know whether Jessie was here for all summer or just for the holiday. When I asked the fee she said "no charge" because of Jessie, but I insisted & paid her. Later I saw a couple of friends at the post office & they said another friend (we're all LWV members) does notarizing. I never thought of Judy Brooks being a notary. She has been a court reporter & still takes depositions from time to time.

Esther Meskis & I were on the waiting list for the Elderhostel program. This week we got word we are in. It is at Point Reyes National Seashore Aug. 27 – Sept. 1. The program looks quite interesting—birding but with other facets of the area like the San Andreas fault, Miwok Indians, the old lighthouse, flora & fauna.

We are 4<sup>th</sup> on a waiting list for a foliage trip in the fall. I've been to many of the places on the trip, but some of them were long ago & there are some I've never seen. There are 2 nights in the Boston area. Esther is to bring me the itinerary Sunday & after I copy it I'll tell you more details—if we get in. This would be Sept. 27 – Oct. 15.

Zaidee had a good time in Mexico. Is far more talkative about her experiences than Jessie was. She did cleaning for me yesterday. She wants to earn money to go back. Apparently there is a Mexican boy friend named Luis. Alex here found someone else at college—U. C. Santa Barbara.

Love,  
Mother

August 13, 1995

Dear Keith & Kathy—

According to the itinerary of the fall foliage tour Esther & I have applied for & are #4 on the waiting list, we would be staying at the Boston Marriott in Newton on Friday October 6 & Saturday October 7.

Judy's father was here most of the past week. He slept here but was out on Comptche Rd. most days. Tuesday evening, he took the girls & me out to dinner. At the girls' request we went to the new Indian restaurant in Fort Bragg. It was quite good. We all ordered something different—3 lamb dishes, 1 chicken dish, & an egg-plant dish. I should have ordered a vegetarian dish so Lena could have a little variety. All entrees were served with rice & naan (a bread). If the place is still in business the next time you are out here we'll have to take you there. I liked everything but the Lamb Tikka Kabab that John ordered was the best. The name of the place is Samraat. Perhaps you know what it means.<sup>25</sup>

I've seen very little of Jary lately. Week before last he went to the music camp. He came in one day last week to get supplies for the art class Lena is attending this week. I ended up giving her my set of oils. I haven't used them in 20 years. I told Jary that if I felt the urge to paint again I would ask for them back.

As I was writing the last sentence Jary appeared to watch some TV.

Our pleasant warm weather continues. Yesterday I went to a 90<sup>th</sup> birthday party, the second such this month. There was another last May.

Hope your vacation in Maine is good.

Love,

Mother

In cleaning out a file drawer (partially) I came across this brochure of Anza-Borrego State Park. I told Jonathan about this place in June.<sup>26</sup>

August 25, 1995

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Your package arrived yesterday & I opened it since I won't be home on my birthday. The CD's are great! Such a nice selection. The Beethoven 5<sup>th</sup> is quite familiar, but the others are not & my music education will, therefore, improve. Thank you ever so much. I like the cute card, too.

To-day I have been assembling things to take to Point Reyes. I'm thinking of deleting my winter jacket as I can add a sweater under the windbreaker I'm taking. The accommodations are somewhat primitive—cabins without electricity, but probably no worse than at Tuolumne Lodge. I don't leave until Sunday but it

seemed best to pack to-day as to-morrow afternoon there is to be a celebration in honor of women's suffrage at Kelly House lawn.

I was asked to appear with my suffragette pins. When I cleaned out Dad's house I found a couple of pins from suffragette days & took them home. A few years ago the local league put on a skit & I wore the pins on a sash. This time I've put them on a hat. I'll wear a white blouse, long skirt (light colored in front) & a yellow stole. The sash worn diagonally from shoulder to hip was red, but it seems the suffragettes wore white dresses & yellow sashes. Chief problem to-morrow will be finding a place to park the car. LWV & a couple of other women's organizations are going together on this.

Jessie went back to Carleton yesterday. Zaidee is bussing at a local restaurant a couple nights a week & helping tutor some Mexicans learning English. Lena took an oil painting class at the Art Center last week & apparently liked it a lot. One of the teachers at the middle school recommended her for a scholarship. This was not a children's class, but one of the regular classes. I loaned her my easel which is lightweight & I guess it blew over a few times.

RaShi ran afoul of another cat last week & suffered a puncture wound in one leg at a joint. It became infected so I took her to the veterinarian last Saturday. He cleaned the wound & gave her some anti-biotic. Sunday she was acting better, eating again, but not putting pressure on the foot. By Tuesday she was using all four feet instead of hopping like a kangaroo. I still give her antibiotic twice a day & she resists. Richard Marshall next door will look after her while I am gone. I hope she doesn't get in another fight while I'm gone.

Have a nice restful time in Maine.

Love,

Mother

P. S. Your Aunt Jane was very appreciative of your effort to see her & Tim.

December 4, 1995

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Yesterday afternoon I attended the Gloriana Christmas show & Jary did very well. This year's show had only 3 performances & was a series of episodes from pre-

vious Christmas shows. Jary sang one of the songs from *Dear Santa* & was in several other singing groups. They made a rather clever presentation. The stage was set as a large living room & the cast came in as family & friends at a big Christmas party & they reminisced about previous shows & reenacted parts. From time to time a doorbell rang & all the children jumped up & yelled "I'll get it." I thought it a delightful touch.

Yesterday was cold & rainy & I got cold the latter part of the show & decided not to take in the sing-along-Messiah at the church in the evening. A cup of tea & another sweater warmed me up & when a neighbor offered a ride I decided to go. I really enjoyed it. The music is magnificent. We didn't do the whole thing, but most of it. The orchestra & soloists were all good & in only one chorus did I lose my place. I think the crowd was a little smaller this year but nearly everyone was singing lustily.

The *Who's Who in America* arrived to-day. I'm amazed. I haven't looked at it except to find Keith's entry. I don't know where I'll put it. The box is so heavy the postmistress carried it to the car for me. When I was on the high school debate team we were often looking up people in *Who's Who* at the library.

I hope to get a Christmas package or two off this week. The shopping is done—pretty much, though I feel it's all pretty much disorganized this year.

Love,  
Mother

Thanks for the *Who's Who*. It is really a tremendous gift. Mike Predmore looked at the eastern volume while he was here, but didn't find many Spanish professors he knows.

December 29, 1995

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your gifts are a delight. The brooch & earrings are so pretty & have been worn several times, including Christmas Day. I'm looking forward to reading the biography of Mary Ellen Chase<sup>27</sup> & the 12 grain bread mix is most welcome. Aunt Jane sent me bread mixes, too, so there should be interesting breads around here soon. The windup bird is great fun. We had many laughs over the assorted antics, espe-

cially Jessie's which flopped around at a great rate. RaShi has found my red bird fascinating.

Jary & the girls came here about 12:30 pm Christmas Day. I had snack items out to fortify us for opening packages. Then we went out to the Comptche Grange hall where the folk music people were having a pot luck dinner. The day was relatively warm & since Jary & the girls weren't wearing jackets, I didn't either. The hall was cold & clammy when we got there & I wished I'd taken a jacket. Someone finally turned on the heat and the place became bearable eventually.

Jessie didn't go with us to Comptche as she had been invited to dinner at the current boy friend's home.

Tim Kelly, Karla, & Kevin arrived Wednesday afternoon. Karla's parents were to come, too, but her father had a cold so they didn't come. Kevin is a month over a year old & is very cute & very good natured most of the time. He crawls rapidly & pulls himself to standing. He was very interested in RaShi, but she didn't reciprocate & spent most of the time they were here under my bed & safe from the noisy creature on the floor. Kevin looks very much as Tim did at that age, though his hair is not red. Jary & the girls were here for dinner Wed., & Jary came over the next morning after breakfast. We had planned to go up to McKerrick to see sea lions but it rained. So we visited some of the local stores & Ford House. Also went to Jary's so they could see his place. After a late lunch they went back to Modesto.

When we came in from Jary's we discovered RaShi had denuded most of the lower branches of the Christmas tree & broken a couple of ornaments. She has gone after the ornaments this year. Probably because stormy weather has kept her inside.

Much love & many thanks,  
Mother

# 1996 - 1999



**Artist Unknown, Untitled**  
Card used for letter of December 9, 1996



**In Jary Stavely's Kitchen, Mendocino, CA, June, 1996**  
Left to Right: Lena Stavely (age 14), Zaidee Stavely (age 17), Jessie Stavely (age 21)  
Photo: EWS

Chapter Seven: 1996 - 1999

January 24, 1996

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I assume your bumper supply of snow has long since melted & that your neighborhood escaped flooding & that Jonathan got back to San Diego all right.

Here it is raining steadily, but no wind. A leak has developed in my ceiling near my chimney & I have the tinkle of drops as they fall into a can placed behind the stove. I suppose debris has accumulated on the roof around the chimney & that is causing the leak. Last week one of the skylights leaked & I had someone come to clean debris from around the skylights. If it isn't one thing, it's six others.

I thought I'd bring you up to date on the comedy of errors that is Martha's estate. If you remember when we saw Beckie in 1994, the woman who had been paying Martha's bills was on vacation. After she returned, I made several calls to La Jolla & finally contacted a lawyer in Fort Bragg—I needed to see him about something else, too. He was able to get someone to open Martha's safety deposit box & get a copy of the will (meanwhile the aforesaid woman had moved to Alabama). Martha had named Bank of America, where she had an account, as administrator of the estate. However, B of A no longer does that & had turned over such activity to Wells Fargo Bank. Then it turns out that Wells Fargo is not interested in estates of less than half a million dollars. So the lawyer said I could apply to be administrator since I was named in the will. Last September (I think) the necessary forms were filled out & I paid the fee. I'd heard nothing more.

In a phone conversation with Beckie about her surgery, she said she thought Martha's holdings should be sold as the stock market was up & would probably fall in a couple of months. So I called Jim Larson & he agreed about the stock market & would check if B of A had sent the will to the court. Last week I got a phone call from Larson's secretary, saying that B of A sent the will to the court in late October, but the court never received it. The bank sent it regular mail so there is no way of tracing it. (I would have sent it registered mail.) So now the court is to send everything back & Larson will apply again with the copy he has (I hope he makes several

copies!). The secretary said once the court gets the copy of the will, the assets can be sent to Fort Bragg & we can go from there.

This is certainly a wild situation for someone as well organized as Martha was until her last few years.

A couple of days ago I had a note from Frank Williams, my Cousin George's older son. He said Jane had sent him pictures she took when she was east in August. Frank wrote that he saw a resemblance of you & Tony to himself & his brother Fred. Frank is very nice & if you ever have to go to Chicago, you should look him up. I have his address. His son George & his wife stayed overnight here just before I went east last summer. They live on Long Island.

The rain keeps on & still drips in the can behind the stove. I was going to swim this afternoon but decided I didn't want to go out in the rain. I did that yesterday & will have to go out to-morrow.

Love,  
Mother

February 24, 1996

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Snow fell this morning. It didn't last long but for awhile the gravel was white in spots. When I called Jary, he said it had been snowing at his place for 45 minutes. I has rained most of the past week but before that it was warm & sunny, fooling some plants into thinking it spring—like my red rhododendron which has 2 blossoms out & the acacia back of the house is in bloom. It usually blooms in April. Since you've never been here in spring I was hoping to show you spring flowers but they seem to be coming on early.<sup>1</sup>

Mendocino schools were on winter break the past week. Zaidee went to Minnesota to spend a few days with Jessie. She took all her warmest clothes & while it was colder than here, I guess it really wasn't frigid.

I'm really not in the modern world. I hear people talking about Internet, the Web & Windows & have no idea what they are talking about. My MacIntosh computer is fast becoming an antique, I fear. Jary has just upgraded his equipment.

Having recently seen movies & TV of *Sense & Sensibility* & *Pride & Prejudice* I feel I'm basically more at home in Jane Austen's world than the present one.

I view the Pat Buchanan phenomenon with some trepidation. While he has called attention to the plight of non-millionaires, which the other Republicans have ignored, his proposed cure will lead to further disaster. I got something from the National Taxpayers' Union touting the flat tax. It was tempted to write on their survey "It Stinks" but desisted. They claim it is fairer, but there is nothing fair about a tax that excludes income from investments.

The town teemed with tourists last weekend in spite of all the rain. I started getting a cold Sunday. Fortunately it didn't amount to much, perhaps due to the Vitamin C I took & the echinacea tea I drank. And I stayed home two days—they were rainy ones. I'm getting to be a real Californian—I don't want to go out in the rain.

I have 2 cymbidium orchids in bloom. Maybe the second to bloom will still have blossoms when you get here. They seem to last a long time & the later plant has a second flower stalk growing. And one of my cliveas is budded.

RaShi thinks I should turn off the rain when she wants to go out.

Love,  
Mother

March 7, 1996

Dear Keith & Kathy—

To-day is the second day of sunshine after quite a lot of rain and lower temperatures than the rest of the winter. I haven't seen much in the way of spring wildflowers around the place. I've spotted only one Calypso orchid leaf & it didn't have any flower bud. I did see a couple of yellow violets yesterday. Since you haven't been here in spring, I was hoping to have a real display for you.

I'd like to have some definite dates for the projected trip south.<sup>2</sup>

On election day I'm to have a new experience. I'm to work on the election board. I was called by a woman who is on the board & she seemed desperate for a body. I got a sheet with the board members & the other 3 are all Republicans & I know only the one who called me & that by sight only.

I haven't seen Jary in over a week. No IU basketball on TV lately. He did call last Sunday. He's involved with 2 singing courses & a movie course.

Last week I was one of the judges at the Science Fair at a Fort Bragg school. The church organist teaches there & recruited me & another member of the choir plus 3 other church members. It's sort of fun to do this (this is my 3<sup>rd</sup> year) & some of the exhibits are quite impressive. This is a grammar school & I'm sure I was not up to such activity at a comparable age.

Hope you've thawed out by now.

Love,  
Mother

April 22, 1996

Dear Keith & Kathy—

RaShi thinks she should be in my lap & that I should give her my undivided attention, so writing at the moment is difficult. She followed me constantly when I first got home from our trip & slept on my bed for several nights. I have had to be out of the house quite a lot in the last 2 weeks & I guess she thinks she's due for attention.

It was a great trip & I enjoyed every minute of it. I hope the enclosed check comes somewhere near my share of the expenses. Let me know if it's not enough.

After you got on board we picked up Jary's car & went to Northwest Airlines & to Judy's gate. Then Jary & I set out for Mendo & got here about 7 PM.<sup>3</sup>

Next day I had to get up early to be at church by 8 AM. The time change was no help. We got breakfast between the 2 services & after the second one I went to Jary's for dinner. Poor Zaidee got into something on her trip & had blisters on her ankles. A trip to a doctor on Monday designated it as poison oak (a relative of poison ivy with the same effects). Zaidee thought she had got into nettles but the effects of that don't last as long. Jary & the girls went off to some concert (jazz or rock & roll) but I went home to nap & to go to bed early that night.

It's been rainy & cold much of the time, but there have been a few sunny days. On one of them I went on a wildflower walk at Sea Ranch—a native plant affair. Things seem to be blooming later than usual this year, but we saw quite a few

things that day. This past Saturday the LWV had its garden tour (our one fundraising event). I was on duty from noon until 2:30 pm. at a charming garden in Fort Bragg. I didn't try to go to all the gardens (there were 7) but enjoyed the ones I did visit. One is on a street of very modest houses. It was quite surprising to see a most interesting & colorful garden in such a setting. In contrast my place looks pretty pedestrian. I still have the cymbidium orchid in bloom & several of my mixed-up Christmas cactuses have buds.

Jary gave me a potted petunia for Easter & if it stops raining on a day I can be home I'll put it in the yard & hope that neither deer nor banana slugs eat it.

I took Lena to Comptche School one day last week so she & Judy could go to Ukiah to get passports. Judy, Lena, & Zaidee are going to Mexico in July to visit Zaidee's Mexican family.

I finally got around to renewing my membership in Mendocino Botanical Garden. Yesterday I got my membership card plus a brochure about botanical gardens across the country that will admit Mendo members to their gardens free or at reduced rates. There are several in So. Cal.—one in Palm Desert. Too bad I didn't have this information & my new card on our trip. The Berkshire Botanical Garden in Stockbridge, & Tower Hill Botanic Garden in Boylston are on the list, plus free admission to the New England Spring Flower Show in Boston.

Jary came in to watch a Giants game. They lost abysmally.

I'm now off to an LWV meeting. It's cloudy & will probably rain.

Love & happy springtime,

Mother,

April 30, 1996

Dear Keith & Kathy—

By the time you get this you may have heard from Jonathan as to whether he has worked on these fires. The item about Anza Borrego was in the paper the day I mailed my last letter to you. I'm assuming your papers will not have covered these fires in much detail—unless they get much worse.<sup>4</sup>

I heard about the Borrego fire before I read it as I saw the man who used to be a ranger there at the Senior Center. He & his wife were eating at the Senior Center

as I was. I told him we'd been in Anza Borrego the week before Easter. They were there, too, at the same time—spending several days, I gather. He said there was quite a bit of bloom in the canyons.

To-day & yesterday the temperature here has been in the 70's. Quite hot! Wildflowers are coming out now. I finally had 2 calypso orchid blossoms near the road. Wild iris are appearing & I've seen a few budded clintonias, but I suppose deer will find them before the blooms appear.

About 10 California quail were in the parking area this morning. I've not seen them so close to the house before.

Love,

Mother

May 17, 1996

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Your Mother's Day remembrances are quite delightful. I have enjoyed the pictures a great deal (my roll is not yet finished) & *Native Stranger* has been read with a great deal of interest. I'm telling everyone about it & offering to lend it.<sup>5</sup> Thank you, thank you.

By now you have probably received some papers from James Larson, Attorney-at-Law. His probate secretary phoned me the day I received them & told me that a hearing date had been set & that if the court agrees I should administer the estate. I'll have to sign a bond. She also said that Mr. Larson might attend the hearing just to see nothing more goes wrong. I think he has a daughter living near San Diego so he may have planned to go there anyway. The secretary indicated that this has been a most complicated situation.

Last evening I attended the awards celebration at Mendo High. Zaidee got 2 math awards & a social science award. Since her main interests are in the humanities, it's interesting that she got math awards. She is one of 3 valedictorians.

I'm sure Mt. Auburn Cemetery must be a great place for bird watching, and a very pleasant one for watchers. My trouble with bird watching is that I see a bird with my naked eye but by the time I get my binoculars to my eyes the bird is usually in the next county. A couple of weeks ago there was a covey of California quail



in my parking area—8 or 10 of them. That's the closest I've seen them near the house. Actually, it is seldom that I see them on my property at all.

It has rained every day since Tuesday, quite a bit to-day. I've been invited to an 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party to-morrow to be held in a meadow. Methinks it will be rather soggy. Last Saturday there was a garden party for the benefit of a "safe & sober" graduation. It was a lovely sunny day & at a beautiful garden. Refreshments were out of this world & a harpist played. Guests were asked to decorate hats to wear & most did. Also most wore skirts. (No men seemed to come.) Judy took me as her guest. Several people did a lot of work. There were two white wisteria vines in full bloom on the place. The only time I've seen white wisteria before was on the bridge at Monet's garden at Giverny.

Judy, Lena, & Zaidee are going to Mexico this summer to visit Zaidee's Mexican family. Judy & Lena are coming back after 3 weeks. Zaidee will stay on for 3 more weeks. Jessie has a couple of summer jobs & will be in Sacramento. The current boy friend is a student at Davis & plans on summer school. This may be part of the attraction of Sacramento as it's not far from Davis.

Happy springtime & many thanks—

Love,  
Mother

June 8, 1996

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I'm glad to know the little magnetic thing has provided some amusement for you & the cats. I was paying for something at the local nature/science store & they had one going on the counter. So I thought someone in the family should have one.

Yesterday was quite a day. Lena graduated from middle school in the morning. Then Zaidee graduated at night. In between I had a bridge luncheon in the afternoon & dinner at Judy's for the 3 graduates (Lena, Zaidee, Fiona) & Zaidee's current boyfriend who had graduated the night before from the community school. Dinner was at 5 PM or soon after as it was considered wise to get to the high school by 7 PM. to get good seats & a parking place.

Zaidee, as one of the 3 valedictorians, had a speech to make. She was really great. The senior class had made a trip to Disneyland (I never can remember whether Disneyland is in California or Florida—one is "land" & one is "world" & I never remember which is which). Anyway, they went to So. Calif. She sort of compared going on a scary ride with leaving school & going out into the world. She did very well & drew a big round of applause. I felt sorry for the girl who followed Zaidee (the 3 spoke in alphabetical order) as Zaidee was so dramatic.

There was a "sane & sober" all night party up in Fort Bragg after graduation. Judy was on duty from 11 PM to 1 AM & Jary from 1 AM to 3 AM. I assume everyone rested to-day. Zaidee has 3 scholarships—Mendo Teachers, Gloriana Opera, & Study Club. Some others won more, I think.

The current boy friend seems pretty nice. He's interested in the arts, especially ceramics (for his senior project he made ceramic drums of various kinds). He has won a scholarship to some arts program in Southern California this summer. He was accepted at 2 or 3 art schools (one was Alfred in western NY state) but has chosen to go to Santa Cruz. He also plays soccer & I guess is quite good. He goes to So. Cal. about the time Zaidee goes to Mexico.

There were 59 in Zaidee's class, 71 in Lena's. There were at least seven families that had youngsters in both graduations. The people who sat behind us in the morning sat in front of us at night.

The weather has been balmy & warm, even hot some days—temperatures in the 70's.

Jary has a part in the summer musical, *Bye Bye Birdie*. He's to be a bartender. A new (I think) resident has had a singing class & Jary has been in it. A neighbor of mine is also in the class. She says that the voice teacher urged Jary to try out for the part. Earlier Jary had told me he wouldn't try out because he was thinking of taking one of two courses out of town he was interested in.

I'm housing an opera singer June 30 to July 14. The music festival is putting on *Carmen* this year. For awhile I thought Jane might come out this summer, so I held up on signing up for festival housing. Turns out Jane is not coming. Andy was going to drop her off here if he came to the coast to look at Tacoma where he thought he might be transferred. Apparently Tacoma is out. Tim wanted to come

out (his in-laws live in Fresno) but he has a new job & can't get away. He may be in San Diego on business this summer & asked for Jonathan's address which I've provided via Jane. I've also alerted Jonathan to the possibility.

Hope all is going well with you.

Love,  
Mother

June 16, 1996

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I finally finished up the roll of film I started on our trip and got the prints back yesterday. Thought you might like to have these.

The picture of the two graduates was taken at Judy's after dinner & before Zaidee's graduation. There is a nice picture of the two I got in the gym before Zaidee's festivities but I gave the extra copy to Jary & it will be over a week before I can get copies. The CSF on Zaidee's stole stands for California Scholarship Federation.

I had dinner at Jary's Thursday evening. Jessie will be leaving Wednesday for Davis/Sacramento. She's thinking about Americorps after graduation from Carleton.

The choir is having a potluck party this evening, the genealogy society is having a potluck picnic Tuesday, LWV board is having a board meeting Wednesday & I play bridge (substituting) Monday & Friday.

Tony is going to a conference out here late in June (I think) & E-mailed Jary that possibly he might be here—with students.

My music festival musician arrives June 29 & leaves July 15. This is a different one. Apparently a change was made. The original one was to be here 2 weeks, then leave for a few days & come back for 3 more days.

Happy summer days!

Love,  
Mother

July 2, 1996

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I thought you might like to have this photo of Zaidee & Lena just after Zaidee's graduation. I think it turned out rather well. Lena is not wearing what she wore in the morning. I thought her dress at her graduation didn't do much for her—it seemed rather colorless but perhaps it's a favorite of hers.

Jim Larson's probate secretary phoned me this morning & the probate court in San Diego has lost some more documents sent to them. So to-morrow I am going to Fort Bragg to sign duplicate papers. Maybe eventually this will all be straightened out, but the San Diego court seems to be pretty disorganized. Apparently, my appointment has been approved—or something has.

Judy, Zaidee & Lena got off to Mexico on schedule yesterday.

Love,  
Mother

July 24, 1996

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Enclosed is a list of places I'll be staying on the trip.<sup>6</sup> We will leave here July 31<sup>st</sup> as our flight to Seattle is in the morning.

The tour ends Aug. 16 but we are staying on in Seattle until the 19<sup>th</sup> as Esther's grandson is getting married in that area on the 18<sup>th</sup>. I'll tell you all about it when I get back & maybe send pictures. Everyone says it's very beautiful in the Canadian Rockies.

The music festival was especially good this year. I housed a young tenor (student at UC Berkeley) who was in the chorus of *Carmen*. Very friendly person with lots of enthusiasm. Had never been up here before, & seemed impressed.

Judy & Lena are back from Mexico & apparently had a very good time. Judy likes Zaidee's Mexican family. It was arranged for Zaidee to take part in the graduation festivities of the Mexican classmates. Zaidee gets back Aug. 12 & has about a month before she goes to Santa Cruz.

Had a letter from Beckie last week with a picture of all McCalmonts on 4<sup>th</sup> of July at Sunapee. Jim & Gina had a son born May 20<sup>th</sup>. Named him Neil Charles. Perhaps you've already heard this.

Must get to bed earlier than usual. I have a dentist appointment at 8:30 AM in Fort Bragg.

Hope your summer is going well.

Love,  
Mother

8/6/9

Postcard from Banff, Alberta

We went to the top of Sulphur Mt. via gondola this AM. Spectacular views in all directions. High wind & some snow. Glacier Park was spectacular, though it rained most of the day we were there. Visited Head Smashed In Buffalo Jump in Alberta near Ft. McLeod. Indians drove buffalo off cliffs here for hundreds of years. A great visitors center built into the cliff. Also went to a bison national reserve in Montana & saw a half dozen bison, antelope & prong horns. Very good trip so far.

Mother

Aug. 24, 1996

Dear Kathy & Keith & Jonathan—

The trip was great! I got home Monday night at 11:30 & have been pretty much disorganized since. I'm finally unpacked & most of the laundry has been done. To-morrow an old college friend is arriving. She lives in Williamsburg, VA & is spending a week with a son who lives in Oakland. She'll be here 2 or 3 days, I think. I've known since early summer she would be here late in August but it was only last evening I knew just when. I think I'll skip church in order to get things together for a late supper (bus gets in at 7:40 PM) as I had already bought a ticket for the Sunday matinee of Jary's show—which has good reviews though he wasn't mentioned in the one I read.

There were 38 on the bus trip—from all over the country. One other Californian besides Esther & me. Most were married couples.

It was cloudy & rainy from Seattle to Alberta. Our bus driver was Canadian & he pointed out that the weather improved when we got into Canada. There was lots of spectacular scenery. Our guide briefed us on the geology, history, economics,

etc. of the places we visited. Montana is certainly "big sky" country, but Alberta seemed *all sky*. Until we left Calgary & got into the mountains. One interesting spot was Head Smashed In Buffalo Jump in Alberta where the Indian tribes gathered once a year & drove bison over a cliff. This gave them a year's supply of meat, hides, etc. Another place I found fascinating was riding a large tractor like vehicle on the Athabaska Glacier. We walked on the ice a little & drank what they called 1000 year old water—very cold & clear. There were beautiful lakes, rushing streams, impressive mountains. Banff was very crowded with tourists. I think half the population of Japan was touring the Canadian Rockies (which is a different mountain system from the Colorado Rockies—according to our guide). We visited the ninth highest waterfall in the world—Takakkaw Falls. Getting there involved our bus backing up on part of a hairpin turn because the bus was too big to make the turn. This was a bit scary. I chickened out on a suspension bridge (foot) near Vancouver. It swayed far more than the old suspension bridge in Ithaca did. (Present Ithaca bridge scarcely sways at all.) Butchart Gardens near Victoria were outstanding. We had 2 hours there. Seemed more colorful than when I was there 11 years ago.

The day the tour ended (in Seattle) Esther's grandson took us to Kathy Zedekar's place in Gig Harbor, WA. They have a beautiful place with a view of Tacoma Bay & Mt. Rainier when it is visible—which it was part of the time we were there. Had a great time with her & husband.

Then we went back to Seattle & attended Esther's grandson's wedding in a park. He & his father are very interested in American Indians so Nathan & Amy (the bride) were in Indian costume & I guess the ceremony was more or less Indian. A friend in attendance videotaped it so we saw the wedding later. We went to the Seattle Art Museum, also the one in Vancouver.

I haven't seen Jary since I got back & talked with him only once. Lena has gone mountain climbing with the church youth group, Zaidee is spending the coming week with her grandfather, & Jessie came home Thursday & left yesterday or to-day for Carleton College.

My luggage seemed heavier this year & I got tired, especially at the higher altitudes.

Hope your summer has been good.

Love,  
Mother

September 28, 1996

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Your card from Cape Cod came a few days ago. It would appear you had a very good week there.

After weeks of sunny warm weather, it is now more normal—foggy & cool. I was disappointed that the recent lunar eclipse was not visible here. Jary said that Judy & Lena drove out to Comptche to see it, but did not say whether there was no fog there. The fog this week has been quite dense.

I finished the Cooperstown book<sup>7</sup> & found it fascinating. I learned a lot about the settlement & politics of my part of New York state. Otsego County is the next county east of Chenango County. A drive to Cooperstown was a favorite outing when I was a girl. That area always seemed more prosperous than the Chenango valley. Some houses were older & there were quite a few estates. The Clark Thread people owned a great deal of the shore land of Otsego Lake. I see that one of the Cooper daughters-in-law married a Clark after her Cooper husband died. I wonder if it was the same Clark family. On the road from Gilbertsville to Morris is the monument to the Cooper daughter who was killed on that road by a fall from her horse. It is an especially scenic road & the first time we went on it, we stopped to look at the monument. The author of the book devotes a chapter to Hannah Cooper, the woman who was killed.

Jary was here last evening to watch a Giants game. I haven't seen him much since I got back from the trip. Apparently Zaidee is having some trouble adjusting to college life. Jary says she tends to worry. Jessie is apparently enjoying being a senior. Several of her closest friends were off-campus last year. This year they are back.

Things are moving with regard to Martha's estate. I've had to go to the lawyer's office several times to sign papers. Her checking account has been moved to a

Fort Bragg bank. The Calif. Teachers' pension fund continued to send checks to her account for over a year. Tuesday I signed a refund check.

Happy Indian summer!

Love,  
Mother

Oct. 3, 1996

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The new main library in San Francisco is stupendous, wonderful, amazing, etc. Its exterior on Larkin St. faces a plaza on which the other buildings are more or less classical. Beaux Arts is the term our guide used. The rear of the building, which I didn't see, is presumably more modern to blend with the buildings on the street it faces.

The interior is very light. There is a circular atrium topped with glass & this sheds light throughout the building. Except for floor 1 no floor is solid—bridges span assorted open spaces. The areas colored reddish on the floor plans are open spaces. The planners seem to have thought of everything. On floor 2 there is a reddish path on the floor that leads to the Braille room. The guide said the reddish path is of different texture from the rest of the floor & this difference is discernible to the blind carrying a cane.

We got to SF shortly after 11:30 AM & all scattered for lunch before our tour at 1:30 PM. Some of us found a nice vegetarian restaurant about a block from the library—Ananda Fuara Vegetarian Restaurant on the corner of Larkin & Market Sts. It was spotlessly clean, the waitresses wore saris (though they didn't look Indian), the food was delicious & relatively inexpensive.

Love,  
Mother

Oct. 22, 1996

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It's pretty exciting that you may soon have a vacation home. You may be deluged with visitors!

It's nice that you'll get to see Tim, Karla, & Kevin. Kevin looks like Tim did at a similar age.

Happy Halloween.

Love,  
Mother

Oct. 27, 1996

Dear Kathy—

I expect you had a pleasant time with Tim, Karla & Kevin. Kevin wasn't walking when they were here last winter. He was very interested in RaShi, but whenever he tried to get near her, she ran off to hide under my bed. Perhaps Angel & Emily are not as easily intimidated.

We've sunshine to-day after several rainstorms during the past week. The moisture is most welcome, especially as it came without high wind. Thursday there was dense fog & I mean dense! I had to go to Fort Bragg in the afternoon & was glad to get home safely. Some stupid drivers failed to turn on their lights & they were almost upon you before you saw them. Reminded me of the fog Homer & I encountered near London. Fortunately it went away after 5 PM or I'd have skipped choir practice.

I heard Zaidee was home this weekend but I didn't see her. Jary said Judy needed her to help with consulting with some non-English speaking parents of Judy's students.

Happy Halloween.

Love,  
Betty

November 10, 1996

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Last evening I turned on C-SPAN & got a lecture at College of Wooster. There were organ pipes behind the speaker so I assume it was in the chapel. A most interesting lecture on race relations in Indiana in the 50's by a man named Gregory Wil-

liams. Apparently he is now dean of the Ohio State Law School. His father was black (or part black) & his mother was white. He has written a book, *Life on the Color Line*, which I hope I can find at one of the 2 local libraries.

I worked at the polls on election day—6:30 AM to 9:15 PM with a 45 minute break between 12 & 1 PM. Very interesting experience. Saw many of my neighbors. Discovered 2 women I know go by middle names instead of first names on the roster. Over 70% of those registered actually voted, and the precinct voting across the hall reached 81%. So I was surprised to read about turnout nationwide.

A couple of nefarious ballot measures passed. One is the awful Prop. 209.<sup>8</sup> Zaidee, it seems, took part in 2 demonstrations against it in Santa Cruz. When she heard about the first one, she alerted her corridor & got them all out.

Jary & Lena are spending the weekend with her—or in Santa Cruz, anyway. Her birthday was Thursday so she missed voting by 2 days. Judy sent money to one of the local boys to get her a cake on her birthday.

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 9, 1996

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Thanks for the phone call on Saturday. Your new home sounds great & I'm anxious to see it.<sup>9</sup> I'm sure you will be inundated with visitors, but perhaps not in winter. People I know here who came from the Bay Area seem to have visitors all the time, especially when they first come.

Yesterday afternoon I went to an LWV interview of our new Assembly member. The state league picked us to interview her & provided the questions to ask—on issues the League is interested in. A capable woman (Democrat). Her predecessor couldn't run again because of term limits adopted a few years ago. It was an interesting experience.

Then in the evening I went to the sing-along Messiah. Well attended in spite of fairly heavy rain (almost 2" in last 24 hrs.). I had forgotten about it until a neighbor phoned & offered a ride.

Hope to get packages in the mail this week.

Love,  
Mother

Jan. 2, 1997

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I put the cookie cutter pin on my raincoat & it has been admired. The CD was played twice on Christmas Day to the merriment of all.<sup>10</sup> The books have been looked into briefly & I look forward to reading them & have already enjoyed most of the pictures. RaShi has played with her mouse—I think part of the tail is now missing—& she sends heartfelt thanks to Angel & Emily.

The pictures have not yet come. Because of flooded roads mail has been delayed, but it is now almost 2 weeks since you mailed them. When I went to the post office to claim my held mail there was a sign posted to the effect that the mail truck would be late to-day. There has been very little rain to-day so perhaps more roads will be open to-morrow.

Thank you for everything! You made our Christmas very merry.

Love,  
Mother

January 8, 1997

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Yesterday I put a pair of socks in the mail for Keith. I hope they are satisfactory. They aren't very colorful so dignity can be maintained.

The pictures arrived last Friday & your new house looks most attractive. Its exterior is modern but with old New England flavor. You should be quite comfortable in it.

Jary & I left Saturday after Christmas in intermittent rain. We got to the Predmores shortly before 2 PM. After lunch Jary went on to his music camp at a YMCA camp farther south. I had a very pleasant time with Pat, Mike, Iza & Misha. The first evening we went to see the movie *Shine*, which is excellent. The next day Misha celebrated his 14<sup>th</sup> birthday a month late with some friends. Mike took the

youngsters to a Star Trek movie. When they returned there was ice cream & cake. The next day Pat & I were to have lunch with another classmate but the Predmores' car was not functional—a supposedly minor repair turned out to be major so the car was at the repair place all day instead of the expected hour. It rained all day, too. So we got together on Tuesday & had a great time. When we & the Predmores lived in New Brunswick area, the Arscotts lived in Princeton. Lois' husband taught English at Princeton High & was a College of Wooster graduate. They had 2 boys around your & Tony's ages. The 3 families got together for picnics a few times. Lois Arscott now lives with her younger son, David, who lives in Atherton which is next to Palo Alto. David is a bank executive, I think, & lives in a very plush development. Lois, who was taller than I when we were at Cornell & in NJ is now so bent over by osteoporosis that she is shorter than I. David Arscott also went to Wooster. The older son, John, I think, went to Yale & lives in New Jersey. When Lois lived in Princeton she was a member of the church whose pastor was the speaker at Jonathan's graduation.

Mike brought in a video of *Arsenic & Old Lace* for us to watch New Year's Eve. While I had seen the play years ago, I'd never seen the movie. It was hilarious. At midnight they broke out champagne so I guess we celebrated in the traditional way.

Jary came for me next day about 11 AM. & about noon we started north in rain (sometimes heavy) & fog all the way. The radio kept announcing more & more roads closed. Rte. 128 was closed 40 miles more or less from Cloverdale, but was open as far as Flynn Creek Rd to Comptche. We got here about 4 PM. No electricity. Jary started a fire in the stove for me & lit the oil lamp he gave me last Christmas & not needed till then. Then he went home to see what problems he had there. Power came on for me about half an hour after I got home but Jary had to wait until 9 PM. Someone farther out Comptche Rd was out for 5 days.

Jary came down with flu the day after we got back, but was well enough to teach Monday.

Tony & Rachel are to arrive Sunday. I hope it stays sunny while they are here. It's been sunny & somewhat cold since the weekend.

I had a note from Beckie recently & she indicated that twins are expected but didn't say who was having them.

Hope the socks arrive all right.

Love,  
Mother

March, 1997

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Hope you are all well & getting a little spring. Here we've had sunshine & slightly warmer weather so assorted spring flowering things are bursting into bloom.

Lena, Jary & Judy are spending next week in Yosemite. It's alternative education week at MHS. Jary & Judy are going as parents/drivers. 32 students, 2 teachers, J & J. Easter night & the next day I'm housing an English choir singer. A prize-winning English choir is giving a concert at the church March 31.

Love,  
Mother

May 13, 1997

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The little bees arrived yesterday. I put them on a jacket this morning & wore it to an LWV meeting (annual mtg with pot luck lunch). They were admired by other members. Thank you so much. They are delightful. It was good to talk with you Sunday evening & I hope to-day was festive.

Do you remember the long tailed bird we saw in one of the aviaries at San Diego Zoo? We both took pictures of it. Esther Meskis took my photo to an Audubon meeting & several members told her it was a whistling duck. So you can properly label your photos.

Tony says Jotham will graduate from UMass. May 25<sup>th</sup>. He & another student had an art show last week.

To-day I received in the mail a batch of papers, checks, etc. to sign with regard to Aunt Martha's estate. I've read through them & will sign everything & mail

them back. So the distributions should be fairly soon, but as this thing has gone along I expect "soon" is a most indefinite designation. The estate is now valued at about \$300,000 but income taxes have yet to be paid.

Next week I give a program at the genealogical society so that will be the main emphasis now that League program matters are taken care of for the present.

Love & many thanks,  
Mother

July 6, 1997

Dear Kathy & Keith—

A week back to normal living after the sojourn at your idyllic place. I finally got unpacked but am still far from ready to receive the musician next weekend.

The strips came off the wound this morning.<sup>11</sup> One fell off yesterday & the others came off easily. There are a couple of small scabs which will probably dry up & fall off in another week or so. There may be a small scar for awhile.

I assume you received a sizeable check from James Larson, Attorney-at-Law & have already put it where it will do you some good.

According to a NEHGS publication, there is to be the 3rd annual reunion of the Crandall Family Association at the First Hopkinton Seventh Day Baptist Church, Ashaway, RI on July 19, beginning at 9 AM. You can write to C. F. A. Reunion, P. O. Box 1472, Westerly, RI 02981. Perhaps the Crandall place on Pound Rd. will be open for the event. I enclose your descent from Elder John Crandall in case anyone ever asks you.

Jary's friend Patricia is here this weekend.<sup>12</sup> He was here to watch a baseball game yesterday & she took his car to get groceries in the village & do some other errands, I guess. Then came back here shortly before the game ended.

I had a lovely time at your place. You spoil me dreadfully but I love it. I enclose some photos which I could have left with you. The others I took at your place are still in the camera & I don't know when I'll finish the roll. Maybe I can attend one of the opera rehearsals & catch Jary in costume.

RaShi didn't let me out of her sight the first day I was home, and she cried almost constantly. Now we're back to a more normal routine.

I've a new back deck. 5 of the 6 joists under the deck had rotted. The new ones are of treated wood. I'm not returning the planter boxes to the deck as water from them contributed to the rotting.

I hope your summer continues to be enjoyable.

Love,  
Mother

July 20, 1997

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It was good to talk to Keith the other evening but I'm sorry to hear of your water leaks. Join the club! One of the facts of my childhood was fallen ceilings—in the kitchen over the cookstove. I think it happened at one time or another at every house we lived in. I guess steam from the cookstove was the culprit then.

The music festival is being most enjoyable. I'm going to the opera to-night, & will go to a concert every night next week except Thursday.

Jary is going camping with Patricia next week. He said they were going to McLeod which is in the Mt. Lassen and Mt. Shasta area.

Lena has gone to Mexico with the church youth group—working at an orphanage for awhile & then to San Diego to work on a Habitat project. They are to get back July 31. It turns out Zaidee won't be back until the end of August.

Love,  
Mother

August 22, 1997

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Things have been rather busy here lately. Last week several of us took Esther out to lunch on her birthday (we went to the Garden's Grill on a lovely day & ate outdoors). The night before I went to a play. Next day I substituted at a bridge group & on Saturday Jary & I went to a Bar Mitzvah.

The boy lives down the street & Jary had him as a first grader, but a closer relationship is that his maternal grandmother is now the wife of Harvey Golubock's father.<sup>13</sup> Mr. Golubock was here for the festivities. It was a very gala affair. Tuesday

I gave the program at the Genealogy Society meeting & yesterday had 2 tables of bridge here. A woman is moving away next month so we took her to lunch at the hotel & then came here for bridge. Another woman & I engineered the affair & my house is more conveniently located from the hotel. Everyone seemed to have a good time.

To-day I've been pretty lazy. I did take down the bridge tables & washed up the glassware used yesterday.

Lena spent 2 weeks on a mission trip with the church youth group. They were in Mexico for a week or so—repairing a church & helping at a Bible school & then worked at a Habitat project in San Diego. After she got home she worked at a local camp for disabled children. Now she's attending soccer camp here afternoons. She apparently had a great time at both projects.

Katherine Bell & Caroline are to be here for a couple of nights in September.<sup>14</sup> They arrive on the 9<sup>th</sup> & leave on the 11<sup>th</sup>. Caroline's son has a birthday on the 12<sup>th</sup> so they want to be at his place then—& to see the baby that was due 4<sup>th</sup> of July.

It rained Tuesday night but the last 2 days have been nicely warm & sunny—very welcome after the almost constant fog that set in about the time the music festival started.

Jary said he would be here to watch baseball this afternoon or evening (I haven't checked the schedule in the paper).

Love,  
Mother

August 29, 1997

Dear Keith & Kathy—

As I told you on the phone the handsome sweatshirt arrived several days before my birthday. I will enjoy wearing it after our "hot" (75° +/-) weather is over. So many, many thanks & for the phone call, too.

I hope your water supply problems are soon solved. You've certainly had a rash of them.



I think the enclosed photos turned out pretty well except for getting Jonathan's face in the shadows each time. The pictures taken at Larchwood Inn are good, too. I'm having extra copies of 2 of those made for you.

I thought of sending this Dave Berry column to Tony but decided against it. He might not appreciate the rather flippant attitude towards wine tasting.

Jary phoned a few minutes ago. He's taking me to the Thai restaurant for dinner. I've never had dinner there—just lunch. I guess you had lunch there with me once. The celebrations are going on for quite awhile.

My next door neighbors invited me to go with them to-morrow night to see *Much Ado about Nothing*. I hear it is very good.

About the time I cut my arm on your mailbox your Aunt Jane cut her ankle on a fall. She was not as lucky as I as she got an infection which is now almost healed. Tim's wife applied steripads & either she took them off too soon or left them on too long. Anyway, when Jane took them off, skin came off with them.

Again, thanks & much love.

Mother

Sept. 17, 1997

Dear Kathy & Keith—

To-day I'm taking the day off—that is, I've stayed home & done what I wanted to do. I had planned to go swimming but at mid morning it started to rain & I've become so much a Californian I no longer want to go out in the rain. Now the sun is shining brightly.

Kay & Caroline were here last week. My cleaning person who was to come on Monday didn't (her father-in-law died) so I did the cleaning necessary. Tuesday morning the League met with luncheon following. When I got home I set to work to prepare dinner & do assorted chores. They got here about 6 PM. Next day we did the sights—village, headlands, pygmy forest, Botanic Gardens (the tuberous begonias were spectacular). They left Thursday morning & I went to Fort Bragg to do my stint (monthly) at the genealogy room. (I've discovered that your Durland ancestors were originally from Holland & the 1625 immigrant was Jan Gerretse Durlandt).

Zaidee has been home over a week, enjoyed her summer's work, mostly in a women's shelter in Juarez, Mexico. She said she was the youngest of the workers & the one most fluent in Spanish. She said one woman at the shelter gave birth to a girl & named her Zaidee!

Lena is on the junior varsity soccer team. Jary said she did well in last Friday's game. Jary now makes 2 trips to Santa Rosa a week in pursuit of a special education credential at Sonoma State. He doesn't have to work Fridays so he may get a place to stay Thursday nights so he doesn't have the late night drive. His Tuesday evening class gets out earlier.

Jessie & Sean<sup>15</sup> are living on a 50 acre ranch about 1/2 hour drive from Davis. They have 3 or 4 roommates. There are sheep, peacocks, & rattlesnakes on the place. This is Jessie's last week of summer school. She said she wants to get a job in Davis. Jessie & Sean met Zaidee at SF when she came home from Mexico.

I think you both came out pretty well in the pictures taken at Larchwood Inn.

I'm reading an interesting book, *A Midwife's Tale*, by Laurel Thatcher Ulrich. Came out in 1990. You probably know all about it.

Since I decided to stay home I put stuff in the bread machine. It will be done in a few minutes. Smells good already. I haven't made bread in some time.

Love,

Mother

Nov. 5, 1997

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It has been some time since I heard from you. I assume you are up to your ears in assorted activities. Things go on here much as usual. It has been much warmer than usual this fall with a few rainfalls. I don't see much of Jary. His course at Sonoma State is requiring a lot of time. Once in awhile he comes in to watch a game of some kind and last Monday we went to a benefit dinner together at one of the inns—art in the schools project.

Mary Jane & Jim Roberts's daughter is getting married on the 15<sup>th</sup> at St. John's Episcopal Church on High St. in Worthington. Reception at Brookside Coun-

try Club on the Dublin-Granville Highway. I assume you know about both of these places.

Rudy Ellingson died last month. He had been in a nursing home, I think, since Mary died.

All of Jary's girls will be here this weekend for Zaidee's birthday. I probably won't see them as I made other commitments before I knew they were to be here. Friday there is to be a dinner at the church (celebrating the church founding in 1852) & the choir is performing so I have to go & on Saturday I'm going to a tele-conference on communities.

I'll see the girls at Thanksgiving. Zaidee is going to Mexico for Christmas. I haven't heard if Jessie found a job in Davis or not.

Must get lunch & get ready for swimming in the afternoon.

Love,  
Mother

Nov. 23, 1997

Dear Keith & Kathy—

This might be called a "lost weekend." I've come down with a cold & have felt pretty miserable all day & to make matters worse I had a flat tire & drove on it yesterday (unknowing) to ruin it. Jary has kindly put the spare on & took the damaged tire to the local service station where he found out the bad news. Tomorrow before school he'll take my car to the station & get new tires (this was one of 2 original tires). This he'll do as he doesn't have to be at school all day & I'm not sure how I'll feel in the morning. This has been coming on for about 3 days & I shouldn't have worked at the Study Club bazaar yesterday.

I made one of those Christmas tree breads (the one that lies flat) for the bazaar. The woman who bought it said she would freeze it & take it to her children's place in Weston, MA for Christmas! I hope it keeps all right.

Judy is hosting Thanksgiving dinner. She said there would be 10 of us—including her father, Jary's friend Patricia & probably Sean. Last year Sean had dinner with us, then went home for another.

Happy Thanksgiving.

Love,  
Mom

December 28, 1997

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The CD's are great! I finally got around to playing them the day after Christmas. Jary played his & last year's Rubber Band Christmas (Kelley & Judy hadn't heard it). The rose colored scarf is pretty, too & I almost wore it to a tea yesterday, but I was wearing a turtleneck under a jumper & it was too warm with a turtleneck. But it will be worn during the next cold spell. The pie server is unique & we used it on one of the Christmas pies—pecan pie made with maple syrup instead of Karo—very good. Thanks for everything.

I've now entered the modern world. Jary gave me a touch tone phone & got me a cordless one, too. I'm getting used to them. I haven't entered most used numbers yet as I haven't mastered the technique. I've wanted a cordless for some time but hadn't figured out how to install one as the electric outlets nearest telephone jacks switched. Jary figured it all out & installed the phones & they seem to work.

After we talked with you on Christmas day, we learned that Jessie & Sean are probably going to postpone their wedding. Jessie is feeling pushed what with her job & starting courses like anatomy she didn't get at Carleton. Jary said that if Jessie's wedding is postponed he would probably go to Jotham's if he's invited.<sup>16</sup> Lena wants to drive across the country & they might do that.

So you may see more Stavelys than you expected come June.

Happy New Year!

Love,  
Mother

February 13, 1998

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It was good to get your letter to-day with the most interesting gleanings from your reading. Capt. George Williams was a half brother of our ancestor Larkin Williams (who had a son George). Both were sons of Col. Abraham Williams. Abraham

had 3 wives. The first was Prudence Howe who bore him 2 children who died in infancy. The second was Elizabeth Breck who bore him 2 children, Abraham & Larkin. The third was Elizabeth ? who bore 13 children. George was their 6<sup>th</sup> child & he eventually ran the Williams tavern. He married Mary McPherson & had 2 daughters, Catherine & Lucrece. Both daughters married men named Gates & Catherine's husband ran the tavern after Capt. George died.

Timothy Dwight's description of the Chenango valley is delightful & I agree with every word.<sup>17</sup>

As for the Mendocinians, we're waterlogged. It has been almost constant rain since the first of the year. We've had maybe 4 days with sunshine & usually not 2 days in a row until yesterday & to-day, & it did rain last night. The roads are full of potholes, & parts of some roads have slid downhill. We've been cut off from inland several times because of flooding (Rte 128) or landslides (Rte 20). At last Thursday's LWV meeting we had 3 speakers from Ukiah & all were held up by one way traffic on Highway 20. Farther south it has been much worse. Houses have slid downhill & been demolished & a lot of people have been evacuated because of flooding or cracks in hillsides. Usually in January we get a week or ten days of clear weather before another onslaught of rain. This year, however it has been constant.

I'm beginning to think about going east for Jotham's wedding. I thought I'd go east a week or 10 days before the wedding & visit you, then visit Tony & Mary after the wedding. Will it be more convenient for you for me to fly into Providence or Boston? Now that Jessie & Sean are postponing their wedding Jary is thinking about going to Jotham's wedding. Lena would like to drive across the country. I'm not sure I want to do that. I suggested to Jary we go east by Amtrak & fly back, but he thought that too expensive. Several months ago I asked Zaidee to go east with me & she said she'd think about it. You might have 1 or 4 Mendocinites descend on you.

Esther Meskis & I have been accepted to an Elderhostel program in New Orleans the first week of May. Neither of us have ever been there. We get tours of the city, something of its history & jazz. Also food of the area. I'm not all that interested in jazz but maybe they'll convert me. I go back to the days when jazz was for dancing, not sitting around listening.

Our PBS radio station in Philo now gives us Garrison Keillor on Saturday nights. I miss half an hour of it because I want to watch *Keeping Up Appearances* on TV. Do you get that on TV?

I just finished *Jane Austen: A Life* by Claire Tomalin. I found the account of Jane Austen's life, her relatives, & friends fascinating.

It is now Saturday & raining *again*. The sun did come out for awhile in the morning. My roof is leaking near the woodstove, a place it hadn't leaked before. Probably a buildup of debris. I've had leaks around the skylights from time to time. This is different. My handyman says my shingles should be replaced. A week ago I called a roofer & left my name & number on his machine. He hasn't called back; I assume he's inundated with calls these days. I got his name from a friend who has a most elegant oceanside place (recently sold). I was there on a rainy day & she had pails catching leaks.

RaShi has hidden in the closet under the stairs ever since I took her to the vet day before yesterday. She yowled all the way there & back. Even though several people admired the wicker carrier.

Love,  
Mother

April 27, 1998

Dear Kathy—

To-day I put Keith's birthday gift in the mail. The postman thinks it should get there by May 13.

I haven't done much in the way of shopping and so haven't yet purchased something to wear at the wedding. I saw a nice 3 piece outfit—shirt, sleeveless blouse, jacket—in one place but they did not have a skirt that fit me & couldn't get another. Another local store didn't have summer things in when I was there the next week. After I get back from New Orleans I'll look seriously, but if I don't find anything, I wondered if you would take me to some shops near Jamestown. I assume you haven't shopped much for clothes in Rhode Island, but there ought to be some good places. I assume Newport is very expensive.

I do have a couple of things I got 2 years ago to wear at reunion & either of them would do, I guess, though neither of them are very dressy (except by Mendo standards).

My 23 year old washing machine gave out 2 weeks ago & I've been too busy to look for a new one. I'm in charge of to-morrow's LWV program & it's required quite a lot of work. This has not been my year so far—dental work, major car repairs, leaking roof, & now the washer. But the sun shines this week & flowers are blooming.

Love,  
Betty

May 24, 1998

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It occurred to me that you should be informed of just when we expect to arrive in Providence on June 13.

We're coming in on Northwest Airlines Flight #487 from Detroit, arriving at 10:35 PM.

After several days of sunny & relatively warm weather, we've had rain all day to-day. My new roof does not leak! The living room skylights have not been replaced yet—they had to be ordered. An extra item not included in the original contract. My new washing machine was installed a week ago & seems to work well. I suppose the dryer will give up the ghost any day now.

This week I bought a dress to wear at the wedding. I went to three other shops before I found the dress. I think it looks pretty good, but maybe it's only less bad than the other I tried on. It's a peach-colored pink—ankle length skirt with matching overblouse that is embroidered with same color as the dress material. I'm in process of crocheting a matching bag to go with it. If it turns out unfavorably I'll shop for a purse in Rhode Island. Since it's an indoor wedding in the evening I guess I don't need a hat (though I've seen some cute ones here—haven't tried any on—that may be another story).

The dress is a bit more dressy than what I wear here. Maybe I'll save it for all the grandchildren's weddings!

To-day's paper had an article on interesting places to eat in various parts of the country. Two are in Rhode Island.

1. Aunt Carrie's on Narragansett Bay
2. Jigger's Diner in East Greenwich, R. I.

No indication where on Narragansett Bay Aunt Carrie's is.

Since Jary didn't show up yesterday for the Pacers/Bulls game I assume he went out of town for the holiday weekend. The high school prom was last night. Lena was planning to go with a group of friends.

LWV annual meeting is Tuesday. After that I'll no longer be program chairman but I'll have to organize stuff to pass on to my successor. I'll still be program chairman for the Genealogy Society but that's not as time consuming.

Hope all is well with you.

Love,  
Mother

July 6, 1998

Dear Keith & Kathy—

At last we have sunshine & warm weather—beginning 4<sup>th</sup> of July. I spent the day quietly at home—working on assorted chores & watching the Boston Pops orchestra program on TV in the evening. There was a parade in town but I didn't want to get involved in all the traffic & hassle of finding a place to park. I heard there was a large crowd.<sup>18</sup>

Jary dropped in briefly Sunday morning. He was just back from Port Townsend & thought the opera rehearsal was at the school here. No one there so he came here & phoned a neighbor who is also in the opera & found the opera rehearsal was in Ft. Bragg. He was here while I was at church as he left his thermos on my coffee table. No sight of him since. He did say that his offer on a house in Fort Bragg had been accepted so I assume he's up to his ears in things related to that. The house is on Harold St. across from a neighborhood grocery & within walking distance of another & of a Mexican restaurant I hear is very good. It is a bungalow built before 1920, I'd say, & has 3 bedrooms, a fairly large backyard. No trees, but a hedge on 2 sides (it's on a corner).

Zaidee & Lena were here yesterday afternoon. Zaidee wanted to tape stories of my childhood. She's working 3 or 4 nights a week at 955—the restaurant where we went to see her several years ago. She also is to work a few days a week at a clinic (women's) in Fort Bragg—because of her fluency in Spanish. Lena came here this morning & did yard work for me.

Love,  
Mother

P. S. It's now the 8<sup>th</sup>. Jary was in last evening. He may move in with me if the tenants in the house he's bought can't find a place by the time he has to move from Comptche Rd.

July 9, 1998

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Jary was in yesterday briefly. He had been to the Fort Bragg house to check out a number of things. It is on the corner of Harold & Alder Sts., facing on Harold. Lot about 40' x 120'. Garage at rear of lot & accessible from Alder St. Has small front porch, & a back porch. Fairly good sized living room with built-in redwood hutch. Small den/bedroom to left of living room. Behind that is a larger bedroom & behind that a bathroom. Behind the LR is a laundry/utility room & across the back is a kitchen & a room now used for computer, etc. Only partial partition between kitchen & computer area. No trees on lot but a hedge on Harold & Alder street sides.

My musician is scheduled to arrive Sunday. I hope he calls before arrival as I'd like to go to the matinee of *My Fair Lady* that P. M.

Cleaning person was to come this morning but hasn't shown as of 9:35 AM. I have to leave at 10:45 AM.

After several days of sunshine we now have fog all day yesterday.

Love,  
Mother

July 31, 1998

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Sue & Sandy Craig who live in Toledo came to see me this week. Sandy's parents owned a place north of Willits. The parents are now dead but Sandy & his brother now own it & Sandy & Sue come out nearly every summer. I think you, Keith, went with us to the place once. Anyway we had a great time getting caught up. Their son lives now in a Berkeley suburb & went to College of Wooster. Jary was here that afternoon & Lena came just before they left. Both Sue & Sandy went to Carleton College. Sue's father was on the faculty.

We still don't have much sunshine. Sometimes the sun penetrates the fog for awhile. Two mornings my back deck was wet from fog drip but it wasn't enough to register in the rain gauge.

Love,  
Mother

August 8, 1998

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I haven't seen Jary in over a week but he called Monday afternoon to say the house deal had been completed that day & he expected to start moving his stuff in the next day (Tues.) He's been at that music camp they go to since last Friday. This evening I was listening to *Prairie Home Companion* & at the middle KIYX was giving a few local announcements & one of them concerned a contra dance at the Ukiah Methodist Church with Jary Stavely as caller. So that's where he is to-night.

We've had a few warm sunny days lately, but to-day it was clouds & fog all day. This is the first summer I've had heaters on in summer.

September 8-11 I'll be in Ashland, Oregon for 4 Shakespeare plays plus one other. I've just finished reading *Comedy of Errors* & *Midsummer Night's Dream*. We also have *Cymbeline* & *Henry IV, Part I*.

Hope all is well on Hancock St. & Capstan St.

Love,  
Mother

August 30, 1998

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Thank you so much for the Jamestown book. It looks fascinating. I've looked at all the pictures & so has Jary. I'm sure it will give us lots of information about the island.<sup>19</sup> I also appreciate the phone call. Tony called, too, & so did Jane.

Zaidee dropped in during the afternoon & joined Jary & me for dinner as she didn't have to work at 955. That restaurant was taken over for a rehearsal dinner. I'm assuming, though I have no direct evidence, that it was a rehearsal dinner for the wedding at the church yesterday. And that must have been quite a bash considering the elaborate display of flowers in the church this morning. They were far more elaborate than is usual for Mendocino. The minister's wife said they were from New York.

Since 955 was closed Jary took us to Stanford Inn by the Sea which is at the corner of Highway 1 & Comptche – Ukiah Rd. It has been greatly expanded since your father & I stayed there 25 years ago. Recently they began serving meals to the general public & it was *very* good. Vegetarian only, but very tasty & attractively presented. For dessert we had an ice cream tartlet with fruits & a candle with Happy Birthday written in chocolate around the edge of the plate. Most ingenious.

Lena phoned about midnight Thursday night. Her "parents" & older sister met her in Quito & drove her home to Ambato. She had not met the little sister yet as she was asleep. (It was about 3 AM Ecuador time.) Zaidée said Lena sounded very happy & upbeat. Apparently the family was very kind & welcoming to her.

School starts here to-morrow. Jary & Judy will have one set of triplets & a set of twins—about 20 students in all, K-3.

I now have an answering machine, courtesy of Alice Wittig, Jary's former landlady.

Love,  
Mother

October 6, 1998

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I expect you are enjoying fall weather with brightly colored leaves beginning to appear. Here we are having warmer & sunnier days than we did in July & August.

Jary's house looks quite civilized inside now. He has finished the living room floor & moved in furniture. His friend Patricia procured a very good rug which is now in Jary's living room. He's installed a Monitor kerosene heater to replace the gas heaters that were in the place when he bought it. The tenants told him the gas heat was very expensive. Anyway, things look quite nice, even if a bit unusual. He has lace curtains at the windows, but in the living room they are somewhat different at each window. He hasn't moved his piano in yet but hopes to soon. I was there last Sunday for supper. It was Patricia's birthday & Jary prepared the meal.

A couple of weeks ago I tripped on something in the backyard & fell, breaking or cracking a rib or two. When it became quite painful 4 or 5 days after the fall, I went to an M. D. who gave me some painkiller tablets (prescription, that is) & said it would take 2 or 3 weeks to heal. 2 days after I saw the doctor I had very little pain so I stopped taking the painkiller which contains codeine & made me rather hazy. Zaidée had taken me to the doctor & when Judy heard I had painkiller she called to say I shouldn't drive & volunteered Zaidée for chauffeuring, which Zaidée did until she went back to U. C. Santa Cruz.

I had a birthday card from Lena & she said she is very happy in Ecuador. She likes her family & says the area where she is is very beautiful. She said the city, Ambato, is noted for its fruits & flowers. In a letter to Jary written later, she said she feels she isn't as fluent in Spanish as she should be, that she hasn't progressed much, though the older sister in the family thinks she has. The little sister, age 11, is quite an artist Lena says.

Last night on PBS I saw a program on Atlantic Coast lighthouses. The first one they showed was the one at Beavertail.<sup>20</sup>

I have enjoyed the book on Jamestown very much. I only wish I had a map of Jamestown as it is now. The articles mention streets but I've no idea where they are. Of course, when the articles were written they were in the local weekly & all the local people knew where everything is.

The various organizations have started up. I'm in charge of the LWV meeting next week—program, that is. It's a discussion of California's initiative & referendum process. I'm in favor of abolishing it, but can't say that at the meeting of course.

I guess the Republicans are going to push for impeachment. I think every member of Congress should be repeating to his or her self "Let him without sin cast the first stone." It is hard to see how anyone as smart as the president is reported to be could be so foolish as to get involved with anyone like Miss Lewinsky who seems to have been more than willing to be involved. And I think it downright unpatriotic of the press to have asked questions about the scandal before visiting heads of state. They have no conscience at all.

Hope you are well.

Love,  
Mother

December 14, 1998

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Friday I put a package in the mail for you. I hope it arrives in time & in good shape. I should have sent it a week earlier, but I seem to move more & more slowly & I was never noted for speed.

A week ago a short but vicious wind cut out power to the coast. Cancelled a lot of events, including a concert I expected to attend. I managed to keep a fire going in the woodstove & to cook. Jary kindly came down & split some of the too-big oak I had. His new oil heater didn't work but he cooks with gas (top burners only). Last year, after several severe storms Fort Bragg got an emergency generator & that came on in the middle of the night. So on Sunday he had power.

Went to Sing Along Messiah last evening (postponed from the previous Sunday). Smaller crowd than usual, but larger orchestra.

This card by a local artist.

Merry Christmas and love,  
Mother

January 4, 1999

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The bird on its roost is hanging in the doorway between living room & "study." Looks very nice. The honey is awaiting use in the kitchen with its cute

spoon, and the book awaits reading.<sup>21</sup> I dipped into it a bit & am looking forward to reading all of it after I finish *The Ladies of Seneca Falls* which was given to me last fall & which is fascinating reading.<sup>22</sup> I was reading it every day until I got bogged down with Christmas cards.

As I told you on the phone we had a pleasant day here. Jary & Patricia kindly helped with getting extra leaves in the table & the "company" dishes down from high shelves. And Jary washed *all* the dinner dishes. Patricia had a cold & left right after dinner to go to bed. She said she didn't even hear Jary when he came home about 8 PM.

The holiday week was spent quietly—making turkey broth & putting away stuff—but New Years Day a friend came in for tea (native of Rochester, NY., grad. of Keuka College, & has visited often a friend with a summer cottage near Greene). I showed her the book & she commented she had read a review of it. Zaidee also came New Years Day & was here for dinner.

She spent the week going between F. B. [Fort Bragg] & Mendo, taking care of Jary's cat & Judy's chickens as both went out of town last week. She also worked part time at the clinic where she worked last summer.

Jessie went back to Davis Christmas night as she had to work next day. I guess we told you that on the phone.

Many many thanks for everything.

Love,  
Mother

January 26, 1999

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The cup plate arrived in good condition & is quite delightful.<sup>23</sup> I told one of the Ft. Bragg librarians about it & she would like to see it, so I'll try to remember to take it there the next time I go. Thanks ever so much. I haven't put my cup on it yet, but I intend to.

I think that in the book on his family that Fred Stavely wrote he said something about your father's grandfather, William Staveley, losing the second "e" in his name when he came to this country.<sup>24</sup>

In December my doctor ordered a blood test to check my potassium level as I'm on medication for hypertension. Well, that was all right, but my blood sugar was high. So I apparently have diabetes. Last week I had an appointment with the dietician at the hospital & now I have to keep track of food "exchanges." I had to record what I ate for a week before the appointment & she said it was a healthy menu but too high in carbohydrates. So I am supposed to increase protein intake & also vegetables & cut down on fruit (which are mostly carbohydrate). So I add up the grams, multiply by 4 for carbs & protein & by 9 for fats & if I've arranged things right the %s should be 50 for Carbos, 20 for Protos, & 30 for fattos. I see the dietician again in a couple of weeks, have a blood test, & see the MD in late March. I've lost about 10 lbs. since last summer & have a bit more energy.

Lena seems to be happy in Ecuador. I've had several letters from her—all addressed to "Grandma Betty." She sent a picture of herself in a school uniform with 2 friends & Judy made Xerox copies for us. Lena looks very pretty, her blonde hair contrasting with her dark haired friends.

In mid February I'm to spend a weekend with the Michael Predmores. Pat will be visiting there & Michael wanted me to come down. Jary was planning to visit Zaidee that weekend & will drop me off on his way.

I have almost finished *The Professor & the Madman* & find it fascinating. I would think that psychologists would be interested to know how someone that insane could also do such fine work on words. Also most interesting is how James Murray became such a scholar all on his own.<sup>25</sup>

I've been watching some of the impeachment trial. The "managers" keep going over and over the same points & obviously can't see why others don't think as they do. I still think there was a planned entrapment on someone's part. The night after the State of the Union speech I saw some of the speeches in Buffalo. The amount of applause for both Clintons was tremendous. I assume it was a friendly crowd but the warmth of the audience was impressive. Thomas Oliphant is right, I think, in the column you sent me. I thought it terrible that the House Judiciary Committee released all the salacious details, but Oliphant's reasoning makes sense.<sup>26</sup>

The first part of January was sunny & mild. Now we get rain & colder weather. Hope you don't have any great snowstorms.

Love,  
Mother

March 4, 1999

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It was great to have Keith's phone call Sunday & to catch up on your doings. Your prospective trip to Ireland & England sounds most enticing & I know you'll have an interesting time.

If you get to Harrowgate, try to visit the Harwood estate—there's a batch of Lord Harwoods. The family name is Lascelles & someone told me that in a room (entryway?) is a list of the Lascelles for many generations. The mother of the William Stavely who went to Ireland married a Francis Lascelles who took over the Stavely estate, named Stainley Hall (see Fred Stavely's book). Whether this Francis Lascelles was the founder of the line I've no idea but I'd like to know the name of William Stavely's mother. Harrowgate isn't too far from Ripon & your Stavelys lived in that area.

You may not be anywhere near that part of Yorkshire. I was at the Bronte homestead once. Would like to visit Jane Austen's home area.

As for my health—I feel great, have lost 12 or more pounds since last summer, & have a bit more energy. I'm to have blood drawn on the 15<sup>th</sup> & see the MD on the 22<sup>nd</sup>. Then I guess I'll know whether the diabetes is controlled by diet or if medication is necessary.

The cold I thought was coming last week never fully developed—thank goodness.

Had a letter from Lena Monday. She wrote that *carneval* was coming up (letter dated Feb. 12) & that there would be a big parade in Ambato. She would miss it, however, as she was going to the beach. She said that at the parade water was thrown on people. She expected to see smaller parades elsewhere.

She also wrote that in Ecuador a spider plant is called "a bad mother" because it forces the children out of the pot on long runners.



The rain has stopped & there's sunshine to-day. Also yesterday, though it rained in late afternoon. In spite of the cold & wet, spring is on the way. I found a trillium in bloom behind the house a couple of days ago & dentaria plants in bloom in the front yard. The (or one) common name for dentaria is Toothwort which sounds terrible for such a pretty thing. Another is Milkmaids.

Jary bought a TV set & VCR at a yard sale so I'll probably see less of him. He has only the basic cable service so there are some sports channels he can't get.

Pat Predmore phoned me Monday night. She was still at Michael's. It seems that the cold she had when she called me not to come to Michael's turned into pneumonia. She was to return to Durham to-day.

Jary will probably be in *The Magic Flute* at the music festival next summer. Why not come out?

Love,  
Mother

April or May 1999<sup>27</sup>

Dear Keith—

Enclosed is a list of places ancestors came from. In some cases people were born there or died there. All are my ancestors except for Robert Stavely. In looking up places in the Shell Road Atlas your father & I bought I noticed a place named *Stainley* on Rte. 161 between Harrowgate & Ripon. Since the Stavely place was named "Stainley Hall," I think perhaps that was where it was. I always wondered why it wasn't "Stavely Hall." I hadn't noticed it on the map before. Stainley isn't very far from the Stavely in Yorkshire on route 6166 (a minor road).

I would suggest you purchase a *Shell Road Atlas of Great Britain*—it has all the smallest villages & minor roads. I think we bought ours in Harrod's. Someone told your father to get it. Several times I've found places other people couldn't on other maps. Some friends here rented a house in a small place near Ely but couldn't find the place on the maps they had, but I found it in the Shell book.

In 1968/69 it was distributed by George Philip & Son, Ltd., Victoria Road, London, N. W. 10.

Have a great trip.

Love to you both,  
Mother

June 4, 1999

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The syllabub mix arrived just after I put my Cornell roommate on the bus to return to her home in Williamsburg, VA. It will be fun to make it up when I have company again. Thank you & also for the clever gift card & the postcards from Ireland & England. I'm sorry you missed Stainley. I wish I'd seen it on the map when your father & I were in Ripon.

Last weekend Jary & I went to Santa Cruz for Zaidee's Grupo Folklorico dance performance. They did dances from several Mexican regions & Zaidee was in 2 of them—looking very pretty I must add. We saw her Saturday PM at her apartment which is very nice. All her housemates were away but we met the current boy friend Juarez (surname unknown). He is very nice, of Bolivian ancestry & planning to major in economics & advertising. Looks more Indian than Spanish. Lives in Palo Alto. We also saw Z & J<sup>28</sup> Sunday for brunch.

On our way home we stopped briefly to see Michael Predmore & his wife. A very nice weekend & we even had some sunny warmth which has been in short supply here.

Sunday I'm going to S. F. with a friend. She is on the Board of Northern California Presbyterian Homes & has to go there for a board meeting. While she is at the meeting I'll be at the Sutro Library for some genealogical research & we'll both go there Tuesday before returning to Mendo. She's in search of a grandfather who was a Baptist minister in Williamsburg, VA in 1899/1900. She knows he was in Waco, Texas in 1914-18 but knows nothing after that. Says he was never mentioned when she was growing up in Texas. I had given her some leads to pursue (not all useful). The Sutro Library has a good collection.

Thought I had a Dave Berry clipping for you but can't find it now.

Love,  
Mother

July 6, 1999

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The Chalfont St. Giles mementos arrived to-day.<sup>29</sup> Jary dropped in late in the afternoon so he has his share. He selected the green bookmark so I have the red one. He laughed when he saw the eraser. The notepaper is quite impressive—the "cottage" looks larger than the usual cottage but perhaps the drawing has enlarged it.

Two weeks or so ago the MD put me on medication to lower my blood sugar. After a few days I had a hypoglycemic reaction, so he prescribed another one & a lower dose. This was taken 30 minutes before breakfast & by 1½ to 2 hours after breakfast I was shaky & weak. At the time of the first medication the MD arranged for me to see the nurse at the Diabetes Education Center at the hospital. She went over all the medications I'm on, showed me how a glucose monitor works & ordered one for me. A few days later I went in to get it & when I told her of being shaky in midmorning, she said to stop the medication—she would talk to Dr. Kirkman. She said it was silly to take something to lower blood sugar & then have to eat fruit & carbohydrates to bring it back up. I had been feeling great since last fall after losing weight, but after the medication not so well. The glucose readings on the monitor have been pretty low several times & yesterday I didn't feel good at all. This AM the reading was well below normal & I didn't feel all that well. Until mid morning when suddenly I felt great again. This PM just before dinner the reading was the highest it's been since I've had the monitor. So I guess if I feel good & have some energy my blood sugar is high & if I don't feel good, it's low. I'm to see the nurse on Thursday so she can "download" the monitor, & then I see the doctor.

We still haven't had much warm weather. July 4<sup>th</sup> was pretty cool. I stayed home & avoided all the tourists & traffic.

Lena returns on the 15<sup>th</sup> with her Ecuadorian "sister." Tony & Mary arrive the 28<sup>th</sup>. Tony wants to make a trip to Mount Shasta.

Hope you're surviving the heat wave.

Love & thanks,  
Mother

September 1, 1999

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Thank you for your great contributions to my birthday festivities. The Irish necklace is lovely. Every time I've worn it, it has drawn comments. It was great to have the phone call, too.

As for the bees, Judy Brooks is delighted with them, & was wearing them this morning when she stopped by on her way to Santa Rosa. She has a couple of hives. I think I should reimburse you for them.

There was an early birthday celebration when Tony & Mary were here. We went out to dinner one evening. Jary & Patricia, Lena & Melanie Cebellos, the Ecuadorian "sister" were there, too.

On my birthday there was the lovely luncheon at Judy Brooks' house. Esther Meskis & Diana Botsford were there, too. And Jary brought dinner that evening as you know. Then on Sunday afternoon Judy Brooks & her husband took me to a musical revue—Steven Sondheim music.

August, though, had its down moments. The hot water heater gave out & also the water pump. I pulled a muscle in my right shoulder & had trouble sleeping several nights. Lying down was painful so I slept part of the night in the old "sleepy hollow" chair in the living room. RaShi found this quite puzzling & kept climbing on me. And I lost a filling from a front tooth on my birthday. The arm doesn't hurt much now & the tooth has been repaired.

I thought you might like the enclosed photos. Lake Shasta & Mt. Shasta were sights Tony & I took in on our little trip. Maybe you saw them on the trip you made some years ago.

Melanie returned to Ecuador Sunday. I haven't heard about her return. School started here to-day, but have heard nothing about that either.

My new oil-burning stove was installed the day after Mary & Tony left. Since then we've had the warmest weather of the summer! I've run it a few evenings & it seems to heat the main part of the house nicely on the lowest setting.

My dentist told me about a trip to Cape Cod he & his wife made last fall—to a relative's wedding in East Dennis. They also spent some time in Boston & he was

appalled at Boston drivers. Said they left their cars in the middle of the street without warning.

They enjoyed all the historical sites.

When I get some LWV work & a genealogical program under control I'll look into when I can make a trip east. The hardest part is getting to the airport.

Pat Predmore is to visit Mike Sept 9-23. They've invited me to come down while she's out here. Tony & Mary stayed a couple of nights with Mike & Iza & had a great time.

Lena had a cute story. When she first went to stay with Melanie's family, Judy phoned her & Lena replied to Judy's news by saying "Wow" 2 or 3 times. Melanie's little sister, aged 8 or 10, commented, "These people talk like dogs!" In Ecuador people think dogs say "Wow," not "woof, woof."

Must get to my LWV work.

Love & many thanks,  
Mother

September 14, 1999

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I meant to write to you last week, but didn't get to it.

As things have turned out, I'm not going to try to go east in October. Commitments to LWV & the genealogy society have complicated my life & I'd rather stay here. There will be class reunion at Cornell next June (I think) & I want to go to that, so I think I'll either go east early & visit you & Tony & Mary, or stay on after reunion. A complicating factor may be Lena's graduation from Mendo High & Zaidee's from U. C. Santa Cruz next June.

Pat Predmore is visiting Mike & his family & they invited me to come down while she's there. Had a great time & a nice rest. Mike's son, age 16, is about 6 ft 4 in. Not interested in basketball, but looks like such players. Plays some tennis, & sings in the school choir.

The new stove seems to heat the house well but haven't had real cold weather yet. I turned the stove off last evening & found house rather cold this AM. Will leave it at low setting to-night.

Love,  
Mother

October 25, 1999

Dear Kathy & Keith—

In hunting up clippings I cut out for you, I find it's been a long time since I wrote. No real excuse though I have been busy with LWV commitments & a genealogical society program. Plus house guests. Even so, I've frittered quite a bit of time.

It was great fun seeing the Roberts. We had a great time reminiscing about Evansville days. The day they arrived here was Joe's birthday & the first thing they did was phone him. Joe is the youngest boy & was born after they moved to Evansville. They have 10 grandchildren, with three on the way. Their daughter is expecting twins in a few months. Anyway, we had a great time. Jary & Lena were here for supper the first day they were here, & they took Jary & me out to dinner the second day.

I just talked to Judy on the phone & she said Lena left to-day for an ACLU student conference in Berkeley. Maybe Jary told you that. Lena thinks she's interested in anthropology. In a couple of weeks Jary is taking her to southern California to visit some colleges—Occidental, one of the Claremont colleges, U. C. Riverside & another, I think, but I've forgotten which.

Jessie phoned me a couple of weeks ago to tell me she had just received her diploma from Carleton. She was hoping to be accepted in the nursing program at Sacramento State (I think) in January. Since then Jary said she's considering some other areas of interest.

Zaidee has a new Mexican boyfriend, a poet about her age.

We've had a couple of weeks of summer-like weather. What we didn't have in July & August. The new stove seems to be providing adequate heat & my electric bill is much less.

I feel pretty good most of the time & my blood sugar seems to be at an acceptable level most of the time. I see my MD early in November. I've put on about 3 lbs. since early September. Haven't gone back to weighing & measuring everything I

eat. But I'm still 20 lbs lighter than when you last saw me. A woman I met at a party this month said something about hoping "to be thin like you." It's been a long time since I've been accused of being thin!

I've been watching the C-SPAN series on American presidents. Last week I saw the one on President Truman. Afterwards I got out his memoirs which has been around the house for years—copyright 1955. I'm finding it fascinating & learning lots of things I didn't know at the time.

There's a TV program about to come on so I'll end this here.

Love,  
Mother

P.S.—Be sure to watch the PBS program on Susan B. Anthony & Elizabeth Cady Stanton on Nov. 7 & 8. Title: *Not for Ourselves Alone*.

December 26, 1999

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I don't know when I'll be invited to anything worthy of that elegant shawl. It is just gorgeous. Thank you, thank you. I also like the postcards of library views. I haven't compared them with those in the book, but I think the one of Kathy in the postcard is slightly different than the one in the book.<sup>30</sup>

From mid December on, it has been pretty busy here with assorted gatherings involving sinful food. My weight & blood sugar count has gone up. Since nothing is on this week, I plan to eat lots of vegetables & avoid the sugary delights like the wonderful toffee Tim Kelly sent. One week there were 2 luncheons & two parties in 3 days. This week there was a party & a luncheon.

Jary & Patricia brought dinner down Christmas Eve. Nice way to entertain when the guests bring the food! Yesterday at noon Jary, Patricia & the girls came for gift exchange. Then we all went to Judy's for dinner. Sean was to come for dinner but he had flu & stayed with his parents. Judy said this morning he was feeling better & expected to come to them this afternoon.

When I got back from Judy's there was a message from Jonathan on my machine. I'm sorry I missed his call. Will write him a note. Tony also called from Walt's house,<sup>31</sup> but when I called back I got her message machine.

One of the parties I went to was sort of a housewarming. This friend moved to a different house last summer. It was a big party & she used only candles for lighting—quite beautiful—but her smoke alarm kept going off.

It was unseasonably warm until a couple of days ago, & no rain for over a week. I see by the paper to-day you were to have snow in Cambridge & in Providence. Happy sledding!

Jary & Patricia are going to a music camp the middle of this week. Zaidee goes back to Santa Cruz on the 3<sup>rd</sup>. She was negotiating for a ride with one of the local classmates. She will be living in a dorm & has been assigned as a roommate a Japanese girl from Brazil. Could be interesting. Her former roommates are living off campus this year.

Judy plans to take Lena to see University of New Mexico in January. She's also interested in U. C. Berkeley & U. C. Santa Cruz. Has applied to Occidental, Pitzer (one of the Claremont colleges) & U. C. Riverside.

Jessie is to start the nursing course at Sacramento State in late January. Tony wrote that Rachel was to take calculus & genetics next semester at Smith. Then physics. Sounds like a heavy schedule.

Two or three months ago I was at a Sunday night supper (pot luck) for single women at the church. One woman, who has a large house, proposed a sleepover there on New Year's Eve. I haven't heard any more about it, but if it comes off I'll take the silver bell—marked 2000—that Judy gave me to ring at the proper time. If I stay home, I'll open my front door & make noise for my neighbors. It has a lovely tone.

Have yourself a Happy New Year.

Love & many thanks,  
Mother

# 2000 - 2005



**Artist Unknown, "Silver and Gold Daffodil"**  
Card used for letter of December 30, 2000



**At 90th Birthday Celebration, Moore Memorial Library, Greene, NY,  
August 2, 2002**

Photo: Kathleen Fitzgerald

Chapter Eight: 2000 - 2005

March 1, 2000

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I'm trying, without much success, to get rid of the piles of stuff around here. Unfortunately, as I work on one pile, another is growing.

In a recent phone call, Keith, you said your library has a brochure about what vital records of Fall River your library has. Could you send it soon? I'll see the woman with Fall River ancestors in a couple of weeks.

Zaidee was home last weekend. She & Lena came to see me Saturday afternoon. She wants to get a job after graduation before graduate work or even law school which she's been thinking about. Lena has applied to UC Berkeley, UC Santa Cruz, UC Riverside, Pitzer, Occidental, & U of New Mexico, doesn't know which she prefers. Likes Pitzer but has reservations about being in Los Angeles area. Thinks Berkeley pretty big & scary.

Jary has frequent rehearsals for *Merry Wives of Windsor* which opens next week. Maybe I told you that Michael Predmore & family are coming here for the second weekend performance.

A friend loaned me her copy of David McCullough's *Truman* which I'm finding fascinating. I haven't got very far—about to 1910—& it's such a big book.

We've had quite a lot of rain & it hasn't warmed up much. But some early wild flowers have appeared. On 3 of my cymbidiums there is growth that may turn into flower stalks. They haven't bloomed in several years. If banana slugs appear I'll bring them in the house—the orchids not the slugs. The slugs can ruin any prospect of blossoms.

I'm going to vote for Al Gore next week, though I admire Bill Bradley. Locally, we're voting for judges only. At the League's candidates meeting I preferred 2 who are running against each other & care little about the other 2 running for a different department. And then there are all those propositions I have to decide on. Some are easy to understand but others are harder to decide. Sometimes I think I should vote "no" on all ballot measures, just because there are too many. If I were

running things I'd decree no more than 3 measures per election. There are 20 this year.

Hope all is going swimmingly.

Love,

Mother

PS. I fly to Denver May 17, get to Tony's May 21. Fly home June 11<sup>th</sup>. Have to take limo to Syracuse for flight to SFO. Check in at Hotel Statler (on campus) is after 3 PM June 8. Brochure says 340 miles from Boston. We might want to stay overnight en route. I'll take care of lodging.<sup>1</sup>

April 24, 2000

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Tony just phoned to tell me Mary's father died Saturday. There is to be a memorial service Wednesday at the Unitarian Church in Plymouth, NH. All of Mary's siblings are there & most of the grandchildren. Probably you know all of this. Jim had been failing for some time. In fact, last summer Mary said her father was failing.

PBS rebroadcast the Antiques Roadshow with the book autographed by Edgar Allen Poe so I got to see your Mr. Lecky.<sup>2</sup>

Yesterday was pleasant here though quite windy. I wore a new skirt with a sheer blouse & was cold without a jacket, so my new duds weren't very visible even when I wasn't wearing a choir robe. The choir sang at both 8:30 & 11 AM services. A committee gave us breakfast between services. Jary, who went to the early services, could have joined me but he chose to go home & prepare our dinner there. For a change, he was dressed up—with white shirt, tie, & dark blue jacket. I hadn't seen him so clad in a long time. Easter comes once a year.

Zaidee has an interesting summer lined up. She's going to work for a mime company in SF in exchange for lessons in mime.

Jary thinks Lena will probably go to U. of New Mexico. She fears U. C. Berkeley is too big & overpowering & Santa Cruz too familiar. She has been granted an "amigo" scholarship which pays her out-of-state fees. She & Judy are leaving for

Ecuador right after graduation. Lena will visit her family for 6 weeks. Judy will visit them for 2 weeks & then attend an institute in Quito.

Jessie was here Palm Sunday weekend but I didn't see her. I spent that weekend in SF with a friend. We did genealogical research at Sutro Library—I didn't find what I was looking for. We went to the Georgia O'Keefe exhibit, attended church at a multiracial church in SF. Judy (my friend) is on the board of Northern Presbyterian Homes & had a meeting to attend at their SF place (very elegant) on Monday. She arranged for me to have lunch in that dining room & I was seated with 2 very interesting & pleasant women. One is a retired librarian—Brooklyn Public Library for many years. She is interested in psychics & wrote a book—*Psychic People*. Her name as the book's author is Eleanor Touhey Smith. There was a copy of the book at the Sequoias library (the retirement home is The Sequoias) & I read a chapter while waiting for Judy. Mrs. Smith (her husband was on the faculty of NYU) was a delightful lunch companion—she did most of the talking. The other lady took me on a tour of the home facilities—crafts room, beauty salon, sewing room, etc. & was very pleasant, too. Her mother grew up in Terre Haute.

I have had 20 calypso orchid blossoms on my place—not all in bloom at once, but I'm grateful to have one!

Love,  
Mother

May 14, 2000

Dear Kathy & Keith—

A beautiful floral arrangement arrived yesterday afternoon. It brightens up the place considerably as most of my plants are choosing not to bloom just now—only one pink African violet. Three other plants have buds but it will be a week or more before blossoms open. The arrangement you sent is in an oblong basket & has white iris, red carnations, pink, white & yellow daisies, & baby's breath. It is most attractive & thank you ever so much.

I didn't mention it yesterday on the phone but I met with an accident Thursday. I fell in the parking lot of the hospital (I was on my way to the car from the diabetes foot clinic). Fortunately an EMT person happened to be nearby (also a couple

who parked their car soon after I had managed to sit up). I was dripping blood from a cut on my forehead. EMT got me into the emergency room very quickly & I was there all afternoon. The cut on my forehead needed stitches & my left hand is bandaged because of lacerations. I look terrible with scratches on nose & left cheek & two black eyes. What slows me down, though, is a very sore right leg (no broken bones) but walking is somewhat painful & I'm depending on a cane. However, today I'm walking better than yesterday so I hope to be ambulatory by Wednesday. I've arranged for wheelchair service at the airports.

Jary has done yeoman service—prepared all dinners since Thursday, Friday breakfast, & lunch yesterday. He stayed overnight Thursday. He's earned many stars in his crown! By the time I see you, I should look pretty normal—& be walking normally, too.

Again, many, many thanks.

Love,  
Mother

June 25, 2000

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Enclosed is a copy of something Jane sent me many years ago. I don't know if you will find it useful or not.<sup>3</sup> I remember Mother making custard in the double boiler for ice cream. Our ice cream freezer made only a quart. I doubt she put more than 2 eggs in the custard & she didn't put any gelatin in. When our ice cream melted it had a different consistency than commercial ice cream. Except for birthdays ice cream was made on Sundays in winter when there was plenty of snow. We had an icebox but bought ice only on special occasions. Otherwise things were kept in the cellar. Not buying ice every week (or 2 days) in summer was among my parents' economies.

I looked up Barbara Lawton's last address & it was at East Bay Manor, 1440 Wampanoag Trail, East Providence, RI. That is one of the Harbor Bay places. She was in the assisted living section & only for 2 or 3 years before she died. Her daughter, Martha, lives in Tiverton. Maybe I'll write to her to see what they thought of the place. In Martha's letter of Nov. 1995 she says that "East Bay Manor is a beauti-

ful facility, in a lovely country setting next to a large cove & marsh—lots of birds! The nursing staff is very friendly & caring, & Mom feels loved by them.”<sup>4</sup>

Lena’s graduation was a gala affair. There was a pizza supper at Judy’s before & Jessie came for the festivities. She has dyed her hair red (I doubt that anyone was ever born with this color) & I don’t think it goes with her complexion. (Jary said it had faded a bit since Zaidee’s graduation.) Lena was one of the 5 valedictory speakers & did very well—her speech was shorter than the others & she looked very pretty. I guess the all night party was a success. Jary was on duty from 2-5 AM. Ran a bingo game I think. The next day he took Judy & Lena to SFO, leaving here at 5 AM. He & Zaidee had dinner with me that evening. Zaidee said Lena & Judy got there all right & Judy is at the culture institute & will visit Melanie’s family after this week. The reason they left so soon after graduation was so Lena could go on a trip to the beach with her Ecuador classmates.

Jary said graduation at Santa Cruz was very nice. It was all at Merrill College. Zaidee got several honors. She is leaving to-day for SF where she will be rooming at the home of a friend of a friend of her mother’s. I haven’t heard what she is doing about employment after this summer. The Mexican poet still seems to be in the picture. She saw him in May when she went to Juarez while he was attending a family wedding there.

Tony writes that Rachel & Mike are engaged. No plans for an immediate wedding. According to Tony, Rachel bought a diamond tie pin & proposed to him when she got to Idaho. And he accepted. Tony indicated, however, that they had been talking of this event for some time. At the Korean restaurant Rachel said something about their wanting to buy a house.

It’s been foggy a lot since I got back. One day, though, it was sunny & got up to 88° on my deck. It’s hit 70° a couple of days since.

It took me 3 days to go through the 2 bins of mail that the postman delivered. I’ve emptied only one of the cartons of “stuff” Jary piled in the study. I have to get something done with them before mid July as that is where Randy Keith keeps his bass fiddle.

It’s time to go to church—or nearly so. I’m going to wear The Hat.<sup>5</sup> It was admired when I wore it to the genealogy picnic where I was in the sun quite a bit. No sun this morning but I’ll wear it anyway. It will boost my morale.

I had a great time with you. Such royal entertainment. Assume you will take up Jamestown residence next weekend.

Love,  
Mother

June 26, 2000

Dear Kathy—

Yesterday I wore The Hat to church & the woman next to me said she had a similar one—made of paper in China—that she bought at a store in Fort Bragg. So I went up there this morning & got this one for you. They had one the same color as the one you gave me but I didn’t like it & thought this white one the prettiest of what was there. There was a blue one and a green one—all alike but different color “flowers.” I hope you like this one. I’ll still make you a mohair hat if you wish.

Did your redwood burl ever sprout? Jane says hers has & so has Karla’s.

Happy moving!<sup>6</sup>

Love,  
Betty

August 21, 2000

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Thanks you so much for contributing to a *very* pleasant day yesterday. It began at 7:30 AM when Jane phoned. Then I went to see a friend & to take her a copy of the Greene paper. It had an article about a cousin of hers who lives near Greene. Then I swam for awhile. Next came lunch at a local place & an afternoon at the friend’s house getting the LWV newsletter ready for the mail. Not long after I got home from there Jary came & took me to his house where he had some photos he’d taken in Albuquerque. At seven we met Judy at a Fort Bragg restaurant for dinner. Zaidee had arrived at Jary’s soon after we got there. After dinner we went back to



Jary's for ice cream & cake. Judy & Zaidee brought me home. So you see, it was a *full* day.

The books are great! I haven't started *Walk in the Woods* yet but *Old Books, Rare Friends* is delightful & since the ladies are my age (though obviously far ahead of me in school) I can really relate to what they are doing. I've come to their first trip to Europe together—wearing their Glengarrie hats!<sup>7</sup>

Lena is apparently happily started at UNM [University of New Mexico]. She & her roommate get along well & others seem to be friendly. She tried out for a singing group called Chamber Singers & was accepted. You might tell Jon that she signed up for a History of Jazz course.

The bright, sunny weather of the last 2+ weeks has been replaced by clammy fog. This has been one of the foggiest summers since I've been here. From what I hear, much of the rest of the country has sweltered.

With many thanks & lots of love,  
Mother

November 26, 2000

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I'm sending you a note I received from Ann Campbell as the edifice pictured on the notepaper might be an interesting place to visit.<sup>8</sup> You could make it a full day by visiting the Blithewold Mansion & Linden Place. Perhaps Bristol is rife with mansions.

We had a nice Thanksgiving at Judy's. The next afternoon the three girls & Jary came here & spent most of the afternoon. Then on Saturday PM. we celebrated Jary's birthday here. Zaidee made Aunt Mary's Orange Cake. She, Lena & Judy came with ice cream and Jary came with Patricia. I got out the best china & silver & made a pot of tea & we had a gala time. We did this yesterday as Jary had to take Lena to the airport to-day.

He picked her up about 5:30 AM & they got to Oakland airport at 9 AM for a 10:20 AM departure for Albuquerque & she got there at noon. Jary stopped here

briefly on his way home (some of my things had been left at Judy's on Thanksgiving) & said Lena had already reported her arrival. Jary was headed for a nap as he has a rehearsal this evening.

"Opera Fresca" is putting on *Madame Butterfly* March 30 – April 8 (weekends) & Jary has a small part. So if you want to make a spring trip, why not come see Jary perform?

I am farther behind on Christmas preparations than ever. Every year I plan to start earlier & every year I start later. Things just gang up on me.

Jessie & Sean went back to Davis Friday night.

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 30, 2000

Dear Kathy & Keith—

A sunny day with temperature in the 50's. I assume you have more rigorous weather.

I wore the pretty Irish pin on my plaid jumper Thursday when I went to a luncheon. I thought it added a nice touch.

The books are waiting to be read though I looked at the pictures in the Burren book & read what it had to say about the Rev. William Staveley.<sup>9</sup> Zaidee gave me a copy of her senior thesis—*Mexico on the Brink of the Millennium*, Jessie a book about mazes (published in England) & Jary a book about local artists, a project of the high school art department. These are all thinner volumes than the ones you sent so I'm reading them first—just started on the maze book, finished the others. Thanks a million & also for the phone call.

It has been quiet here since Monday, though Jary & Patricia came in for leftovers Tuesday & Wednesday. At Patricia's suggestion Jary made shelves for my broom closet, so it no longer resembles that of Fibber McGee & the door closes nicely too.<sup>10</sup> He also rigged something so I have light on the stereo set.

Judy & the girls were to return to-day from visiting her father & brother in Longview, Washington. Jary & Patricia left yesterday to spend the weekend in the

Bay Area. He phoned a while ago from Marin County where they are visiting a friend of Patricia's.

On the 12<sup>th</sup> of January I'm in charge of presenting a genealogy program at Study Club meeting. The Genealogical Society was asked to provide a program. I volunteered to help & became the one in charge. I'll have several helpers. So after this week I have to organize that.

It seems there is a bartender here who grew up in Fall River & likes to spend time in the library when he goes to Fall River. One of the members of the society<sup>11</sup> told him that the mother of F. R. Lib. director lives here. Sometime you may get a visitor from Mendo who isn't me.

Love & many thanks,  
Mother

Feb. 3, 2001

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I've been meaning to write to you for weeks but have let other things interfere. So to-night I take pen in hand as they used to say.

The obituaries are about Keith's second cousin, who was a grandson of my Uncle Frank, my father's brother.<sup>12</sup> Frank's father was George Orland Williams II who was about 15 years older than me. I saw Frank only twice in my life—when he was 4 years old & I was in high school. Uncle Frank & Aunt Jane came to Greene in 1930 & had little Frank with them. The other time was when I rode east with Jane & John & we stayed 2 nights with them in Chicago. Frank's son George & his wife visited me here a few years ago. George lives on Long Island. Anyway, I thought you'd like to know about this interesting relative. Jane knew him better as I think the Kellys used to visit Frank & Jeanne (pronounced Jane) when John had to go to Arizona several summers.

Recently I had a letter from Kay Bell. It seems Caroline is moving to Florida as she doesn't like winter weather. Kay says she has too much money to go into government-sponsored housing but not enough for a private retirement home. So I guess she's planning to stay where she is. Her 2 sons live in Providence or reasonably near her, but with her poor eyesight I wonder how she'll get along.<sup>13</sup>

I've wondered if the earthquake in Gujarat affected the area where you were. I haven't seen Anand mentioned, but do you recognize any of the villages mentioned in the news? It's a terrible disaster.<sup>14</sup>

We've had only one or two blackouts of power, so far. I was in Fort Bragg during the first one. When I got home I found the power had been out about 1<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> hrs. Two weeks ago we had a sleet storm & it was cold enough for white patches to last most of the day. I had an appointment in F. B. & got to be the first to drive down Gurley Lane on the white stuff. By then it was pouring rain.

Love,  
Mother

The utilities wanted deregulation. That's turned out a disaster. They mismanaged the thing & now the consumer gets to pay higher rates!

Feb. 19, 2001

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Nice talking with you this morning. The travel agent wasn't open, so I'll go back to-morrow.<sup>15</sup> If I don't forget it, I'll also get a copy of a page of the program for Frank Williams' memorial service.

Jary just phoned. He has a rehearsal to-night for *Madame Butterfly*. From some members of the chorus I know, I hear he is doing very well. Though his character is a very unpleasant person. At least, he's not a drunk this time.

It's been dark, gloomy, or rainy all day. This string of rain is supposed to last through Wednesday.

Love,  
Mother

I'm going to SF this weekend with a friend.

March 11, 2001

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I thought you might like to see how you are descended from Andrew Langworthy. I don't think he ever lived on the island. He bought land around Westerly & lived at Newport at some point.<sup>16</sup>

One of the choir members who is in the *Madame Butterfly* chorus told me this morning that Jary looks very ferocious in the Kabuki makeup for his part. His upper face is white & his beard darkened.

He went to Arcata yesterday to see Patricia. He was to get back this afternoon but he hasn't phoned as of 8:15 PM.

There was very strong wind Friday PM & I had a little trouble steering the car on Highway 1. Jary said his students had been brought in for some event at the school in town. Afterward they took the students to the headlands to look for migrating whales, but it was too windy to stay to watch.

Tony reports 24-25 inches of snow last Monday & Tuesday. The town snowplow broke down in their driveway & had to be rescued.

Love,  
Mother

April 29, 2001

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I'm delighted that Keith can come back with me.<sup>17</sup> I wish Kathy could come, too. I called Jary to tell him the good news, but got his answering machine.

A nice sunny day for a change & not much wind, thank goodness. We've had a lot of wind during the past month & it'd seemed downright cold.

There's been a lot going on here & I'm getting farther & farther behind on things that should be done. My MD wants me to walk more so this afternoon I took my cane & walked around the place plus a little way down the road. Discovered a small plant with a bud—a pipsissewa— where I haven't seen them for several years. The trilliums & calypso orchids (miniature lady's slippers) are past. Redwood sorrel is in bloom & I have a few clintonia buds but the deer will probably eat them before the buds open. Haven't seen any wild iris in bloom or in bud on my property.

Enclosed is a collection of Dave Barry columns I found amusing.

Love,  
Mother

July 8, 2001

Dear Kathy & Keith

It is a sunny afternoon, not very warm, & with a breeze. I hear it is foggy in town. Randy Keith, the bass player, arrived shortly after 1 pm to unload his stuff before his 2 PM rehearsal. He said it was so foggy in the village that the festival tent was barely visible as he crossed the bridge. Until now, we haven't had much fog.

There hasn't been much going on since Keith left—one day of rain. Last weekend all the girls were here for Anna Moreland's wedding. I saw them Sunday evening at Judy's house where we all had supper. Jessie has had her hair cut very short as she has decided to stop dyeing it. She is very thin & with practically no hair she looked a bit gaunt. She's taking the summer off as her Krohn's Disease flared up again.

Zaidee & Jary left for Mexico City early Tuesday morning. He said he might send me an e-mail but he hasn't so far. Jary comes back on the 19<sup>th</sup>. Tony & Mary arrive July 27<sup>th</sup> to be here a week or so. We may make a little trip, possibly to Ashland, Oregon, for some Shakespeare.

I had a note from Kay Bell. When she wrote she wasn't seeing any better than before the surgery but her MD liked the results.

Love,  
Mother

August 15, 2001

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Haven't heard from you in some time. Assume you are in the midst of moving the library. Hope all is going along smoothly.<sup>18</sup>

Tony & Mary were here off & on between July 26 & August 6<sup>th</sup>. Fred Master-son was here also the last weekend. The weather was nice most of the time they were here. Tony, Mary, & I went to Ashland, OR to take in *Troilus & Cressida*. It was really fun. We had a great place to stay, a small house built in 1900, completely furnished & nicely located. The area around Ashland is quite scenic & on the way

back we took a curvy road through national forest & Indian lands. I don't recommend the road for Kathy!<sup>19</sup>

Jary had a great time in Mexico & took a lot of pictures (with my camera). Quite a colorful place. He visited several museums while Zaidee was at work. Tony & Mary saw little of him as he was in Arcata most of the time they were here. Patricia was having chemotherapy & gets quite ill.

Lena goes back to UNM Friday. Jary will take her to the airport. She's taking up bass fiddle, but not taking it to Albuquerque.

The music festival was good. I housed Randy Keith again.

Now I have some LWV work to do & have to write up a history of the Genealogical Society before October.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 5, 2001

Dear Kathy & Keith—

A nice sunny day here but I went outside only to get the paper. Most of the day was spent reading minutes of the Genealogy Society in preparation of writing a history of the Society to celebrate its first 25 years in October. I'm feeling somewhat crosseyed.

The Vera Bradley handbag has been much admired. As I told you, a woman ahead of me at a checkout the day before had one with the same Animal Kingdom pattern but a slightly different model, I think. Then the day after my birthday one of a bridge foursome had one of the duffle bags in the egg & rooster pattern. She was envious of all the inside pockets mine had.

I had dinner yesterday at Jary's. His yard looks very nice with a lot of flowers in bloom—many planted by Patricia. He gets a lot more sun than I do. He's sawed off corners of his backyard fence & it's much more attractive—doesn't look as stark.

Pat Predmore is to visit Mike Sept. 11 – 25. I'm trying to figure how to get there. Originally Pat was to come last Friday & I was going down this weekend with Jary & Patricia (they're going to an event of friends). Now I don't know how to get there, will get bus data if I can.

Love & thanks,  
Mother

September 24, 2001

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Here is the article about shrubs that look nice in winter. I marked the paragraph about winterberry, but you may find the whole article interesting. I think Ithaca winters are more severe than yours, so if these plants will do well there they'll probably grow in Jamestown.<sup>20</sup>

Pat Predmore was scheduled to fly to San Jose (airport more convenient for Mike than SFO) Sept. 11<sup>th</sup>. I had a ride to the Bay Area on the 13<sup>th</sup>. So on the 12<sup>th</sup> I called Mike<sup>21</sup> & he said his mother was to arrive at 9 PM on the 13<sup>th</sup>. So I went ahead and rode to Millbrae with my friend (who was to take in a nephew's wedding on the 15<sup>th</sup>). When I got there Mike said no planes were flying from the East Coast & Pat was to arrive on Friday. Then Thursday night Pat called & said she'd cancelled her flight & would perhaps come for Thanksgiving. So Mike & Iza were stuck with me as my friend wasn't returning here until Monday afternoon. I had a nice restful time, watched a lot of TV & read.

Saturday noon we attended a rally on a Palo Alto plaza sponsored by the Peninsula Peace & Freedom Center. Speakers urged justice & not war. Sunday we took a jaunt to the shore, visited a general store in a farming area. They had an amazing stock of books—like the complete writings of Charles Darwin, a treatise on the Supreme Court, sets of Charles Dickens, etc.

While waiting for a table at a restaurant I got in conversation with a woman who lives in lower Manhattan. She was returning from 3 weeks in China. Couldn't fly to NY but could get to SF where she has a son. Her daughter in NY said her apartment was all right but no one could go in the area.

A friend got home to-day from Greece. She had to spend 8 days extra in Athens.

There have been many favorable comments about Bush's speech to Congress last week. I wasn't too impressed—it wasn't as bad as I expected.

C-SPAN showed several good news items from Canada. Tony said the program started about the time he left Ottawa last year.

Hope all is well with you.

Love,  
Mother

Oct. 22, 2001

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It was good to have Keith's phone call this evening. It occurred to me as I thought about writing that my letter might go through a polluted post office. This anthrax business is truly scary.

As I started to write the last sentence there was a very loud noise of something falling in the house. RaShi ran across the toom. After looking all over I discovered one of the stereo speakers on the floor. She had apparently climbed on the bookcase & knocked the speaker off the shelf. She & I have battled over her climbing on the bookcase. Maybe this will have scared her enough so she won't climb on the bookcase for awhile. Maybe my speaker won't work anymore.

I hope our present war<sup>22</sup> has a good outcome but I have many doubts. I fear it will just stir up more hatred & promote revenge.

Hope all is well with you & that Jonathan gets some comfort.<sup>23</sup>

Love,  
Mother

Nov. 5, 2001

Dear Keith & Kathy—

A few days ago I had a letter from a woman in Greene who has been writing to Jane & me from time to time, asking about things we know about Greene, & about our families. In the most recent letter she told of going in our house. Betsey Nell (you met her, Keith) had sent me a card saying a young woman had bought our house & was fixing it up. Jane sent Betsy Nell some old photos of the house interior when our grandparents lived there. (Jane also sent me copies, many of which I'd never seen before.)

Anyway, Peg Ross reported the house is quite lovely now & apparently back to one family. There is a bathroom upstairs & 4 bedrooms. I have a little trouble visualizing how things are from Peg Ross's description. She says the backyard is now fenced & is quite large.

Jary & Patricia are going to Albuquerque this weekend. Patricia was to get to Fort Bragg yesterday. She's finished with her chemotherapy.

Weather has turned colder & we've had a little rain.

Love,  
Mother

Jan. 7, 2002

Dear Keith—

The local copy shop was open this morning so I got copies of Tracy Gaylord's letter to Jane & the photos she sent. Thought you might find it interesting.<sup>24</sup>

Your note with the *Boston Globe* enclosure came to-day. I had forgotten about the famous 5-down game.<sup>25</sup> In the late '30s Cornell had powerful teams (more or less) but not much since. In December I housed a visiting musician—Yale 60 something—who said he'd gone to Ithaca for a Yale-Cornell game. All he remembered was how cold it was in Ithaca & the tailgate parties. Thanks for sending the clipping.

I ordered a subscription to *American Prospect* for you. They said they'd send a gift announcement but perhaps they didn't. The brochure said Christmas gift subscriptions would start with the January 4<sup>th</sup> issue. Mine hasn't come yet—they are sometimes late.

Lena leaves for Albuquerque to-morrow by car. Jary & Judy bought her a Camry station wagon. She will drive to Davis to-morrow & stay overnight with Jessie. Then drive to Tehachapee in So. Cal. & stay overnight with a college friend & next day the 2 of them will go to Flagstaff & then on to Albuquerque. Jary commented that she would like to have a car in Albuquerque as public transportation from UNM to things like banks or stores is practically non-existent.

We had 2 days of sunshine—last Thursday & Friday. Then the rains came back. No actual rain to-day but quite a lot yesterday. The choir is off until February so I stayed home from church yesterday. I'm tired of tramping around in the rain.

Love,  
Mother

Feb. 15, 2002

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Yesterday was sunny & fairly warm—a nice change. I have some hyacinths in bloom & one crocus. Purple plums are in bloom so I guess spring is on the way though it hasn't felt much like it.

I guess wedding plans are going along.<sup>26</sup> Just pray for sunshine & slight breeze here on March 9<sup>th</sup>. I'm planning to wear "the wedding dress" covered by a shawl or coat. I may put a long sleeved blouse under the top. Zaidee gets here March 6<sup>th</sup> for 10 days & Lena comes March 8<sup>th</sup>.

Happy Presidents' Day.

Love,  
Mother

March 3, 2002

Dear Kathy & Keith—

A sunny but rather brisk day, after almost a week of sunny & often warm days. Whether the nice weather will hold out through next Saturday is another matter.

Jary has been fighting something that's going around all week. Went to a doctor & is taking antibiotics but wasn't feeling too well when he was here to-day. He came looking for a button to sew on the tuxedo he's acquired from the local theater wardrobe to wear at the wedding. Sean & the best man are wearing tails! All this on the headlands at noon.

Zaidee arrives Wednesday. Jessie & Sean come Thursday & Lena comes Friday. The rehearsal dinner is to be at Judy's Friday. Sort of a reversal—Sean's parents are picking up the tab for the reception, though Jary & Judy are paying the band (rock & roll? folk?).

To-day's Dave Barry column about ice fishing reminded me of the summer of '49 when we saw some former Stelton neighbors in Michigan.<sup>27</sup> The husband suggested that your father come up from Indiana for ice fishing. Your father was polite & noncommittal but I was amazed as I could think of nothing your father would want to do less than ice fish. We saw some ice fishermen—or their shanties—in the Toledo area.

I'm enjoying *John Adams* very much.<sup>28</sup> Have learned a lot of details I didn't know.

Love,  
Mother

PS I got out the "wedding dress" to-day & put a long sleeved white blouse under the top. It looked all right. The blouse has a tie at the neck. I tried 2 necklaces with it but decided that both were too much. One was the pink one I've worn before. The other was my great grandmother's watch chain. If it's really warm I won't wear the white blouse. Tried several shawls but may have to wear a coat. Probably should have bought something new.

3/11/02

I'm not up to writing a real letter to-night but did get the enclosed account of the wedding written yesterday. Finished up a roll of film to-day—Lena & Zaidee were here for lunch so should have some pictures soon. Lena & Zaidee are staying until Saturday.

Love,  
Mother

I never catch all the mistakes I make on the computer.

Stavelly - Nittner Wedding—March 9, 2002

The day was cloudy and windy when I got up about 7 AM. Between 9 and 10 AM there was a little sunshine, but by 11:10 AM, when Jary and Patricia arrived, the sunshine was gone. Jary was resplendent in a tuxedo borrowed or rented from the local theater wardrobe. He also had a black Homburg hat so he looked like pictures of Hassidic Jewish men—minus the side curls. Patricia had a print skirt of

gray and purple, a black top and black coat. I wore the peach colored dress I wore at Jotham's and Rachel's weddings but with a long sleeved blouse under the top. Several years ago I was given a reversible coat—light brown on one side, pink the other. I wore the pink side out and a pink crocheted hat.

We drove to the end of Kelly Street and sat in the car to wait. The wind was very strong, and Jary had been fighting bronchitis for a couple of weeks. He has been on antibiotics and other medications and he had dug out some thermal underwear for the occasion. In a few minutes Sean came by dressed in tails with black vest and a white rose on his lapel. Then the presiding professor (of medieval studies) and his girl friend appeared—he in academic robe.<sup>29</sup> His name is Kevin, but I missed the surname. At about 11:45 Jary and Patricia walked with me to the wedding site where Sean and the other two were waiting. I had my cane and a camp stool on which I sat until the ceremony started. Jary went back to his car in order to escort Jessie. Gradually guests assembled. Sean's brother-in-law and another man brought a white canopy with four white poles which was placed over the professor and Sean. Leslie Hubbart, a friend of Judy's, handed out birdseed to throw later. I put mine in a pocket and forgot to throw it after the ceremony. I think others forgot the birdseed, too. Everyone just wanted to get out of the wind. Judy's escort for the day—math teacher at the high school—brought me a white rose and 3 small white orchids to wear and pinned them to my coat for me. The best man, Alex Miller, and groomsman Charles Stone arrived, both wearing black tails and gray vests. Guests were asked to form an aisle leading to the canopy. Then Lena appeared in an ankle length black dress with spaghetti straps and nothing else over her bare shoulders. She, Zaidee, and Jessie carried bouquets of white and pale green roses. I understand Sean's mother made the bouquets. They were lovely. Next came Zaidee in a very short black dress but with matching jacket. Both Lena and Zaidee had their hair pulled back with knots in back. Then three flower girls with baskets strewed rose petals along the aisle. They were Cora and Amalia Hubbart and Victoria ?, daughter of a cousin of Sean's. Victoria is about 4 years old. The Hubbart girls are in grammar and middle school, I think. Then came Jary (without the hat) and Judy in a black long dress with dark green velvet jacket, escorting Jessie. Jessie's dress, which she made herself, is off-white in color, stra-

pless, and with a train. She had a short matching veil. Over her shoulders she wore a short white fur cape that Judy had had since she was in middle school. Just as Jessie got to the canopy, a strong gust of wind blew the train off from where it was anchored by small hooks to the back of her dress. Someone nearby caught it and held it during the ceremony. Lena, Zaidee, and Sean's attendants held the canopy poles during the ceremony. Jessie's veil flew in her face several times and even blew off at the end of the ceremony.

The service was very nice. Jessie and Sean made rather poetic vows to each other. I assume they wrote their words themselves. Sean's started and ended with "My love is an ocean."

Rain started to fall as we reached our cars. We drove to the Stanford Inn where there was a band (Michael Hubbart was in the band and was probably the leader). There was drink, sushi, empanadas, and dancing for awhile and then we went in the dining room for vegetarian lunch (Sean is a vegetarian). I sat with Judy's brother Joe and his wife Marquita who had come down from Longview, Washington where they live. Judy's father didn't come. One of Sean's sisters sat with us. There were several toasts—Jary's was very good. Judy, Lena, Zaidee, and Leslie sang a cute song—Leslie on guitar. Then Judy and Leslie played a violin and guitar number. There was a cake, of course, with pink and white frosting—very good and very sinful. The cake was surrounded with white gardenias. Patricia picked up several when we left the inn and three of them are now floating in a bowl in my dining room. I also have my white rose and white orchids in a bud vase.

Jary, Patricia, and I came to my house about 4 PM and rested awhile; then we went to Sean's sister's house on Airport Road where the party continued. It was drizzling when we got to the party and really raining when we left about 7:30 PM.

Sean and Jessie spent Saturday and Sunday nights at a house by the sea in Westport. It belongs to one of the high school teachers who rents it out. Jessie and Sean looked at it as a place for the wedding but it was too small.

The guest list included some teachers at the high school, Jessie's godparents and their daughter, some high school friends, a Carleton College friend of Jessie's and his fiancée (Jessie is going to their wedding at Carleton in a couple of weeks), Kelley and his daughter, Fiona, a few friends from Davis, and a slew of Sean's rela-

tives. He has three sisters; two, at least are married, and there were some cousins of his.

It was really a lovely affair and would have been perfect without the wind.

March 17, 2002

Dear Kathy,

To-morrow I expect to put a package in the mail for you. I'm sorry it will probably be late for your special day.<sup>30</sup> The item was purchased some time ago & I planned to get it off soon after March 1<sup>st</sup>. Well, it got forgotten because of some activities here!

Jary said he talked to Jessie recently & she had received your gift & it goes well with some napkins she already had.

I'll send copies of some of the photos I took. They will give you & Keith and Jonathan some idea of what things were like on March 9<sup>th</sup>. There is still plenty of wind but the sun has been shining.

Love,  
Betty

March 26, 2002

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Enclosed are some of the pictures I took (or someone else took with my camera) of Jessie's wedding. There is one more I thought I ordered but haven't received. I hope to take other film with wedding pictures on it in soon, but my life is a bit complicated just now with several activities.

Jary got some of the official photographs but I haven't seen them. Nor have I seen the pictures Zaidee took at the inn & at the party at Sean's sister's house. She took her prints to Mexico with her but left the film for Judy to use.

Anyway, you may get an idea from my pictures of what the affair was like.

The high winds have finally died down & we've had a fair amount of sunshine. There are a few trilliums & calypso orchids in bloom on the place, so I guess spring is springing—somewhat.

Jary is pretty much over his illness but he wasn't at the wedding as you can see by the picture of him at the Stanford Inn.

He was here for supper to-day before his Spanish class. Many people here have had what he had. While he was here he got out a map of the U. S. to do some figuring on how long it will take to drive to Greene from here with a stopover of 2 or 3 days at Jane's.<sup>31</sup>

I'm still reading *John Adams*. I'm being very slow at it because several publications have piled up & I've had some reading to do for LWV & have more of that since I'm part of April's program on LWV position on the United Nations. Had a committee meeting on that this morning. I'm not the chairman—hallelujah! I go off the League board in May & then I plan to spend more time on genealogy.

Hope all is well with you.

Love,  
Mother

Apr. 10, 2002

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Spring has finally sprung though the high winds haven't completely subsided. Wildflowers are in bloom & my acacia tree is in full bloom.

Next Sunday I am going to S. F. with Judy Brooks. She has a meeting Monday noon. When her meeting is over we're going to Sutro Library to do some genealogical research. Will get back Tuesday PM.

Jary's opera, *Don Pasquale*, opens Friday. Cotton Auditorium in Ft. Bragg is condemned because of dry rot so the opera is to be in Eagles Hall behind Jary's house.

Hope you are all well & enjoying spring.

Love,  
Mother

May 14, 2002

Dear Keith & Kathy—



The beehive salt & pepper shakers are delightful & actually quite needed. I had left salt in some "company" cellars too long & the tops corroded. Now I have learned (I hope) to empty them between usages. I gave the delightful box to my friend who keeps bees. She is delighted with it.

I had quite a surprise to-day. The annual meeting of the LWV took place—election of officers, adoption of budget & local program plus reviews of the year's activities. Then I was called to the front & presented with a certificate signed by the president of the LWVUS signifying my status as an honorary member after 50 year membership. Actually this is a little early as I first joined the League in September 1952. That, however, wasn't all. They gave me a framed certificate from the local league done in my beekeeping friend's beautiful calligraphy & an enormous bouquet of flowers. I was overwhelmed & almost cried in front of everybody.

Jary & I had a great time with the Predmores. Weather was great & Stanford & its environs had *loads* of flowers in bloom. Scads of roses in yards. Here rhododendrons are being colorful—later bloom this year.

Jary's Spanish class is meeting here to-night. Lena is in attendance. The teacher is originally from Ecuador, I hear.

Again, thank you so much for the delightful gift.

Love,  
Mother

June 9, 2002

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It was great talking with you to-day. Hope your coming week is good.

The past two evenings I've been going through my LWV file getting it ready to pass on to my successor. I thought I had everything all ready & then discovered a batch of papers I'd put aside "to look at later." So I just gathered them up & put them in the front of the box to be looked at later—to-morrow, I hope.

The wind has died down a bit, thank goodness.

Happy Father's Day!

Love,  
Mother

P. S. I finally finished *John Adams*. Enjoyed every word! Have loaned it to one of my book club members.

August 19, 2002

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It has been hard to get back to ordinary living after all the festivities of the trip east. You all spoiled me terribly. I thought it would be a good trip but it exceeded all expectations.<sup>32</sup>

RaShi followed me around for about 24 hours, complaining loudly. She's pretty much back to normal now.

I'm enclosing some photos. I should have copies I ordered for everyone later this week. Some are good and some are so-so.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 2, 2002

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Jary sent me the item about Julia Child via email. A most interesting lady. Thank you for sending it.<sup>33</sup>

When I came home this afternoon Jary was here working on my computer trying to get it to receive such items. I'm not sure he succeeded. For awhile he had it so that checking email was a more complicated process but the old simple way came back.

Jessie is here this evening for a checkup to-morrow. She'll be coming every week now until close to delivery & then she'll stay until the baby arrives.

Weather has turned warm again after several days of fog. I understand the east coast has had some torrential rains lately.

Tony & Mary's remodeling has struck some snags that will increase time & costs. 'Twas ever thus.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 12, 2002

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Had a note from Lena to-day in which she said she has a plane ticket to come here in October to see the baby. I hope the baby knows the date of Lena's fall break. She likes her classes & her job at the radio station. Has concerns about the lack of rainfall in the area, says everything looks parched. Andy also expressed concern about the lack of rain in the southwest.

Fog has set in here after several days of sunshine & temperatures in the 70's which I assure you is *hot* for here.

Jary & Judy have 30 or 31 students this year & they have one more grade than they've had in the past.

Jessie & Judy dropped in last Saturday. Jessie looked very good & apparently all is going well with her pregnancy.

All the organizations are starting up. Lazy (?) days of summer are over.

Love,  
Mother

Oct. 23, 2002

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It was nice to talk with Keith last weekend. I think I told him most of the latest news here.

It was nice to see Lena & Jessie & Anja<sup>34</sup> a couple of weeks ago. Jary said Jessie was to be here last weekend but I didn't see her. When Lena and I talked about Greene Jessie asked if there was to be another gathering. I said I hoped so.

I played bridge to-day with a woman who, along with her husband, has a ticket to the 5<sup>th</sup> World Series game. We all hope the Giants do better than they did last night!<sup>35</sup>

Heavy fog all day to-day with enough drip to make my decks wet. We need real rain but don't want games rained out.

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 3, 2002

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Here's Zaidee's recent e-mail describing her Thanksgiving dinner in Mexico City.<sup>36</sup>

Greene, NY was named for General Nathaniel Greene.

Still no rain but it is cooler.

Jessie told Jary that Anja didn't cry as much on the plane to Portland as some other babies did.

Happy Christmas preps!

Love,  
Mother

January 1, 2003

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Until about half an hour ago (about 3:15 PM) it was a bright sunny day. Now it has clouded up again. There was heavy rain on Monday, also the Saturday before & my living room skylights leaked. The accumulated debris was cleaned off yesterday so perhaps they won't leak at the next heavy rain. There is a deep rut at the end of my driveway that will have to be filled. I forgot to mention it to the handyman yesterday when he cleaned the roof & gutters.

The stained glass looks lovely in the narrow south window. I'll ask Jary to move a hook there so the stained glass can be in the middle. It is really a beautiful thing. I've read some of the introduction to *Oldtown Folks* & am looking forward to getting into the story.<sup>37</sup> Thank you so much. Also for your Christmas Day phone call.

My cold is improved but I still get coughing spells. The achy polio leg has had some pain free days, thanks, maybe, to the masseuse's services Judy & Jary gave me for Christmas. It's real luxury to be worked on!

Judy, Zaidee, Lena, & I had lunch at Jary's yesterday—everyone was to come here but Mendocino had no power. After lunch Jary & Patricia left for Healdsburg where they were to spend a couple of days with a friend of Patricia's. Then they are going to the Marin headlands until Friday.

Judy now has her father's van, a quite elegant vehicle. Zaidee goes to Davis soon & will fly to Mexico City from Sacramento. Her friend Hugo<sup>38</sup> thinks he wants to do graduate work in Buffalo (SUNY?) with a poetry professor there. Zaidee seems to think Buffalo is too cold & snowy.

Love & many thanks,  
Mother

January 24, 2003

Dear Kathy & Keith—

It's been a rainy day though not a heavy rain, nor has there been wind. I stayed home all day as I had a lot of things to do here. Yesterday I hosted 2 tables of bridge & was too tired when my guests left to put things away & wash dishes. So that took up the morning & some of the afternoon.

Jary has been fighting flu for over a week now. He was to go to a conference at Sonoma State last Friday & was going to the war protest affair in SF the next day. He was too ill, however, to do either. By Monday he was well enough to come here for dinner & then to an opera rehearsal. This evening he called & said the flu had returned Tuesday night. I guess he's taught all week, but hadn't slept well & is bothered with headache, aches & pains.

It was fun to have the girls here. Zaidee is back in Mexico City & Lena is back in Albuquerque.

The news continues bad. Pres. Bush is determined to invade Iraq which I feel will be a disaster. Did you read the article in the recent *American Prospect* about the Cheney, Rumsfeld plan for the U. S. to dominate the world? It's blood curdling. I gave my issue of AP to a friend. I don't remember the date but it had a picture of Al Gore on the cover. The article is on page 28.

I'm still reading the introduction to *Oldtown Folks* & am learning a lot. I noticed that Harriet Beecher's mother was Roxanne Foote (of a "prominent New England family"). Wonder where or if she fits in with our Footes.

Love,  
Mother

I have hyacinths in bloom outdoors!

March 23, 2003

Dear Keith & Kathy—

A few days ago I put a package in the mail for you Kathy. I hope you will find it useful.

I've been getting the MoveOn messages. I lit a candle & put it in the living room window at 7 PM last Sunday night.<sup>39</sup> I thought about walking down to the end of my drive with it, but didn't feel equal to that. Unfortunately my candle light was not visible from the street. MoveOn requested a donation to Oxfam. I'm sure I got a request from them but couldn't find it so I wrote a check to Church World Service instead & to-morrow I'll send one to International Rescue Committee. Last month I contributed to the UN Commission on Refugees & I've donated to American Friends Service Committee.

I keep hearing how most Americans back the war. I don't know anybody who does. The March issue of *American Prospect* has scary articles about the far right's plan to take over the judiciary & an article on Pres. Bush's plan to get rid of labor unions.

My acacia tree in the back yard is in bloom & I've spotted 2 calypso orchids. One is where there were about 10 last year.

I called Jane last Friday & there were 29 inches of snow in Broomfield & no mail delivery for 2 days. She was well stocked with food.

Love,  
Mother

April 22, 2003

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Jessie, Sean, & Anja were here over the weekend & they gave me this picture of Anja which I had copied this morning. It was taken in their yard in Davis, I assume, & within the last month. She's about 7 months old as of yesterday. Quite a charmer! She's quite chubby & has this mop of reddish hair that goes in several directions at once.

Easter Sunday & the day before were sunny & warm, a nice change from the steady rain last week. Jary did quite well in *Don Giovanni*. He cooked up a dance to do with another chorus member in one scene. He is to be in *Girl of the Golden West* during the music festival. He is to have a minor role in that. Rehearsals start next week.

Love,  
Mother

*Fantasticks* is to be on while you are here in August. I thought you might like to go to that. I doubt Jary will try out for that because of the opera in July.

July 18, 2003

Dear Kathy,

Thanks so much for researching the book title & author for me. I just called my friend to tell her the title & author. Perhaps my copy will come to me soon if the one I loaned it to can find it.

It continues very warm here—75-76 every day this week. Inland it's over 100 F.

Tony phoned this morning from Cloverdale where Mary was seeing an old friend. He said they were coming up to-day but he didn't know when or whether they would come here first or to Jary's (I'm housing a musician). I just called Jary but got the answering machine so I'm no wiser. It is now after 5 PM & I don't know what to do about dinner, whether I'm eating alone or with others. Jary's first opera performance is to-night at 8 PM. I don't know when he has to be down here. And he will probably want only light food before his performance.

According to the program he is the 5<sup>th</sup> character to appear & he gets to wear a coonskin cap.

Tony, Mary, & I are going to the 2<sup>nd</sup> performance which is Sunday evening.

Love,  
Betty

Sept. 26, 2003

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The clippings came a couple of days ago. Your grand opening appears to have been a big smash! Well worth all the headaches I hope.<sup>40</sup>

Anja's birthday celebration was last Sunday at Russian Gulch State Park. In attendance were Sean, Jessie & Anja, Judy, Jary & me, Alex Miller & wife Megan & son Aiden (age 3), Sean's parents, his sister Kathleen & her husband & their dog. Jessie made a small round birthday cake for Anja which she frosted with whipped cream & decorated with 1 candle & some raspberries Jary brought from his bushes. Jessie spread a large cloth on the ground, put Anja on it & the cake was brought to her. After the candle was blown out she reached for the whipped cream & raspberries & tossed them on the cloth. Then she got more whipped cream on her hands & crept off the cloth gathering dry grass which stuck to the whipped cream on her hands. By then she was pretty grubby. Before that she had opened packages, showing more interest in ribbons & cards than in the contents of the packages. One toy she got had multi-shaped wooden objects that fit in holes in a box. The 3 year old did very well with that!

To start the day Anja wore a pretty pink dress with matching slipper socks. She creeps & stands but doesn't walk yet. Still has a great mop of reddish hair.

Jessie has had 3 weeks of orientation at a Sacramento hospital.<sup>41</sup> Next week she starts working several nights a week. She will have a baby sitter mornings so she can sleep. The orientation was in the daytime so she had baby sitters. This week it was Sean's mother who is getting quite a dose of grandmothering. She had returned shortly before Anja's birthday from San Jose where she had been helping Sean's oldest sister who had given birth to twin boys early in September.

The warm sunny weather kept on until Wednesday. Now we have fog & lower temperatures. Happy autumn to you.

Love,  
Mother

Jan. 1, 2004

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Here are a few pictures I took in Mexico City.<sup>42</sup> Our boat, the Carmelita, was not on the front line & it was a bit tricky getting from one boat to another even

though the boatman lashed them together. On the return trip we had to cross three boats to get off & when we got to the steps the nearest one was broken. I looked at the next step & wondered how I'd get to it with my short legs. Suddenly another boatman appeared & the 2 boatmen literally lifted me to the nearest unbroken step.

It was great fun to glide along. The pace was probably slower than "four miles an hour on the Erie Canal" as the old ditty goes.

Zaidee's apartment is south of the city's center. Jary says *cumbres* means hills but I don't remember any hills near her place.

Hope all is well with you.

Love,  
Mother

A few days later, Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald received EWS's longer account of the trip to Mexico City, composed on her computer. There is no cover note or date. Although sent after the preceding letter, it was evidently written earlier, for handwritten at the end of the computer printout are the words: "Hope to have photos within a week." Presumably these are the photos enclosed with the Jan. 1 letter.

Judy Stavely was originally part of the group traveling to Mexico City, but at a stopover in Dallas, she received the news that her father "was in the hospital in Longview, WA and on life support." She canceled her flight to Mexico City and made arrangements to get to Longview. Her father died the next day. As EWS's account indicates, she reunited with the Mexico City group on Christmas Day at her daughter Jessie's home in Davis, CA.

Here is this longer version of the trip to Mexico City.

Jary and I made it to the hotel Zaidee had engaged for us. Lena stayed in Zaidee's apartment. The next day, Zaidee, Lena, and Hugo had breakfast with us at the hotel. Lena, who is fluent in Spanish and had been in Mexico City before, went to the anthropology museum. Hugo took work he had to do to Zaidee's apartment and to receive Lena's luggage. Zaidee took Jary and me on a 2 or 3 hour bus trip around the city. We had earphones for explanation in English. We didn't get out at

as many of the stops as my polio leg was very sore and I felt weak—probably the 7300 ft. altitude.<sup>43</sup> (I felt fine the next day.) It is a beautiful city with many parks, tree-lined boulevards, lots of statues, and ornate 19<sup>th</sup> century buildings. Zaidee said only about 40% of the population drive cars, but the streets are full. Lots of Volkswagen Beetles (the little old ones) and most other cars are small; very few SUV's or large sedans. Trucks tend to be smaller than the ones that crowd our streets. Along many boulevards there were small poinsettias growing. There were Christmas decorations, too.

After the bus tour we went to a nice restaurant about 3 blocks from our hotel. By then I was pretty tired so Jary and I went to our hotel to rest. The next morning Hugo, Zaidee, and Lena came to the hotel and we all went to Xochimilco, the ancient water gardens. We embarked on one of the numerous colorful rafts and had a 2 hour boat ride, propelled by a boatman with a long pole. There were lots of flowers on the islands we passed. On some of the boats there were large parties and some had rafts with bands alongside. All very festive. A beautiful day. On our return we had lunch at a restaurant near the dock. At Hugo's suggestion we went next to the flower market where there were lots of poinsettias—red, white, and pink—plus many other flowers. Then we went to a cafe for tea and other refreshments. By then it was dark. There was a park across the street where Jary and I sat while Zaidee took Lena to a place that sold beads. Zaidee had lived in this neighborhood

The next day we had breakfast together at a cafe Zaidee likes. Food was good but it was very noisy. That day we went to the Templo Mayor which is the area where the main Aztec temple was. We viewed the excavated area, but I was not up to all that walking, plus stairs. So we went to the adjoining museum which had many Aztec relics and good explanations. There is a large reproduction of the Aztec capital. When we came out of the museum we took a different route than when we went in and we got into a great crowd of sidewalk vendors. Getting through that was quite a feat. We had dinner at a fancy place that had been the palace of a very wealthy man. The outside is blue tile. We ate in what had been the atrium of the house. Many fine carvings. The food was good, but a band played so loudly it was hard to hear what we were saying.

Next day we went to Zaidee's apartment. I made the 3 flights of stairs all right with Jary's help. Zaidee's apartment is a large room with sort of an alcove with a door to a small balcony overlooking the street. A street market was on her street that day (Wednesday). Zaidee said it's usually there on Tuesday only. (One had been outside our hotel on Sunday.) There is a bedroom next to the alcove. A small kitchen has practically no work surface. The bathroom is miniscule. It is startling to open the door with a toilet crosswise in front of you—less than a foot from the door. Beyond is a wash basin and then a tub. If one gained weight one might not get in the bathroom.

Zaidee and Jary prepared Christmas dinner. Jary roasted chicken and made gravy. Zaidee cooked potatoes in her one pot and then green beans and broccoli while she mashed the potatoes. Jary had brought raw cranberries, so Zaidee could make raw cranberry relish. I had brought bourbon balls. Zaidee had only 4 plates so she and Jary bought a supply of paper plates and plastic cutlery. Hugo, his mother, and his brother came to dinner. Lalo, his brother, is about 14. His mother is a jolly person. They seemed to enjoy the North American food.

Señora Garcia and Lalo left about 5 or 6 o'clock as she had to make a mid-night dinner for the rest of her family and some relatives. Jary and I left about 8 PM as we had to get up early the next morning. Getting a taxi on Christmas Eve proved difficult and expensive.

Jary and I got up at 4 AM Christmas morning. Zaidee, Hugo, and Lena came in a taxi about 4:30 and we went to the airport. We got to Oakland about noon and to Jessie's house about 5 PM. Judy arrived from Portland about an hour later. Jessie fixed a nice Christmas dinner. We opened some gifts after dinner. It was fun to see Anja open hers. She's walking now and "talking" a little.

A great trip and much fun.

Jan. 29, 2004

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Your nice notes arrived 2 days ago & are much enjoyed. Assume you are being snowed in again.

I've been lax in communicating—Jane has been hospitalized & is now in a skilled nursing facility undergoing therapy. Hopes to be out by Feb. 1<sup>st</sup>. It seems she had been feeling unwell & fell in her house early one morning & didn't have strength enough to get up. When she failed to answer phone calls from Tim, his wife went to Jane's house in the afternoon & found her. Karla is a trained nurse, immediately called EMT & got her to the hospital where Karla works. Last Sunday she was released to the skilled nursing facility. I talked to Karla (Tim wasn't home) a couple of nights ago & she seemed to think Jane will be going to an assisted living place. Tim had indicated earlier that Jane would have to have help at home when she got there. Problem is congestive heart failure plus a urinary infection &, most recently, diarrhea.

I talked to Jane to-day. She said it has been a "nightmare." I guess it is a nice place but Jane thinks many of the patients there are nuts.

My polio leg has been bothering me & when it doesn't hurt, my hip on the other side does. It's been damp & cold (you probably wouldn't notice it) so I don't get much done if it involves standing or walking. Yesterday & to-day have been a bit better.

I've thought for some time that John Kerry was the best qualified to be president & planned to vote for him in the California primary. I wasn't sure, however, if he could beat George Bush which is essential. John Edwards says things I like to hear & I sort of like Howard Dean in spite of everything.

Am enjoying the Gore Vidal book.<sup>44</sup>

Love,

Mother

Feb. 4, 2004

Dear Keith & Kathy—

To-day I went through some piles of things looking for something I didn't find. But I did find several tidbits I thought you might enjoy. Happy reading!<sup>45</sup>

I haven't called Jane or Tim since I talked to you so I don't have any late news about Jane.

Zaidee is probably in Davis now. She was to fly to Sacramento to-day. Judy is also going to Davis later in the week & then they will fly to Longview for a memorial service for Judy's father. Lena is going to Longview, too. Zaidee will be here for a few days next week, I think. She goes back to Mexico Feb. 23<sup>rd</sup>. She is to do some baby sitting for Jessie after the memorial. Jessie & Sean are going somewhere, I heard.

The Nittners were here a couple of weekends ago. Anja is walking quite steadily now & talking a bit. Jessie has taught her some sign language so she uses that plus the first sound of a word.

Sunshine to-day but rather brisk.

Love,  
Mother

March 10, 2004

Dear Keith & Kathy—

At last I'm getting around to sending you some of the accumulated clippings.<sup>46</sup> I think there are more but they are probably in a pile I haven't gone through.

I enjoyed the latest batch of pictures last evening. Do you plan blackmail over the tea cosy over my head?<sup>47</sup>

We've had 3 days of sunshine & my leg hasn't bothered me much except at night. On Saturday I started a new prescription—Mobic—which seems to mask the pain, but whether it's the Mobic or warmer weather, I don't know. Anyway, I'm enjoying being on my feet a bit more.

I hear Jary is doing very well in *Gianni Sticchi* (sp?). Rehearsals are coming very often now. Performances are 2 weekends in April.

Enjoy your trip to Italy—but watch for greedy fingers!<sup>48</sup>

Love,  
Mother

March, 2004

Dear Kathy,

This card will probably reach Jamestown after you have left for Italy. I hope you have a lovely trip, but in view of the recent bombing in Spain, I wish you were going to Scandinavia instead.

There will be a pair of socks coming your way—just in time for hot weather, I fear.<sup>49</sup> My sock knitting has been interrupted by booties for Daisy Alena, & the expected Josephine.<sup>50</sup>

Jessie, Sean, & Anja were here this past weekend. Anja walks very well & talks quite a lot. She banged a knife handle on one of Judy's wine glasses which cracked & had to be discarded. Jessie just wasn't quick enough to stop her.

Love,  
Betty

June 1, 2004

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I expect you had a pretty full weekend what with Jonathan's birthday<sup>51</sup> & the trip to Northfield.

On Sunday I went to Pentecost services at the Christian Camp near Albion (for several years now the 11 o'clock service has been there at Pentecost with a picnic following). I had planned to skip it this year but 2 weeks ago a member of the choir announced she was getting married at the chapel there after the service & before the picnic. On Saturday Jary phoned to say Jessie & Anja were going to be at Judy's Sunday & he'd pick me up for lunch there. So I rode to the camp with friends, attended the service (the choir sang) & walked to the little chapel (beautiful) & stayed until the bridal party came down the path & into the chapel. By then it was time to walk to where I was meeting Jary.

Anja walks all over & points to objects as she names them. She sat on Jary's lap during lunch & ate most of his first serving of meat—with her hands of course. Her red hair hangs below her shoulders now & Jessie had it tied in a top knot on top to keep it out of her eyes.

Peg Ross, who had breakfast with us in Greene sent me a packet of papers that went with the walk around town as part of the library's 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary cele-

bration. I thought everyone who was in Greene in 2002 would like to have a copy of the Sherwood Hotel's history.

Judy told us Sunday that Lena is Phi Beta Kappa, too. She has another year and a half to go because of change in major. She is to be here briefly in June, I hear.

Happy summertime!

Love,  
Mother

Oct. 17, 2004

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I've found 2 recipes for Election Cake & plan to make one in a week or so.<sup>52</sup>

Our unusually warm weather seems to have ended. Rain fell last evening & today. Probably because Jary installed a hose system for me yesterday & I watered all the cymbidiums on the back deck. We needed the rain badly.

Jary's opera begins performances next weekend & the following one. He says the music is good but the story sad.

He, Patricia, & I made a trip to the Avenue of the Giants the first weekend in October. Saw a lot of majestic trees & stayed in a lovely house.

Tony phoned Thursday from S. F. He & Mary & Mary's mother were out here for Mary's niece's wedding at a Hari Krishna temple in Berkeley. He phoned to-day from Midway in Chicago on their way home. The message to-day was on my machine as I'd gone to the theater to see *The Decorator*, very funny.

Love,  
Mother

Nov. 3, 2004

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The article in *The Herald News* is great! Kathy's note came the same day & you sure are going to be very busy for awhile. And what a lot of Election Cake you will be baking.<sup>53</sup>

I made a loaf using the recipe in my Fannie Farmer reprint. It has chopped figs instead of citron and buttermilk. I used my sourdough bread dough (1 cupful). It turned out pretty well. It called for Boiled Milk Frosting (which I never made). I beat it too long & it began to set before I got all the cake covered so it didn't look very good. I was invited to a bridge luncheon & took the cake there for dessert. Everyone seemed to like it. There were just four of us. I gave a couple of slices to Jary. The rest is in the freezer.

I had a recipe for Hartford Election Cake that I may try sometime. It has brandy or bourbon in it. The bread dough part has mashed potatoes in it.

I'm glad to know the value of the ring.<sup>54</sup> 35 years ago it was valued at less than \$300. Sometime I'll look up the paper from the Toledo jeweler.

The election results are very disappointing. One of my friends said to-day that at least Senator Kerry wouldn't have to cope with Iraq. I feel especially bad that Senator Daschle lost. I heard some woman on a call in show this morning say people are voting for morals. George Bush & his cohorts don't have any.

The success of your book is a bright spot in an ominous world.

Mendocino County went 63% for Kerry.

Love,  
Mother

Nov. 15, 2004

Dear Kathy—

You mentioned making ginger cookies for your future "appearances" & I thought of this recipe I found in something a long time ago. I made it only once but it was very good. I've no idea how old a recipe it is, but if you ever have a quarter cup of chicken fat you might want to try it.

The enclosed Dave Barry item was in yesterday's paper. I read somewhere he is taking a leave from writing soon. Maybe he's having a sabbatical. I will miss him.

Hope all is going well & continues so.

Love,  
Betty



*Old Fashioned Gingerbread*

Cream together 1/2 cup sugar & 1/4 cup chicken fat. Beat in one egg. In separate bowl sift together 1 3/4 cups flour, 1 tsp. soda, 1/4 tsp. salt & 1 tsp. each ginger & cinnamon. Add the dry ingredients to sugar mixture, a little at a time, alternating with a mixture of 1/2 cup molasses & 1/2 cup buttermilk. Bake in greased 8" x 8" pan for about 40 min. at 375°.

Dec. 12, 2004

Dear Keith & Kathy—

A couple of days ago I put a package for Kathy in the mail. Something should come from Vermont for Keith. For Jonathan there will be something from Texas.

I've been fighting a cold for a week. Each day I tell myself it's better, but I'm not sure. Have cut out several activities—like Sing-Along Messiah to-night.

I sent a copy of your book to Peg Ross, the lady who had breakfast with us in Greene. She says she loves it & envies you the fun of doing the research. In January she is to do a program for a group & planned to talk about the Three Sisters of the Indians—corn, beans, & squash—& is delighted to have your chapter on these.

There will be a reunion at Cornell June 9-12. I'd like to go but don't want to go alone. Is there any chance either of you could accompany me there for 2-4 days? I'm going to send in the reservation card. I can always cancel it if things don't work out. Patricia is planning to visit her family in Michigan about that time so I can get to the airport with her. Ithaca is lovely in the spring.

Have a happy holiday—

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 30, 2004

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Your note came to-day & I'm glad to know you didn't get stranded anywhere in a big snowstorm. Rain set in here Christmas Day in the afternoon & has continued most of the time since.

We did have a nice day. Jary & Patricia came in the morning & we opened your gifts then. Then they & Patricia's friends from Eureka (or Arcata) came about 4:30 PM as did Lena & Judy. Then about 5 PM Jessie, Sean & Anja arrived. Judy came one day earlier in the week & helped child proof the house. Fortunately I remembered my old doll bed was in the storeroom so Judy brought it down & we put it in the living room. As Anja opened each of her stuffed animal & bird gifts she carried them to the doll bed & covered them with the quilt. Poor Jessie was pretty tired. She had to work Christmas Eve & wasn't able to sleep much on the drive to Mendocino. They went first to Sean's parents' for lunch & gifts. After dinner Jessie curled up in the Sleepy Hollow chair & went to sleep.

Except for reading prefaces I haven't read *American Jezebel & Catesby's Birds* yet but they look quite wonderful.<sup>55</sup> I wasn't reading much before Christmas as I was working on socks. Now I want to read a borrowed book before I set out on new ones.

It is now afternoon of New Year's Eve & RaShi has decided my lap is where she wants to be & she wants me to pet her, so if my writing is strange it is her fault.

I guess the most interesting news here is that Jessie & Sean are expecting a second child next August.

There is a reception I should go to in an hour and a half. It is pretty dark & rainy now at 3 PM, & I'm rapidly losing enthusiasm for going out. I had a ride with a friend but she has a bad cold & another has a sore throat.

Jary & Patricia were to leave this afternoon for a party in Healdsburg. They return Sunday. School starts Monday.

The brochure about the January talk in Hartford is most impressive. Lena was pleased that you cited her favorite anthropologist on sugar.<sup>56</sup>

Love & many thanks,  
Mother

January 17, 2005

Dear Kathy—

I thought you might like to have Dave Barry's farewell (?) column. If more appear from time to time I'll send them on. I've only sent those I thought funny, but perhaps I missed the humor in some I didn't send.

The invitation to your talk at the Connecticut Historical Society is most impressive. I would like to attend.

It has finally warmed up a bit here. This has been a colder winter than most. I've had to run my oil stove at a higher setting & wear more layers of clothing. Maybe it's just my old age.

Jary & Patricia were to spend the holiday on some kind of war protest that involved a walk from Mendocino to Caspar with a pot luck meal at the Caspar Community Center.

Lena got back to Albuquerque all right, had icy roads near Flagstaff. She was alone from here to Berkeley, had passengers from Berkeley to L. A. & from L. A. to Albuquerque.

Jary says Zaidee is taking SATs (?) for graduate school. She is applying to Berkeley & Columbia for journalism, prefers Columbia because it's a one year program. She's had an article published about her fiddler's class, but I haven't seen it. Jary mentioned it last evening—he's always short on details!

Love,  
Betty

[April, 2005]

Dear Kathy—

I'm sorry that your birthday slipped by me—while preparing the talk for the genealogy society I didn't think of much else.

Jessie, Sean, & Anja are here briefly. They had a good time in Mexico City though the altitude & smog gave them some trouble. Anja is pretty cute—into everything. She was opening cupboards & drawers in Judy's kitchen. She & Judy colored some Easter eggs. Well, Judy did most of it.

Lots of rain the last few days. My acacia tree is in full bloom. There are quite a few trilliums in the yard & a few calypso orchids have appeared (miniature lady's slippers).

Happy springtime!

Love,  
Betty

Hope it was a happy day for you—

Betty

April 13, 2005

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Enclosed is my itinerary for the trip to Syracuse. Jary will take me to SFO area June 8 after school & we'll stay in a motel nearby.

I have made reservations for the 3 of us at the Statler Hotel on campus—queen bed plus roll-away.

I asked the girl how long it takes to drive to Ithaca from Syracuse & she said a little over an hour. Should be daylight most of the way. The airport at Syracuse used to be called Hancock Field—it's sort of northeast of the city as I remember.

Zaidee is to be here a few days next week. Jary is picking her up at some airport Tuesday. Fortunately, her visit coincides with his spring vacation.

Rain off & on every day lately. A rhododendron that hasn't bloomed in 10 years or so has one bud opening—very slowly.

Love,  
Mother

May 30, 2005

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The above clipping was in a recent issue of *The Chenango American*. Thought you might enjoy it.<sup>57</sup>

Last Friday a young Mexican spread my new topsoil & planted things in the plot just outside the carport. The miniature rose & the rhododendron you sent are in. On Saturday Jary put chicken wire around the rose to discourage deer. The whole planting looks very nice. There are already 3 rhododendrons in the plot & one is in bloom now—the only one that ever blooms. I'm hoping the new soil will encourage the two that have never bloomed. Some fertilizer might help, too.

I'm enclosing a list of Class of 1935 activities. Transportation may be provided. We'll know about that when we get to the Statler. There are also a couple of events on the Agriculture Campus I'd like to take in.

Jary is up to his ears getting ready for a play his students are putting on. Saturday he measured my coffee table—he needs a table for a child to crawl out from under. He's calling a dance this weekend. It may be the Wild Iris Festival in Booneville.

See you soon and love,  
Mother

[Summer, 2005]

[Beginning of letter missing]

There was a picture in the *Chenango American* of July 23, announcing plans for the “cowboy wedding” we heard about. In the paper it said “The wedding couple will ride to the altar on a pair of matched white horses. Vows will be recited beside the waters of Beach’s (Seymour’s) Pond, Rte 206, Greene; reception to follow at that same location.” I never heard of Beach’s or Seymour’s Pond.

Tony came through his hernia surgery all right. He was to have a checkup with his surgeon to-morrow.

Enclosed are some tidbits I thought you might enjoy.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 3, 2005

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Last spring before I went east, I had a phone call from Jeanne Williams. She has some silver flatware that belonged to my Uncle Frank & his wife. It is Gorham's (?) Lancaster Rose pattern of which I have a few pieces from both my family & Homer's. Since Jeanne's son & his wife have no children (and apparently don't plan to have any), she thinks the silver should stay in the family & go to either Jane or me.

I finally got around to writing her & enclosed one of your book brochures. Today she phoned again to ask for your phone number as she would like to get some of your books to give to her son & her brother-in-law Fred Williams. I told her you were in England & gave her your address as well as your phone number.<sup>58</sup> So you may get a call or a letter from her. This is by way of explanation if you hear from her. I met her once when I rode east with Jane & John & we stayed with her & Frank in Chicago.

Frank was a designer with U. of Oklahoma Press & U. of Illinois Press, & Beacon Press.

Jary is back to teaching at Albion School. He has 20 pupils this year—had 14 last year. He's also rehearsing for an opera that comes off in October.

I'm enclosing a chart to show how you are related to these Williamses.

Hope to hear about your adventures in England.

Love,  
Mother

October 10, 2005

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I hate these big note cards, but I have some enclosures for you that will fit in.<sup>59</sup>

When you were at Cornell you asked how the swimmers you saw from the suspension bridge got there. Recently in a publication from the ag college there was the enclosed picture of one of the trails. It is not labeled so it could be either Cascadilla gorge or Fall Creek (where you were). Then the latest alumni news had the article on the suspension bridge. The one I knew as a student was built in 1900 & it was less sturdy than the present one.

Peg Ross sent me the lineage from the Goldsmiths, so you can see how you are related to her.<sup>60</sup>

We've been having summer weather the last couple of weeks—very nice after all the fog in August & September. My legs don't hurt now but they are unsteady. I've been trying to exercise more, but get involved in something else & forget.

Jessie & family were here a couple of weekends ago. Mara now weighs 10 lbs. & is quite chubby.<sup>61</sup> Jary thinks she looks like Sean's father. Jessie mislaid a pair of scissors & Anja found them & cut off some of her hair. Jessie took her to a hair stylist who indicated Anja had arrived at the hair cutting age! There are very few children who haven't cut their own hair or someone else's. Fortunately, hair grows.

Jary's chamber opera comes off this weekend. It will be in Preston Hall & will run 2 weekends. The piece is by someone named Richard Walton but I forget the name of the opera. His character is named Lucca & he's the servant of the leading lady (3 characters—2 men, 1 woman).

I called Tony to-day after reading about the flood in Keene. He said he & Mary would see you this weekend. Have a pleasant time.

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 29, 2005

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I haven't had a chance to read any of the goodies you sent, but Mary did—the book of recipes from the symposium.<sup>62</sup> We had to go to the encyclopedia to find out about isinglass.

Tony, Mary, & Walt got here about dinner time on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. Jary joined us at dinner, coming in from a Carolers concert in costume. The next day was spent in assorted preparations. Tony wanted to make the Christmas Tree bread I used to make<sup>63</sup> & much of the day was spent in a fruitless search for the recipe & the dowel the parts went on. Tony devised one of heavy paper & I suggested a stollen recipe I'd used once or twice. Anyway it was 3 AM. Christmas Day when Tony took all the baked dough out of the oven. He & Mary, Jary & Patricia came about 10 AM & we opened our gifts except those for the next day. In the afternoon Judy, Lena, Zaidee & Hugo came & foods of various sorts were laid out on the dining room table. Tony made chicken soup, Patricia brought meat balls, there were crackers & cheeses, fruit cake & cookies.

Next afternoon we went to Judy's for more gifts & dinner. Anja delivered packages & opened them but didn't claim any that weren't hers—she likes to open packages. Mara is a very contented baby, smiling a lot. She has 2 lower teeth.

Tuesday night we went out for dinner for Tony's birthday.

Walt was in the hospital shortly before they left & was on a restricted diet—no wheat, no raw vegetables or fruit (except bananas), no members of the cabbage family & no seeds. She did a lot of work for me & was a great deal of fun. They left yesterday AM to visit an old friend at Point Reyes. Then on to SF to stay at Loren Mayshark's apartment. Mary's brother Jim will be there, too. Tony & Mary return to Northfield on the first, Walt goes to Holly's in Washington until the 9<sup>th</sup>.<sup>64</sup>

There were only 2 sunny days while they were here & lots of rain.

I hope soon to get to the things you sent to read.<sup>65</sup>

Sean went back to Davis Monday night. His mother takes Jessie, Anja & Mara to Davis to-morrow, Lena, Zaidee & Hugo go to Davis Saturday & fly to Albuquerque & New York Sunday.<sup>66</sup>

Wish you could have been here, too.

Thanks for everything including phone calls.

Love,  
Mother

CHAPTER 9

# 2006-2013



**Elizabeth Stavely's 100th Birthday Party, Jug Handle Creek Farm and Nature Preserve, Caspar, California, August 25, 2012**

**Top (l to r):** Michael Stavely Hale, Rachel Stavely Hale, Mary Mayshark-Stavely, Jonathan Stavely, Jessie Stavely, Judy Stavely, Lena Stavely, Kathleen Fitzgerald, Patrick Kelly, Jotham Stavely

**Middle (l to r):** Patricia Marien, Jary Stavely, Tony Stavely, Elizabeth Stavely, Keith Stavely, Tim Kelly, Jen Gallahorn Stavely, Jeanette Stavely

**Bottom (l to r):** Zaidee Stavely, Aurelia Garcia-Stavely, Daisy Hale, Josie Stavely, Anja Nittner, Mara Nittner, Hugo Garcia Manriquez

Photo: Becky Bowen

Chapter Nine: 2006 - 2013

January 29, 2006

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Thank you so much for the pictures & data about the Deems Taylor Awards affair.<sup>1</sup> I am delighted to have them. They arrived on a rainy day & the package was pretty damp by the time it came to me. Everything dried out nicely so all is fine now.

Tony brought the program at Christmas, but I didn't get a really good look at it then as there was so much going on.

It is good to know that Jonathan's teaching is going well.<sup>2</sup>

Jary has been tied up for a week preparing report cards.

I suppose you've heard that Mary's daughter Mae is expecting a baby in August. The tribe increases.

Jessie was here last weekend with her two. Mara smiles a lot, cries very little. Anja is very enterprising. She took advantage of all the noisemakers I have.

We've had a few days of sunshine but a lot more rain. Not enough, however, to cut us off from the inland. Walking continues to be painful, so I do little of it. Nothing hurts when I sit or lie down.

I've heard rumors that you will come here in June if it can be worked in with other events.

Jary will come this evening to watch the 2<sup>nd</sup> episode of *Bleak House*. I had never read it & was utterly at sea last Sunday during the first episode. I'm now reading it but have trouble keeping all the characters in mind. Dickens seems to be spoofing the upper classes & the law & the do-gooders.

Love,

Mother

May 27, 2006

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I am being delinquent in thanking you for the *Mayflower* book.<sup>3</sup> I am finding it most interesting & have learned a lot I didn't know about the settlement of Pli-

moth Plantation. I have a copy of Bradford's book but have only dipped into it here & there.

I read the review of *Mayflower* in the *New Yorker* which wasn't very favorable. Now that I've read some of the book I'd like to reread the review, but that copy of the *New Yorker* seems to have been recycled.

I haven't finished *Sea of Glory* but thought I'd finish *Mayflower* first as it is about an earlier time. I had put aside *Sea of Glory* in order to catch up with some of the magazines.

I suppose Jary has told you about his trip to Albuquerque & New York. Lena did some of the signing at UNM's commencement<sup>4</sup> & Zaidee received 2 prizes—one for a radio broadcast & one for a written article.<sup>5</sup> Zaidee plans to spend the summer in Buffalo with Hugo while she looks for a job.

We've had a little rain in the past week but also some delightful days. I guess the plants liked the soggy weather because the blossoms this spring have been bigger & brighter than usual, especially the rhododendrons.

A friend of Judy's is an editor & he gave her a copy of a diabetes cookbook he recently edited. It has beautiful pictures & interesting recipes. We'll have to try some while you are here. Some are rather exotic as well as healthy. The book is put out by the AMA.

For Mother's Day Jary put a fence around my plantings. So far, it seems to have foiled the deer!

Again, many thanks for the book!

Love,

Mother

P.S. I hadn't heard from Jane in some time so I called her this morning. She has had a set-back & was in the hospital, but is better now. She has 24 hour service now. She said she had written to me with all the details. I hadn't worried too much because I thought if something was serious Tim would phone me. Must make some supper.

July 7, 2006

Dear Keith & Kathy—

With Jary's help I got enough stuff out of the study to make room for a bass fiddle. In going through things, various forgotten items turned up, including 4 old Dave Barry columns. I'm enclosing the oldest.

The weather has been pretty nice since you left—cloudy AM, sunny PM. A little cooler one day.

Jary & Patricia are camping in Oregon, starting at Gold Beach, I think they aren't camping all the time.

Lena has returned to Albuquerque & is soon to leave for Ecuador for her "brother's" wedding. Her job in Santa Fe starts the first week in August.<sup>6</sup>

Jary put vinyl tile down in the workroom before he left to join Patricia. It's a very light tan with slightly darker spots.

I finished *Mayflower* & have loaned it to a friend. Now I'll go back to *Sea of Glory*. I've played bridge once & had visitors Monday—Mildred Benioff & her daughter who used to live here.

The bass player arrives Sunday. Also a friend of Patricia's who is to help me until Jary & Patricia return. Judy is coming by this evening to help me with my new/her old computer. I turned it on one day but had trouble finding me e-mail.

Love,  
Mother

July 31, 2006

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Tony phoned me this morning to tell me that Arnie had phoned him to let him know that Beckie had a stroke & is in the hospital at Dartmouth. Apparently, she has improved somewhat since being in the hospital. Since Tony may have phoned you, too, you may know as much as I do.

This morning a temporary crown was put in where my tooth fell out. The permanent tooth will go in 2 weeks from to-day. I'm glad not to have a big hole in my jaw.

The weather has cooled off a bit & there has been some fog to-day. Actually it's been more normal. Patricia took me to the dentist & then watered all the plants inside & out. Did I tell you I now have 2 ceramic ducks in my fenced bed? They

look cute among the plants. The bass player & his wife gave them to me. At the moment shasta daisies are dominating the front yard, but there are some unknown (to me) blue flowers that Patricia put in.

Love,  
Mother

Aug. 20, 2006

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Greetings from foggy Mendocino! The usual summer weather returned a few days ago.

A few days ago a friend loaned me a book her great niece just published. I learned from it that the clam chowder without milk I had at Aunt Carrie's is Rhode Island Clam Chowder. The enclosed slip has the title of the book & the specialties the author liked at Aunt Carrie's & 3 places in Jamestown.<sup>7</sup>

My friend is Canadian by birth & said her brother married a French Canadian; his daughter married a Frenchman & Elizabeth Bougerol is their daughter. She covers the Atlantic coast from Connecticut to eastern Maine.

Judy's brother & his wife arrived from Washington (state) Friday night & yesterday helped Jary move his smaller press to my place. Joe is buying Jary's large press & taking it back to his place. They also moved Jary's paper cutter to Jary's place & then found it too big to go through the door of Jary's workshop at home. So he has to either enlarge the doorway or take the cutter apart & move it in piece by piece.

The press is in the workroom here but several cabinets for type (I guess) are in my carport. Jessie & her family are in town but I'm not sure if I'll see them. Jary said someone will pick me up at 2 p.m. to go to an 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party—Art Morley's. We ate with him at the Senior Center.

Tony reported on Andy's services & said he was glad he went.<sup>8</sup>

Did we go to the Jamestown Oyster Bar one time when I was in Jamestown? I remember a place when Kathy's father, aunt, & sister were with us.

Happy Labor Day!

Love,

Mother

Sept. 17, 2006

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I expect you are up to your ears in assorted activities. Here, Jary is back to teaching at Albion School with 20 youngsters again. Patricia is back from a 2 week trip to Southern California, the desert & Yosemite. The daughter of an old friend of hers got married & Patricia went to the festivities with her friend & then they returned via the east side of the Sierra & camped at Yosemite. Unfortunately, Patricia has been ill since she returned, but felt well enough to-day to go to the fair in Boonville this afternoon. She & Jary stopped by here on their way to Booneville.

The weather has been fair here except for fog on the coast. Only a few days with fog all day here. I've been playing a lot of bridge & getting very little of useful things done.

Tony is coming out for Jary & Patricia's big party on October 7.<sup>9</sup> Lena is coming & so is Zaidee. Jessie has to work that weekend & so won't be here. Zaidee is coming for a job interview with a newspaper in Santa Maria which is near Santa Barbara. It publishes in English & Spanish. She is also going to look at a radio station in Fresno.

Zaidee & Hugo went to New York & stopped in Greene coming or going. Anyway, it was Labor Day & the big picnic they have there was on. She & Hugo said they loved it. They walked around a bit. She referred to the Ballflats as the "fairgrounds" & from what she wrote about where they walked, they went up North Chenango St. almost to the village end. She sent me one of the picnic posters. This was the 87<sup>th</sup> picnic.

Love,

Mother

December 27, 2006

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Greetings from powerless Mendocino. The electricity ceased functioning at 2:10 AM this morning & the latest report from my neighbor is that it won't be back

on until to-morrow afternoon. I heated water for my morning tea on the kerosene stove & heated soup for lunch on it quite quickly. So I guess I can heat my supper there, too (it's already cooked). My neighbor is getting me bottled water (I had one unopened gallon on hand). It's the first long outage in over a year. Jary is out, too, & also has a cold. Their kitchen & back bedroom have propane heat but his oil heaters don't function without electricity. There was no newspaper to-day nor Meals on Wheels.

I'm delighted to have such an elegant tote bag & with a zippered side pocket, too. When I first saw the book I thought it was one I'd read 50 or more years ago but soon realized the book I'd read was *Outermost House*. I'm looking forward to this. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Our trip to Healdsburg turned out to be a lot of fun. Patricia's friend Jane has an interesting house. It is a Sears Roebuck catalogue house built in the early 1920's. Her brother & his wife & mother-in-law & another friend of Jane's joined us for dinner at a posh restaurant on Healdsburg's square. It was excellent food & great service. After every course the waiters took away the used flatware & brought fresh for the next course & there were different glasses for red & white wine. It was a fun dinner. I had sliced roast duck on bok choy stalks (cooked) with multibean cassoulet with sausage. I brought most of the cassoulet home & ate it yesterday.

I tried to call Jary awhile ago but got no answer so I guess he is feeling well enough to go out. My neighbor brought me a block of ice to put in my freezer plus a half gallon of drinking water. The freezer is full of stuff I hope to save.

Yesterday there was wind & rain; to-day sunshine & some wind.

Happy New Year & love,

Mother

12/29/06

Dear Keith & Kathy—

This article was on the front page of the *Chenango American*.<sup>10</sup> I remember the photograph but didn't have a copy though I haven't looked through the pictures I took from Greene. It was taken while we lived in Norwich. Mother & Dad moved



to Greene in late August 1943. Bob Gross died 2 or 3 months after they moved to Greene.

Fred Skinner was Betsy Ramsdell's father, lived across the street from our house & had a poultry farm.

Courtney Bryant also had a poultry farm. I didn't know Mr. Elliott. Bob Gross had a grocery store & lived next door (north) of the Skinners. Frank Ireland grew up in Greene but lived in Norwich & owned the foundry & machine shop. Dad worked for Frank as the foundry's office force. Frank Ireland & Fred Skinner were cousins. Their mothers were sisters. Louis Juliand was a veterinarian & a younger brother of Uncle Frank's wife.

Jary's cold is better but Patricia is pretty sick. We had no electricity for 36 hours.

Love,  
Mother

January 19, 2007

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Enclosed are gift cards for *Washington Spectator* & *American Prospect*. They came after I had mailed your Christmas package.

It is bright & sunny this afternoon & it is considerably warmer than it has been. I think I had less frost than others did & most of my plants look all right. The banana slug I dispatched Saturday had already done damage for this morning I discovered the top of the bud stalk on the floor. I put it in water but don't really expect it to continue to grow. The bud stalk on the other orchid keeps on growing in spite of having been damaged before we brought the plant inside.

So I fell down for nothing!

I saw my doctor on Wednesday. He thinks nothing is broken & that it should be much better in a week. If it isn't I should call him & he'll arrange for an orthopedist to look at it. It has been sorer since I saw the doctor but I'm assuming that is the result of his poking around on Wednesday.

Jary's teaching load has been reduced. Beginning in February he will teach second & third grade & another teacher will have kindergarten & first grade.<sup>11</sup>

To-morrow I'm playing bridge beginning in the morning at 11 AM. Just a four-some. We all bring a sandwich.

I guess you've heard about Rachel's teaching job.<sup>12</sup> Jen gets to keep Daisy until Daisy gets into pre-school. She's on the waiting list at Smith College.<sup>13</sup>

Hope all is well with you.

Love,  
Mother

January 22, 2007

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I am enjoying the pictures taken in Cambridge. You all look as if you were having a great time.

To-day it is sunny here & warmer than last week. Most welcome indeed.

My leg is better though the bruises are still visible. Bending my knee is still painful but not as bad as last week & the swelling has gone down considerably.

The latest news here is that Zaidee has a job with a bi-lingual radio station in Fresno beginning Feb. 1<sup>st</sup>. Jary says Fresno is about a 5 hour drive from here. She went to see them when she was out here last fall.

And Rachel starts teaching math at Northampton High School Feb. 1<sup>st</sup>. Jen will take care of Daisy until Daisy gets into a preschool. Apparently, Rachel put Daisy on the list at Smith 2 years ago, so Rachel hopes Daisy will be admitted soon.

Jary is busy with opera rehearsals this week. Two comic operas in English are to be presented at the church the next 2 weekends. I understand Jary is cast as a drunkard. Want to come out? Performances are Saturday nights & Sunday afternoons.

My letter was interrupted by a visitor from the Senior Center. She comes about every six months to check on the state of my health.

This turns out to be a busy day. A former neighbor dropped by in the morning & the masseuse came. She brought arnica ointment & applied it to the bruises & that helped a lot.

Hope all is well with you,

Love,

Mother

March 1, 2007

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I thought you might like to have this column by Peg Ross for your archives.<sup>14</sup> Jary made copies for me & it's a bit tricky to read. Read the first three columns, turn it over & read the column next to the LIVERY ad. Then return to front page & read the paragraph above Grandpa's picture, turn over & read what is under "Dr. David Bowen."

I had heard the story about Great-grandfather & the hay chute, but not the other Nellie story.<sup>15</sup>

I remember riding in the sleigh between Grandpa & my Cousin George & being pulled by Penelope. As I remember we had 2 or 3 horse blankets & one went to Cornell with me & later to my apartment in New Haven. It is now upstairs here. It probably went to Boy Scout camp in Terre Haute.<sup>16</sup>

It has been colder than usual here the last month or so. In spite of the cold I have hyacinths & daffodils in bloom & some early wildflowers have appeared.

Jary, Patricia, & Judy have recovered from the flu they all had. A lot of people here have had it.

Happy Springtime!

Love,

Mother

March, 2007

Dear Kathy—

I'm working on a pair of socks for you. It is a different pattern & I keep making mistakes & having to take out rows & do them over again. You may get them in time for hot weather.

Spring has finally sprung. My acacia tree is in bloom. I can see 4 trilliums in the back yard & the front yard is full of milkmaids. The bleeding heart that the deer ate last year has sent up a flower stalk but no leaves & I have 2 orchid blossoms (all the banana slugs left me).

To-day I heard Zaidee on radio—speaking Spanish & English. She sounded very good.

With much love,

Betty

April 19, 2007

Dear Kathy—

To-morrow I hope to put in the mail a pair of socks. The two are not exactly alike but I hope the difference won't be noticeable once you have them on your feet. The pattern is complicated & I'm not sure I'll try it again.

It has rained to-day—we need it but I am lamer when it is damp. The fruit trees are in bloom & the rhododendrons are starting to bloom, but we still have chilly winds.

Jary & Patricia expect to return Saturday. They had a couple of nights at Lake Tahoe & one or two in Davis where they took care of Anja & Mara while Jessie & Sean celebrated Sean's birthday.

Hope your late winter is now over.

Love,

Betty

May 26, 2007

Dear Keith & Kathy—

About a week ago I called the Village Florist & asked what they had brought to me. The woman said it is an Oncidium called "Wildcat." All the buds on the 3 foot stalk are now in bloom—about 30 blossoms. Enclosed is a drawing of a blossom, a little smaller than natural size.<sup>17</sup> I hope I can keep it alive & encourage it to bloom again next year. It has been much admired.

The weather has been great lately & things are blooming nicely. Jary was coming by to-day but hasn't appeared yet (1:35 PM). This week 13 chicks hatched at his school from 18 eggs so he may be there tending to them.

Judy has gone to Davis to visit Jessie & family.

I belong to 2 bridge groups & my turn to entertain each one came the past week on Monday & Thursday—2 tables each time. I had help for both sessions but I got pretty tired Thursday.

Recently I finished a book a friend loaned me. It's *The Places in Between* by Rory Stewart, a Scotsman who walked across Afghanistan in 2002 shortly after the Taliban were defeated (?). I couldn't put it down once I started it. George W. Bush & his cohorts should read it, but it probably wouldn't do us much good.

Love,  
Mother

The photos are great! Tulips here have to be in pots. The gophers get them.<sup>18</sup>

Dec. 15, 2007

Dear Kathy & Keith—

To-day Jary put in the mail a small package for Kathy (and I do know how to spell KATHLEEN but didn't catch my mistake until all was sealed). The items were picked up at a bazaar. If you would like another of the knitted ones, I think I figured out how it was made.

A month or so ago I got an appeal from the University of Redlands. This year they are celebrating 100 years. So I sent a donation & wrote a note to the effect that it was in memory of Homer '29 & Martha '28 & added that had Homer lived he also would be 100 years old. I almost immediately got a note back from the Director of Annual Giving & she enclosed 2 pages from the 1929 year book. I had Jary copy them so I could send one to you & one to Tony. Jary chose to copy the pages back to back. I suppose there is a copy of Homer's year book somewhere in the house. Jim Fox was a fraternity brother of your father's.

Lena, Zaidee, & Hugo are coming the weekend before Christmas. Jessie has to work Christmas Eve, so she, Sean, & the girls may come to Mendo the same time. Zaidee & Hugo have to leave Christmas Day, so we'll have Christmas dinner Christmas Eve here—with others cooking.

On the 29<sup>th</sup> Tim Kelly & Kevin are coming to spend a few days. Tim, Karla, & Kevin will be at Karla's parents for Christmas, but she has to go back to work & won't come here.

It has been much colder here, so far, this winter.

Love,  
Mother

January 4, 2008

Dear Keith & Kathy—

You may have heard about the big storm last Thursday night that knocked out power in Northern California. It rained & *blew* all night long & electricity went about 5 AM. I got up about 8 AM & my back deck was covered with tree branches & also my front steps.

I had a medical appointment at 11:30 to which my cleaning person was going to take me. Jary & Patricia were going to Santa Rosa. About 9 AM they appeared at my house. They had tried several times to phone me & when they couldn't get the Marshalls next door they decided to investigate. They had already learned that all roads inland were blocked with downed trees and/or flooding. When they came it was the first I knew that I didn't have phone service. A large tree had fallen in front of the grammar school & all lines were down.

Meanwhile Karen<sup>19</sup> had called the medical facility & they didn't answer, then tried to phone me & couldn't get me, so she came.

Stayed home all day but Jary came for me about 4 PM because while they had no electricity they cook with gas, have heat in the back of the house & running water, hot & cold. It didn't seem good to be here alone without electricity or phone. So I have been at Jary's most of the time since Friday PM.

It is now Sunday PM. Jary brought me down on his way to check on his school. A large crew has been working on the downed wires at the grammar school. I still don't have power or phone but a few minutes ago I heard large truck sounds. On radio this morning we heard they hoped to have power in Mendocino this afternoon (that may not include Gurley Lane, however).

Rte 128 was still closed this morning, but 20 was open.

Tim Kelly & Kevin came on the 29<sup>th</sup> & left on the 1<sup>st</sup>. He brought a large batch of family photos & tin types for me to identify. Some of them I could & explained who they were. Tim is avidly reading Nathaniel Philbrick's books.

Jary is coming back at 5 PM. I'll decide then whether to stay here or go there.

Love,  
Mother

March, 2008

Dear Kathy,

Hope you have a great day. Selling your father's house frees you from one worry.<sup>20</sup>

Spring has sprung a bit here. Some wildflowers are in bloom, also daffodils & hyacinths. My acacia tree is budded & should burst into bloom this week.

Yesterday was beautiful—breakfast at a grange, a visit to McKerricker Park (no whale spouts while we were there) & a picnic at the Botanic Gardens.

Enjoyed *Emma* on TV last night. Like her better on TV than in the book.

Am now rereading *Sense & Sensibility*.

Love,  
Betty

April 30, 2008

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your letter with the clipping about E. J. Dionne's talk at your library came today. It is most interesting & it must have been a great evening.<sup>21</sup>

The Santa Rosa *Press Democrat* has E. J. Dionne's columns from time to time & I always read them (the *Press Democrat* is owned by the *N. Y. Times*). Dionne's column appears once or twice a week.

Jary hasn't seen your letter yet. I'll give it to him to-morrow if he drops in which he probably will.

He & Patricia have big plans for you if you come here in July. It will involve work, though. It's something that ought to be done, but I wouldn't make it as high a priority as they do. It has to do with my slipshod housekeeping.

Since PBS is doing *Cranford* on Masterpiece Theater starting Sunday, I am rereading it.<sup>22</sup> There was a copy in the house in Greene which I now have. I had completely forgotten what it was all about.

Spring has finally sprung here. My acacia tree is in full bloom & is gorgeous. One rhododendron is in bloom & another is almost in bloom. There are also forget-me-nots & milkmaids. Trilliums & calpyso orchids are over.

Last weekend Jary & I went to see *Barber of Seville* & it was very good. In a couple of weeks Richard Goodman is putting on 2 one-act operas. Jary is in one—playing a buffoon.

Zaidee is bringing Anja & Mara here Memorial Day weekend. Sean & Jessie are going somewhere. I haven't seen Anja & Mara since Xmas.

I'm playing bridge every day this week except Thursday, Saturday, & Sunday. A pretty useless life I lead.

Love,  
Mother

May 12, 2008

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Saturday a large basket arrived. In it is a white rhododendron & a yellow rose. The rose is "Pacific Serenade." The tag on the rhododendron just says "white rhododendron." The buds, however, are pinkish. Thank you very much. The rose will have to be put in the fenced area, but the rhododendron can go outside the fenced area. Maybe it can be planted where I can see it from the house.

Some years ago I bought a small white rhododendron which has not chosen to bloom since I bought it. Actually, it died back & new growth came up from the roots.

I'm sorry to have missed both your phone calls. The first came while I was at church & the second came while I was at Jary's opera performance.

He did very well. The opera was *Jewish Humor from Oy to Veh*. There were 15 skits & Jary was in 7 of them. There was also *The Medium* by Menotti.

Yesterday was pretty full—I went to church AM, opera PM & out to dinner in the evening with Jary, Patricia, & Judy. We went to Ledford House in Albion. Besides Jonathan's call, Jessie & Lena called. Jessie called while I was dressing (I had overslept).

Yesterday was beautiful but the cold wind was fierce.

Much love,  
Mother

June 24, 2008

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The family is spread around the world at this point. Jary & Patricia are at a language school in Cuernavaca until Friday. Zaidee & Hugo's celebration is in a suburb of Cuernavaca.<sup>23</sup> Judy left for Mexico yesterday & Lena goes there Friday. Jary & Patricia return July 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Tony & Mary left for Greece June 14—9 hour flight from Philadelphia to Athens. The wedding<sup>24</sup> was June 21 in a village near Corinth with a week of festivities before the wedding. This week they are visiting an old friend of Mary's on Santorini Island. Then they go to Germany & France visiting assorted old friends. Then they go to Istanbul for the conference on Humanities, then to Italy for a conference on Social Studies & fly home from Milan July 30.<sup>25</sup>

It's sunny & warm here to-day, but a few days ago there was enough lightning to start fires in the county & several people have had to leave their homes, especially around Comptche & Navarro Ridge.

Last week I managed to fall in the kitchen & couldn't get up, so I phoned the Marshalls<sup>26</sup> & Kerry got me up. I banged my head against a cupboard & had a bump on the back of my head for a day or so—didn't hurt unless I touched it. I also twisted my left foot because it hurt when I got up the next day.

A friend of Patricia's from Arcata is staying at Jary's & looking after their cat (who looks like a cat).<sup>27</sup> She was here Sunday PM & did some yard work for me & is coming again Friday. Meanwhile Christina Marshall drops in to bring my paper & mail & gets groceries I need.

Randy Keith, the bass player, comes Friday, July 11<sup>th</sup>, so Patricia's friend will help me make room for the bass fiddle.

The poor old earth seems to be turning against us, what with the cyclone in Myanmar, earthquake in China, floods in the Midwest, tornados & fires. We don't need wars—natural phenomena can cause enough trouble.

Hope your summer goes smoothly & you enjoy retirement.<sup>28</sup>

Love,  
Mother

Aug. 16, 2008

Dear Kathy & Keith—

You missed most of our summer. To-day is cloudy again after a week of sunshine & warmth.

Jary & Patricia are to get back to-day. Jary has to appear at a meeting at school Monday. Classes start the following week—where & how is a mystery as the site is still torn up.

Judy got home from music camp the day before you left but had a cold & a friend who came with her had food poisoning. The friend left early in the week. As of yesterday Judy still had her cold. She said it was colder than usual at the camp & very dry with lots of dust & she didn't enjoy it as much as usual.

Tony phoned yesterday & said he is arriving on the 27<sup>th</sup>. Fred Masterson is coming too, for a few days. Tony will be here over Labor Day, so maybe he'll get to see Anja & Mara if they visit Judy as planned.

Karen didn't show up this week. Fred will probably sleep on the couch, so I have a major job getting rid of stuff in the living room. Judy bought supplies for a bridge game Friday, but the game was called off at the last minute so Tony & Fred will get the munchies.

The sun seems to be appearing. It's now 11 AM.

I enjoyed your visit very much but feel I should reimburse you for all the food you bought.

The *New Yorker* had a review of *Mama Mia!* in the July 28 issue. The reviewer thought the stage play was better. I agree with much of the reviewer's comment.<sup>29</sup>

Hope all is going smoothly for you.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 1, 2008

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Thank you for your wonderful contribution to my birthday. The jacket arrived on my birthday & I wore it to dinner at Chapter & Moon where it was much admired. I wore it with my best summer slacks & a white blouse. It may be designed for casual wear but it is *very* pretty & elegant.

Zaidee phoned me the day after my birthday. I think she was at Denver Airport on her way to Minneapolis-St. Paul. She is the producer at the Republican Convention. Her radio station sends 4 people to each convention. I hope she gives us a report.

Tony left this morning via MTA.<sup>30</sup> Jary took him to the bus stop near Harvest Market. We both stayed overnight at Jary's as MTA stops near Jary's house. To-day being a holiday, the bus wasn't running in Fort Bragg, so Jary took him to the bus stop near the shopping center. David Mantell<sup>31</sup> was to meet him in Santa Rosa & drive him to Palo Alto where Tony was to stay a couple of days with Michael Predmore & his wife.

Last night we saw some of the pictures Tony & Mary took in Europe.

Saturday afternoon Anja & Mara were at Jary's & that was fun. There is a very nice playground across from the library in Fort Bragg so we were there for an hour or more. They slid or swung on everything I think. Jary & Tony got a workout pushing swings. I had never been inside the playground before & it has good equipment.

I have a new & smaller microwave from Jary & Patricia. You all have spoiled me! A great family indeed.

Love,  
Mother

Sept. 14, 2008

Dear Kathy & Keith—

After you left we had 2 or 3 weeks of warm sunny weather. The past week has been foggy & cold with heavy enough fog to make my decks wet in the morning. That much fog drip helps the plants.

I ran out of water one day last week. The pump man was able to get things started again. It is feared that the coming winter's rain will be lighter than normal, so we are urged to be careful. The pump man adjusted my toilets to avoid any leaks.

The latest family news is that Zaidée & Hugo are expecting a child in April.

Jary & Patricia camped at Hendy Woods State Park Friday night (in a cabin) & attended the county fair in Booneville. Then they went to Berkeley for a musical event. Jary came back to-day. Patricia comes back to-morrow.

There are 27 students at Albion School this year. That number means a second teacher. So the music teacher has been sent to teach the 12 kindergarteners—8 of which are boys. The first week of school was somewhat wild—before the music teacher took over.

So far no comments from Zaidée about the convention. She's probably too busy getting caught up on Fresno news.

Fred Masterson seemed to think favorably of Senator Biden. He's lived in Delaware many years.

Tony just phoned. He & Mary are at Mary's brother's place in western NY. He said they are in the midst of a heavy wind & rain storm. They will be going to a conference in Dubai next May, then to Riga, Latvia & to Barcelona. They had been to a meeting in Champaign, Ill. & to Mississippi to see Ila & then to Louisville for a gathering of Walt's family. They start for home to-morrow.

Hope all is well in Jamestown.

Love,  
Mother

Go Obama!!!

Oct. 4, 2008

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Every time I wear the Eddie Bauer jacket, I get lots of compliments. I have a pair of maroon slacks which just match the red in the jacket. I've worn it with green slacks & with light gray slacks. For Mendocino it is dressy.

I heard Zaidee on radio last evening. A San Francisco PBS station has been running a series on Latino voters & Zaidee has been providing info about Latino voters in the Fresno area. Last evening she phoned to tell me she would be on at 6:30 PM. at 90.7 on the dial. I found the station & heard her talk—in English. She had interviewed young Latinos—many were college students—who are actively urging young Latinos to be sure to vote. Many of these activists can't vote themselves—under age or undocumented—& this has drawn criticism from non-Latinos. Zaidee had talked to many of the young activists. She did well. Maybe she'll be a national figure yet!

I watched the Biden-Palin debate. She's pretty glib!

5 years ago I bought a Lehman Bros. bond for which I was getting \$100 interest every month. So now I don't get that. The last I talked to my broker he thought I might get some of the value of the bond back. My whole portfolio is now 20 or 30 thousand less than a month ago. The times remind me of my youth in the Great Depression. Jary is rethinking his plan to retire next year.

Rains came 2 days ago—steady & without wind. We can stop worrying about our wells for awhile.

Love,  
Mother

Nov. 3, 2008

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The rains finally came so we don't have to worry about our wells as much. Last week there were 2 days of gentle rain that soaked in nicely. To-day was pretty stormy & much of the rain ran down the driveway probably.

The Marshalls invited me to have dinner with them to-morrow & to watch election results with them. I hope it will be a happy evening.

Yesterday Jary, Patricia, & I had breakfast at Judy's in mid morning. Jessie was there with Anja & Mara. Sean was at his mother's, helping with his father's bookkeeping, or lack of it. The girls are quite delightful. I had trouble understanding what Mara was saying but she laughs a lot & is very cute. She thought it strange that I had put butter on my pancakes before I put huckleberry jam on them. Judy

had made some jam she hadn't cooked long enough so it was really huckleberries in syrup & quite good.

Jary is busy with rehearsals for a Rock & Roll revue which is coming off soon.

McCain's economy plan doesn't differ from George W. Bush's—same old trickle down theory. And the trouble with that is that it is a trickle & it never goes down far enough.

I sent in my absentee ballot 2 weeks ago. There were 12 propositions on the California ballot. I voted “no” on most of them. I take a dim view of most of them—most are proposed by special interests & are poorly written.

Love,  
Mother

Nov. 25, 2008

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Enclosed are a couple of items I thought you might find amusing. The one on yellow paper was given to me by one of the people who bring me Meals on Wheels. Her son-in-law is a Secret Service agent & was assigned to Barack Obama before the election.<sup>32</sup>

Our Indian summer ended a few days ago & to-day we had some rain. We're glad to see more rain as there's been less than normal so far this year.

To-morrow is Jary's birthday & Patricia is bringing dinner to my house. Judy & Lena will be here for dinner, too. Judy went to Santa Rosa yesterday PM to get Lena. Thanksgiving day dinner will be at Judy's & Zaidee & Hugo are driving up Thursday. Jessie has to work the day after Thanksgiving so they aren't going to be here.

Yesterday I had some plumbers here & one asked about Jessie. He had been in her class in high school.

My drains had been sluggish & I had air in the hot water. All problems have been solved as of to-day but the head plumber thinks I should get a holding tank. My well water is acidic & chemicals abound—same problem with all wells in this area.

Last Saturday I was invited to a tea for a woman who used to live here. I met a couple who have lived here several years & in course of conversation we discovered we both had lived in Fayetteville, NY but not at the same time. They had lived at the eastern edge of the village & I had lived on the last street on the western edge.

By request I've made raw cranberry relish for Thanksgiving. I made it to-day & it meant a lot of standing.<sup>33</sup>

I hope you raked your leaves before snow fell!

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 19, 2008

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your package arrived this morning & it had been damaged—labeled such & repaired with plastic. So I opened it & the contents seemed all right except that the gift wrapping on the book was torn. I opened the "before Xmas" package first & am delighted with the Christmas dish towel & the cute candle holders. I have some small red candles that should fit.

We leave for Davis on the 24<sup>th</sup> in the morning & return on the 25<sup>th</sup>.

I'm completely disorganized this year. I hope to have a package ready to go to you Monday. Jary & Patricia are going to Santa Rosa Monday & will put it in the post office there. I'll gift wrap it to-day.

So far my holiday decorations consist of one large poinsettia Patricia & Jary bought me.

Love,  
Mother

Jan. 25, 2009

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It has been very busy here lately. My back deck has been roofed over with more or less clear plastic so the deck floor no longer will be wet & slippery in winter.

As that job was finished Jary & Judy cleaned out my bedroom closet & the rod for clothes was lowered so I can reach it easier. The Paul Bunyan shop received a lot of what Judy called "vintage" clothes.

Tony & Mary arrived on the 13<sup>th</sup> & Mary scrubbed & washed everything including windows inside & out. The weather was warm & sunny while they were here. The first day here they saw whales spouting & jumping. We had meals out & meals in.

My walls need washing so Mary inquired at Mendosa's about a painter. So this week part of the house will be painted. "White Birch" except for the bathrooms & kitchen.

I happened to mention a new mattress. So Mary called an outfit in Fort Bragg that makes mattresses. So that is due in a couple of weeks. They asked my height, weight, whether I sleep on sides, back, or front. The box springs will come out & slats to size will go in & it should be lower so I don't have to climb in.

Meanwhile I'm going through boxes of stuff & discarding some of it but probably not enough.

In a dresser drawer I found several diaries I kept in Terre Haute & in Evansville. Many of the people mentioned I don't remember at all.

We were glued to the TV on the 20<sup>th</sup>, of course,<sup>34</sup> & we went to a concert last Sunday—cello & piano.

Jary is up to his ears. He's in an opera (Aaron Copland) in February so he has rehearsals for that. Then the Rock & Roll Revue is putting that on in Point Arena in late Feb. (I think) & he has rehearsals for that. And it's report card time.

The warm sunny weather is nice but we need rain badly. My well went down one day last week.

Love,  
Mother

March 10, 2009

Dear Kathy & Keith—

We had more rain after Keith left but we're still 10 inches below last year & that was below normal.



There is one trillium in bloom in back of the house—usually there are 3. The acacia tree is almost in bloom so I guess spring is on the way.

Must get to bed—have a lot to do to-morrow, mostly getting the mess out of the living room.<sup>35</sup> I'm having bridge guests here Thursday & Friday.

Happy Springtime!

Love,  
Mother

March 15, 2009

Dear Keith & Kathy—

It has been sunny & cold for a week or so. To-day it has rained all day, sometimes with high wind. Another trillium has appeared in back of the house & more acacia blossoms have appeared, & one daffodil. So some plants have not been deterred by the cold.

I started reading Doris Kearns Goodwin's book & am finding it fascinating.<sup>36</sup> I read a little of it between going through stuff. Finally got the coffee table cleared before guests came for bridge Thursday.

Love,  
Mother

March 22, 2009

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I have been going through my genealogy stuff, trying to get it all in one place & reading publications that I never got around to reading. Anyway, I came upon an article about pioneer food & thought you might like to have it.

There was about 5 minutes of snow at 7 AM this morning. Didn't last long, of course.

The acacia tree is starting to bloom & several trillium are visible from the house. There's one daffodil in bloom behind the fence, so spring has sprung slowly. Rainfall is still 10 inches below last year.

Jary called a square dance in Comptche last night—benefit of Comptche Grange.

As I go through things I'm finding all kinds of things I'd forgotten!

Love,  
Mother

July 12, 2009

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Things have been pretty busy here lately so writing letters has been in abeyance.

Hugo's mother left last Thursday & so did Lena & Judy. So Zaidee & Hugo are managing the Comptche Rd. place as well as Aurelia.<sup>37</sup> It was cold & foggy most of the time while Ramona was here, but the last few days were sunny & warm. They all went to the parade (except me). Jary was in it, marching in a group promoting single payer health insurance. Jary said they got good applause. Zaidee & Lena saw several old friends.

Aurelia looks like Hugo, I think. She now weighs about 14 lbs. & is beginning to drool, probably growing teeth.

Ramona lives in Mexico City so Mendocino was a completely different world for her. They took her to the Botanic Garden. Last Sunday evening we all had dinner at Judy's & Ramona made a mountain of tamales, the best I ever had. They had chicken & an assortment of sauces. My favorite had a green sauce that wasn't too spicy.

Aurelia doesn't like riding in the car. If she's asleep she's all right but if she wakes up, she cries.

The music festival started on the 11<sup>th</sup>. Randy Keith is here again, but I haven't seen much of him. He's been rehearsing a lot or in concert. Friday evening he got here in time to see the last 2 innings of the Giants' no hitter game which pleased him no end.

Patricia has been ill with a bladder infection but is better & Jary is walking every day since he retired.<sup>38</sup> He takes the bus from his house to Highway 1 & Little Lake & walks to my house & then walks to downtown Mendocino & takes the bus back to his house (bus stop one block from his house). He doesn't have a dog to walk, as you do.

Much love,

Mother

August 15, 2009

Dear Keith & Kathy—

We have had sun & warm weather for about a week now.

Jessie brought Anja & Mara to Judy's house last Tuesday & they have kept her pretty busy. Thursday afternoon she brought them to Fort Bragg & Jary took them to a very nice playground across the street from the Fort Bragg library. I also went to Jary's & we all had supper together. Judy took me home in her car which is a station wagon. Anja & I were in the car & Judy went to get Mara who chose to run up the street. She stumbled & fell & had to be taken inside to have a Band Aid applied. Mara isn't afraid of anything! Very cute. So is Anja but she is less energetic.

To-day Jary & Patricia took them back to Davis. They will stay 2 nights with Sean & Jessie. On Monday they'll go to the Bay Area to see Patricia's brother, spend 2 nights in Healdsburg with Patricia's friend Jane & return Friday.

Tony phoned Sunday night from Northfield. They had had several very successful conferences—especially the one in Cambridge, England. However, near the end of their trip Tony developed very painful feet & it turns out he has gout. He's on ibuprofen (s?) & better now, but will have to cut down on the high living. Beer & ale are particularly bad for gout.

What is the name of that seafood place a block from the highway to Point Judith? We've eaten there a couple of times. It's Aunt \_\_\_\_\_ but I can't remember. It's near a state beach.<sup>39</sup>

I had expected to have a bridge game here yesterday but it was called off. The husband of one of the players is very ill. I'm playing next Monday & next Wednesday.

Have almost finished the Lincoln book. Then will start on your manuscript.<sup>40</sup>

Hope it's not too hot in Jamestown.

Love,

Mother

9/6/09

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Here are 4 weeks of Garrison Keillor. Hope you enjoy them

Jary & Patricia got back yesterday after several days in Ashland, Oregon. They had planned to camp at a nearby lake, but stayed at an inn instead. They saw two plays one day, they said.

I did the usual chores here. We had heavy fog drip 2 nights in a row but no real rain.

Judy is spending a week in Albuquerque. She hopes to rent her house there while Lena is in Spain. There is a neighbor who will look after the house.

Tony phoned one night. They expect to get here on the 20<sup>th</sup> or 21<sup>st</sup>. I'm having 2 tables of bridge here on the 21<sup>st</sup> so they may find the house full of women when they get here.

A few books have gone back on the shelves, but many are going out of the house.

I'm finally reading your manuscript & enjoying it.

Hope all is well with you.

Much love,

Mother

Sept. 7, 2009

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The computer finally arrived & Jary hooked it up yesterday.<sup>41</sup> It is on my desk at present as more outlets & a phone jack need to be installed in the living room to use it there. With Jary's help I did some introductory maneuvers & discovered that my typing ability is practically gone now. Fortunately the keys are white with black figures making the keyboard easier to see than black keys with white figures. I have read the directions pamphlet & understand some of it, & can use my fingers as a mouse somewhat. So thank you for such a great gift. Soon, I hope, I can send messages. The old computer stopped doing that.

To-day rain finally came—much needed, so no one complained, even though this afternoon there was a barbecue at the church in celebration of its 150<sup>th</sup> birth-

day, 100 years of the Study Club, Point Cabrillo Lighthouse, Mendosa's Market, 50 years of the Art Center, 40 years of something else & 30 years of another organization. So we ate inside & the barbecues kept more or less dry in a tent in the parking lot. I got wet getting to my friend's car, but dried off soon.

No Garrison Keillor column in to-day's paper. I read recently that he had a heart attack.

Again, many, many thanks for the computer & I'll work hard to learn how to use it.

Much love,  
Mother

See you next month!<sup>42</sup>

Dec. 5, 2009

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Greetings from cold northern California. You wouldn't consider it cold, I guess. But I have shut off the study & my bedroom & I'm still not warm. The thermometer in the dining room says 70° but it's not that warm in the living room.

It is now Dec. 6<sup>th</sup> & the day was even colder. There was a little rain at 10:30 but the sun came out at noon.

Jary & Patricia went to Davis last weekend to see Anja perform in *The Nutcracker*. She was one of the party girls & Sean had to go to a class to learn how to do her hair. Mara insisted that she wear her ballet slippers to the performance. I understand that Daisy will be a reindeer in the Northampton performance.

I hope to get packages off to New England this week. They are gift-wrapped but not ready for the post office.

I stopped writing last evening to watch the Big Band show of the 30's, 40's & 50's. Most were familiar but they didn't play any of my favorites when I was in college. We danced to that music. No sitting around just listening. *Tiger Rag*, though, would clear the dance floor; it is so fast & crazy. They had several numbers by the Glen Miller band. I think his band was at one of Cornell's big dances—there were 3 a year—started at 11 PM & were approved for Cornell women until 4 AM. (or 4:30

AM) The 3 were: One football weekend, Junior Prom in January, & Navy Day ball in the spring. That was the night before the biggest crew race.

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 30, 2009

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Thank you for everything. I'm enjoying the pun book though I'm not very good at filling in the blanks. I haven't started the other book yet. Things have turned quieter this week. There was to have been a bridge lunch to-day but it was called off. I did go to one Monday.

Jary & Patricia are going out of town to-night or to-morrow to Healdsburg or S. F. They might take in the ringing of a Japanese gong at the Museum of Natural History.

I had a dental appointment this morning & Jary took me to that.

Aurelia is a good natured baby, smiles a lot & all toys go in her mouth. She looks like Hugo.

Mara is in constant motion & isn't afraid of anything She found running from Jary's back door to the front door great sport. Anja can read a little in English now.<sup>43</sup>

Happy 2010!

Much love,  
Mother

January 9, 2010

Dear Keith & Kathy—

If you heard of a 6.5 earthquake in northern California it happened in Humboldt County north of here. My house shook noticeably between 4:30 & 4:45 PM to-day, and some metal items clanged. I called Jary to see if he felt it & he did but not as much as I did. He got on the Internet & found the fairly strong quake in Humboldt County. There is a fault offshore there that quakes from time to time. It has been several years since I felt anything here.

I didn't call my neighbor as they were having a wedding rehearsal—one of my card tables is in use at the rehearsal dinner. The wedding is to-morrow morning on the Little River headlands & there is to be a barbecue. Richard, the groom, said it would be simple, but his mother doesn't seem to think it all so simple. They are to have a tent in case of rain & a caterer.

I'm getting used to the new computer gradually. I can "drag" more or less & delete things. I haven't mastered sending a message yet. Jessie drew my name & gave me a great laptop support.<sup>44</sup> I'm trying to eliminate the piles of stuff & so prefer to limit time on the computer to 30 minutes a day.

Jary is rehearsing for an opera. He doesn't sing; has a comic speaking part.

Hope you don't have too much snow to wade through.

Love,  
Mother

Feb. 5, 2010

Dear Kathy—

The Valentine came this morning & thank you! This morning I saw the 18 hour bra in the Vermont Country Store catalogue & considered ordering one (I am planning to order some other things from them that I've had & liked). I haven't tried the 18 hour one on yet but I've placed it beside a Playtex cross-your-heart I have & know which rows of "eyes" to use to make it the same size. One complication I have is that my left breast is larger than my right & using the first row of eyes makes the left breast loose if I bend over. Anyway, I'll try the new bra soon & let you know. I have another bra I ordered which doesn't fit but I haven't tried it using other eyes. I even got a bra that hooks on in front but it takes forever to hook so I don't wear it if my bedroom is cold—I want to dress quickly!

It's best to be bilaterally symmetrical!

We finally have had almost enough rain, and it's slightly warmer.

Last Friday evening I lost my 220 power which means no cooking on kitchen stove, no refrigerator working, & no pump for water. Pacific Gas & Electric came Saturday evening & strung a cable from the street to the house, using trees along

the drive & said they would come back Monday. They finally came this afternoon & said they would lay a new underground cable—& went away.

Judy leaves next Wednesday to visit Lena for 2+ weeks.

Love & thanks to all,  
Betty

Feb. 24, 2010

Dear Kathy—

The 18 hour bra fits fine & feels great. I saw it listed in a catalogue, but now I can't find the catalogue. As I remember it was fairly expensive so I am enclosing a check for \$30.00 which I hope covers most of the cost to you.

February 14 +/- was the 90<sup>th</sup> birthday of the League of Women Voters. On the 9<sup>th</sup> the local League had a celebration at its meeting. It was suggested that members dress a la the early 20's so I put on my oldest clothes which included a tan suede hat I bought in Toledo (I've no idea why it got to Mendocino) & a coat with a fur collar. I also wore 2 suffragist pins I found in the house in Greene. They probably belonged to Aunt Mary. One member took a lot of photos & sent some along with an article about the League to the Ft. Bragg & Mendocino weekly newspapers. The *Mendocino Beacon* last week had my picture on the front page in *color*. The *FB Advocate* had my picture inside & in black & white. Some friends are trying to get extra copies of the *Beacon* & I'll send you one if I get extra copies. Anyway, now everyone knows how old I am & how long I've belonged to the League.

There are 2 trilliums in bloom in my back yard & fruit trees are in bloom, so I guess it's spring.

Love to you and Keith,  
Betty

Have made reservations at the Statler in Ithaca for 3 for June 11 & 12<sup>th</sup>. Have confirmation #.<sup>45</sup>

April, 2010

Dear Kathy—

Again I am late with your birthday. I hope it was a very gala one. Spring is finally here. My acacia tree burst into bloom two days ago, several trilliums have been visible & I've seen one calypso orchid (miniature pink lady slipper). The new cable line from the street was plowed through an area that had several calypsos in previous years.

Jary & Patricia are going to a jazz festival in Arcata this weekend.

It was fun to get to see some of the Cornell game on Sunday.<sup>46</sup> In yesterday's paper a Wisconsin player or coach was quoted as saying they ran into a "buzz-saw." I hope Channel 5 will show at least some of the Cornell-Kentucky game Thursday. Before the game with Temple I got an e-mail from the College of Agriculture that 12 members of the Cornell squad were Ag students, including Wittman & the 7 foot Dale.

I'm slowly getting over last week's fall. I slept more comfortably last night.

Much love,  
Betty

The enclosed clipping reminded me of driving thru spectacular mountains in Wyoming with 3 boys who read comic books instead of looking at mountains! Homer said to me, "Why do we try?"

July 16, 2010

Dear Keith & Kathy—

You were here at the right time. It has been foggy & cold most of the time since you left.

Lena was here for 3 days—went back to Albuquerque Thursday. Has to find a furnished apartment & set herself up as an independent sign language interpreter.

Zaidee & Hugo like their apartment in Oakland, but are finding the area noisy.

Judy had a good time in New England & at the circus school. She got to see Linda, Jotham & Jen, Rachel & Mike, Daisy & Josie.

My tooth is all right & my hand has returned to normal skin color.<sup>47</sup>

Will see Jary in the chorus of *Carmen* to-night. He'll be in another performance Sunday night. On the 24<sup>th</sup> he will be in a large chorus with the final festival performance. He's been rehearsing almost every day lately.

Love,  
Mother

July 29, 2010

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I'm glad to know you have been able to cool off part of your house. Now that you have a cooling system your hot spell will cease.<sup>48</sup>

I enjoyed the pictures of the lily & oak-leaved hydrangea.<sup>49</sup> My shasta daisies are starting to bloom—they spread all over.

Their music festival ended last Saturday & Randy Keith left for home after the last concert. His wife didn't come up this year. She fell & broke an arm while he was up here.

Jary was in the chorus of two concerts—*Carmen* & *Carmina Burana*. I went to *Carmen* but not the other—tent sold out by the time I tried to get a ticket.

Jary & Patricia left to-day to go camping near Garberville. I don't know what the attraction is but I suspect Patricia's Arcata friends are going there, too, as J & P first planned to go to Arcata.

Jary went to Oakland last Sunday & took some furniture as Zaidee's & Hugo's apartment is quite roomy. Jary says Aurelia calls him "Wompah."

Weather here has been cloudy & cold—some sun to-day & a little warmer to-day.

Love,  
Mother

August, 2010

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Enclosed is a copy of Peg Ross's article about our visit in Greene in June. It was more about me but does include your picture (& mine) & Tony's.<sup>50</sup>

It was fun seeing Jessie & Zaidee & their families yesterday & Zaidee again today. Aurelia is just beginning to walk. Yesterday she had a great time pushing my walker around. Mara has started kindergarten & Anja has started 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. They both made large drawings for me.

There has been sunshine the last 2 days but not as warm. Anyway, we had 4 days of summer beginning Monday.

Your oak leaf hydrangea is beautiful! I have shasta daisies in bloom but not much else.

Love,  
Mother

August 24, 2010

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your package arrived yesterday & I just couldn't wait until Saturday. The Bagalini is wonderful & the butterfly pin is beautiful. I spent the morning putting things in the bag & was amazed at how much it holds. Even more amazing is how little it weighs when full of all the stuff I carry around. Many of my friends have commented on how heavy my bags have been.

Jessie & Zaidee & their families are coming for my birthday & there is to be a picnic at Judy's on Saturday. I haven't seen Anja & Mara in some time. Hugo's mother is visiting them & she will be here, too.

I'll wear the butterfly pin on Sunday.

Yesterday was sunny & warm & also to-day. Rain is predicted for Friday and/or Sunday.

Jary & Patricia are going on a vacation trip next week but they don't know where yet—depends on weather.

Again many many thanks for all you do for me.

The Antique  
(unvalued)

Nov. 14, 2010

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Carol Perkins who was on your father's staff has been sending me things she kept from when she worked at the Institute in Toledo. Several months ago she sent this page from the *Toledo Blade*. I had never seen it. Then I remembered that we took *The Blade* on weekdays & bought *The NY Times* on Sundays. It is a good account of the research your father was doing at the time he died.<sup>51</sup>

I mislaid Carol's letters & the clipping. When it turned up again I asked Jary to get copies for you, Tony, & himself. He brought me the copies this week. The clipping is pretty fragile & he had to rearrange it.

Carol retired several years ago & now lives in a retirement community near Rochester, NY where she grew up. She sends me cards on all holidays. For Halloween she included the photos she took for our first passports in 1969.

It turned quite cold last Tuesday & rained all day. It has been sunny since but not really warm.

Did you hear about Jary & Hugo's adventure at Victoria's Secret? A couple of weeks ago Zaidee had to come to Santa Rosa to tape something at the bi-lingual station there. Hugo had something he wanted to do so Zaidee asked Jary to look after Aurelia. As things turned out Hugo's event was cancelled so he came to Santa Rosa, too. Jary & Hugo took Aurelia to a mall where she could push her stroller. She saw a large pink stuffed animal in the window of Victoria's Secret & insisted on going in, followed by 2 embarrassed men!

I think Tony & Mary are in Europe now.

Happy Thanksgiving!

Love,  
Mother

Dec. 28, 2010

Dear Keith & Kathy—

The book is fascinating so far.<sup>52</sup> Joseph Banks & the crew members have landed on Tahiti & I wore the earrings yesterday.<sup>53</sup> The first time I put one on I had the feeling they were too big for the holes in my ears. Yesterday I dipped the ends in some skin cream I had & they slid in easily. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

I assume you have been somewhat snowed in. For us it has been rain, rain & more rain. Yesterday a friend said she was going this week to a 90<sup>th</sup> birthday party here & 2 guests were stuck in NY because of the snow. They had come to NY from Europe. Then I remembered hearing about the storm from Keith. Tony & Mary went to Walt's Christmas Eve & maybe they are stuck there. They were planning to celebrate Tony's birthday on Thursday. Their new kitchen is finally done & they are pleased with it.

Happy New Year!

Love,  
Mother

April, 2011

Dear Kathy—

Your birthday sailed by me leaving no impression. I hope you had a happy day with a great celebration.

It continues to be cold & rainy here; several rainstorms have included sleet. In spite of cold, rain & sleet, a few wildflowers have appeared: 4 calypso orchids, 2 or 3 trilliums, yellow violets, forget-me-nots.

Jary & Patricia have been at Anza-Borrego park for almost a week. A week ago there was a violent rainstorm; Jary said it was scary camping in their SUV. Since then they have been staying with Art & Jean Morley. Art used to be a park ranger there. They spent a couple of days at the Salton Sea before going to Anza-Borrego.

I'm enjoying your book. Have almost finished the first section, but have looked up a few recipes. I'm not going to put a teacup in a blueberry pie!<sup>54</sup>

I bought an amaryllis bulb. The catalogue said it had a green flower. It bloomed this week—2 enormous rose colored blossoms. The biggest I've ever seen. One of the friends who brings me Meals on Wheels took a picture of it life size.

Happy springtime.

Love,  
Mother

June 18, 2011

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Your letter with the publicity pictures arrived to-day. It would seem you & your book will become well known in New England.

I want to send a copy to Beckie & Arnie & to Michael & Daphne Beard. The Beards are English & may find the early English cookbooks of interest.<sup>55</sup>

Jary has kept in touch with his boyhood chum David Marchant who now lives in British Columbia. The last week in May David sent an email to Jary after talking on the phone to his mother and sister Jane who still live in Evansville. Minnie Marchant still lives on Darmstadt Rd. There had been a bad storm (not a tornado), lots of wind & rain. Darmstadt Rd. was without electricity for 4 days. It seems our house was badly damaged when several trees fell on it, breaking the roof. A lot of rainwater got in. David assumed that the greenhouse was smashed. He said Jane wanted to get some pictures but there were too many trees down to get down the driveway. The people who bought the house from us never used the greenhouse.<sup>56</sup>

As of last evening, I am housing an opera singer until June 27. Jary & Patricia are housing both a male & a female. We don't have to feed them. The sister of a man here has been giving training for young opera singers. I have a young lady from Texas. Jary's guests are from Fresno.

I'm having the bass player again in July. Jary & Patricia will be in Michigan most of July.

Lots of love,  
Mother

Have had contact with a Crandall relative who lives in a suburb of Seattle. She's a descendant of a younger brother of my grandmother Julia Crandall Williams. She has a son living in Billerica, MA. Surname Hillman. She was in Greene & talked to Peg Ross who gave her my address.

July 6, 2011

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I gave *Northern Hospitality* to Michael Beard when he brought me dinner last evening. He seemed to be very pleased to have it. I guess he likes to read cook-books & he does much of their cooking.

Lena stopped in yesterday afternoon on her way to visit a high school friend & then on to Jary's for dinner & to spend the night. She was to take the bus this AM a block from Jary's & get her flight to Santa Fe this afternoon. She has rented a one-room small house in back of a larger house.

She is an independent worker but works part time for the state school for the deaf. Part of her work is with young children whose parents don't want to send them to the state school which is in Santa Fe. She said she would not plan on coming here for Thanksgiving as she has a pregnant deaf friend who wants Lena to be present at her child's birth.

It was a busy 4<sup>th</sup> with Zaidee's family here, too. They all went to the parade. Aurelia speaks Spanish but has 3 English phrases: "I want," "Don't want," & "No!"

Jary & Patricia leave for Michigan to-morrow. The bass player arrives Friday. To-morrow I move stuff to make room for Randy's bass fiddle.

It's sunny & warm but a strong wind.

Love,  
Mom

Oct. 12, 2011

Dear Kathy & Keith—

I assume you are up to your ears in promoting your book. I hope all is going *very* well.

I should have written to you over a month ago, soon after the vest came from L. L. Bean. It is a lovely shade of purple & goes very well with lavender slacks & shirt I have. Sometimes I have trouble getting the zipper started, but when I get it started it usually zips up nicely. There was no bill with it, so what do I owe you?

Jary & Patricia left yesterday to stay overnight at Zaidee's & fly to Santa Fe. Lena phoned them Monday & told them to bring warm clothing as there was snow in Santa Fe. Jary said they were planning to take a train trip into the high mountains.

Here it has been relatively warm & sunny. Monday & Tuesday we had rain. After the first rain I walked on my new path & discovered that "stuff" clung to the

wheels of my walker & it took quite awhile to clean off the wheels so I could bring the walker indoors.<sup>57</sup>

Shortly after Labor Day there was a bad flood in Greene. Not just basements were flooded, some first floors were flooded, too.

Hope all is well with you.

Much love,  
Mother

Christmas Eve, 2011

Dear Keith & Kathy—

Very nice reviews.<sup>58</sup> If I can find the good place I put them I'll take them to Jary's for our festive dinner this evening. Zaidee & Lena, Hugo & Aurelia have come. Jessie & girls come to-morrow.

Happy New Year!

Love,  
Mother

Jan. 3, 2012

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Happy New Year! I spent the first morning going through the TV channels hoping to find the Rose Parade in Pasadena.<sup>59</sup> About noon I went out to get my paper & discovered the parade was to take place on Monday so I watched some of it then. From my Sunday search of channels I found very little worth watching except PBS & C-SPAN.

Many, many thanks for the beautiful gold & velvet scarf. I'm now ready for a fancy occasion. The toffee disappeared Christmas Day amid much laughter while wielding the hammer which came back to me.<sup>60</sup> The sugar free chocolates are delicious but I'm now limiting my intake. I'm also glad to have pictures of Tony's birthday party.

New Year's Eve I had dinner at Jary's along with Art & Jean Morley. Jary made the traditional Black-eyed Pea Soup for our main course. Art is a retired state



park ranger & he was getting up early New Year's Day to participate in a bird count at Manchester State Beach about 20-30 miles south of here.

All or most of my Christmas cactuses bloomed for Christmas this year—some for the first time in so many years I don't remember them at all.

Hope all the speaking trips go well.

Love,  
Mom

March 10, 2012

Dear Keith & Kathy—

I hope to bring you up to date on what has been going on here.

Jary did well in the opera, though I was surprised at his role—that of a rather lecherous character.

The weather has been sunny but cold & we need rain. Even so, some wildflowers have appeared—trilliums, yellow violets, wild geraniums & milkmaids. I've been enjoying my nature trail when it is not too windy.

For several months I've been playing bridge with a group of 12 or 16 people, male & female. A week ago I got a phone call from the man in charge that one of the women had tested positive for TB & he was canceling bridge last Monday & we should all get tested for TB. First thing Monday morning I called my doctor's office & got an appointment with a colleague of his for Monday PM & Christina Marshall would take me there. At noon on Monday the man in charge of bridge phoned & said later tests indicated the woman did not have TB after all. So I canceled my appointment & my ride.

Two weeks ago I was invited to a bridge luncheon. The day was sunny & not very cold so I put on my best black slacks, a pink turtleneck top & my elderberry vest & draped the beautiful gold & black scarf around my neck. I've never had so many compliments!

On a sadder note Sean & Jessie are divorcing. Sean has been involved with e-mail games & found someone else. It has been hard on Jessie. She developed Bell's palsy & was out of work for a month. Jary & Judy have been taking turns spending a weekend with Jessie. Sean has moved to an apartment, taken various furniture

items. Jary & Patricia have provided replacements from among Patricia's many purchases. Jary spent last weekend in Davis. Jessie is now back to work & her colleagues have been kind to her.

I just set my timepiece ahead. Hope you have all the promotions you can handle.

Love,  
Mother

April, 2012

Dear Kathy—

Sorry to be late again. I'm out of sock yarn for adults & have been knitting socks for little people only.

Still cold here with rain off & on. A few wildflowers in bloom but not many.

Love,  
Betty

April 29, 2012

Dear Kathy & Keith—

Thank you for sending the review of your book by TLS. And the photos from the affair at Amherst. Have you lost weight Keith?<sup>61</sup>

I had not looked at my computer for several days. It has been a wild week for the West Coast Stavelys. On Wednesday I got up early in order to soak my feet 45 minutes before the nurse who cuts toenails arrived at 8:15 AM. She failed to show up & is coming next week at 9:15 AM. She has come at 10:15 AM for several years.

Last Monday I had a message on my machine from a teacher at the high school that for a project at the school a student wanted to interview me about World War II. We set Thursday at 1 PM. A car came at 1 PM & 2 women I know walked in ready to play bridge & my partner arrived soon after—I knew nothing about this engagement! I had help that day so she got out refreshments & started the coffee maker.

Meanwhile the student came & also an aide. The questions were more about the Depression than WWII. One of the bridge players & I mentioned what we were

doing when we heard about Pearl Harbor. When the student & aide left the others set up the bridge table & played the required 24 hands! Jim & I won quite decisively! His wife started as my partner but she is involved in so many things that now Jim is my partner—he grew up in Scotland.

Jary & Patricia went to a concert on Wednesday & stayed overnight at Zaidée & Hugo's. They were coming back Thursday PM but their Honda was stolen! I found out yesterday that the police had found the Honda & it had been damaged. I'll see Jary this afternoon & will know more then.

Hope you escape our troubles.

Love,  
Mom

May 22, 2012

Dear Kathy & Keith—

The book is wonderful!<sup>62</sup> I have looked at all the pictures & read some of the text. Christina Marshall, my next door neighbor, grew up in Sweden & has been to Oland several times & has enjoyed seeing that section. I have been to Anza-Borrego twice & seen only the beginning of the bloom there.

We had a good time in Davis. Anja & Mara are lively, their house is nice (lots of storage space) & a lemon tree in the yard is full of fruit. We brought back a bagful—some as large as oranges. Jary supervised Anja's violin practice & Mara's Spanish reading.

My injury is nearly healed.

Spring has finally come to Mendocino. The wild iris is blooming & the deer missed some of the Clintonia.

We experienced the solar eclipse Sunday evening—a really weird light! I didn't get around to preparing cardboard & paper for viewing.

Many, many thanks for *Wildflower Wonders*!!!

You spoil me—

Love,  
Mom<sup>63</sup>

March, 2013

Dear Kathy,

I started a card for you two weeks ago & it disappeared among all the stuff that comes to me.

I started mending your sock<sup>64</sup> but got bogged down & have given up. A friend gave me a gift certificate at the local yarn shop & 3 weeks ago I cashed it in & started a pair of socks for you. The yarn is Superwash Wool & the colors are blue, white, brown & tan. Brown & tan predominate. I'm working on the heel of the first sock now.

Tony & Mary were here last week. Both of them & Jary came down with an illness that has been going around here.

Love,  
Betty

May, 2013

Dear Keith,

Spring has finally come to Mendocino. Only a few warm days but the fruit trees are in bloom & some rhododendrons. My acacia tree is in full bloom & the wild rhododendron in the backyard has buds showing color.

The Marshalls have a beautiful crabapple tree that I can see in the mirror in my bedroom—a gorgeous sight every spring.

Jary & Patricia are taking me to a brunch at a winery in Ukiah on Sunday.

Kathy's socks are progressing. Haven't had time for knitting much lately.

With much love,  
Mom

June 22, 2013

Dear Keith and Kathy,

Thank you so much for the article about Dr. Jones.<sup>65</sup> The author's name was somewhat familiar but I can't put a face to the name.

Ralph Singleton & Larry Curtis were working at the Conn. Experiment Station when I was. Singleton worked mostly on corn. Curtis was working on summer

squash. At that time yellow summer squash was curved & Larry was making genetic crosses to get a straight squash easier to stack on store shelves. The straight squash are here now. May come from Larry's work.

Dr. Jones told me about an experience when he was at Syracuse University. He was asked to give a talk to a women's garden club. At the end of the talk the president of the club asked him to look at her summer place on Skaneateles Lake. Instead of a small cottage on the lake it was a large place with a mansion & he learned that her husband was president of the company that made Franklin cars in Syracuse—very expensive cars.

My hands shake so bad now that my handwriting gets worse and worse. It is now June 24<sup>th</sup>. Saturday night when I got home from a concert, I fell & hurt my back. It is better to-day.

During World War I & II we had to use margarine but I've no idea what brand it was. It came with a small capsule of a yellow liquid to color it.<sup>66</sup>

Love,  
Mother

# Childhood Memories and Ancestral Lore



**Betty Williams, age 4, and Her Mother, Jessie Hauck Williams  
Backyard, Westmoreland Avenue House, Syracuse, NY, 1916**

## Appendix A: Childhood Memories and Ancestral Lore

Because we brought up our sons far from relatives, they did not have much opportunity to hear family stories from grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins. In addition, we probably did not engage in reminiscence as much as we might. Hence this narrative.

### The House on the Hill

Earliest memories center about the "house on the hill" where I was born. Before my parents were married, my father bought a lot and had a house built. Because my father was an amateur astronomer and had a telescope, they wanted a lot on a hill where viewing the heavens would be good. They looked first on the south side of Syracuse where my mother had grown up, and they wanted a lot on Robineau Road which was near Onondaga Park, later a prestigious residential area. They felt they could not afford any of these lots and turned to an area at the eastern edge of the city beyond the university. The house was completed enough for occupancy when my parents returned from a trip to New York after their marriage on October 10, 1911.

The house was at, or nearly at, the highest point on Westmoreland Avenue, then a one-block street off Euclid Avenue, and literally on the edge of the city. The rolling land behind the house consisted of open fields with a woods in the distance and a small brook meandering through the fields at the bottom of our hill. My father had bought two lots, one behind the other, the back one facing on a street platted but not then cut through.

On one side of our house was Rugby School, a small unsuccessful boarding school for boys. I do not remember it in operation, but it did have a few students at one time. There were three buildings, a large white frame building that probably housed classrooms and dormitory, a smaller white frame building (next to our house) that probably served as auditorium and recreation area, and a large shingled building in back that was the gym. It looked like a farm barn. The smaller frame building next to us caught fire one time. Sometime after we moved away the

school buildings were purchased by someone who converted them to apartments. As I remember them they were devoid of any exterior beauty.

Beyond the school buildings the street ended and the hill sloped down to more fields. There was a big flat field beyond the school where people flew kites. Across the street from the school there was a small cottage that served as a studio for some lady artist. I don't remember her being there much. Nearer to us on that side of the street was a house in which lived a family named Petry. They had a boy Edward who was a year or so younger than I. He hit my head with a rock once, hard enough to draw blood. This was out of character for him; he was usually a quiet gentle boy.

Directly across the street from us lived the Cole family. They had four children—Frieda and Stewart who were probably in high school (they seemed terribly old to me and I've little recollection of them) and Doris and Theral who were ten and twelve when I first remember them. Doris had long dark braids and wore glasses. She was quiet and studious. She was the elder of the two. Theral had lighter braids and was more vivacious. I thought them wonderful and it was a great treat when they came across the street to play with me. Their father was Bill and their mother Arloine. They were devoted Baptists and began taking me to Sunday School with them at the newly built Calvary Baptist Church which was down the hill and several blocks away.<sup>1</sup> Years later Stewart Cole had a job with the gas and electric company in Norwich and had dinner with us one night. This was after I graduated from Cornell and just before I went to California.<sup>2</sup>

There were no other houses on that side of the street. On our side there was the Challinor's house at the corner of Westmoreland and Euclid. The Challinors were British and had a son Charles, several years older than I. They moved away from the hill before we did and later lived a few blocks from us in Liverpool. Mr. Challinor was a designer for one of the pottery companies, Onondaga Pottery, I think. He and my father used to play chess and Mr. Challinor gave my father an ashtray with chess motifs which he had designed. I have the ashtray. My memories of the Challinors have more to do with Liverpool than with Westmoreland Avenue. Next to the Challinors was a vacant lot; then a square gray stucco house that was empty most of the time. When I was very young there was a vacant lot between the

stucco house and ours, but I can barely remember that. Mostly I remember the Carman's house being next to us. It was a large shingled house, designed and built by Emmet Tracy. The Carmans also owned two lots, one behind the other, and perhaps a third, behind the stucco house.

Margaret Carman was my father's first cousin. Her father, Uncle Silas Crandall, was my Grandmother Williams' younger brother. Uncle Silas and his wife Mary (she was always called "Aunt Mary Crandall" to distinguish her, I suppose, from my Aunt Mary who was my father's sister) lived with Margaret and Bert and their son Jack part of the time. Uncle Silas was a retired typewriter company executive. Since his hands shook, as did also my grandmother's, he always drank from a bouillon cup, holding it with both hands. Also at the Carman house lived Grandma Gleason who was Aunt Mary Crandall's mother. Bert Carman's mother and sister, Auntie Van, visited often enough that they were quite familiar to me. Jack (John Crandall Carman) was three months older than I and we were inseparable. He was bigger than I and could do all kinds of stunts beyond my capabilities.

Our house was a "semi-bungalow" of weathered shingles with dark red trim. It had been designed by a friend of my parents, Emmet Tracy, who was professor of farm architecture at Syracuse University. He and my father built the house. I suppose there may have been other workmen but I am not sure.<sup>3</sup>

The house had a porch across part of the front. In summer the "porch chairs" were put out. I remember watching fireworks from the porch. These were Fourth of July displays in Archbold Stadium at the university. Inside the front door was a very small vestibule with two doors. The one to the right led to the living room; the other opened to a long hall that led back to the kitchen. My mother said later that she did not like that long hall and had said so when Dad and Emmet Tracy first showed her the plans. Emmet said, however, that there was no way to do without the hall.

The living room, in memory, was large and light with large windows facing the front and a series of narrow windows with a window seat underneath on the side toward the Carmans. There was a fireplace in the interior corner and a wide doorway to the dining room. The dining room had the same series of windows with window seat as the living room, only longer, I think. There was a large window at

the back overlooking the garden. The kitchen was more or less square with some built-in cupboards along one side. There was a sink in one corner, a big black coal stove in another and a two or three burner gas plate near the coal stove. The ice box sat in an alcove near the back door, handy for the ice man. On the other side of the house and off the long hall was the bathroom and a bedroom. Until my sister was born I slept in a crib in my parents' bedroom. An enclosed (partially) stairway to the second floor was near the front vestibule. There were three rooms upstairs, two bedrooms with sloping ceilings on each side of the house and an unfinished room in front under the dormer. It had a row of small windows in the dormer and was usually very light. This was referred to as my father's den, but was used as a store room because the problem of getting heat from the furnace to the room was never solved as long as we lived there. Maybe it wasn't so much a problem as lack of money to bring heat to the room. One of the upstairs bedrooms, the one over the livingroom and dining room was always referred to as "George's room" because for a while my father's nephew, George Williams, lived with us. He was a student at the university at the time. After my sister was born, George's room became mine. Behind the upstairs bedroom closets were unfinished spaces under the roof. These were called "the garret" and were also storage spaces.

The yard was planted with many shrubs and flowers. I remember spirea, lilacs, barberry, and a bush with white berries. There were quite a lot of roses. The house was not visible from the street because of the high terrace. There was a long concrete stair down to the sidewalk and a shorter one on down to the road which was unpaved. There was a bank up on the side of the yard toward the school and a bank down toward the Carmans'. These banks and the front terrace were faced with huge boulders near their base and planted to bushes near the top. I can remember Dad and Bert Carman building wooden stairs from our yard to theirs and we were supposed to use them instead of running down the bank. I, being timid, always used the stairs but Jack often ran down the bank if he thought no one was looking.

There was a back lawn as well as a front one and a flower garden in back with a rose arbor. In the middle of the rose arbor was a swing my father had made for me. Beyond the flower garden, a vegetable garden took up the rest of our two lots,

with a hot bed and a small chicken house at the lowest end. We didn't have chickens all the time. In fact, I think we had them only a short time. Later, in Fayetteville, we had them for a longer period.<sup>4</sup>

There were no trees in our neighborhood except for an old thornapple tree far back of the stucco house and a few young trees set out in yards. Jack and I used to gather thornapples and throw them in the brook. My Aunt Rose used to say she found it frightening at our house because one could see storms coming in all directions. Many of the vacant lots had deep gullies as a result of rainwater rushing down hill. We children found it fun to walk up and down these gullies; they were about waist deep. The neighborhood children roamed the vacant lots and the fields. Traffic consisted of a few horse drawn delivery carts and an occasional automobile. When there was snow we took our sleds to the street. You could start at the top of our street, turn right at Euclid and go another block to the bottom of the hill.

During the years we lived on the hill there was a period when we had a Model T Ford, but most of my memory of visiting relatives or friends or holiday outings centers on street cars or interurban trolleys. To reach the street car from our house it was necessary to walk downhill a block to Euclid, turn right and continue downhill another block; then there was a block or two of level land (at the bottom of another hill was Percy Moon's store where one could buy penny candy). Then there was a little hill to go up and down, about a block, to Westcott Street where the trolley ran. The trolley line turned at Euclid and Westcott and I think we could go downtown either way, from whichever way a car came first. On top of the last little hill before Westcott Street was Irwin Methodist Church. Rowena Saxe Stavely's brother, Rev. Alfred Saxe, was pastor of this church at one time, but not while we lived in the area.<sup>5</sup> If we were going anywhere other than downtown it was necessary to transfer to a different streetcar downtown. To go to my Syracuse grandparents, or to see various friends of my parents, we got another streetcar almost anywhere downtown, but if we were going on an outing to amusement parks like Long Branch, Edwards Falls, or Owasco Lake we had to go to one of the two interurban terminals downtown.

### Maternal Relatives

My mother's parents lived on the south side of Syracuse near Onondaga Park, so a visit to them often included a walk to the park and a chance to swing in the swings, or watch ducks on the lake or swimmers. The lake in Onondaga Park had been the city reservoir at one time and looked as if in two parts. A large bathhouse seemed to cut the lake in two. Most of the swimming was at one end. At the other end there was a bandstand on an island with a little ferry boat to bring the band to the island. I thought this fascinating.

My grandparents lived in two different houses near Onondaga Park but I remember only the house on LaForte Ave. It was a square two-story house and there was a school building across the street. When I was very young my grandfather was sometimes at home but I have little recollection of him except as a stern man who told me to stop running across the parlor to jump onto a chair or couch. No one used the parlor, at least when I was there. The best furniture was there, all precisely placed. The one thing in the parlor I could handle was a large conch shell on a low shelf of a table in the center of the room. One could hold this to one's ear and "listen to the ocean." One got tired of that, though, so one day I tried to liven my afternoon by running and jumping. When my grandfather suddenly appeared I didn't really know who he was, but I stopped my little game immediately. Usually when we went to Grandma Hauck's we gathered in the kitchen or diningroom, but this time my mother had gone off upstairs with Grandma and my aunts. I remember my grandfather, later, eating with us in the diningroom or sitting in a chair wearing a bathrobe. He died shortly before my sister was born in 1917.

Grandma Hauck was a wiry little woman (both my grandmothers were about the same size and build, usually dressed in black except in summer). Grandma Hauck would talk to me and give me cake or cookies and let me look through the stereoscope. They had a large collection of pictures, showing Niagara Falls, New York City (I remember especially one of small boys with sailboats in Central Park) and other spots of interest. There was one very three-dimensional one of picking cotton in the South. The stereoscope and the stack of pictures was interesting for quite a long time.. There was also a set of dominoes I could play with.

With Grandma and Grandpa Hauck lived Aunt Louise, my mother's oldest sister, and Aunt Rose who was closest in age to Mother. In between Aunt Louise and Aunt Rose in age was Uncle Ed who lived with his wife closer to us though we did not see them oftener. Unlike the rest of the family Aunt Louise had black hair and was quite fat. She was a dressmaker and her bedroom was her workshop. She had a clientele of sorts (maybe as many as ten regular customers) and she made my mother's dresses and coats and many of mine. She was a careful seamstress. In those days, in our family anyway, clothes were "made over" until the cloth wore out. I remember dresses and coats made from things of my mother's or aunts'.

I was especially fond of a blue silk poplin dress trimmed with Roman stripe silk made from one of my mother's "best dresses" that I had always admired. A dress I never really liked, but which probably was quite attractive, was of soft white cotton material with large orange dots made of yarn woven in the material. It had been made from one of Aunt Florence's dresses. Aunt Florence was Uncle Ed's wife. The dress was an ingenious use of available material. While it was in one piece, it looked like a two piece suit—skirt, bolero jacket, and white blouse. When I was three or four years old Aunt Louise made me a blue broadcloth coat with rabbit fur lining, The same fur trimmed the coat collar and a matching blue bonnet. The fur lining kept coming apart and had to be re sewed, but it was a warm coat which I wore for several winters.

Sometimes Aunt Louise came and stayed several days with us while she cut and measured, sewed and fitted things for Mother, Jane and me. Fittings were often tiresome, especially standing still while skirts were hung. Some of my clothes were made of new materials; they weren't all "made over." I was in seventh grade before I had a "store bought" dress.

Except for a few years during and after World War I, Aunt Rose lived with my grandmother and Aunt Louise. Aunt Rose was six years older than Mother and they were very similar in size and coloring. Aunt Rose had more delicate features and gave an impression of frailty, though she outlived my mother by several years. Aunt Rose was married at 21 to a man named Arthur Wheeler of whom I have no recollection at all. Rev. Jeremiah Zimmerman, who officiated at the wedding (as he did later at my parents') is said to have commented that Aunt Rose looked so

young he would not have performed the ceremony if he had not baptized her as a child. By the time of my earliest memories Art, as he was called, had left Aunt Rose and had gone off to live in Omaha. I think there was another woman involved but the details are unclear to me, Apparently, it was a mismatch from the start, though I don't think it was any sudden romance. Presumably Art and Aunt Rose had known each other a long time, and members of my mother's family always spoke well of the Wheelers. Aunt Rose was quiet and not given to lightness of spirit. Art liked to travel and be social; Aunt Rose wanted to stay home and keep her house neat and orderly. She commented once that while she was married they went to her parents' home for dinner every Sunday. Years later Aunt Florence told me that my grandmother insisted that Art and Aunt Rose take Aunt Louise with them when they went on trips. Aunt Florence thought this contributed to the breakup of the marriage.

Aunt Rose had one son, Clarence Reginald, who was about the same age as my cousin George—fifteen years older than I. Clarence Wheeler and George Williams were my only first cousins. I have no personal recollection of Clarence before the Fayetteville years though there were often references to him, usually disapproving. As a child, he was probably no worse behaved than any normal active boy, but in the quiet, ladylike atmosphere of the Hauck household, he was too much for them. Art and Aunt Rose owned a house on Geddes Street, and Mother said it was a poor neighborhood in which to raise a boy. Several of Clarence's boyhood friends got in trouble with the law and on at least one occasion Clarence was involved, He was in the army during World War I and I am under the impression that a judge gave him a choice of the army or jail—I don't know what the charge was. He had run away a lot, I think, and had gone to Omaha to see his father, but had chosen to return to Syracuse and his mother. Aunt Louise once told me, and I don't think she thought the story funny, that she had given Clarence, then a small boy, two cents to buy her a two-cent stamp. Clarence brought back a one-cent stamp and had used the other cent to buy candy for himself. After all, why spend two cents for a postage stamp when can you get a stamp for one cent?

Both my mother's parents were born in Germany. Gottlieb Frederick Hauck was born in Knielingen, now part of the city of Karlsruhe. He was the son of George



Jacob Hauck and Salome Knobloch. His father was a tailor I think. Grandpa was the youngest of three or four boys and all had Frederick for a middle name. One was named Jacob, but I don't remember any of the other first names. Grandpa was always called "Fred" or "Frederick." In directories he was listed as G. Frederick Hauck, (or Houck). I think the original spelling had been Hauke but because there was a tendency to pronounce it "Hawk" in this country they changed the spelling to Houck. Later, Uncle Ed spelled it Hauck and Mother did, too. My grandfather once told my mother that she was related to Princess Ena of Battenberg who later became the Queen of Spain as the wife of Alfonso XIII. Mother was not interested enough then to ask just what the relationship was, and by the time she was interested Grandpa had died. According to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* the paternal grandmother of Ena of Battenberg (during World War I the Battenbergs in Britain changed their name to Mountbatten) was a Polish lady, Julia Theresa von Hauke, the morganatic wife of a younger son of the grand duke of Hesse. After the marriage she was named countess of Battenberg and in 1838 her children were given the title of prince and princess. Several of her children became British subjects and her third son married a younger daughter of Queen Victoria. How the Hauck family of Knielingen was related to Julia von Hauke is unknown. If she was Polish it could be that the Knielingen Haucks were also Polish originally.

George Jacob Hauck died in Germany. When the oldest son became old enough for compulsory military service Salome Knobloch Hauck brought her sons to this country. Grandpa was in his early teens. I've heard he was eleven when they came and I've heard fourteen. On shipboard great grandmother Hauck met a man whom she married. (The name was pronounced like Noel, but I've no idea of the spelling.) The boys did not approve of their mother's marriage and left home at one time or another. One boy ran away soon after they reached New York, and nothing was ever heard from him. The family thought he might have gone south where an uncle was supposedly living in New Orleans. This was shortly before the Civil War and some thought he might have joined the Confederate Army and may have been killed in the war. Uncle Ed told me that when he was about ten he and Grandpa made a trip to New Orleans in an effort to learn something about either the uncle

or the brother. It was a fruitless and unhappy trip. Uncle Ed got sick and Grandpa became discouraged and homesick.

Grandpa's brother Jacob went to Syracuse and it was while Grandpa was visiting his brother in Syracuse that he met my grandmother. Grandpa was working in New York for a cigar maker, a man who thought highly of Fred Hauck and kept in touch with him after Grandpa was married and moved to Syracuse. Grandma didn't want to leave Syracuse so Grandpa gave up his job with the cigar maker. Some years later the cigar maker offered to pay Grandpa's expenses if Grandpa would make a trip to Germany with him. Grandpa wanted to go but he would not go without Grandma and Grandma wouldn't go. When the cigar maker died he left his gold-headed cane to Grandpa. My sister has it.

Rosa Baichle (or Baechle was born) in Herreschriede, a hamlet in the southern part of southwest Germany. It is seven or eight miles north of Sackingen on the Rhine. Across the Rhine from Sackingen is Switzerland. Herreschriede is a few miles south of the Black Forest. It is a hilly region and somewhat wooded though far less densely than the Black Forest. The hamlet sits in a small valley and spreads up the sides to the top of surrounding hills. It is a rather pretty spot, and now has several vacation resorts in the vicinity. In the twenties when my mother was corresponding with a cousin (their grandmothers had been sisters) most of the villagers were desperately poor. In 1970 the village looked fairly prosperous. Before the days of paved roads it was probably quite isolated.

Rosa Baichle (I think it was pronounced almost like Beckley) was the youngest child of Friedolien Baichle and Elizabeth Schmiedle. Her father was a charcoal burner, an occupation my grandmother rather looked down on. He was supposed to have come from another village. Elizabeth Schmiedle was a native of Herreschriede. Friedolien Baichle was said to have been gay and happy-go-lucky, but presumably less than a good provider. My father once said he was "intemperate" which I assume meant alcoholic. My grandmother had two brothers, Rob and Fred, a sister Elizabeth, and another sister whose name I've forgotten.

When Grandma was about six years old (about 1851) the family came to this country and settled near Syracuse where there were some relatives. Grandma once told me she had a great time on the ship, running to the rail to look over. Her

mother was very seasick, and found chasing her youngest something of an ordeal. Grandma was never quite sure where it was she lived after they came to the Syracuse area; all that she remembered was that it was near Cicero Swamp (a spot that sounded fearsome to me when I was young). Her father died soon after they came to this country—whether a matter of months or years I don't know. After Friedolien Baichle died the family split up. The older girls got married. Fred moved to the Rome area, and Rob settled in Syracuse. Elizabeth Baichle lived with one or another of the older children and my grandmother got a job as a housemaid with a family named Krause who owned a business on the north side of Syracuse.

My grandmother was a small blue-eyed blonde who was said to have been merry and gay as a young girl. She told me once that a young man had told her she was the "prettiest girl who had come from the old country." She was seriously interested in a young man who carried her picture with him in his army boot during the Civil War. I don't know why she did not marry him when he came back from the war.<sup>6</sup> She met my grandfather at a party while he was visiting his brother in Syracuse. How long she knew him before the marriage I have no idea. Her family were Catholic and Grandpa was a Lutheran. Grandma became a Lutheran and this caused something of a break with her family for some years. However, she had several nieces that were named for her, and some of the nieces and nephews came to see her from time to time when she was elderly so the rift was healed at some point.

I do not know whether or not Grandpa continued in cigar-making after marriage and settling in Syracuse, but at one time Grandpa and two other men owned a store on the north side of Syracuse. The name of the partnership was Hauck, Stahl, & Durkis, and I gather that it was either a dry goods store or small department store. I know of three items that came from "Grandpa's store," all now in my sister's possession—a Paisley shawl, a lovely brooch and earrings set (my grandmother always wore the brooch at her throat when dressed up), and a set of gold banded dolls' china. The latter had been Aunt Rose's when she was a girl and she gave it to me when I was eight or ten. Jane has said she will give it to my first granddaughter. I do not know how long the store was in operation, but one day Mr. Stahl or Mr. Durkis left Syracuse with a woman not his wife and all of the partnership's

funds. The remaining partner wanted to regroup and carry on, but Grandpa's faith in men was gone, and he refused. They sold their remaining stock, much of it to Dey Brothers, and Grandpa went to work for Dey Brothers as a clerk in yard goods. This was his employment for the rest of his life. When I was a girl Dey Brothers was the best department store in Syracuse. The firm of Hauck, Stahl, and Durkis dissolved before my mother was born.

My grandparents' first child was a girl whom they named Mary. She lived only a month or so. Then came Louisa Salome. I don't know how far in school she went. My mother was the only one who finished high school and that was only because my grandfather insisted. He wanted one child to finish high school and she was the youngest and his last hope. When I was growing up school attendance in New York State was compulsory to age fourteen. It could have been considerably lower when my parents and aunts and uncles were growing up.

Aunt Louise never married and I never heard of any suitors. Anna Devine, a life-long friend of my aunt's told me that Aunt Louise had been very pretty as a young girl with black hair and blue eyes. She lived all her life at home with her parents, sewing and helping with the housework and taking care of the small vegetable garden. Aside from Anna Devine and a couple of other people I used to hear mentioned but never met, I am not aware of her having any friends. Every Saturday afternoon she went downtown to shop, This is the only outing by herself I know of. When she came to see us it was always in company of Grandma and Aunt Rose, except for sewing visits when I was quite young. I have the impression she was difficult to get along with at times. She died in the early forties.<sup>7</sup>

My grandparents' next child was Edward Frederick. Uncle Ed was blonde, blue-eyed, and tall (at least for the Hauck family). He was a salesman of millinery supplies and in this business had met his wife who was head milliner for the Edwards department store in Syracuse. He played the violin and Mother used to accompany him upon occasion. He and Aunt Florence had no children. Aunt Florence was a widow when she and Uncle Ed met. My grandparents were somewhat uneasy about the marriage because they heard that Aunt Florence had been planning to get a divorce at the time her first husband died. To add to the uneasiness

was the fact that before her first marriage Aunt Florence had been an actress. She had had a child during her first marriage but the baby died.

She was an attractive dark-haired woman with an air of elegance. She and Uncle Ed owned a two-family house on Ostrom Avenue which was within walking distance of our house, though a long walk. I don't remember being at their house often but it was a fascinating place. They lived on the second floor and rented the first floor apartment. They had what seemed to me beautiful furniture including a player piano and a phonograph (we didn't get one until I was ten). In the dining room I remember a miniature Japanese garden on a platter of sand. This had delightful little figures in kimonos, a teahouse, and little bridge. Uncle Ed and Aunt Florence had a large Airdale dog named Bing who would have absolutely nothing to do with anyone except them.

Uncle Ed had developed lung trouble at some point and had spent time at Saranac Lake [NY]. I can remember his coming to see us on the hill with Bing during the day, so he may have stopped work by that time. I can barely remember visiting Aunt Florence at work on a shopping trip with Mother. Aunt Florence gave Mother and me beautiful hats of her creation from time to time. Uncle Ed could not speak above a whisper in those days and Aunt Florence was deaf. Shortly after the end of World War I they made a trip to California and bought a small ranch in Arcadia. They sold their house on Ostrom Avenue and lived with us for a few months before moving to California permanently. By this time we were living in Fayetteville.

My grandparents' next child was a boy named William. Shortly before or after Willie's second birthday he died of "cholera infantum." My mother said she thought Grandma never got over Willie's death.<sup>8</sup>

Grandma was pregnant at the time Willie died, and Aunt Rose was born a few months afterward. Rosa Marie was a very small baby. I've heard that she was so small that Grandpa was afraid to touch her and would carry her only on a pillow. Though she was six years younger than Aunt Louise it seems as if they were always constant companions. Aunt Rose stayed with us for awhile after my sister Jane was born. Then for a few years she lived with a doctor's family as nursemaid to their youngest child. The family lived on Comstock Street near the university and had a

cook and perhaps other help. I vaguely remember her going with them to Thousand Islands but I'm not sure of that. I don't remember how long she worked for this family but she was working for them while I was in kindergarten because one day I went to see Aunt Rose instead of going home after school. This was in the opposite direction from home and quite a long walk. I can't remember any chastisement for this expedition but I didn't do it again.

When Aunt Rose left the doctor's family she started clerking in department stores, first in Hunter & Tuppen, then in Edwards. She was at Edwards for years in the needlework department. Grandma once told me that they had sent Aunt Louise and Aunt Rose to some woman who gave lessons in embroidery and crocheting. Aunt Rose did beautiful work and was probably a helpful saleswoman. Edwards had a storewide sales contest once and Aunt Rose, who was not the high pressure type at all, won it. Mother commented that Aunt Rose was like Grandpa had been—helpful and accommodating to customers—and that both had customers who came back year after year to be served by them.

After Aunt Rose's son Clarence came home from the war (he was an ambulance driver in the army) there seemed to be a period in which he was frequently unemployed. Finally he got a job in the advertising department of one of the local newspapers and settled into being a more or less solid citizen. In the early or mid-nineteen twenties he married a girl named Frances Jesse whose father's people were French Canadian. She was tall and slim with dark hair. She was a secretary to an executive at L. C. Smith Typewriter Co. (later Smith-Corona) and apparently very good. Her family were somewhat concerned about the marriage at first because of confusion over Clarence's name. He did not like his first and middle names and decided he would rather be Charles Raymond. Frances called him "Chuck" because when she met him he was going by the name of Charles and his friends called him Chuck. At the time Clarence and Frances were married my grandmother and aunts were living in a two-family house on Ostrander Avenue. At some point Clarence and Frances moved into the upstairs apartment. When Grandma sold the Ostrander Avenue house and bought a one-family house on Fillmore Avenue Clarence and Frances moved there, too.

My Grandmother died in the summer of 1931 shortly before or after her 86th birthday. In September Clarence's and Frances' only child was born, a girl they named Jeanne Rose. Clarence was killed in an auto accident in 1943. Frances, Jeanne, and Aunt Rose continued to live together on Fillmore Avenue until after Jeanne was married. Then Frances sold the house and moved to an apartment. Aunt Rose found a room in the neighborhood where she lived until she died in the 1950's. My father offered Aunt Rose a home in Greene but Aunt Rose decided to stay in Syracuse. Dad was a little amused because Aunt Rose seemed to think it wouldn't be proper for her to live with Dad. They were both in their 80's then. Aunt Rose did visit Dad in Greene, though, several times after Mother died. Aunt Rose had lived all her life in Syracuse, and while she thought Greene a "nice place to visit" she probably didn't want to live there.

Clarence was big, blonde, and blue-eyed. Jeanne resembled him in general. She was about nine years old the last time I saw her. It was also the last time I saw Clarence and Aunt Louise. I was visiting Mother and Dad in Norwich, and my aunts, Clarence, Frances and Jeanne came down to spend a Sunday. Tony was then about nine months old.

Jeanne married a lawyer named Murray Dunne, and the last I heard, she had several children and still lived in Syracuse. Her oldest child, a boy, was born before Aunt Rose died.

My mother, Jessie Elizabeth, born January 22, 1881, was the youngest child in the family. She felt that her parents and older siblings (especially the sisters) were always curbing her, and that she was continually under disapproval. She was probably livelier than the others and more adventurous. Her sisters sewed and did embroidery and other "fancy work." Mother never learned to sew, really, and while she did do embroidery and crocheting she was not so dedicated to needlework as were her sisters. Mother was restless and rebellious of routine and sit-down tasks. Uncle Ed played violin and Aunt Rose played piano some, but Mother was the musician of the family. She played piano well and was a very good sight reader. She wanted to quit high school and take music at the university music school, but her father insisted that she finish high school. It took her five years—she wasn't stupid, just bored, resentful of her father, and busy having a good time. I found several cop-

ies of her high school paper in Greene. She made the honor roll the last term before graduation. Her father wanted her to go to the university then, but she wouldn't go because he had not let her go to the music school earlier. She was also engaged, I think, and expected to be married fairly soon. Later, she was sorry, I think, that she hadn't gone to the university.

During her high school years she dated a classmate named Arthur Trussel, and they were engaged for a long time. He went to the university and studied architecture. I asked her once why she didn't marry him and she said neither of them wanted to take responsibility.<sup>9</sup> Mother graduated from high school in 1900. In 1901 my father moved to Syracuse and I think met Mother fairly soon because Dad's cousin, Will Coye, was a good friend of Art Trussel's. Dad was therefore drawn into the group of young people who were my mother's friends. Aunt Mary and Grandma Williams once said they asked my father about girls he had met in Syracuse on his first trip home. He replied that Art Trussel's girl was pretty nice. Apparently he was impressed by Mother from the first.

Mother had a job as a file clerk or office girl between high school and marriage. She did not type nor take dictation. Her pay was two dollars a week, later three dollars, amounts which now seem incredible. She lived with her parents and paid room and board from her small pay checks.

Mother was short and blue-eyed with a lot of blonde hair. I have heard that when she was young her hair was long enough that she could sit on it. In those days, a woman's hair was judged by how long and thickly it grew, so Mother's hair was generally admired. I remember it being worn piled on top of her head in intricate coils resembling the appearance of half a walnut meat. She had been quite popular as a girl, both with girls and boys apparently. When we lived in the Syracuse area there was a wide circle of friends most of whom Mother had known all of her life.

Mother and Dad were married in her pastor's study attended by Carrie June and Emmet Tracy who later married. Mother had been confirmed in the English Lutheran Church of which Rev. Jeremiah Zimmerman was pastor for many, many years. I have an autographed copy of a book he wrote about his travels in Spain. Rev. Zimmerman was a graduate of Gettysburg University. Some years ago I saw a

small newspaper item about someone who had delivered a "Jeremiah Zimmerman lecture" at Gettysburg University.

Mother's wedding dress, only the material of which I ever saw, was gray wool trimmed with lavender velvet piping. I assume Aunt Louise made the dress. With it she wore a lavender beaver hat. After the ceremony Mother and Dad went to New York City for a short honeymoon. Among the archives is a picture of Mother standing on a corner with the Flatiron Building in the background.

During my childhood it was the custom for housewives to "spend the day" with a friend or relative. One of the women Mother spent the day with, taking us along, was Johanna Mulhauser. Johanna was my mother's first cousin, the daughter of my grandmother's brother Rob. Johanna lived in a square two-story house on the north side of Syracuse. She had a husband and a son, neither of which do I remember seeing. One was named Ed but whether son or husband I don't remember now. Johanna was a pleasant cheerful woman, older than Mother, and I liked going to her house. She had a parlor with a music box in a corner and I was allowed to play with that. Johanna also had a large tiger cat similar to my grandmother's only bigger. At home we had a black and white Angora cat named Stieffel.

My mother had quite a lot of relatives in Syracuse but Johanna is the only one we saw often. My grandmother's oldest sister, Elizabeth, married a man named Gersbacher and they had many children. The eldest daughter, Lizzie, married a man named Henry Blum. Their eldest daughter, Edna, was born about the same time that Elizabeth Gersbacher's youngest child, Rena, was born. So Rena Gersbacher and Edna Blum, aunt and niece, grew up together and were very close friends. I suppose I saw Edna Blum at some time but I remember only the youngest Blum child, a girl named Carol, who was a few years older than I. There was a boy, Carl, who was the middle child. I have a very, very dim recollection of being at their house once. The chief thing I remember about the Blums is that their Christmas tree caught fire once from the candles on it. Among our Christmas tree trimmings were candleholders that could be clipped on branches, but they were never used. After graduating from Syracuse University, Carol Blum worked in one of the Syracuse branch libraries and I went there once or twice to see her when I was visiting in Syracuse during high school years. She was an attractive golden haired girl.

Elizabeth Gersbacher's two youngest children were girls, Rose and Rena. The only time I saw Rose was at my grandmother's funeral. She was a sprightly little woman, about the size of Mother and Aunt Rose. She had been excommunicated because she got a divorce and remarried. Her husband was a dentist in Albany, Dr. Pohlmann. While I was in high school there were several visits with Rena Gersbacher Young and her husband. I have forgotten his first name. They lived in an apartment in Syracuse where he was manager of the local Bond Baking Company plant. He took us through the plant once. They had no children.

Grandma's other sister married someone named Greiss or Greist and had several children but not so many as Elizabeth Gersbacher did. I think they lived in Syracuse but I never saw any of them. Nor did I ever see any of the family of my mother's uncle who lived near Rome, N. Y. Mother had visited them when she was of high school age or in her twenties.

There were Hauck relatives in Syracuse but the only time I saw any of them was the time Jary and I had called on Jake, Katy, and Jessie Hauck who lived next door to the Ryans. I am unclear as to whether they were children or grandchildren of Grandpa's older brother.

Mother once commented that she was amazed when first married at how much the Williams family "cousined it." Her family seldom saw any of their relatives even though most of them lived in the same city.

#### Paternal Relatives

By far the most exciting events of my childhood were the visits to Greene. Getting there itself was a delightful experience, because it meant a ride on the train. I can remember my father carefully folding his coat for me to sit on so I could see out the window. There was usually a sandwich and cookie lunch to eat on the way, and the luxury of chewing gum which I must be careful not to swallow but put in a paper bag when tired of chewing. The train made a different sound when it went over bridges; I especially remember winter trips through snow-covered countryside with dark rivers flowing through. Upon arrival in Greene we were met by Aunt Mary and a horse drawn cab. Passengers rode inside and the suitcases were piled on top. Passengers would be let out en route and eventually we would get to the

house on South Chenango Street, with Grandma Williams waiting at the door. I don't remember Grandpa Williams welcoming us, but I remember his reading to me and giving me penny dolls, and also rides with him in the carriage pulled by his horse, Penelope. Mother looked down on Greene as being backward and countrified, but to me it was far more interesting than Syracuse.

There always seemed to be a lot doing in Greene—walks uptown to post office, stores and library (I was intrigued that in Syracuse one went "downtown" to shop while in Greene one went "uptown" for the same purpose). There were usually many callers at the house and visits to family friends. (I learned not to stand up in a rocking chair at Lizzie Lyon's; the thing tipped and I fell among the fireplace tools, cutting my face pretty close to an eye.) In addition, my grandparents' neighborhood teemed with children—Ruth and John Skinner, the Wheeler children across the street, Alice Powers, Louise Eaton. It seemed like one continuous party in Greene! The atmosphere was gayer than at the Hauck menage. There was a big wax doll of Aunt Mary's I could play with and a funny little red cart, and a delightful Beatrix Potter book, *Tale of Jemima Puddleduck*.

My Grandfather Williams was born in Norwich, Connecticut, one of a pair of twins born to Rufus O. Williams and Jane Maria Burr. His father was a Universalist minister, later a homeopathic physician. In my grandfather's childhood they lived in various New England towns—he attended Philips-Exeter as a day student when the family lived in Exeter, N. H. He had an older sister Caroline, and a younger sister, Jeanne (always called Jennie) in addition to his twin sister, Louise. A boy had died at age two some years before my grandfather was born. The boy who died had been named George Burr; Grandpa was George Orland, and was always called Orland.

Eventually my grandfather's family moved into New York State, partly at the urging of Grandpa's maternal grandfather, William G. Burr, who lived in Cazenovia. Aunt Jennie said that great-grandfather debated whether to move to Upper Lisle or to Owego, N. Y. He chose Upper Lisle which never grew. Aunt Jennie indicated that Owego might have been a better choice. By the time they moved to Upper Lisle Grandpa was in his late teens. Grandpa was drafted during the Civil War, but his mother, who had lost one son, paid a fee to release Grandpa from the draft.

Later, Grandpa tried to get in the Navy, but as he was slightly cross-eyed, he was turned down.

Grandpa tried his hand at school teaching at one point. Grandma was one of his students. I do not know how long he did this, but I judge not very long. Then he studied medicine, graduating from Albany Medical School.<sup>10</sup> I do not know how soon after graduation he and Grandmother were married, but they set up house-keeping in Smithville Flats, chiefly because it was not far from Upper Lisle (though the roads over the hills between must have been terrible).

Julia Ann Crandall was born in North Pitcher, N. Y., the eldest daughter and second child of Welch Crandall and Mary Marcella Smith. North Pitcher is in the northwest part of Chenango County about twenty miles up the Otselic River valley from Upper Lisle. Welch Crandall was born in Goshen, Conn., and as a young man had been a drover. In the early 1800's there were many New England families that migrated into this part of New York State. Mary Marcella Smith had been born in North Pitcher but both of her parents had been born in Connecticut, her father Isaac Smith in Huntington and her mother, Mary Catlin, in Litchfield. Welch Crandall's youngest brother was born in Polkville, a hamlet near Norwich (and one viewed with disdain by me and my high school contemporaries). Whether Welch Crandall preceded the rest of his family into Chenango County or came with them, I do not know, but he had been in the area as a drover before he moved there. When my grandmother was quite young her father had gone to California in the gold rush. Two of his brothers had preceded him to California and neither came back. His brother Dwight was lost at sea along with his wife and children soon after sailing from San Francisco to Oregon or Washington. The youngest boy of the family, Giles, stayed in California, where his descendants presumably still live. There are pictures which were taken in Greene when he visited my grandparents in the early 1900's. He was a distinguished looking gentleman with a white Van Dyke beard.

Welch Crandall was gone about a year, and broke even on the adventure. He clerked at a store at Sutter's Mill, was robbed on the return trip. My grandmother said she remembered his return and the gold dust or gold nuggets he had managed to get home with.<sup>11</sup>

Grandma's older brother, Isaac Orson, died before he was ten. She told me that he hated dolls. Someone had given her a rag doll with a wooden neck connecting body and head. One day her brother took Grandma's doll outdoors to the place where they chopped wood and chopped off her doll's head at the wooden neck. Grandma had four younger brothers, Dwight, Sidney, Silas, and Andrew, and a sister Nellie (Cornelia).

Grandma's maternal grandfather, Isaac Smith, was an early settler in the Otse-lic valley and was fairly affluent. He is quoted as saying, "I was bound out to a farmer when I was nine years old and was never a burden to my parents after that." My father said he was almost illiterate, but he was smart enough to marry a literate woman, Mary Catlin, and to invest wisely enough to become wealthy for that place and time. There were several branches of the Smith family in the Otselic Valley, and also of the Crandall family. Isaac Smith once endorsed a note for an uncle; shortly thereafter the uncle went off to Texas, it is thought, with a woman, leaving a wife and several children behind, and Isaac Smith with a note to pay. Isaac Smith never again endorsed a note.

Grandma grew up on farms in the North Pitcher area. Later her parents moved to a farm a few miles outside Upper Lisle, and the family became acquainted with the Williams family. During the Civil War she was sent to live with a great uncle and aunt in New Haven and attended a school for young ladies. The uncle was a cattle dealer and lived in an area east of downtown New Haven. In 1936-38 the area had many big old houses and seemed to be inhabited with Italians.

Grandma and Grandpa lived in Smithville Flats the first few years of their marriage. The first two children, Frank and Mary, were born there. Then they decided that Smithville Flats didn't offer much promise and they moved to Greene in 1872, buying the house on South Chenango Street.

The house on South Chenango Street was about twenty-five years old when they bought it, and had been assembled by moving two smaller houses to the lot and joining them. One of the previous owners had been Lydia Mohawk, an Indian woman, and the wife of Dr. Allen Mohawk. There is a historical marker in front of the house next door, designating it as the girlhood home of Go-won-Go, the Indian

"Princess" who performed in Buffalo Bill shows. She was the daughter of Dr. Mohawk and lived in both houses as a girl.

The house was remodeled several times during the years the Williams family owned it. It was a one-family house until after my grandmother died. I have seen an early photograph of it at a time when it looked much like the Ingraham house next door—a two story house with a one story section at right angles to the two story part. The present front porch was added during one of the major remodelings. Before my grandfather died there was a small bedroom just inside the front entrance, and off a square room that served as a reception room. The small bedroom was my grandparents' room. To the left was the living room with fireplace. A wide doorway opposite the front entrance led to the dining room and back of the dining room was the kitchen and shed. I was intrigued that the kitchen floor was level in one place and sloped in another. A door near the back of the reception room and a swinging door from the dining room led to a hallway from which rose the winding stairs to the second floor and another hall to the bathroom. There was a narrow back porch outside the hall to the bathroom. Upstairs there were three bedrooms plus the little room at the turn of the stairs and a long store room under the eaves.

After my grandfather died the partition between the downstairs bedroom and the reception room was removed and the enlarged room became the livingroom, and former livingroom became Grandma's and Aunt Mary's bedroom.

There was a barn in the back yard where Grandpa's horse and carriage were kept. The back yard extended to Canal Street. My grandmother told me that when they moved into the house the Chenango Canal was still in use, though in decline. After the canal was abandoned and filled in owners of abutting property could buy the filled land. This my grandparents did.

After Grandma died Aunt Mary converted the house to a two-family by building a two-story addition containing a kitchen and a bedroom above. This addition was built where the narrow back porch had been. Off the new kitchen she built a very small back porch which my parents replaced with a larger glassed porch when they moved to Greene. Aunt Mary sold the Canal Street lot and the barn to Will

Drachler. He moved the barn to the lot and added to it for a house for his family. A two-car garage was built to replace the barn.

My Grandmother Williams was a year younger than Grandma Hauck. They were almost the same size and coloring. Both were blonde and blue-eyed, though I have heard that Grandma Williams' hair had been sandy when she was young. It was snow white by the time I knew her. She was abrupt of speech and impressed me as being rather stern. I was a little afraid of her. She was frailer than Grandma Hauck and did far less of the housework. She did quite a bit of sewing and knitting, while Aunt Mary did most of the cooking and cleaning. There had been "hired girls" to help at various times when my father was young. Grandma's hands shook though not as bad as Uncle Silas', and Mother said Grandma insisted upon pouring tea or coffee at meals and passing the filled cups which rattled on the saucers. Mother was afraid a cup would not make it to the next person. My Aunt Mary had the same trembling of the hands, though not very bad. I seem to have it, too.

Grandma was interested in flowers and the back yard in Greene was usually a riot of color with lots of roses. When we lived in Terre Haute my father gave me some Dr. Van Vliet and Baltimore Belle bushes which had been started from bushes in the yard at Greene. I think Dad said his mother had got the Baltimore Belle from her mother's yard. I remember especially foxgloves beside a neighbor's barn, and the lemon aroma of fraxinella. I have never been able to grow either. Once when I was at Greene I saw a stack of dried plants all carefully fixed to large sheets of pasteboard and labeled. I guess this was my grandmother's herbarium and I have no idea what became of it. Ben Caton told me he used to drive my grandparents to the country where Grandma collected wild flowers for pressing. Grandma died in 1923 when I was eleven. She had been more or less an invalid for several years.

I was pretty young—not quite four years old—when Grandpa Williams died so memories are pretty vague. He used to read to me and give me penny dolls—little china dolls with movable arms and glued-on hair, about one and a half inches tall. I can remember riding in the carriage between him and George and their letting me hold the reins (probably only the loose ends). Grandpa's horse was named Penelope and because I thought the name sounded like a horse trotting, I assumed

Penelope was a horse's name like "Fido" for a dog or "Kitty" for a cat. I was quite surprised at about age ten or more to discover human females had been named "Penelope." Once when we were packing to go home Grandpa came to our room and gave me a silver spoon decorated with cherubs and bells, and "Happy New Year." On the back are his initials and the date, Apr. 14, '93. As I remember Grandpa was always cheerful and happy.

He was something of a community leader. One time when I was in the Greene library I came across a group photograph on a back wall. My grandfather was in the picture as chairman of the library trustees.

Grandpa and Grandma's first child was Frank Hastings, born in Smithville Flats about 1869. He couldn't have been much over three when the family moved to Greene. I am under the impression that as a young man he lived for a while in Chicago with or near Uncle Silas and Aunt Mary Crandall. He was considered very bright by the family. He and my father ran a bicycle shop for about six years. He married a Greene girl, Jane Juliand, and they had one son George Orland II. A house on the other side of Chenango Street and near the south edge of the village was pointed out to me as Uncle Frank's house. According to the *Annals of the Town of Greene* he was president of the village in 1904. That must have been shortly after Dad and Uncle Frank gave up the bicycle shop. Uncle Frank and Aunt Jane moved to Brownsville, Texas, in 1907, and they lived there until he died in 1930. At one time Uncle Frank was city engineer of Brownsville; later he and Aunt Jane had a radio store. Aunt Jane returned to Greene some time after 1943 and lived with her sister in the old Juliand house on the east hill next to the cemetery.

I saw them only twice. They made a trip east while we were still living in Syracuse. They spent several days with us along with Grandma Williams and Aunt Mary. They had a white tent which they pitched in the back yard and they slept there instead of in the house. When they left, I went to Greene with them and spent several days there before Mother and Dad and Jane came down on the train. (Uncle Frank had a touring car in which he and Aunt Jane had come from Texas.) I was rather afraid of Uncle Frank; he would suddenly swoop down upon me, roll me up in a rug, and call me his papoose. I know now he was only trying to entertain me, but the experience was frightening. I have little recollection of Aunt Jane.



They came to Greene again in the summer of 1930, bringing with them their first grandchild, four-year-old Frank Orland Williams. I saw them only a couple of times on that trip, once at our house and once at the old Juliand house in Greene. There was little correspondence between Dad and Uncle Frank and what we knew about them came largely from Grandma and Aunt Mary. Mother and Aunt Jane did not get along very well, or at least Mother resented some things Aunt Jane had said or done. There was difficulty over the settling of Aunt Mary's estate, especially after Uncle Frank died about a year after Aunt Mary did. Uncle Frank apparently dominated Dad until Dad went to Syracuse. Dad once commented to me that his brother seemed to look upon him as his slave. When Dad had been in Syracuse a year or so, Uncle Frank tried to get him to go to Texas and was annoyed that Dad chose to stay in Syracuse.

My cousin George was about ten when they moved to Texas. At age sixteen or seventeen he entered Syracuse University where he majored in geology and graduated in three years. I do not know how long he lived with us, but after he had other housing he was a frequent visitor and I adored him. He was apparently shy and reserved and sought little social life. At Syracuse he acquired the nickname "Skipper" and was generally called that the rest of his life. He probably spent most vacations, except for the summer ones, in Greene. I've heard that he and Grandpa were very close. One of the upstairs bedrooms in Greene was referred to as "George's room."

When my grandfather died I was sent to Grandma Hauck's while my parents went to Greene. A few days later, George took me to Greene on the train. I remember George coming to Grandma Hauck's to get me, and my grandmother giving me a small bag of cookies to eat on the way, and George picking cookie crumbs from my coat front after I had eaten the cookies. I thought the trip a great lark, but years later Aunt Mary told me George's account of the trip and it must have been an ordeal for him. He said I kept wanting drinks of water until he began to worry about how much I could hold—as he couldn't take me to the men's room and I was too young to go to the women's room alone. The worst, however, was that I stood up on the seat, shouting, "Kiss me, George, kiss me." I have always been sorry there was never an opportunity to make amends to George.

After George graduated from Syracuse he spent several years in Montana as a prospector. He married a Colorado girl, Irene Reddert, in 1924, and eventually settled in Oklahoma City where he lived the rest of his life, working as an oil prospector with his own business. He died in 1967. He called on us once in Terre Haute and we were struck by how much he looked like my father.

George and Irene had two boys, Frank Orland and Fred George. Frank was born about 1926, served in the army in Japan after the end of World War II, then graduated from the University of Michigan. He married a girl from Connecticut and has a son George Orland III. (Dad sent the baby the engraved silver watch that the Smithville Flats volunteer fire department had given to George Orland I. Frank Williams wrote Dad a very nice letter and seemed glad to have the memento.)

Fred George Williams, like his father, is an oil geologist and a graduate of Syracuse University. He is married and has a daughter; he was living in Vernal, Utah in 1967.

My grandparents' second child, Mary Louise, was born August 18, 1871. She was blonde and blue-eyed (blonde as a girl; I remember only brown or grayish hair), somewhat taller than my mother. She and my father had a resemblance, and several people in Greene have commented that I look like her. (My mother's people thought I looked like her.) Aunt Mary had shown talent for drawing and painting; she had been sent to art schools in Chicago, Boston, and New York, where she lived with relatives—with Uncle Silas and Aunt Mary in New York and Chicago, with Great Aunt Louise DeLong in Medford. She never married though she had been engaged at one time, and had many admirers.

After her art school studies she returned to Greene and lived with her parents, painting and conducting a few art classes. She was very good company—witty and fun. She was an excellent cook, sewed well (the clothes she made us usually had something of a flair), played the piano some, and played a good game of bridge—at least, she always seemed to have a new prize to exhibit when we went to visit her. She thought Greene the very best community on earth, and she was a devoted member of the First Congregational Church there. She liked boys. At one time she taught a Sunday School class of boys and enjoyed it greatly.

She worked for the village for awhile as village clerk or in the village-owned public utility. One year she was in charge of part of the annual Labor Day picnic (this was the first one I remember attending; all I remember is a hose fight on Genesee Street). She had been a founder of the Girls' Saturday Night Club and of the Current Topics Club, both of which organizations still exist in Greene though the former has dwindled as the members die off. At the time Saturday Night Club was started the young men of Greene had something they did every Saturday night, like bowling or pool, so the girls formed the club to have something to do. The organization just kept on meeting. I remember going to a picnic they had one summer I was visiting Aunt Mary.

Everyone in Greene knew Mary Williams and she had hosts of friends. The neighborhood children called her "Miss Mary." I remember that she usually hummed a tune as we walked along the street—if she was not talking. She was a great story-teller.

From age eleven on, I was often a visitor at her place, especially after we moved to Norwich which is only twenty miles from Greene. It is from her I heard many of the stories of Uncle Frank and Dad when they were boys.

Once when she and Uncle Frank were quite young Frank came home from Sunday School and announced that it was all right for him to call her a fool but she must not call him one. He had learned that the Bible says that to call one's brother a fool is to be in danger of Hell fire. Aunt Mary felt understandably aggrieved and that there is no justice in the world!

Dad and Uncle Frank shared the little room at the turn of the stairs. (I have never been able to see how two beds could have been put in that cubbyhole, or even one double bed.) One time Uncle Frank had a bean shooter, and after the boys had been sent to bed, Uncle Frank began shooting beans toward the house next door. Some beans hit the roof, whereupon the neighbor, John Smith, appeared at the Williams residence to complain that the boys were shooting BB's at his house.

Another time Uncle Frank rigged a rope lasso which he laid on the ground near the Smith backyard. He placed some corn kernels inside the rope circle. When John Smith's chickens walked into the circle to get the corn, Uncle Frank pulled his

noose and captured a chicken. This brought forth another visit of John Smith in complaint.

It would seem that Mr. Smith (Dad always referred to him as "Scrubby John Smith") was often in disapproval of the Williamses. Grandpa and Charles Gray (father of Charlie Gray who lived next door to Mother and Dad) were the first in Greene to purchase a rotary lawnmower. Before that people's yards were fenced and they either cut the grass with a scythe or allowed their horses and cows to graze. John Smith disapproved of these newfangled lawnmowers because he said they wasted grass that otherwise could feed livestock. John Smith had principles to which he stuck. There was a poll tax in Greene when my father was a boy—either one dollar in cash a year or a day's work on the town roads. John Smith did his yearly road work for he disapproved of the cash payment. Grandpa chose to pay the cash rather than do the roadwork, thus earning more of John Smith's disapproval. He had a daughter, Laura, who later lived in the old ladies' home in Norwich. I can remember calling on her one time with my parents. She provided an affidavit when my father had to provide proof of birth one time.

Aunt Mary spent the winter of 1926-27 in Brownsville with Aunt Jane and Uncle Frank. She did some work for an architect, rendering draftsman's facades into watercolor perspective. I guess she could have had a steady job there and Uncle Frank thought her foolish to return to Greene where her income was rather sporadic. Aunt Mary, however, was homesick for Greene and returned. She spent the winter of 1928-29 in New York and Boston, visiting friends and relatives.

Great Aunt Louise was ill and her daughter Florence was crippled with arthritis, so Aunt Mary was really taking care of them, I guess. She returned to Greene in the spring. In the fall she went on a southern trip with some friends. A few weeks after her return she became ill and quite suddenly died. After her death a report from the state laboratory came back and indicated that she had had paratyphoid, a somewhat rare and hard-to-diagnose form of typhoid.

When Aunt Mary died, I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of the world. I was very fond of her. While at times it seemed as I could never please my parents, Aunt Mary acted as if she thought me pretty much all right as I was. I wanted to please her so the slightest hint of what was proper behavior made me strive for im-

provement. It was always a great treat to spend a weekend or part of my summer vacation with her.

My father was born June 17, 1874, the youngest child of my grandparents, and the only one born in Greene. When Uncle Frank was born my grandmother told a friend of hers, a maiden lady, that she could name the next baby. Aunt Mary, though, was born on Grandma's mother's birthday. Grandma reneged on her promise in order to name her daughter after her mother. Thus it was, that Grandma's promise to her friend was kept when Dad was born. Within a few days of Dad's birth my grandmother's friend plus another woman came over from Smithville Flats to name the new baby. The ladies looked at the new baby and Grandma's friend said she would like to name him Raymond. When Grandma asked about a middle name, the friend turned to the other lady who suggested Leslie. So that is how Dad got his name. Dad thought Leslie might have been suggested because of the popularity of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* at the time. It always seemed odd to me that my strong-minded grandmother would let someone else name her child. Perhaps it was the custom of the time.

There is a saying in Greene, "Frank belongs to his mother, Mary belongs to her father, and Ray belongs to the neighbors." I don't think this meant that his parents neglected him, merely that he was popular with the neighbors.

My father was short and stocky with black hair, light blue eyes, fair skin, and a Roman nose. He was extremely even-tempered and curious about everything except, perhaps, music (he liked military bands) and art. It seems strange that he never went to college. I asked him once why he had not gone beyond high school. He said that at the time he was finishing school only boys going into the ministry or law went to college. Since he wasn't interested in either it did not occur to him to go to college. He said, though, that Fred Skinner once suggested that they go to Cornell and enter the engineering college. Neither of them, however, did anything about it. The Williams family was far from affluent, but I have always felt that had he expressed a wish to go to college, the money would have been found somehow. He would have enjoyed a career of research at an agricultural experiment station. Mother commented once, "The Williamses think Frank is so brilliant, but your father is bright, too." Perhaps because he was of a quiet and unaggressive nature his

parents just never thought of pushing him toward a career requiring higher education.

He graduated from high school in 1892. I am not sure what he did between graduation and leaving for Syracuse in 1905, other than the six years he and Uncle Frank had a bicycle shop. I have never heard how successful the shop was but I suppose if it had been a great success they would have continued in the business. Dad taught himself typing and shorthand at some point. When he went to Syracuse he started work for the Monarch Typewriter Company, of which his uncle, Silas Crandall, was the top executive in Syracuse. (Will Coye, Dad's cousin from North Pitcher, worked for the L. C. Smith Typewriter Company. L. C. Smith was a distant cousin of my grandmother's.) Dad was working for Monarch at the time of my earliest memories, but Uncle Silas had retired. The Monarch company was taken over by Remington and the Syracuse plant closed. For awhile Dad worked for Remington in Ilion, coming home weekends. I can very dimly remember going there with Mother on the trolley and staying for several days where the three of us lived in one room. I don't know how long this lasted, but Dad gave up his job and returned to Syracuse. Then he and a friend, Byron Fellows, who lived a few blocks from us (on Fellows Ave.) formed a real estate company, and Dad sold real estate for awhile. It was during this period we had a Model T car. I remember being at Nhare's with Mother, and Dad coming for us in the car—the car minus its top. Dad had had an accident that day; the car had rolled over damaging the cloth top. Eventually the real estate venture folded up, and Dad went to work for a piano company—Amphion. What I remember about this period is that Dad brought home interesting pieces of scrap wood for me to use as building blocks—several of them had mahogany type finish and some had decorative turnings. This job, too, did not last long—the company folded—and then Dad went to work for New Process Gear Company. Here he was closely associated with Mr. Grannis who eventually became manager of the Syracuse plant and Dad rose in the company as Mr. Grannis did. In 1924 there was a corporate upheaval and Dad lost his job. He had been "employment manager" for three years. Mr. Grannis was ousted a few years later. It was during those three years we lived in Liverpool and I would say they were the most prosperous period of my youth. Dad lost his job in late summer, and in the fall we made

the trip to Florida. While in Florida Dad worked for a lumber company during the time we lived in Daytona Beach. He may have sold a little real estate during the two or three months we stayed in Clermont. This was during the big Florida real estate boom. Mother said once that the Florida adventure used up all the money Dad inherited from Grandma.

When we returned to Liverpool Dad set about job hunting. Emmet Tracy, by then, was superintendent of buildings and grounds at Syracuse University and offered Dad a job as chief assistant. Dad was not exactly enthusiastic about the job but nothing else seemed to be in view. Suddenly he got a call from his old boyhood chum, Frank Ireland, and we made a trip to Norwich one spring Sunday. As soon as we got started for home Dad said to Mother, "I start work Wednesday." Salary at Ireland Machine and Foundry was considerably below that at New Process and the company was in precarious shape when Dad went to it. Frank's father, A. B. Ireland, was in charge of the foundry, Frank supervised the machine shop, and Dad handled the office. Office staff consisted of Dad, a bookkeeper, and a part time secretary. The headaches were many and monetary rewards few, but I think Dad enjoyed the job, more or less. Things had improved for the company a bit when the depression came in 1929. Then it was back to nip and tuck again, trying to stay in business. The foundry got into some war contracts, and was making larger profits when about 1942 Frank, who had succeeded his father as president, suddenly died. Frank's wife, who had become vice-president after A. B. Ireland died, felt she could not keep the business going and sold it to Bennet Heater Company next door to the foundry. Bennet heater kept Dad on until all the details of transfer were completed, then let Dad go. He was 69 years old at the time, and showing signs of nervousness, quite unusual for him.

Dad seemed to enjoy retirement. Now there was time to pursue his assorted hobbies and interests. There were daily sunspot observations for many years; he was proud to receive a certificate from the Society of Variable Star Observers for the accuracy of his observations. He made weather observations for years, writing them down each day until the day before his death. For some time after he retired he worked pretty steadily on his "invention," a home garden seeder. He was never able to perfect a mechanism for distributing seeds of varying size.

He and Mother moved to Greene in the fall of 1943. They redecorated Aunt Mary's apartment and built the back porch the first year they were there. They had a good size garden and rented a frozen food locker uptown. Mother never really liked living in Greene or in a two-family, but they felt they could not live on their retirement income in Norwich. They had a fairly full social life the first few years in Greene. Unfortunately, one by one their friends died or became too infirm for social activity.

I associate my father with the things he did. There were always projects going—garden in summer, carpentry and cabinet-making in winter or clock repair. Once he made a clock which ran on sidereal time. I think Jane has it. He had two cameras—one of professional size—and he did his own developing and printing when I was young. He sold the big camera when we moved to Liverpool. In the mid-twenties he built a radio. (Mother used to be annoyed when he stayed up late to hear broadcasts from far away places like Chicago and Omaha; reception on the earphones was pretty crackly.) When I was in fifth grade Marian Platner Ryan and I were the only members of the class whose families had a radio. The Platners' radio had been built by the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Anthony. He had been a classmate at Syracuse of my cousin George, and used to come to see Dad from time to time. Liverpool was the only place we lived that I remember my parents attending church with any regularity. This was probably because he liked Mr. Anthony.

Dad had other interests—history, Indian artifacts, fishing, genealogy. We often had Sunday picnics at fishing spots, some on rough, narrow dirt roads. Sometimes we visited historic spots in central or eastern New York, scenes of Indian battles or Revolutionary War skirmishes. Other times we went "hunting ancestors," visiting old graveyards or calling on old people who might remember something. One man in North Pitcher told Dad that Welch Crandall could sneeze louder than anyone else he had known.

When Dad worked for "the typewriter" he had dealings with an Arab who was ordering typewriters with Arabic symbols. This contact stirred Dad's interest in the derivation of written symbols. After Mother died and he became increasingly sedentary, he began extensive study of the history of written symbols. He used to write us long dissertations on what he had learned.

His writing was hard to read. It was very small and pointed. He was left-handed but had taught himself to write right-handed. The writing was hard to read whichever hand he used.

When he was in Ilion he would include little drawings for me in the letters he wrote to Mother. I thought these were great. He would play with us for short periods only—he had too many other interests. Sometimes he would take me with him to his office on Saturday and let me use the typewriter. Usually each year, before Christmas, he would take Jane and me to the city to shop. Several times he took me with him when he went to the woods for chestnuts—before the chestnut trees were all dead. I enjoyed these outings greatly. He knew many plants and could point out edible things like wintergreen berries.

He was thoroughly honest and practiced all the Christian precepts though he seldom had anything to do with organized religion.

My grandmother's brother Silas was the only one of her siblings with whom I was familiar. As I mentioned earlier, when I was very young there was a vacant lot next door to us. One day I woke up to see men and horses excavating for a basement in the lot. Gradually a house was constructed. During the later stages the owners lived with us in the two upstairs bedrooms—Uncle Silas, Aunt Mary, Margaret, Bert, and Jack. They were familiar to me because we had often been to their former home, a second floor apartment, and they had often been to our house. Uncle Silas had held important executive posts in the Monarch Typewriter Company. They had lived in Chicago for something like 20 years where they had a house, coachman, and cook plus a 13-room "cottage" on Lake Michigan. Aunt Mary Crandall gave us a long oak table once, very sturdy, that their coachman had made. We always called it the "coachman's table" and had it in the kitchen at Norwich. Uncle Silas was transferred from Chicago to Syracuse to New York (or to New York and then to Syracuse) but was retired by the time I knew him. He was tall and rather commanding in appearance. I guess he had been successful as an executive, but at home Aunt Mary Crandall ran things. She was short and stocky and seldom smiled. She and Uncle Silas went to Florida winters. In summer they were often at their "cottage" in Lafayette, a few miles south of Syracuse. Actually, it was a good-sized house, and stood on part of a farm Uncle Silas owned in partnership with a Mr.

Scammel. Mr. Scammel farmed the acreage and lived in a big Victorian house on a road at right angles to the one the Crandall house faced.

We went to Lafayette many times to spend the day, and at least once stayed overnight. I remember two old square pianos in the livingroom and an hour glass. There were big hammocks on the side porch. I remember going to the barn behind the Scammel house to watch the milking. Before we had an auto we would take the trolley to the end of the line, then hire a jitney to take us the rest of the way. The road went through the Onondaga Indian Reservation, a wooded mysterious area with only one little hut visible from the road.

Margaret Crandall Carman was Uncle Silas and Aunt Mary's only child. She was about a year younger than Mother, a tall, large woman with dark hair. She had attended Arnold College (?) in New Haven and Syracuse University. She played both violin and piano, and did dressmaking. Her husband, Herbert Carman, worked for the telephone company. Bert came from New Jersey and his parents were Canadian. He was a quiet studious man. Margaret and Bert and my parents were very good friends and we saw them fairly frequently after we left the Syracuse area. Thanksgiving was usually spent with the Crandalls and Carmans at their house or ours.

Margaret and Bert had one child, John Crandall Carman, who was always called Jack. He was about three months older than I. As a young boy he was large for his age, with brown eyes and light brown hair. We were constant companions as long as we lived on the hill. We were frequently in trouble with our elders. Aunt Mary Crandall is quoted as saying, "Betty sets Jack up to things." I will admit that some of the things we did were my idea originally, but Jack usually carried them further than I planned and then we were both in disgrace. Two incidents in particular stand out—the time we got into the paint at Jack's house and the time we undressed on our front porch. Jack and his father had built a small house, and it was sitting on the workbench in the cellar. One of us suggested painting the house, and this we did, spilling turpentine and paint liberally, smearing quite a bit of the basement as well as ourselves and the little house. Margaret or Aunt Mary Crandall found us and the mess, and I was sent home forthwith. We were probably even younger at the undressing episode. Why we chose our front porch for the disrobing

I have no idea. Jack had removed all his clothes, but I was having difficulty with some buttons when my mother came to the front door. She bundled Jack into his clothes as quickly as she could and sent me indoors for the rest of the day. It was immediately obvious to Jack and me that one does not undress on the front porch! Later that evening I was sitting on the diningroom window seat and heard Mother and Margaret in the yard talking about the incident, and laughing because Mother, in her haste, had put Jack's clothes on him inside out or backwards. We did not get into paint again either.

Jack had toys I found very interesting—a small train with windup engine and a "Sandy-Andy." The latter had a little car which could be filled with sand whereupon it would run down a track and dump its load. These things were far more exciting than dolls of which I had many. Dolls just sat there and didn't do anything. There was a sandpile in Jack's yard and his father had made him a little derrick with which we could move small pails of sand from one place on the pile to another. Jack learned to do summersaults before I did; he could run faster and farther. Consequently I felt inferior much of the time. He did not cry much either. I was always falling and getting hurt. Jack made it clear that it was "sissy" to cry; to be "sissy" was just about the worst. Hence, I learned to keep from crying as much as possible.

Jack, however, seemed to think he had to have everything I did. Grandma Hauck gave me a blue and white parasol. Soon after, Jack had one just like it in pink and white (his favorite color was pink). Once Mother took us both with her when she called on Mrs. Fellows. The Fellows children, who were older than we, teased Jack unmercifully about the parasol. I felt a little sorry for him. This same afternoon they and other youngsters had an old quilt or blanket and suggested one of us get in and be tossed. Jack refused at first, so I got on the blanket and was tossed and found it fun. For once, I was braver than Jack.

After we moved away from the hill we continued to see the Carmans frequently. Jack and I always had a good time together. Jane, of course, played with us too when she got older.

He did not do well in school apparently. By the time I graduated from high school he had dropped behind his class and sometime after I went to Cornell he quit high school and left Syracuse.

Aunt Mary Crandall doted on Jack. Anything he wanted his grandmother would usually provide. This was especially evident after Uncle Silas died. She gave him a Model A Ford for his 18th birthday. (One had to be 18 to get a New York license then, unless you lived on a farm and had to take milk to a station; then you could get a junior license at 16.) This was during the depression, at a time when very few high school students had new cars of their own. He wrecked this car or did not like it, so his grandmother gave him another Ford. The same thing applied to this one (he wrecked one Ford, did not like the other, but I forget which). For Christmas she gave him a Chevrolet and I forget what happened to it. By his 19th birthday he had a maroon Auburn convertible. Having an Auburn in the spring of 1931 would be similar to having a Porsche sports car now. The weekend of his 19th birthday he and Aunt Mary Crandall visited us. They were on a little trip together. He took me for a ride on Saturday evening—top down. He demonstrated to me, with windshield down, how the car would do 90 miles an hour. This was on the road to North Norwich, and while not as curvy as some Chenango County roads, I was rather uneasy. My status, however, rose in Norwich High School after that weekend since I had been seen riding in an Auburn with a young man. This weekend was the last time I saw Jack and we were no longer as companionable. I thought him too fast and he thought me too slow I'm sure; we were both right, I think.

Jack had always been fascinated by airplanes and soon after I last saw him he took flying lessons and got a pilot's license. Whereupon his grandmother bought him a plane. He quit high school at some point and enrolled at a flying school in Denver for which one term's tuition had been paid. He set off for Denver in his plane and en route landed in Detroit for refueling. He decided Detroit was a nice place and stayed there, forfeiting the tuition his parents had paid to the Denver school. When I was home on vacation from Cornell I would hear about him. He did some barnstorming out of Detroit, later with a partner had an airplane repair service. At one point, the story went, he had his own plane, an Auburn sedan, and a mo-

torcycle, all provided by his grandmother, plus an allowance in addition to what he was earning. At his mother's request he went to night school in Detroit and finally got a high school diploma.

After he had been in Detroit a few years he married a girl named Barbara whose father had a Holland Furnace business. Later Jack gave up the airplane repair work and went to work for his father-in-law, continuing the business after Barbara's father died. He and Barbara had two children, Christianne about a year older than Tony, and Donald Herbert a little older than Keith. Jack developed heart trouble and died in December, 1967. I had hoped to look him up after we moved to Toledo.

Christianne Carman was an airline stewardess for a few years, married a pilot and was living in New Jersey in the early 1960's. She has at least one child. Donald Carman graduated from University of Michigan and the last I heard was a computer programmer in Washington, D.C. He married and has a child or two.

The past Christmas (1972) I did not get a Christmas card from Margaret Carman. She continued to live in the Westmoreland Ave. house after her mother and her husband died.

I saw Grandma's sister Nellie only once. Aunt Nellie had married a man named Gere and had one child, Mildred, who was retarded. Aunt Nellie lived in an old house in Brooklyn, Pa., a hamlet in the northeastern part of the state. Aunt Nellie's husband seems to have been a real heel. He got control of Aunt Nellie's inheritance, then left her to go live with two other women. Aunt Nellie was almost destitute. At the time I saw her I think she was living on village relief. Aunt Mary and Grandma were rather bitter that Uncle Silas, who was far more affluent than anyone else in the family, refused to help her. I think he had offered her a home if she would put Mildred in an institution. This Aunt Nellie refused to do. Aunt Mary and Grandma sent her clothing from time to time and a little money, too, I suppose.

She was a spry little old lady the one time I saw her and reminded me a great deal of Grandma. Mildred died very soon after Aunt Nellie did. The various pieces of silver marked "Nellie" were hers and I suppose she left them to Dad.

We saw Grandma's cousin Mary Smith Coye fairly often. Actually, she was a cousin of Grandma's on both the Crandall and Smith sides; they had been close

friends as girls. The Coyes lived in an old farmhouse in North Pitcher or on its edge. By the time I remember being at the Coye's there wasn't much farming being done. Mary's husband was very elderly. About once a year we would go to a big picnic there—the Carmans would usually be there plus Mary's daughter Lena and her family. Back of their house some distance was a ravine with a brook, and we usually hiked up the ravine, sometimes just the children, sometimes grownups, too. One time, I must have been thirteen or so, Jack, Jane, and I hiked barefoot in the brook. The stones were slippery and I kept falling down and got thoroughly soaked. I was wearing a khaki bloomer and middy blouse outfit. Had the farm been in Indiana, a state park might have been built around the ravine.

Grandpa's older sister Caroline married a man named Ben Gage. They lived in Upper Lisle and had several children. The only one I ever knew was Carrie, the youngest. I have the impression that the Gages were hard up much of the time. Both Caroline Gage and her husband died in their fifties and I think Carrie may have been brought up partly by her Williams grandparents. She married a farmer named Charles Youngs and lived in Marathon. They had one child, Doreen, who was seven or eight years older than I. Charles Youngs died when Doreen was a teenager. I never saw him, but we visited Carrie and Doreen once in Marathon. This was when we lived in Fayetteville. A few years after this Carrie married another farmer, Linnaeus West, who was a cousin of Carrie's first husband. He was a widower with several children, some grown up and married, when Carrie married him. His farm was on the edge of Union, now part of Endicott. The site of his farm is now called West Corners (maybe it has always been called that). We visited them several times, once while their place was still a working farm. They did not have electricity—only gas jets which I had not seen before. It was a lively place—several West grandchildren lived nearby and were in and out all the time. Later Linn divided his farm into building lots and they sold very well for awhile. Linn and Carrie came to visit us in Liverpool. They had a big seven-passenger Willys-Knight, and took us to a horse show at the state fairgrounds—box seats. We seldom had access to such fancy accommodations. Linn and Carrie were active in the Methodist Church and Odd Fellows. After we moved to Norwich we saw them several times a year either at our house or theirs. They were goodhearted, generous people.

Doreen went to Albany State College and after graduation taught in the Union-Endicott school system. Doreen lived with her mother and stepfather while she taught. After Linn West died Carrie sold the old farmhouse (it had been extensively remodeled and modernized after the farmland was sold off as lots), and she and Doreen bought a small house in Endicott. Carrie died in 1954 a few months after Mother did.

Doreen was an active Methodist, and after her mother died, spent summers working at various Methodist institutions. Once, at least, she worked at a home for retired missionaries at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. Two or more summers she worked at an orphanage in Alaska and there became acquainted with Rachel Yokel, a Deaconess from Salem Church in Evansville (and aunt of Jary's classmate, Steve Yokel). Doreen told me that there was an Esquimo boy at the orphanage she wanted to adopt. The authorities, however, opposed her doing so, probably because of her age. Doreen died in 1971.

I never saw Grandpa Williams' twin sister Louise. She married a clergyman, Henry DeLong, who was pastor for something like fifty years of a Unitarian Church in Medford, Massachusetts. They had two children, Florence and Harold. Florence was a spinster, perhaps had been a librarian, but I am not sure. I saw her twice—once when I was in high school and we were on a trip to Boston, and once while I was working in New Haven. She was badly crippled with arthritis, I think. She lived in a small apartment on the second floor of a house and I am under the impression that the landlady looked after her. All I remember about her is that she had gray hair, a thin face with hooked nose, rather reserved.

Harold DeLong was a marine architect, I think, and lived in Bath, Maine. He had two sons. The elder, Henry, had gone to Annapolis. The first time I saw Florence DeLong she showed us a picture of young Henry, then a student at Annapolis. I was amused that the family apparently called him "Sonny." He was quite handsome. I don't know anything about the younger son.

Grandpa's younger sister, Jeanne, visited us from time to time. Aunt Jennie was a large elderly woman when I knew her. She had never married; was a nice "genteel" lady but not trained for anything. Aunt Mary told me that when she was a girl it was drilled into her that she must "not be like Aunt Jennie," that she should

learn to do something well so could support herself. Aunt Jennie had been taught some painting, could sew a little. I don't think she had ever done much cooking. She was charming and pleasant to have around, and probably close to destitute. The house in Upper Lisle had been left to her, I think, and some of the furniture, but I do not remember her living there. I do remember going to the house once and she was there. It smelled very musty as if shut up for a long time. I remember a four poster bed so high that a stool was needed to climb onto it. After Aunt Jennie sold the house some of the furniture was at Aunt Mary's in Greene. The Grays next door bought a big old four poster bed. For some years there was a big old secretary in Aunt Mary's livingroom which Aunt Jennie eventually sold. Aunt Jennie just seemed to "live around," sometimes with us for a few weeks, sometimes with Aunt Mary, or Carrie, or Great Aunt Louise and Florence.

Mother used to worry that Aunt Jennie might fall while she was visiting us. She was quite a lot bigger and heavier than Mother. Aside from this worry Mother enjoyed Aunt Jennie's visits, She was always cheerful, and as Mother said, she had very little to be cheerful about. Eventually she lived permanently with Carrie and Linn West.

She had been named Jeanne because her mother had been reading a French novel during her pregnancy and the heroine's name was Jeanne. She was always called Jennie, however. Jeanne Marie was her full name. She told me once that when she was a girl Grandpa on one occasion had made her smoke a cigar. It made her quite ill but she dld not dare tell her parents why she was sick. At that time young ladies did not smoke at all.

### Jane

Probably the outstanding event of my childhood occurred June 26, 1917. In the early evening my father had gone off by himself in the car, which was a little unusual. Mother put me to bed as usual in the crib. Later that night I awoke to find myself in the double bed upstairs in "George's room." The rest of the night is a blur of reality and dream for I was awake several times. Sometimes my father was in bed with me, sometimes I was alone. There were lots of noises downstairs, including voices. Once I thought I heard a baby crying but I was sure that was a dream



because there were no babies in our house! Finally I awoke to daylight and a strange woman in white appeared in the door to tell me I had a baby sister and that I could name her (this last turned out untrue as I learned later). This woman (Mrs. Davis I learned later) took me downstairs, to see my mother in her bedroom. The room looked bare—the curtains were all pulled away from the windows. Mother smiled from the bed, I think, but did not say much. Then Mrs. Davis took me to the kitchen and held me up so I could see a baby in a laundry basket set on the gas plate (not in use obviously). Someone fixed breakfast for me but it was hard to eat because I had to keep running to look at the baby. I remember my father phoning Grandma Williams and Aunt Mary (the phone was on the window seat in the dining room) and this amazed me because I knew it was a long way to Greene. Another thing I puzzled over was that whenever the new baby was mentioned her weight was an important point to tell.

Soon after breakfast my father took me away from the fascinating creature in the basket and we went in the car to Grandma Hauck's. There I stayed quite a while—one week, two, three—I have no idea. While Grandma and my aunts took very good care of me and I had a good time, still I felt somewhat banished. Once or twice a week they would take me home to spend a few hours. On the first visit I learned that the baby's name was Jane and I had not even decided on a name yet! I would see Mother briefly (always in bed), then stand beside the basket. Jane was not really very interesting, I decided. She just slept and slept and if she did wake up she cried and the nurse came to get her.

While I was at Grandma Hauck's I was bitten by an insect on the forehead. This caused a great red swelling. My aunts and grandmother were very concerned about it, applying witch hazel and cold packs in an effort to reduce the swelling before the next visit to Mother. I suppose the thing itched or hurt at some point but all I remember is the consternation that Mother should see me with this great bump on my forehead. I don't remember Mother making any great fuss about it when I saw her, though years later she said I looked awful.

After I returned home life settled into a different pattern with Jane holding center stage. She cried quite a lot and when she was about three months old developed quite a severe case of eczema. There was considerable consultation with doc-

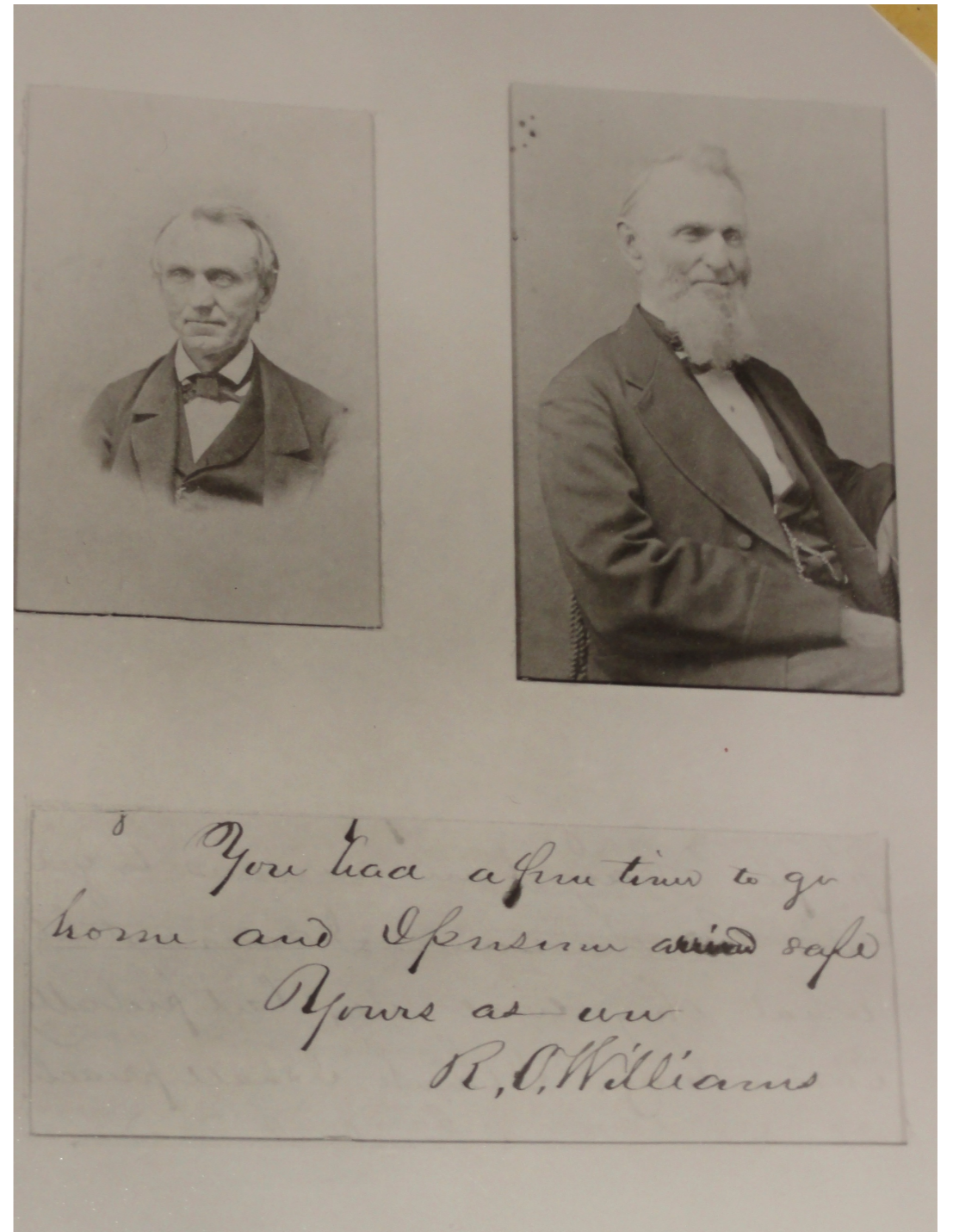
tors as to medication and feeding formula. Nothing seemed to improve the situation. Mother made little flannel mittens without thumbs that Jane wore at all times to keep her from scratching her face. Finally a formula was found which seemed to diminish the eczema but Jane did not gain much weight on it.

Jane's birth came very soon after United States entry into World War I and I associate her babyhood with the worry and shortages of the war. I remember that when Dad came home at night he would ask, "How did the battle go to-day?" I did not pay much attention to Jane, I'm afraid, though I enjoyed watching her being bathed and fed. What I didn't like was having to walk the baby carriage back and forth on the front porch trying to get her to sleep, especially if Jack or other neighborhood friends were waiting to play.

Jane improved greatly with age and mobility. She never crept on her hands and knees but hitched along the floor in a seated position. She was quite speedy at this, too. Because this was hard on the diapers Mother would pin pieces of old cloth outside the diapers and discard them after a day's creeping.

Jane would make a resonant humming sound as she carefully examined objects she found in her travels. She would do this especially as she drew a hair or thread through her fingers. She had a trick I thought very funny but which my parents tried to prevent. Her food was usually served to her in a small blue sauce dish. When Jane had eaten all she wanted she put the dish on top of her head upside down. It made no difference to Jane whether all the food was gone from the dish or not.

# Two Great-grandparents



**EWS's Great-grandfather, Rufus Orland Williams, 1805-1889**

The photos date from 1870 and ca. 1880. The handwriting sample is a note written to his wife, Jane Maria, in 1858. See p. 265 (Appendix B, n. 4).

## Appendix B: Two Great-grandparents

Rev. R. O. Williams, M. D. (1805 - 1889)

and Jane Maria Burr, His Wife (1813 - 1906)

compiled by Raymond L. Williams, Their Grandson<sup>1</sup> (1956)

Often little of the lives of our ancestors is known to us beyond some brief vital record, a mention of the name in some local history, or a yellow-with-age clipping relating to some event in which the ancestor participated. Luckily, Grandfather has told us something of his early and also later life. It was written about the year 1889.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I was born in the town of Peru, Berkshire County, Mass., May 13, 1805, and was the oldest son of George and Orilla (Pease) Williams. My father was born in Marlborough, Mass. and my mother in Enfield, Conn. My father was a farmer and lived about a mile north of the old Congregational meeting house on Peru Hill. But I was born in a log house on an adjoining farm, about half a mile to the west, which had been exchanged with a neighbor for a better residence. A schoolhouse had been erected nearby. It was a rude, cheap old fashioned structure, with benches made of plank or slabs with legs inserted of varied length to suit the length of the juveniles attending school. There I made my first advance in English literature by the patient study of A. B. C. I must have advanced rapidly in the local memory of words for, I remember, at a spelling school held one evening it was arranged that the school should spell standing and every scholar that missed a word should sit down. The spelling commenced and the scholars dropped one after another until all were down but two—myself and a large girl named Flava Barnaby. In point of age, we stood at opposite sides of the school—she among the oldest and I among the youngest. There we stood, "nip and tuck" for several rounds; but, at last, Flava won! Yet a common boast of my parents afterwards was my wonderful memory in spelling. After our removal to the farm adjoining, we children attended school in the same forlorn edifice. The children attending school were myself and two sisters.

In June, 1816, my father left the old family residence and removed to New-fane, Vt. where he had a brother living. It was a time long remembered by the older people as the "cold season." We had reached our destination on the 6<sup>th</sup> day of June. Two days after there came a snowstorm with cold weather. The season was backward. The Vermont summer crops were a failure. Corn was brought from other places to supply the people at \$2.00 and \$2.50 a bushel. Here I had a new world before me, and new acquaintances must be made. My uncle was a cloth-dresser, merchant and manufacturer of linseed oil. His mills were located on a very rapid, angry stream called the Branch, a branch of the West River. That same summer he had determined to build a massive wall facing the stream, three feet thick, sixty in length and about fifteen feet high. But he must commence the work on Thursday; he was too superstitious to commence on Friday! So he hurried up his haying and drew off his hands on Thursday afternoon to lay the first stone. Having thus commenced he sent back his hands to finish haying.

After these events, the years passed along in work and in school, and in a fair portion of play too! The school house stood near by our residence. It was therefore a convenience to attend; but now I see that I did not prize the convenience to the extent of improving it to the best advantage.

Very early in life I had displayed a genius for the mechanic arts and many and various were the prophesies relating to the future of my life. But at last I was set down upon a shoemaker's bench and disappointed them all. In all probability, if circumstances had favored and I could have made my way into a machine shop, it might have changed the whole tenor of my life.

The years rolled rapidly away and during their hurried passage an event occurred that made a deep impression on my mind on the subject of religion. Rev. Jonathan Nye, the settled minister in the town, delivered a lecture one evening in the school house near my father's dwelling. It was from the text Luke 10:42. "But one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her." After his exordium he labored to show the utter worthlessness of all earthly things and the great value of religion and the absolute necessity of acquiring it as a safeguard against impending ills and to render immortal souls secure against the fires of torment that shall never end. That discourse, though I after-

wards saw the error of the interpretation, wrought its effect and left its impression indelibly upon my mind. It awakened thought and gave afterwards very serious reflections.

The next great question with myself and my parents was my future pursuit in life—what trade or calling I should pursue for a livelihood? As no opening for a higher position presented itself, I was sent to learn the trade, art, mystery, handicraft of a *shoemaker*, as already mentioned. It was arranged that I should work at this trade winters for Mr. Calvin Richardson, who lived in the village close by, afterwards called Williamsville, and summers I was to remain at home and assist my father in his farm work. Accordingly, the winter of 1823 and '24 was spent in that business. Before that time I had always attended school winters and worked at home summers. But now my school was gone, no more to be enjoyed in the old school house near home.

In the fall afterward Mr. Richardson wished me to commence earlier and a new arrangement was made. Soon after I commenced work he had an opportunity, as he supposed, to improve his condition by removal to Canada. The death of young man named Joseph Cressy who had but lately established himself as a cordwainer left a vacant place in that village—the village of Waterloo in the town of Shefford. Some friends of Mr. Richardson wrote him to come and supply the place of the deceased mechanic. After some inquiry and correspondence, he concluded to comply with the solicitations of his friends and remove into the dominions of the British king. It was before the coronation of Queen Victoria. As he was expecting to increase and improve his business he was anxious that I should go with him. To this proposal, with the consent of my parents, I agreed.

My employer then set about preparing for the journey. He purchased an old horse at the expense of *five* dollars and a box wagon of about equal value which he covered over with cloth like an emigrant wagon. He packed a "kit" of tools for himself and for me, with other things necessary for the journey; and bought also a quantity of leather which he was expecting to smuggle into the king's dominions. I was provided with a small amount of clothing for myself. With this outfit, on the 5<sup>th</sup> of October, 1824 we set forth on our journey. It was a great undertaking then. We reached our destination, over two hundred miles, in about eight days and reached

it, too, without loss or hindrance or unfavorable incident. There was indeed some scare after we entered the king's dominions lest a custom house officer should make an unwelcome appearance and seize the load and all its belongings. But none appeared and at the journey's end everything was made secure against further molestation. He had settled in Shefford, Lower Canada, now province of Quebec, in the village already named.

Here I remained for about fifteen months. It was a cold climate but new work for me. The country was new; the huge forests were to be cleared away, and the people, mostly poor, found it necessary to manufacture potash-salts to raise what money they had need of. These always found ready sale in Montreal which lay about sixty miles distant at the west. But here, as I suppose in all new countries, there were sports and pleasures, rendering enjoyment, though rough, as keen and intense as in the more refined walks of life. Trout fishing and deer hunting were close at hand, without the need of camping out in the raw forests for days and weeks together. It was only once that I made trial for a hunt of deer. A young man from Montreal came to visit some friends in that neighborhood. He was anxious to try the woods and I agreed to be his company. We spied a deer, but that had first seen us and taken flight. We had brought with us a dog belonging to my employer, a keen scented, sagacious water spaniel. The dog had been kept behind us until we reached the covert of bushes whence the deer had started out. Taking the fresh scent the dog sprang at full speed in pursuit of the flying animal. We followed the trail for some time, but finally concluded it would lead us a long way from home, and gave up the pursuit. We had taken food with us for a lunch and a small pocket compass to direct our course in case we should lose ourselves in the miles stretch of forest. Tired with our tramp and seeing no more game we began our return. Taking the compass for our guide, after a long tramp due north, we reached an opening which proved about two miles from home. But the dog failed to come that night and even the next day and the day after. Meantime, the owner became anxious and enraged and charged us with killing the dog. We could only deny the charge and tell our story of his disappearance. But he thought he found some discrepancies in our stories which rendered them incredible and the whole neighborhood became excited on the dog story. On the third evening after the hunt, a neighbor had called

to visit Mr. Richardson and his family. While they were in busy conversation, the neighbor, Mr. Brown, looked around and saw the dog lapping in a pail of swill. "What," said he, "your dog has got home." "No," said Mr. Richardson, "I don't know," but turning round and there he saw the animal, lank and hungry and tired. "Now," said I, "I want you to look and see if there are any shot-holes in him!" We learned afterward that the dog had followed the deer about nine miles through the forest into an opening where he was met by a hunter and shot. The dog then found its way back all safe and free from damage and our vindication was complete.

I continued with my employer until January 1826. He had agreed to pay me wages for the previous season. He was quite anxious that I should remain though it was a loss to my father in his work. I returned home in January but remained only until the next spring. Then I went to Winchester, N. H. and engaged work as journeyman for S. W. Farrington who had undertaken a venture in the manufacture of a few hundred pairs of boots. He completed the job in the fall, and afterwards made sale of his boots but unacquainted with the business his venture proved destitute of profit. Soon after completing that job I entered into a partnership October 10<sup>th</sup>, 1826 with Joseph Emerson in the business of shoemaking. He was an invalid and unable to work on the bench. He agreed to furnish shop, board and do the cutting and I was to do the bench work and share equally in the profits. This enterprise continued until 1828. Mr. Emerson himself was a very amiable man and had a fine family, a wife and one child. It was on the whole a good neighborhood, having as few dark shades as any village of its size for miles around. It was called Winchester west village, sometimes Furnace village to distinguish it from the Center village where the one old church was located. It was on the Ashuelot River about ten miles east of Brattleboro, Vt. Its chief business was a furnace and some small manufacturing establishments. It had a tavern, changeable as to landlords, and a store conducted by Pulsifer and Ball. Besides this there was a gentleman of some means, John Capron, engaged in the lumber business. His daughter, Adeline, afterwards married Rev. Wm. S. Balch.

While engaged in the quiet pursuit of my occupation in this place, several citizens united their efforts to form a debating club. I was among them and here I took my first practical lessons in public speaking. It was made a source of pleasure as

well as profit. Sometimes the combatants were obliged to take sides in opposition to their own convictions. In my early life I was very bashful and found it difficult to stand up in extemporaneous speaking. I wrote my arguments and read them mostly and in that way gained some credit. I have preserved copies of some of those old arguments even to this day. It is very amusing, too, after a lapse of sixty years to read them over again. The questions were sometimes singular. This for example—"Of which has the passion of love been most productive—happiness or misery?" I was for happiness. But there was a good argument made on the other side. Another question—"Which is the strongest passion, love or hatred?"—was argued February 10, 1827. I was placed on the hatred side. How the decision was made I cannot remember. I find no record remaining.

There was another question presented for argument reaching out beyond the scope of our knowledge—"Which serves most to display the wisdom and power of the Almighty—the celestial globe or the terrestrial?" Now none of us knew much of the "celestial globe" and as to the terrestrial globe, all we knew we had learned from our geographies. But the question must be argued. I took the terrestrial globe. The exordium on this question was unique and worthy of a young Demosthenes. It may bear quotation. It should be borne in mind that the presiding officer was the only umpire between the contestants. So I began to secure his favor: "From your undaunted and persevering energy of mind we have reason to hope that you will not be overawed by the thundering eloquence of our opponents, nor biased in your decision by their curious arguments and fallacious insinuations!" It is doubtful whether Cicero before a debating club could have made a bolder advance. His "quo usque tandem abutere" and the succeeding invective was spoken to many judges; here was but one to conciliate.

As I said before I took the mundane side of the question and here is a specimen of the argument: "A candid investigation of the subject has induced me, in my feeble manner, to undertake an argument in favor of the terrestrial globe. From close observation of the nature of things, I am thoroughly persuaded that the most convincing proofs of a God that comes under the cognizance of man are plainly exhibited in this world and therefore with confidence I assert that the most striking display of wisdom and power is here exemplified: or at least the effect of that wis-

dom and power comes more immediately under our observation in the world and the things that pertain to it than in that wild chaotic expansion of which we know nothing; for here we have abundant reasons, obvious facts, and plain truths to convince us that God is wise and powerful; while on the other hand we are guided only by philosophical reasoning and mere conjecture. And surely plain truth or things seen by the naked eye and what appear under the immediate observation of man must afford stronger evidence and go farther to convince the rational mind of the wisdom and power of the Deity than the mere supposition of things unseen." These and other arguments of a similar character were presented occupying in all a finely written sheet of old fashioned foolscap paper. The decision is unknown—unrecorded on the manuscript. Other questions were discussed in the same way; but after a few months of life and activity, the club disappeared "and was not."

The people of the whole village were imbred more or less with the spirit of Universalism. There was no church edifice then. But the old Congregational church in the center of town, two miles distant, was frequently occupied by Universalists. It was not far from the early home of Rev. Hosea Ballou, whose labors had thrown great light on that subject over the town and over the county. Many sessions of the General Convention of Universalists had been held in that town and a few neighboring places—as Orange, Swanzy, Westmoreland and Chesterfield. Three sessions at least had been held in that town within a few years; and there too was adopted in 1803 that brief formula of faith which has come to the present time. With all these influences in the town and in the village, that the people, and even the leading men should be very favorable to the doctrine [was only to be expected]. But living at a distance from public religious service, and having no meeting to their taste, they had fallen somewhat into the habit of a non-church-going people.

The Methodists had indeed made some innovations in their attempt to inculcate their views of religion. Circuit preaching was then in its earlier stage; prayer meetings, experience meetings were a common resort, with occasional greetings in the camp meetings. It was a common practice, still followed, to solicit sinners to arise for special prayers of the saints and to show their wish to be "on the lord's side." The very rising for prayers in that way was an indirect expression of a wish, a pledge or a committal which seems to have been held as a milestone or half-way

mark on the road to conversion. I had been accustomed to attend those meetings, and on one occasion when the invitation was given to arise for prayers, I thought it could do no harm and therefore arose. It was not from serious impressions in favor of the Methodism but from a real love of true religion and genuine religious devotion—but the step made some commotion. It was deemed at least a semi-confession of a purpose to accept a new course of life. I received immediate congratulations and the next day a visit from the clergyman having these revival measures in charge. He came, as he said, to inquire and to consult with me. I was busy at work on my shoemaker's bench but found time to converse with him. When he came to the point, the real object of his visit, I told him plainly that I was always delighted with any display of a true religious feeling but had no faith that God would commit any of his creatures to a punishment that could never end. He was a Methodist of the old school and he believed, without doubt sincerely, in an eternal punishment of literal fire and brimstone for all sinners in the future world. So deep was the conviction of such sulphurous fires among all the limitarian sects that an old man named Zimri Smith once told me that he had seen the mouth of hell. He was at work in his cornfield, he said, when a little way off he saw the opening. "Did you see the blaze?" I inquired. "I did," he said. "Did you smell brimstone?" "Oh, no, no," he replied. At that answer I smiled a little. The old man shook his head saying with great solemnity, "You musn't laugh. If you laugh at me, you laugh at God!" I was sober, of course. But without much knowledge of the Bible I argued the case with my friend, the minister, as best I could from the standpoint of divine goodness. The minister himself was not very powerful either in point of intellect or in Biblical knowledge. After a short time of skirmishing finding his labors useless, he withdrew from the field. I gave him no more trouble. He had one adherent, a maiden lady of nameless age, of a kind heart and good report, named Mary Coy who always appeared in the plain dress of the old Methodists, without ruffles, and with her hair combed smoothly back, minus curls, kinks, or bangs! She had a sister named Susan, a very good girl, but of a very different pattern. The religious efforts of the time made no impression on her.

It was during this year, 1827, that my name was sent in as a candidate for Free Masonry. It was the Philesian Lodge (No. 40) which held its meetings in the center

of the town. Many young men of my associates had become members; but my partner in business was strongly opposed to the measure. However, it was all done without his knowledge. Two degrees were given in May and June and the third on the Fourth of July in that year. It was but a short time before the great raid of anti-masonry, stirred up by Thurlow Weed on the disappearance of William Morgan, who was alleged to have revealed the secrets.<sup>2</sup> It required some bravery afterwards even to be called a mason or in any way to vindicate the fraternity. Even a man who knew nothing of the inner circle of the fraternity, if he spoke in its favor, met with the ready sneer of "Jack"! He was a Jack Mason. Still, in the inner courts it afforded many delightful hours of intercourse and many very pleasant associations.

It had become a necessity "in the course of human events" to build a new school house in the village. A proposition was made by the influential men in the district to raise money by subscription to pay the expense of adding a second story to the building to be fitted up for holding meetings. It was to be free for the use of all the denominations, but Universalists paid the greatest share of the extra expense. The proposal was accepted, the money raised and the building completed. At the dedication the Universalists took the leading part, and invited Rev. Robert Bartlett to perform the service. No other clergyman, so far as I recollect, was present nor was any other dedication service performed.

The subject of his discourse was the Pauline passage on charity addressed to the Corinthians I, 13:1-8. His services proved very acceptable and he was paid so liberally, that he was to make another visit and deliver his message again as soon as possible. It was a very wordy, rambling discourse, but had some sharp points and taking bits.

Some weeks afterward, he made another appointment and when the time arrived appeared to fulfill it. It happened that a Universalist clergyman named Williams, who was visiting friends in the neighborhood, came to his meeting and was invited to preach a part of the day. Mr. Bartlett gave his discourse in his usual rambling desultory manner, whose thought it was very difficult to catch, arrange and remember. He had some sharp flashes, but like "speedy gleams" soon lost in darkness. Mr. Williams was entirely different. His discourse was orderly and methodical; his points ever made clear and his position strong. It was a marvel that long

afterwards I could remember and repeat the substance of his discourse. I could remember scarcely anything of Mr. Bartlett's discourse. I could remember as much as anyone else. Even his keenest sallies flashed and were gone.

It was in this place that I received my first permanent impression of Universalism. My father, while a resident of Berkshire Co., Mass., had been a strict Congregationalist, a member of the church on Peru Hill, and obliged to attend once a month at the communion service or pay a fine. But during his residence in Vermont his views had changed, with a great leaning toward the restoration of all mankind. I remember a visit to my father of a maiden aunt who had become permanently domiciled in the family of a Congregational clergyman named Ballantine in Becket, Mass. She, of course, had brought with her the standard doctrine of the Congregational church. In some conversations, my father met hers on the emotional or sympathetic ground—whether she didn't really wish the salvation of men. Of course she wished it but didn't believe it. Was God's wish any better and higher than hers? It was a new view; but the conversation ended and I never saw her again.

Becoming more and more confirmed as a Universalist, my father, in connection with several other citizens, had invited ministers of that denomination to visit and preach in the place where he lived. Among these were Messrs. Streeter, Russel, and Sebastian and Barzillia, who had a sister living in the place. Rev. Charles Hudson and Rev. T. G. Whitcomb also came there and gave their message. Mr. Hudson was a nephew of my father. The son of his oldest sister. He afterward acquired distinction in political circles. He became a member of the legislature and of Congress and held several other offices of honor and trust. Later came Rev. W. S. Balch then a young man who had just commenced his ministerial profession.

I had been absent most of the time while these things were going on at the home of my father. On a visit to my old friends in the village, which had then begun to be called Williamsville, I became acquainted with Mr. Balch and invited him to visit Winchester and speak to the people. He came at the time appointed and preached in the new hall. He was afterwards engaged for a regular service and spent some time in the place.

While there he became acquainted with my condition and aptitudes and earnestly requested me to give up my secular business and enter the ministry of recon-

ciliation. I objected and told him I was not qualified for that undertaking. I had neither the education nor the means to obtain it. But he insisted, continued his persuasions and presented the subject in various forms. He had commenced without education and was then barely twenty-one years of age.

My mind became greatly agitated both on that subject and on my actual fitness for a Christian life. The old impressions induced by the words of Rev. Mr. Nye, years before came back upon me. Have I the "one thing needful"? I had no fear of endless punishment hereafter. But I seemed outside of that filial union which brought me into harmonious oneness with the infinite Father. The feeling distressed, pushed me, forced me, like the restless impulses of homesickness. Deep and painful was my perplexity and earnestly I lifted up my soul to the holy One for light and relief. In that condition, I remember, I was crossing the bridge over the Ashuelot. It was a little past sunset; the young moon hung low in the west. The great circular expanse above was bright and clear. The western horizon glittered with the resplendent hours of the evening. I paused to reflect—admire—and adore! There and then a change came over me. It was a feeling I could not describe. It penetrated deep into my soul and remained there, a permanent force. The whole world seemed renewed, and there came a sort of inner voice which seemed to say, "Be not afraid, follow me! I am with you!" It could be none other than the blessed Son of God! I then passed along and completed the work for which I had started. But a new life seemed now open before me; and a great work which I must do.

The foregoing story has never before been told and even now has not been told in full. It has always appeared too sacred for the prying eyes of idle curiosity or even the common gaze of devout Christians. Whatever may have been its nature or its causes, it has surely exerted a very powerful influence over all my life.

Was it a miraculous conversion—a saving change wrought within me by the Holy Spirit? I give it no such name. Yet if any one should claim such a change of heart, I may impose a higher claim. If any claim a special supernatural work of the Holy Spirit within them, I more. It was really a change, be its nature and its causes what they may.

But, as I said, the influence exerted upon me was wonderful. I felt that I must live and labor in the divine similitude and labor for the advancement of truth and

righteousness in the earth. I was not perfect. I felt the lack painfully. I was even "poor in divine holiness." But now the scent was changed. I was nearer to it, at least in the solemn purpose and devotion of my heart. Its higher duties and obligations were pressing upon me. It was not difficult then to be persuaded to enter the field of ministerial labor. Duty seemed pressing and compelled obedience. I yielded partially to the solicitations of my friend, Rev. W. S. Balch.

But I could not follow his suggestions in full. I knew my own pressing need, and resolved to make some effort to obtain an education. Accordingly, in the fall of 1828, having arranged my business I went to Chesterfield to attend an academy. It was then under the charge of Edward P. Harris, an undergraduate from Dartmouth College. I had before received such rudimentary instruction as could be obtained in the common schools. I was even disposed to study alone in my private hours and review the branches already gone over. In this way I improved my grammar and arithmetic. In the latter branch I seldom used figures, but made all my calculations in my head. On one occasion, I startled quite a number of people by the mental solution of a problem in *duodecimals*. A gentleman had brought me a load of wood. We took the measure—length, breadth, and thickness—which was agreed to. After a moment's study I mentioned the amount. They refused to accept my statement; they went back into the shop and with pen and paper cast up the amount, but with all their figuring, several times repeated, they could obtain no different result, from what I had first stated.

In this connection, another incident may not be out of place. One winter in my school days, when I was not over fifteen, I became greatly absorbed in arithmetic. My books were usually brought home for study in the evening where I usually had the assistance of my father. He had been a schoolmaster in his younger years. I did not suspend the same labor on the Sabbath. While I was thus engaged one Sabbath, a tramp came along and asked for a drink of cider. It was the custom among farmers at that time to convert the fruit of their orchards into cider. We had usually made from six to ten barrels which was safely stored in the cellar for winter use. Of course the request for cider was freely granted. It was one of the hospitalities of the time. I, busy with my slate and pencil, was sent to draw it. Having performed the office, I resumed my labor. The tramp noticed my application and asked what I was



doing. I told him; he seemed interested, and asked if I would like to learn how to cast the changes of the moon. Of course, my eyes standing out with wonder!—of course I would. He then gave me the rule which I tried and proved on a bundle of old almanacs which my father had accumulated. From that day to this I have preserved the memory of this rule. Whenever I wished to ascertain when a new moon would occur, I had only to refer to my old mental almanac. It was not absolutely accurate, but never varied more than one day from the most accurate calculations.

The following is the rule: divide the year by 19; multiply the remainder by 11; divide that product by 30, and the remainder is the epact for the year. To the epact add one for each month beginning at March; subtract the product from 30 and the remainder gives the day of the moon's change. Example: take the year 1885— $1885 \div 19 = 99$ , and 4 remainder;  $4 \times 11 = 44$ ;  $44 \div 30 = 1$ , and remainder 14. Thus 14 is the epact for 1885. To the epact add 1 for March,  $1 + 14 = 15$ ;  $30 - 15 = 15$ . The 15<sup>th</sup> day of March is therefore the day when the moon changes, in that year. Add 2 for April, 3 for May, 4 for June and so on and subtract as before. Thus for any year, by the same process the changes may be determined. Taking 30 for the basis of a lunar month, the full moon and the quarters may be easily ascertained. The inaccuracy of the calculations lies chiefly in the assumption of 30 days for a lunar month. It falls a little short of that.

I spent a term of four months at the academy. At the close of the term, I engaged a school in Chesterfield for the winter. On November 15, 1828 I received a "certificate of qualification to teach an English school." I then returned to Winchester and commenced reading theology with Rev. W. S. Balch, who had removed to the place and was the settled minister. Among the first and toughest of my reading was Locke on "Human Understanding." It was, however, one of the best books for me that could have fallen into my hands; for it laid the foundation of those mental habits which have continued through life. In the same line was Prof. Brown's "Intellectual Philosophy" which I afterwards read with profound interest. I admire it so much for its style, and made it somewhat a pattern for my own. Mr. Balch had few traits of a theological preceptor. The only thing gained while there was from the few books embraced in his library.

It was, I think, in 1828 that I attended a Convention in Cavendish, Vt. I went with Rev. W. S. Balch but as I was going in another direction at its close, I was obliged to obtain passage home by other means. Rev. Joshua Flagg of Dana had come to the meeting and I engaged conveyance home with him. On the way he had called on some old friends in Chester, and had left an appointment for a meeting on Thursday evening after the Convention. He reached the place in time. It was a dreary old church where the meeting was held, with a very high pulpit, square pews, galleries on three sides and dimly lighted with tallow candles. A few old friends were gathered and were scattered sparsely in the deep square pews. He gave his message. I do not remember the text but there was the old "regulation" method of dividing his subject into firstly, secondly, thirdly, etc. He passed over firstly and secondly; then concluding his discourse, he came down from the desk and very unexpectedly encountered Rev. Messrs. Sebastian and Russel Streeter, who had privately followed him, and unperceived slipped into the church to hear his discourse.

At this point, the biography abruptly ends. Likely the old man was too tired to write further and intended to continue the story, but never did. Perhaps the incident had some bearing on his later life.

The old letters tell little of his life during the following two years. His time was likely devoted to school teaching, to earn a little extra money, to his education and preparing for the ministry. From his business of shoemaking he had made a living and perhaps accumulated some estate, sufficient so that he could devote his time to preparing for his new venture. There is nothing to indicate that he attended any institution of learning, but continued studying by himself. He knew Latin and Greek well and some Hebrew and in due course became, as was expressed in those days "well read." His new labors begin:

"This certifies to whom it may concern –

That the Rev. Rufus O. Williams was publicly ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, as an evangelist, by & in fellowship with the 'Universalist Convention of the State of

New York," at Clinton May 12, 1831 – And he is hereby com-  
mended to the care, kindness and Christian fellowship of  
those of like precious faith, wherever God in his providence  
shall lead him.

Clinton, N. Y. May 12, 1831 – Wm. Underwood Mod.

By order & on the part of )

the Un. Con. of N. York ) Geo. Melsingr Clk."

In 1886 he applied to the "Universalist Relief Fund," a fund that had been es-  
tablished to provide aid to aged and needy Universalist ministers. A copy of part of  
his application describes his ministerial work. He had started his labors even be-  
fore he had been ordained. He states:

"First at Amsterdam, N. Y. I began labor there Jan. 9, 1831, *at the founda-  
tion*—built up a society out of "raw material," and procured the erection of a small  
church—preached also at Duanesburg, Burtonville, Braman's Corners and other  
places; continued there about three years. July 4, 1834, went to Hartford, Ct. in a  
co-partnership with Rev. I. D. Williamson to take management of the *Religious In-  
quirer & Gospel Anchor*, a Universalist paper which we had purchased of Binea  
Sperry and Henry J. Grew, and afterwards issued simultaneously at Albany and  
Hartford. The printing and editorial supervision was all done at Hartford. During  
that period, I had no settlement except temporary engagements to preach in Con-  
necticut and elsewhere. In that field of labor I spent about four years."

He had resided in Hartford about a year when he married, in 1835, Jane M.  
Burr. When and where they met is unknown. But it could have been as early as  
1831, the same year he had been ordained, for in the fall of that year she was en-  
gaged as a teacher in the Clinton Liberal Institute that had been established that  
year and was sponsored by the Universalist denomination. Her father, William G.  
Burr, was a staunch Universalist, then living in Sing Sing where he was employed  
as a keeper in the prison. At any rate, the young Universalist preacher was readily  
accepted in the Burr family and always held in deep respect.

Some items relating to that first year in Hartford have been preserved. One a  
half penny dated 1834 wrapped in a small piece of paper. The occasion being the  
visit to him of his old friend, in 1884. On this paper is written that Isaac Shrigley  
had become acquainted with R. O. Williams in that year, and that the coin was a  
"fitting token of the Half Century of the sweetest, truest, purest of earthly friend-  
ship." Another is a brass candlestick. About this time (1884) Grandfather wrote an  
"Autobiography of a Candlestick," in which it is related that he and his friend had  
purchased the articles for their use at their boarding place, and some time later had  
agreed that whoever married first should have the pair. It happened that grandfa-  
ther married first and the candlesticks had been in his home through the years. At  
the time of the visit one was returned to his old friend. The other I think is in the  
possession of one of my daughters. There are also the contracts made at the time  
he engaged in the publishing business and manuscript articles he had written for  
publication. In 1836 he attended the General Convention of the Universalist Soci-  
ety of the United States held at New York, N. Y. and again in 1837 the Convention  
at Philadelphia, Pa. According to the published report of these conventions he rep-  
resented a district of Connecticut and took an active part in the proceeding. He  
also attended several state conventions of the society.

In September 1836 the first child was born. He seems to have remained in  
Hartford until the latter part of 1837. There is a receipt showing that May 1<sup>st</sup>, 1838  
he rented a house in Barkhamstead, Conn. for one year at \$35.00. He may have  
occupied the house some months prior for he soon after left the place.

"In the spring of 1838, I removed to Dover, N. H. and settled over a society  
already established in that place. I continued in that relation three years, and then  
spent a year in temporary engagements."

He must have soon gained a favorable standing in the town for on the 21<sup>st</sup> of  
March, 1840 he was appointed [to the] "superintending school committee" for one  
year by the selectmen of Dover.

It was while living in Dover, in 1840 that their second child, a boy, was born.  
A notation on an undertaker's bill states that the child died following a fall, his  
head striking a stove while the family were waiting in the station awaiting the train  
when moving to Norwich, Conn.

The banjo clock I have, so I have been told, was given to grandfather by the friends he was staying with one night while preaching in Dover. He was told he could have it if he cared to put it in running order. He did, and it was in use in his home the remainder of his life. It was on the wall in his office and study when I was a small boy. Later my brother had it for a few years, then he gave it to me about 45 years ago. It was made by Simon Willard and dates about 1800 or perhaps a few years earlier.<sup>3</sup>

His narrative continues: "I then removed to Norwich, Ct. May 1842, to a pastoral relation which lasted three years."

In Norwich in 1843, my father and his twin sister were born to them.

He was an active young preacher and through contributing articles to Universalist periodicals and itinerant preaching he had developed some acquaintance among Universalists through New England. His feeling of duty to preach Universalism was strong but there should also be some reward, remuneration, for his labors. There is a hint of this in the old letters. So far he had found the reward barely sufficient for his needs and a greater income was necessary to meet the expenses of his growing family. He was continuously studying to improve his education and be still better prepared to preach the message.

"Here I first began to deal in medicine as a homeopathist. I had studied with a physician of that school while in Norwich." This he had probably undertaken as a means for increasing his limited income.

During this time he had accumulated a small library. About this time he made an exchange with a Catholic priest for a number of very old volumes. My father had told me that he could remember as a child playing forts with the large leather bound books having brass clasps. Some of them were printed in black letter. In 1857 Grandfather gave many of these books to Tufts College but retained a few for himself.

"I then removed to Southbridge, Mass. and settled over the Universalist society in that place in 1845. This relation continued three years and another year was spent in itinerant preaching." He was rendering medical service at this time, because there are, among his papers, a few bills for services—probably never paid. Perhaps at that time a doctor was little better paid for his work than a preacher.

"In 1849 I was invited to the pastoral charge of the Universalist society in Exeter, N. H. with the privilege of practicing medicine, and moved to that place in May of that year."

Their fifth child was born the following September.

"This relation continued until 1852. I then spent three more years in a medical practice and preaching in various places, chiefly Brentwood, Kingston, and Kensington. In 1855 I removed to Worcester, Mass. and took the editorial charge of a medical journal published in connection with the Worcester Medical College, where having spent the accustomed time in medical lectures I received a Diploma. I still exercised clerical functions whenever the opportunity presented. I had before been engaged in the drug business which proved not very remunerative. I sold out in 1857 and removed to this state, left my family at my wife's father's in Cazenovia, while I sought a location as a preacher. Not succeeding, I went to Binghamton in 1858 and joined with Rev. W. M. DeLong in forming a circuit for itinerant preaching. This continued with indifferent success financially until 1861."

His daughter, Louise, a few years after, married Rev. W. M. DeLong's son.

Letters written to his wife during the period he was traveling in Central New York, seeking a group of Universalists that could support a settled pastor, show that while there were many small societies, and it was at a time when Universalism had its greatest popularity, none of them could pay what he felt he needed for his support. A small printed poster announces:

#### RELIGIOUS LECTURES

Rev. Mr. Williams, of Binghamton, will deliver a course of five Religious Lectures at \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_ commencing on Monday evening \_\_\_\_\_ 185\_\_\_\_\_ on the following subjects:

Monday evening \_\_\_\_\_

Tuesday evening \_\_\_\_\_

Wednesday evening \_\_\_\_\_

Thursday evening \_\_\_\_\_

Friday evening \_\_\_\_\_

Lectures to commence each evening at \_\_\_\_\_ o'clock. The public are invited to attend. Freedom of inquiry or discussion allowed.

"I came to this place (Upper Lisle) in 1861 and commenced the practice of medicine, but never failing to perform the clerical functions as far as possible to do so. In the meantime the parish in Upper Lisle employed other preachers and I joined and contributed to their support. This matter passed on until the society had very nearly died out. I then told my friends here that if they would take hold and work again, I would preach for them for such pay as they were disposed to give. We began work; and the next spring, 1878, there was such a revival, that our friends made a thorough repair of the church at an expense of some \$600.00. I continued in that work about five years, when age and physical disability rendered a change expedient. I have given a brief autobiography of my ministerial life."

I have been told by a surviving member of this church (discontinued many years ago) that he received five dollars each Sunday for his preaching.

In politics he was a Democrat, and occasionally may have been mildly active by contributing articles of political character to newspapers and periodicals. Letters from his friends often ask his opinion on candidates and the result of coming elections. In 1864 one editor asked him to prepare something sharp—not to be afraid to be harsh on "old Abe." During the Civil War he was called a "Copperhead." Being mild mannered he was opposed to the war because of the bloodshed that would result. His party position was recognized by local leaders. In 1874 one candidate writes, "Your efforts in my behalf will be fully appreciated." Evidently they were, for the following year he was appointed enumerator for the census to be taken in the town.

A memorandum states that he was made a Mason in Philesian Lodge No. 40, Winchester, N. H. Initiated May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1827, F. C. June 6<sup>th</sup>, Third Degree July 4<sup>th</sup> following. There is no further mention of Freemasonry until he became a member of Binghamton Lodge No. 177 in May 1860 by affiliation, and the following year asks for a demit, and Dec. 26, 1861, he joined Upper Lisle Lodge No. 388. It was the occasion of the annual meeting and he was at once elected S. W. Later he was Master and for many years secretary of this lodge. It is quite likely that in these fraternal

organizations he had become proficient in their rituals, and the members recognized this during his visits to the Upper Lisle lodge previous to his becoming a resident of the village and applying for membership in their lodge and for this reason he may have been immediately elected to the next highest office in their lodge.

A certificate shows that he was initiated into Union Lodge No. 8, I. O. O. F. at Albany Feb. 15, 1837, and into Uncas Lodge No. 11, I. O. O. F. Southbridge, Mass. Mar. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1843. Some receipts for dues indicate that he retained membership in this lodge up to 1850 at least. His brother Mylano had been active in the I. O. O. F., and at the time of his death in 1885, a lodge brother writing of Mylano's passing, addresses Grandfather "Dear Brother." This might indicate that he was still recognized as a member of this order.

He must have been a "teetotaler" for there is a certificate showing that he became a member Apr. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1849 of Quinaboug Division No. 38, Southbridge, Mass. Sons of Temperance. There is nothing to show how long he retained membership in this organization.

My recollection is that Grandfather was above medium height—two or three inches taller than my father who was about five feet seven inches. In stature he was slightly spare, blonde, white hair and wore a beard. A photograph of 1870 shows him smooth faced.<sup>4</sup> He had blue eyes and a Roman nose. I was in some awe of him as he seemed dignified, deliberate in speech and spoke words beyond my vocabulary. He was then 80 years and past and slow in his movement by this time.

His mind was clear, orderly and conclusions logical, expressing his thoughts clearly, with well chosen words—perhaps today thought "bookish" but using the language of educated people of his time. His hand writing changed little through the years; it was a nearly vertical script. He generally wrote with ink and pen. To the end his penmanship was legible.

He was always dressed in a black frock coat and black trousers, black string necktie, white shirt. He wore leather boots, calf skin for dress occasions, and he wore a black felt or silk hat.

He had a fondness for mechanics. His early trade of shoemaker was a handicraft, and through his life he worked with his hands as well as his head. He made and repaired furniture; he had a folding writing case for use when traveling, of

cherry wood that he had made, when a young preacher. After he became a physician he made several medicine chests. These were leather covered with metal corners, name plate, and lock and key. The metal was brass or German silver. Some pocket size cases for small vials, also leather covered, had silver mountings.

Once he designed a wagon jack, a device for raising the axle of a wagon, when necessary to remove a wheel for cleaning and greasing the bearing. I have seen the device. He applied for a patent, he made a model, but found that the cam principle involved was not patentable. It was a practical jack however. Whatever he made was workmanlike and artistically finished.

I recall once, when he was visiting at our home, there were some dried figs on the table, and before eating one, he drew from his pocket a small magnifying glass and carefully inspected the figs before eating. He found some "bugs," as I remember his showing me the larvae of fruit flies. I had eaten several figs just previous.

An incident occurred in the summer of 1884. His brother, Mylano, had arrived at our house en route to a visit at Grandfather's, and Grandfather had come to meet and convey him to Upper Lisle. Grandfather had put his horse in a stall in our barn next to that of father's horse. It so happened, that father's horse while fond of father, had a dislike for some people and other horses, and exhibited that dislike vigorously on occasions, by biting and other hostile actions. Some boards of the hay chute had become loosened so that it was possible for father's horse to nip at the head of the other horse while it was eating hay at the chute. Father's horse had shown dislike for the strange horse and Grandfather went into the manger of the stall where father's horse was kept. He fastened the boards of the chute and reduced the space so that father's horse could not reach the other horse. This done, he started to leave the stall, when father's horse refused to let him pass, even after he had made several attempts. Not to have further argument, he undid the work he had done and slowly crawled into the chute and upward to the upper floor. A humiliating retreat at least. His brother, Mylano, standing near had watched the proceedings with amusement, and gave an account of what had occurred later when in the house. Grandfather said nothing, only smiled. The horse had put one over on him.

JANE MARIA BURR, daughter of William Gorham and Polly (Curtiss) Burr, was born in Hamilton, N. Y. 7<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1813 and died in Upper Lisle, N. Y. 22<sup>nd</sup> Oct. 1906. She married in Sing Sing (now Ossining) N. Y. 1<sup>st</sup> Oct. 1835 Rev. Rufus Orland Williams.

Grandmother had an excellent memory and during her later life could recall incidents of her early life, that she had known personally, that she had been told by her parents, and that she had been told regarding her ancestors. From notes made at various times and old letters this short biography has been prepared.

Her parents may have remained in Hamilton until removing to Scipio (now Venice), Cayuga Co. N. Y., about twelve miles south of Auburn, during 1820. Two years after her father was appointed a keeper in the State Prison there and they moved into Auburn.

While living in Auburn she attended Miss Bennett's School for girls, located two miles south on Owasco Lake. During 1826 her father was transferred to the newly established prison at Sing Sing, his family moving the following year. She says: "We were taken to Weedsport<sup>5</sup> and by canalboat to Albany, and by steamboat to New York, and on Commodore Vanderbilt's steamboat to Sing Sing!" She attended a private school for young ladies in Sing Sing. She remembered that one day while attending this school "Commodore Vanderbilt was racing his boat with another steamboat; the last trip his boat made. The Commodore ordered more steam; the Captain objected, saying, 'There was all the steam it was safe to have—if he put on more they would blow up!' 'Blow up and be damned,' then said the Commodore. They barely reached the wharf, when he gave a leap and reached it, just as the steamboat did blow." Grandmother, "sitting on the upper piazza of the school on the hill, with other pupils in the class (a French class) heard the explosion and saw the smoke. The Commodore was censured, for he saved his life, but the Captain who was not rich, lost his and left his wife and seven children, with no one to care for them. The Commodore's wife was at one time a dressmaker and in this way was able to send her daughter, Phoebe Jane, afterwards Mrs. Shepard, to the same school, and was in the same French class."<sup>6</sup>

In the fall of 1831, at the age of eighteen, Grandmother was engaged as a teacher, the first woman teacher, in the Clinton Liberal Institute, in Clinton, N. Y.

It had been established earlier the same year, and was sponsored by the Universalist Society. S. R. Smith in charge of the school, 27<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1831 writes her father: "This day she has twenty misses under her care, with prospects of ten or a dozen more. . . . Thus far Miss Burr has given universal satisfaction . . . and she is fully qualified for sustaining the instruction of the school." How long she taught at this school is unknown, but she had been conducting a private school of her own in Sing Sing for some time before she was married, and even after her engagement. This is indicated by the story regarding her mahogany dining table; that she received it in payment for tuition, from the father of one of her pupils. When the agreement was made he had said that it would be a table she would cherish for her lifetime. It could be that the table was both tuition fee and wedding present.<sup>7</sup>

When her husband received in 1842 the call to preside over the Norwich, Conn. Universalist Society he was to receive an "Annual Stipend" of \$600, which he accepted. The accidental death of their two year old son, in the railroad station in Dover, just as they were about to take the train for Norwich, must have been very sad. And when after barely more than settled in their new home, the payments of the "stipend" were in arrears, as is evidenced by bills for food and clothing being marked paid by an order on the Treasurer of the Society, the new pastorate must have been a further disappointment. It was not long afterward that he was again itinerant preaching.

Invoices that for some reason have been preserved show the cost of living in 1843. Meats were 6-8¢ a pound; butter 15¢; coffee 15¢; a pair of boots, \$3.00; children's shoes, 28-68¢; buskins (a laced boot) for their daughter Caroline, 75¢ to \$1.15; 2 pair Russia diapers cost \$2.00. Grandmother must have done some sewing for she bought 2½ yards silecia, drill, trimmings, buttons and twist, in all 68¢. The salary her husband was to receive might be equivalent to \$5,000 and more at present<sup>8</sup> living costs. They may have disposed of some household goods before leaving Dover, as a freight bill listing items they had shipped by boat mentions only several boxes and two bedsteads. Some articles to be needed on their arrival may have been sent by railroad, but of this there is no record. Shortly after their arrival they purchased from Josiah P. Holyoke:

6 fancy topper chairs	\$3.00
4 do. flag seats	3.80
1 Nurse seat rocker	1.00
2 Windsor 5 rods	.95
9 cane seat Banister back	11.25
1 large raised seat rocking chair	<u>2.00</u>
	\$22.00

The chairs must have had use to be offered for sale at these prices.

They removed to New York State in 1857 and for about a year they lived with her parents in Cazenovia, while her husband was seeking a satisfactory location. His letters mention preaching in several villages, and some societies were without a settled preacher; and that the societies were few in members and financially unable to support one. It was decided to locate in Binghamton because it was a large town and there were Universalist Societies in nearby villages.

Her father died during the month of April 1860, and from his estate she received some money, and they purchased for \$700.00 the place in the village of Upper Lisle the following year. Later additional small sums were received from his estate. With these payments supplementing her husband's income they were able to live in comfort for many years. After his death she received a small pension from the Universalist Relief Fund.

During February 1867 she may have made a visit to her daughter Louise (my father's twin)<sup>9</sup> who had married Rev. Henry C. DeLong, at the time pastor of a church in Danvers, Mass. This is indicated by a letter Grandfather, then secretary of the Upper Lisle Masonic Lodge, addressed "To All Master Masons." This letter she was to present in case of need, for she would be traveling alone. A reason for her making the visit may have been that her daughter's first child was born at this time. She occasionally visited at our home when I was a young child, but I have no recollection of her being away from her home in after years.

She was a blonde with bright blue eyes, possibly four feet ten inches in height when a young woman, but I remember her being very stout and much shorter. She was alert, abrupt in speech and strong minded. I always had a feeling of awe in her

presence. I have been told that grandfather shortened the legs of a rocker so that it would be more comfortable for her use. This could be the "Nurse" rocker mentioned above, and now in my possession.<sup>10</sup>

During the last twenty-five years of her life and for longer she was afflicted with arthritis, and also a nervous disorder of the face that affected her speech. It was difficult for me to understand when she spoke, but to those constantly with her this defect appeared to cause them no difficulty.

Early in life she had developed a talent for drawing, and some of her art work has survived. Among these an oil portrait of her husband painted shortly after they were married. This is now in the possession of my brother's descendants. Her talent for art seems to have been inherited by some of her children and their descendants.<sup>11</sup>

None of her letters written during early or middle life have been preserved, but one dated 1882 to my parents, when she was 79, shows a firm hand, and refers to local matters, showing that her mind was clear and was still interested in affairs of the community.<sup>12</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1900, her hand some unsteady, she writes to Father: "Take one dollar to get some New Year's gifts as a reminder of me, even to little George even if it be no more than a Sugar Dog."<sup>13</sup>

From what Father has told of his early life, it could be that Grandmother was more literary minded than interested in domestic affairs. He seldom mentioned his mother's skill at cookery, and when he did, it was with a smile. She did some sewing, made their clothes, and perhaps with a taste and to a design of her own. He chuckled when he described a coat his mother once made for him, then ten or twelve years old. She made it from an old coat of his father's. Probably the material was black broadcloth. The design, her own, was different in style from coats worn by other boys. He described it as a kind of "cut-away" with tails, unlined, and for lack of material did not button, but had loops to fasten to the buttons in front. The side pockets of white cloth were quite visible to anyone he met. So when boys asked him what he had in the white bags, he was so embarrassed that he refused to wear the coat, much to his mother's disgust. He told me that his father was once exasperated in his efforts to button a shirt his wife had made for him, and turning to Fa-

ther said, "Boy, your mother is a wonderful woman, but never made two things that fitted together."

An item that may have been written for publication in the local paper is a fitting close to this narrative:

At Upper Lisle, Mrs. Jane M. Williams, wife of the late Rev. R. O. Williams, died Oct. 22, at the age of 93 years.

She was reared in the Universalist faith by her parents who were pioneers in the liberal movement. She received a good education and in her girlhood was the first woman teacher in the Clinton Liberal Institute. Through her whole long life her mind was remarkably keen and active, reading current events, in which she took a lively interest, until within a few weeks of her death.

# A Great Great- grandfather



Appendix C: A Great Great-grandfather

Letter from William Gorham Burr (1790-1860) to his daughter and her husband

Cazenovia, NY

May 30<sup>th</sup>, 1852

To R. O. & J. M. Williams,

Jane's letter of 23<sup>rd</sup> is at hand. We were pleased to learn that you were all well and enjoying the blessings of life. We are all in usual health. Brewster and family live near us and are all well. He is trying to build an addition to the place I gave to his wife and children. He does not live on the place this year. He did not sell where he was until I had rented the place for a year. I went to Batavia three weeks ago to try and get some help from his father. The old man is rich but a little stingy. However I got \$60. With a promise of more. The old man has one of the finest farms in western New York—he, Ben, Tommy and Betsey make up the family. Jehiel is a vagabond in the earth—half crazy roaming all over the country. He has been here twice this spring—don't know where he is now. Mrs. Sing and Ann were at Batavia on a visit when I was there. Jack Lent is dead and a great many of our Sing Sing acquaintance are gone with him.

My mother is very feeble. We have not expected her to live but a short time for one or two months. Mary and Billy went out there last Wednesday. Got back Friday. Mother is in her 91<sup>st</sup> year. She retains her mental faculties remarkably well, has a good recollection of events in early life. The last time (Feby) I saw her she gave me her family history. She was the youngest but one of the children of Thomas and Hannah Gorham, was born at Barnstable, Mass. Her brothers' names were Isaac, Ezekiel, Job & John. Her sisters were Desire, Betsey, & Temperance. Her own name is Hannah. Her mother died when she was 12 years old. Her father married another woman by the name of Fuller. Her father was wealthy but the children did not like their stepmother and all but Job left. Mother went into Worcester Co. to live with her oldest sister and never went home again. Her oldest sister married Mr. Richmond, Betsey Doct. Stephen Taintor and Temperance married Ebenezer Johnson of Rome. All of them have visited at our house when I was young & I have now a perfect recollection of them all. I have been with Father and Mother

to their homes on a visit twice which I now remember distinctly, but it seems a long time ago and so it is, for I am now in my 62<sup>nd</sup> year, shall be 62 19<sup>th</sup> Oct. next; your mother was 57—18<sup>th</sup> this month.

We live in our old house again. The tavern is let to Marsh & Allen who are young men, no family but their wives. They appear to be doing well.

I had almost forgot to say that I have rec'd a land warrant for 80 acres of land for my "patriotism" and "great military exploits" in the War of 1812. I do not know what to do with it. If you can do anything with it you may have it. I do not know how the law is about transferring the warrant. You may enquire it out & perhaps it may be made some use of. But to me I would as soon have 80 acres at the *north end* of the *moon* as to locate the land in some of the western states or territories & then pay the taxes or lose it.

Perhaps it would amuse you for five minutes should I give you an acct. of my war operations. Well here it is. Previous to the war I had lived one year at Brownville Jefferson Co. near Sacket's Harbor. Came home about 25 June. Got married the 30<sup>th</sup>. 7<sup>th</sup> July started for Brownville to settle my affairs. Stopped at Clinton to see the first detachment of militia start. Whilst there with about 20 or 30 of my former cronies a man who was drafted by the name of Beriah Mead (with whom I was acquainted) was in a great stew. Could not get a substitute. I rallied him about his crying so and made some fun, and told him I would clear him for \$40 if he would not cry any more. No sooner said than his father pulled out a bag and counted down 40 silver dollars. I felt rather flat & my cronies turned the laugh on me. But I put on as good a face as possible, got my name on the roll and in half an hour was on the march. Went to Brownville where we halted a few days, marched to Ogdensburgh, stayed there 6 weeks or 2 months & volunteered every chance I could, to go with officers with flags of truce to Prescott etc. Was gone several days on a reconnoitering party among the Thousand Islands. All to relieve the monotony of a camp life. And you may tuck in as much patriotism among those incidents as you can find room for. I finally volunteered to go as a marine on board the armed schooner Julia—but was stationed at a big gun (32 pounder). My duty was to keep the loggerheads hot (cast iron big as your fist with handle, to keep the matches burning, and a great powder horn slung over my shoulder and a priming wire, rather less than a

crowbar dangling at my side. We had to go through all the forms of loading and firing less than 100 times a day.

I was on board one month cruising about in the St. Lawrence & Lake Ontario, was put ashore at Sackets Harbor. Stayed there one month. Went home for 2 weeks, got some clothes, went back 160 miles (afoot and alone) to Ogdensburgh and was discharged (*honorably*) 1<sup>st</sup> Jany. 1813. ----Give my love to the children. I have so filled up the sheet that I can't severally designate them. Sarah is a great girl. Billy is a middling sized boy, and little Elizabeth is as lively a little thing as runs on two legs. Mary is as fleshy as ever. Your mother is about as usual. She may visit you this season, think she will, can't say at what time.

Farewell,

Wm. G. Burr

In another letter to Jane Burr Williams from Cazanovia, dated September 14, 1845, he writes:

We have had a very dry season, hard frosts last of May & 9<sup>th</sup> of this month, which makes rather a short summer. But it has been very warm the most of the time. I have raised 112 bushels barley, about 100 oats, 60 corn & potatoes enough. Built a new house, cost \$500. Repaired the tavern, \$250. Made 50 rods board fence & 35 rods of blind ditch (is stoned) this season. My health is good. . . .

My father is quite infirm. Barton thinks he will not endure much longer. Mother is very feeble. Both quite aged—one is 80 the other 84. It appears to me that it is not a great way from where you live to where Mother was born & brought up. Barnstable is her native place. Perhaps you may have an opportunity of seeing some persons from there. It would be some gratification to Mother to hear from her relatives if alive. Her father's name was Thomas Gorham. She had three brothers, Job, Ezekiel & John. I suppose that all are dead. Some of their descendants may be living there.

This letter is addressed to R. O. Williams at Southborough, Mass.

# A Great Great Great Great- grandfather

## Appendix D: A Great Great Great Great-grandfather

Almira Burr's account of her grandfather, Thomas Gorham (b. 1723). Almira was the youngest child of Timothy and Hannah Gorham Burr and therefore the sister of EWS's great great-grandfather, William Gorham Burr (see Appendices B and C). She was born September 16, 1808 and died March 5, 1886. She was probably born in Oneida County, New York.

There are discrepancies between the account in this document of Hannah Gorham's (the younger's) disaffection from her stepmother and that in the 1852 letter from William Gorham Burr included in Appendix C. The claim of an African person's body part having been found in a hogshead of molasses in the cellar is certainly appropriate symbolically to the manifold connections between molasses and slaves in eighteenth-century Atlantic trading networks. Nevertheless, we strongly suspect that this claim is legendary rather than factual.

I promised to give you a few reminiscences of my grandparents on my mother's side, as I heard them from my mother's lips at different times. I am very sorry that I did not at those times note them down, and then I could have given you a more full and satisfactory account; much has gone from memory entirely.

My grandfather's name was Thomas Gorham, my grandmother's, Hannah Gorham, both before and after her marriage. They were cousins and lived in Barnstable, Barnstable Co., Mass.

I think they had eight children, four sons and four daughters. The names of three sons were John, the eldest, Ezekiel, and Thomas the youngest son. I think there was a Samuel among them but am not sure that was his name. The four daughters were Betsey, Desire, Hannah, and Temperance. Betsey married a Dr. Tainter, Desire a Mr. Crocker. Mother of course married Timothy Burr. Temperance married Ebenezer Johnson. Temperance was two years younger than my mother, and her mother died when she was born.

John my mother's eldest brother, was lost at sea, was a sea captain (as his father was before him), had gone a great many voyages and concluded to go no more, but to stay home the remainder of his life; but was persuaded by a friend to go one

more trip, which trip proved disastrous as neither he or his vessel were heard of afterward.

Another brother was lost at sea, but whether Ezekiel or the one whose name is not quite clear I cannot tell. Thomas died in the West Indies. He accumulated a large property there, was unmarried; word was sent to his relatives in Mass. to come on with proof that they were his blood relations and receive the money. But no one seemed willing to take the trouble. In those days 90 years ago it was a great undertaking to go that distance even for a fortune.

Grandfather Gorham followed the sea in young life, owned a vessel and went as captain. Lost his eyesight by or before middle life, married a widow Jones after he became blind. She had two Jones daughters and one after she married my grandfather, who was named Sally.

My mother thought her father a good man, upright and pious; she remembered seeing him go in the front stairway to the chamber and on a broad stair or landing kneel in private devotions. He educated my mother to do his business for him. He used to take her with him when he went to buy cattle to stock his farm. It was very common with him to take her on the same horse with him when quite young, to guide the horse in the right direction.

She said he could tell by the feeling of the animal its real worth as well as if he had his eyesight. His house was two stories in front and painted a peachblow color; the kitchen and other back rooms were lower and older.

The windows in the kitchen and I think in all that old part of the house were made of glass cut in curious shapes and set in pewter sash. Dooryard large and no fence in front. The garret was used for a store room especially for codfish, where quintals of it were packed ready to sell or use.

In the cellar were limes, lemons, oranges in great quantities, hogsheads of molasses. A negro's great toe was found in a hogshead in using or emptying out the molasses. In my grandfather's time slaves were owned in the eastern as well as the southern states. My mother said her father owned twelve Indians and they lived in wigwams on his farm; how this was I cannot tell as Indians were never sold as slaves here in this country, but I think he must have brought them from the West Indies.

They called him "massa" like the negroes and sometimes I almost think they were, but Mother said they were Indians. They were useful to grandfather in coasting, and perhaps the sea voyages; but they took care of the farm. Grandfather owned a slave woman by the name of Moriah; she was very old, as she often told her life story to my mother. It was pitiful and remembered with sadness. She was stolen from Africa when young, yet a wife and had two small children. She was taken from the cornfield and put on board a vessel and never saw home, husband, or children again.

How my grandfather came in possession of Moriah I do not know. His parents probably lived in the same house before him as his mother had the care of my mother and she slept with her grandmother as I have heard her say, and was well cared for during her life, and when her grandmother died fared rather poorly and concluded to go from home as soon as she became old enough to leave.

Moriah was too old and infirm to go about the house much, but sat in the chimney corner and carded wool or tow. In those days and for long years after, there were no machines for carding either wool or cotton; such work was carded by hand. She longed to die for she believed that when she died she would go back to Africa and be again with her husband and children; she would often cry a long time over her separation from all she held dear in this world even after she became aged; at other times she would be merry and sing songs to the children in her native tongue, and in the strange weird tunes of her country. She slept over the kitchen and was cared for comfortably until her death, as my mother thought.

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# Notes



**Dave Maslowski, "Ruby-Throated Hummingbird"**  
Card used for letter of August 24, 2010

## Notes to the Introduction

<sup>1</sup> Paul C. Mangelsdorf, "Donald Forsha Jones, 1890-1963: A Biographical Memoir," National Academy of Sciences, 1975. Available online at the Academy website.

## Notes to Chapter One

<sup>1</sup> EWS's great-grandfather, 1805-1889. For more about him, see Appendix B.

<sup>2</sup> K'tut Tantri, *Revolt in Paradise* (New York: Harper, 1960). "The adopted daughter of a Balinese Rajah, recalls her life on the island of Bali, from 1932 through 1945" (WorldCat summary description, accessed 30 November 2012).

<sup>3</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald were planning to be married that summer, and August 19 was the proposed wedding date.

<sup>4</sup> EWS's birthday.

<sup>5</sup> Keith Stavely spent 1964-65, the year after he graduated from college, on a Fulbright Fellowship in India, teaching basic English in an Indian college.

<sup>6</sup> Tony Stavely was a member of the psychology department at Keene (New Hampshire) State College.

<sup>7</sup> Jonathan Stavely was 9 years old at this time.

<sup>8</sup> Charles Hudson, *History of the Town of Marlborough, Middlesex County, Massachusetts: From Its First Settlement in 1657 to 1861* (Boston: T. R. Marvin, 1862).

<sup>9</sup> EWS's Williams ancestors owned and operated a tavern in Marlborough in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In 1795, after the Williams Tavern had, as EWS indicates in the letter, passed out of the hands of EWS's direct ancestors, the celebrated French traveler Rochefoucault was forced by illness to stay there. He waxes rhapsodic about how he was treated: "the family, in whose house I had stopped, were the best people in the world. Both men and women took as much care of me, as if I had been their own child. . . . I must repeat it once more, that I cannot bestow too much praise on the kindness of these excellent people. Being a stranger, utterly unacquainted with them, sick, and appearing in the garb of mediocrity, bordering on indigence, I possessed not the least claim on the hospitality of this respectable family, but such as their own kindness and humanity could suggest; and yet, during the five days I continued in their house, they neglected their own business to nurse me with the tenderest care and unwearied solicitude. They heightened still more the generosity of their conduct by making up their account in

a manner so extremely reasonable, that three times its amount would not have been too much for the trouble I had caused them. May this respectable family ever enjoy the blessings which they so well deserve! This shall be my constant, fervent wish until my last moment"; Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, *Travels through the United States of North America . . . in the Years 1795, 1796, and 1797*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., 3 vols. (London: R. Phillips, 1800), 2: 107, 110-11.

<sup>10</sup> Jessie Stavely was 5 years old at this time, Zaidee Stavely 1½ years old.

<sup>11</sup> Mary Boykin Chestnut, *A Diary from Dixie*, ed. Ben Ames Williams (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1980).

<sup>12</sup> Keith Stavely was working part-time at the Watertown (MA) Public Library.

<sup>13</sup> Jonathan Stavely was in the fourth grade in the Cambridge, MA public school system. Kathleen Fitzgerald was a campus minister at Merrimack College in North Andover, MA.

<sup>14</sup> Jary and Judy Stavely were both teaching this year at the elementary school in Comptche, California, a small town 15 miles east of Mendocino that is part of the Mendocino Unified School District.

<sup>15</sup> League of Women Voters.

<sup>16</sup> Keith Stavely was at this time undertaking research on the history of Marlborough, MA in the nineteenth century. The *Marlborough Times* was a weekly paper that was published from 1877 until 1892.

<sup>17</sup> EWS's grandfather's sister. For more about her, see Appendix A.

<sup>18</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald participated in project sponsored by an organization called Somerville United Neighborhoods that resulted in a series of pamphlets about the history of Somerville.

<sup>19</sup> Lena Stavely was 1½ months old at this time.

<sup>20</sup> Thomas Gorham (b. 1723) was EWS's great great great great-grandfather. For more about him, see Appendix D.

<sup>21</sup> *The Diary of Ebenezer Parkman, 1703-1782*, ed. Francis G. Walett (Worcester, MA: American Antiquarian Society, 1974).

<sup>22</sup> i.e., EWS's sister, Jane Williams Kelly.

<sup>23</sup> Judy Stavely plays the fiddle.

<sup>24</sup> i.e., the Jary and Judy Stavely family had a pony.

<sup>25</sup> The great-grandmother of EWS's husband's mother, Rowena Keith Saxe. Keith Stavely was named for Rowena Keith Saxe.

<sup>26</sup> See letters of October 25, 1992, March 10, 2009, and November 14, 2010.

<sup>27</sup> Diana Spencer, relatively newly wed at the time to Charles, Prince of Wales.

<sup>28</sup> Of the NEHGS.

<sup>29</sup> At the time of her marriage to John Kelly, Jane Williams Kelly had converted to Roman Catholicism.

<sup>30</sup> EWS's television viewing was confined almost exclusively to PBS and C-SPAN.

<sup>31</sup> Keith Stavely was about to be appointed to a full-time position as librarian at one of the branch libraries of the Watertown Public Library.

<sup>32</sup> The father of Martha and Homer Stavely, James Stavely, held Methodist pastorates in Phoenix, Arizona, among other places.

<sup>33</sup> At this time, Maude Stavely Wright resided in a nursing home in Glendale, California. Her daughter Beckie McCalmont resided in Acton, Massachusetts.

<sup>34</sup> Tony and Linda Stavely were divorced and shared custody of their two children, Jotham, age 14, and Rachel, age 9.

<sup>35</sup> December 27.

<sup>36</sup> A friend of Tony Stavely's from graduate school at Princeton.

<sup>37</sup> Evelyn Fox Keller, *A Feeling for the Organism: The Life and Work of Barbara McClintock* (San Francisco: W. H. Freeman, 1983).

<sup>38</sup> Edward Whalley, a major in the army commanded by Oliver Cromwell in the English Civil War of the mid-seventeenth century, was one of those who in 1649 signed the order for the execution of King Charles I of England.

<sup>39</sup> The house and outbuildings on the property of Jary and Judy Stavely were handmade. There is a photograph of the staircase from the first to the second floor of the house in Art Boericke and Barry Shapiro, *Handmade Houses: A Guide to the Woodbutcher's Art* (San Francisco: Scrimshaw Press, 1973).

<sup>40</sup> A program Keith Stavely organized at the Watertown Public Library.

<sup>41</sup> Between 1982 and 1986, almost 100 hostages, mostly Europeans and Americans, were taken hostage in Beirut, Lebanon by jihadist groups.

<sup>42</sup> Greene, NY, an important place in EWS's life. For additional information, see the Introduction.

<sup>43</sup> Jonathan Stavely, age 13, was on a summer trip to Europe with his maternal grandparents, Ed and Suzanne Weiland.

<sup>44</sup> Steve McCalmont, youngest son of Beckie McCalmont.

<sup>45</sup> Jary Stavely also called square dances, as EWS occasionally mentions in subsequent letters.

<sup>46</sup> A camping trip to Acadia National Park and Quebec.

<sup>47</sup> Michael J. Arlen, *Exiles* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1970); Arlen, *Passage to Ararat* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1975). The books were Christmas gifts from Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald. The neighborhood in Watertown, Massachusetts in which the branch library where Keith Stavely worked was located had a large Armenian population.

<sup>48</sup> Ben Tousley, Kathleen Fitzgerald's colleague in the campus ministry at Merrimack College, was also a folk singer. This tape consisted of some of the songs subsequently also found on the LP identified in chap. 3, n. 2, below.

<sup>49</sup> The Evansville, Indiana residence of the Stavely family.

<sup>50</sup> Tony Stavely was on sabbatical leave for the spring semester of this academic year.

<sup>51</sup> Keith Stavely led a book discussion group at the Watertown Public Library and often wrote accounts of the books the group had discussed for the Watertown weekly newspaper.

<sup>52</sup> For the 50<sup>th</sup> reunion of her college class, Cornell, 1935.

<sup>53</sup> Acoustic Research, a pioneer in the 1950s and 1960s in high-quality stereo equipment.

<sup>54</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald had left her campus ministry position at Merrimack College and was at this time substitute teaching at a Catholic high school for girls in Boston.



<sup>55</sup> Kaori Homma had been an exchange student from Japan at Merrimack College, where she and Kathleen Fitzgerald had become good friends.

<sup>56</sup> The retirement facility where Martha Stavelly lived.

<sup>57</sup> In Arizona.

<sup>58</sup> After the death of his first wife in 1913, James Stavelly married a woman who became known in the family as Mother Viola.

<sup>59</sup> EWS's neighbors in Toledo, Ohio.

<sup>60</sup> Pat Predmore, one of EWS's closest friends from college, saw her frequently, as her son Michael was a Professor of Spanish at Stanford.

<sup>61</sup> Jary Stavelly, a bass, had sung in choral groups since high school.

<sup>62</sup> As noted in the Introduction, EWS's house lot had many redwoods growing on it.

<sup>63</sup> A soup kitchen in Lawrence, Mass. that Kathleen Fitzgerald helped to run.

<sup>64</sup> Jonathan Stavelly was participating in a summer drama program at Tufts University, and Kathleen Fitzgerald was seeking employment. As for "the book production," see below, chap. 2, n. 12.

<sup>65</sup> TWA Flight 847 was hijacked on June 14, 1985; most of the passengers were released a few weeks later. For EWS's acquaintance with Benjamin Weir, see the letter of May 13, 1984. Weir was released in September, 1985.

<sup>66</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald was traveling to Ireland that summer with her mother and two of her aunts.

<sup>67</sup> Eva Ibbotson, *A Company of Swans* (New York: St. Martin's, 1985).

<sup>68</sup> Esther Meskis was a lifelong Californian.

<sup>69</sup> Gladys L. Hobby, *Penicillin: Meeting the Challenge* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1985). During World War II, Homer Stavelly participated in the project to develop penicillin into an antibiotic. Just after the war, when the project had been completed but penicillin was not yet available to the general public, his son Keith Stavelly, aged 4, came down with a serious case of pneumonia. The understanding in the family of what transpired is that Keith Stavelly would not have survived had his father not been able to arrange for penicillin to be administered to him.

<sup>1</sup> Rudy Ellingson was a colleague biochemist of Homer Stavelly, at Mead Johnson & Co. He and EWS had frequently socialized with Rudy Ellingson and his wife Mary.

<sup>2</sup> Jonathan Stavelly's graduation from 8<sup>th</sup> grade in the Cambridge, Massachusetts public schools.

<sup>3</sup> Jonathan Stavelly, now 15, participated in a bicycle tour of Rhode Island, southeastern Massachusetts, and Cape Cod, sponsored by the 92<sup>nd</sup> Street YMCA in New York.

<sup>4</sup> Arlington Catholic High School.

<sup>5</sup> The handmade house of Jary and Judy Stavelly (see chapter 1, n. 39) was designed according to an open plan.

<sup>6</sup> Keith W. Stavelly, *The Politics of Milton's Prose Style* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1975).

<sup>7</sup> "Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock*, a contemporary folk opera set against the backdrop of a steel strike. Characters in the left-leaning work include fat-cat capitalists, brutal policemen, heroic union organizers, and a warm-hearted prostitute"; Wikipedia, accessed 8/12/12.

<sup>8</sup> Orville Schell, *To Get Rich is Glorious: China in the Eighties* (New York: Pantheon, 1984).

<sup>9</sup> Game 2 of the 1986 World Series between the Boston Red Sox and the New York Mets. Boston won this game 9-3, having won game 1 the day before 1-0. But this World Series as a whole has of course lived in infamy among fans of the Red Sox.

<sup>10</sup> i.e., the cormorants had been trained to catch fish.

<sup>11</sup> Arnie McCalmont is the husband of EWS's niece by marriage, Beckie McCalmont.

<sup>12</sup> Keith W. F. Stavelly, *Puritan Legacies: Paradise Lost and the New England Tradition, 1630-1890* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1987).

<sup>13</sup> Zaidee Stavelly was 8 years old at this time.

<sup>14</sup> On the Contragate scandal.

<sup>15</sup> For many years, EWS had participated in this "round robin" letter with her husband's sisters and niece. The political views of these correspondents were quite different from her own.

<sup>16</sup> Reader's report on the manuscript of *Puritan Legacies*.

<sup>17</sup> EWS participated in several guided tour vacations run by Kathy Zedekar.

<sup>18</sup> Another reference to EWS's neighbors in Toledo, Ohio.

<sup>19</sup> American Chemical Society.

<sup>20</sup> North High School, Evansville, Indiana.

<sup>21</sup> The puzzle has been lost, but Keith Stavely developed programs and exhibits on the issue of censorship and intellectual freedom at the Watertown (MA) Public Library. He and one of his co-workers published an article about these projects: "We Didn't Wait for the Censor: Intellectual Freedom at the Watertown Public Library," *Library Journal* 108 (Sept. 1, 1983): 1654-58.

<sup>22</sup> With *Puritan Legacies*.

<sup>23</sup> The younger of the two daughters of Mary Mayshark (the "Mary" first mentioned in the letter of December 29, 1986).

<sup>24</sup> Mary Mayshark had lived in California not that far from Mendocino some years earlier; she still kept a horse in the area.

<sup>25</sup> EWS means the copy quality isn't very good. *The Mendocino Beacon*, Thursday, July 30, 1987: "Zaidee Stavely plays the Shrunken Witch, who climbs out of the cauldron of magic water and races around the stage, a pint-sized terror, wailing, 'Look what you've done! What a world, what a world.' Stavely is eight years old, a student at Comptche School . . . She portrays a Munchkin in the first act of 'The Wizard of Oz,' appearing as a dainty blue-clad blonde. In her guise as the little Witch, she is exactly opposite. . . . audiences love it when the tiny, enraged Shrunken Witch emerges to challenge the Scarecrow, the Tin Man, and the Lion. Then Dorothy cries, 'Don't let her get away!' and they carry her back to the cauldron. Her furious face and kicking feet are both eloquent and hilarious."

<sup>26</sup> That is, the errors discovered in reading the proofs of *Puritan Legacies*.

<sup>27</sup> The hearings in connection with the Contragate scandal.

<sup>28</sup> The Trinity Mountains of northern California are located between Trinity Lake and Lake Shasta, seventeen miles northwest of Redding.

<sup>29</sup> Wilson Drive is the street in Terre Haute, Indiana where the Stavelys lived from 1948 until 1956.

<sup>30</sup> The holiday travel plans for that year of Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald and their 16-year-old son/stepson Jonathan involved visiting Keith Stavely's aunts Martha and Maude at their respective retirement residences in southern California, then driving north for Christmas with EWS, Jary and Judy Stavely, and their daughters in Mendocino. Martha Stavely, a retired English teacher and author of a book about a freighter tour she took in 1952 (*Freighter Fever* [NY: Pageant Press, 1955]), had been particularly interested and supportive as *Puritan Legacies* was making its way toward publication. The plan was to present her in person with an inscribed copy.

<sup>31</sup> Beckie McCalmont had stated to EWS and Kathleen Fitzgerald that she believed herself to be in post-mortem communication ("channel experience") with her deceased father.

<sup>32</sup> Doughnuts.

<sup>33</sup> Mexican restaurant in Boston where EWS had dined several times with Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald during her visits to them.

<sup>34</sup> In La Jolla, California.

<sup>35</sup> Alexander Humez and Nicholas Humez, *ABC Et Cetera: The Life and Times of the Roman Alphabet* (Boston; David R. Godine, 1985). From 1977 to 1983, Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald rented half of a two-family house in Somerville, Massachusetts owned by Alexander Humez and his wife Jean Humez (who had been a colleague of Keith Stavely in the English Department of Boston University). Keith Stavely and Alex Humez co-compiled a work of oral history: *Family Man: What Men Feel about Their Wives, Their Children, Their Parents, and Themselves* (Chicago: Contemporary Books, 1978).

<sup>36</sup> The annual convention of the Modern Language Association of America, always held during the week between Christmas and New Year's and held that year in San Francisco. As at meetings of other professional associations, the convention served as an employment clearinghouse. With the publication of *Puritan Legacies*, Keith Stavely was actively looking for a college teaching position, having left that profes-

sion in 1980 after several years of unsuccessful job-hunting. Laura Chase was a friend of Jary and Judy Stavely who lived in San Francisco.

<sup>37</sup> *Library Journal*, Sept. 1, 1987.

<sup>38</sup> i.e., the Watertown (MA) Free Public Library.

<sup>39</sup> *Puritan Legacies*.

<sup>40</sup> Protests demanding independence from China; they lasted into 1989.

<sup>41</sup> The article, in the weekly paper of Watertown, MA, was about a party in celebration of the publication of *Puritan Legacies*, held at the branch library in Watertown where Keith Stavely worked.

#### Notes to Chapter Three

<sup>1</sup> In 1987, a colonoscopy revealed that Keith Stavely had a malignant polyp in his intestinal tract. It was successfully removed. His blood relatives were advised to get regular intestinal and colon checkups.

<sup>2</sup> Ben Tousley, *Standing There with You* (LP; Whole World Music, 1987).

<sup>3</sup> See previous letter.

<sup>4</sup> The car to which EWS refers was a 1988, quite basic Toyota Tercel, which did indeed give many years of good service.

<sup>5</sup> Donald Hodel, Secretary of the Interior from 1985 to 1989.

<sup>6</sup> Local expression for a wintertime trip to the Sierra Nevada mountain range.

<sup>7</sup> Keith Stavely was awarded two six-month research fellowships for the year 1988-89, one from the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation and one from the American Council of Learned Societies.

<sup>8</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald and Ben Tousley were job-sharing an interim ministry at the Unitarian/Universalist church in Sherborn, MA.

<sup>9</sup> *New York Review of Books*, April 28, 1988. The Michael McKeon book was *The Origins of the English Novel* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1987). McKeon and Keith Stavely had been colleagues in the Boston University English Department. From 1974 to 1976, Stavely, his infant son, Jonathan, McKeon, McKeon's longtime girlfriend Elizabeth Falsey, the Humez's (see chap. 2, n. 35), and their baby daughter Andrea rented a house together in Cambridge, MA.

<sup>10</sup> The wedding of Tony Stavely and Mary Mayshark.

<sup>11</sup> Jary Stavely's college roommate.

<sup>12</sup> During her visit to her East Coast relatives, Jessie Stavely, age 13, had amused herself by speaking much of the time in a language of her own invention.

<sup>13</sup> Beckie McCalmont's oldest son.

<sup>14</sup> Jary Stavely and Judy Stavely had separated. EWS refers to the upstairs "guest room" in her own house.

<sup>15</sup> A reunion of the Mayshark family.

<sup>16</sup> A. Bartlett Giamatti, former president of Yale and at the time the President of the National League. He would be named the Commissioner of Major League Baseball the following year. When Keith Stavely was a graduate student at Yale, Giamatti was a faculty member in the departments of English and Comparative Literature. Stavely served as Giamatti's Teaching Assistant in an undergraduate course on the sixteenth-century English poet Edmund Spenser.

<sup>17</sup> Mary Mayshark-Stavely was working overtime to please her new mother-in-law!

<sup>18</sup> The Chautauqua movement was an adult education initiative that flourished at the end of the nineteenth century and on into the twentieth century. It featured lectures, often by celebrity speakers. The first Chautauqua was held in 1874 on the shores of Chautauqua Lake in upstate New York.

<sup>19</sup> Keith Stavely was 1988 co-winner, for *Puritan Legacies*, of The Modern Language Association of America's Prize for Independent Scholars.

<sup>20</sup> Keith Stavely presented a paper at the 1989 annual meeting of the American Society for Eighteenth-Century Studies. It was subsequently published in the Society's journal: "The World All before Them: Milton and the Rising Glory of America," *Studies in Eighteenth-Century Culture* 20 (1990): 147-64.

<sup>21</sup> See chap. 2, n. 31.

<sup>22</sup> Judy (Green) Stavely's mother.

<sup>23</sup> Jary Stavely's birthday is November 26. He was becoming involved with Ronnie James at this time. Judy Stavely was involved with "Kelley" (known to EWS and others in Mendocino only by his surname). Kelley's daughter Fiona, the same age as Lena Stavely, is also mentioned several times in these letters.

<sup>24</sup> In company with her parents, sister, brother, and one of her aunts.

<sup>25</sup> The annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, at which Keith Stavely was awarded the prize mentioned in n. 19.

<sup>26</sup> The Bible, "Song of Songs."

<sup>27</sup> Alfred Noyes, "Forty Singing Seamen."

<sup>28</sup> Mary Mayshark-Stavely's oldest daughter.

<sup>29</sup> Keith Stavely had been appointed head of reference at the Watertown Public Library, effective upon his return in September from his year's leave of absence.

<sup>30</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald, having been awarded an MLS degree from the University of Rhode Island a few months earlier, began working as a young adult librarian at the Watertown Public Library in September, 1988.

<sup>31</sup> As mentioned in the first letter in this collection, May 13 is Keith Stavely's birthday.

<sup>32</sup> On May 30, 1989, Kathleen Fitzgerald's mother, Edith Fitzgerald, passed away.

<sup>33</sup> George Bancroft, *A History of the United States: From the Discovery of the American Continent*, a classic of nineteenth-century American historiography, was first published in 1834. The 14<sup>th</sup> edition was published in 1848.

<sup>34</sup> EWS had expressed a desire to give a plant in memory of Edith Fitzgerald, to be planted in the back yard of the Fitzgerald residence in Medford, MA. Kathleen Fitzgerald recommended a Japanese andromeda.

<sup>35</sup> Keith Stavely wrote an essay for a book compiled for the 25<sup>th</sup> reunion of his college class—Yale, 1964. Here is the passage to which EWS refers: "Everything has conspired, it seems, to lead me to live and work among those whom Herbert Gans calls (in a book out just this year) the 'middle Americans . . . the majority of Americans who, in terms of class, sit between the poor and the upper middle class . . . [and who work] in a wide array of blue-collar and white-collar industrial, bureaucratic and clerical positions.' Not only does my wife come from this class, the institution in which I chose to relocate my career, the public library, essentially serves it. Public libraries are mostly both staffed and patronized by middle Americans—local people who, if they have gone to college at all, have gone to a state college or university or, if to a private institution, to Northeastern or B[oston] C[ollege] or the University of Bridgeport, not to Harvard, Tufts, B[oston] U[niversity], or Yale. They send their children to Catholic schools, especially if they find the public schools unsatisfactory. This is what we have done with my son (my wife's stepson), who has just finished his sophomore year at a Catholic high school and who is

learning more and feeling more accepted and happier than he ever did in the public schools of elite and liberal Cambridge." In a way, EWS confirms this description of the sociology of public library patrons with her statement that she, a person of the upper middle class, reads books that she personally owns instead of books that she borrows from the public library.

<sup>36</sup> Perhaps *Episodes from Life among the Indians and Last Rambles among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed., (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1979).

<sup>37</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald was appointed children's librarian at the East Branch of the Watertown Public Library.

<sup>38</sup> EWS is correct. Arthur Adelman was the father of Jonathan Stavely's maternal grandmother, Suzanne Adelman Weiland, Peter Adelman was her brother, and Caryn is Peter Adelman's daughter.

<sup>39</sup> A former logging company rail line from Fort Bragg into the coastal mountains, subsequently converted into a tourist attraction.

<sup>40</sup> The Stohr family were next door neighbors of the Stavelys in Terre Haute, Indiana.

<sup>41</sup> The three children of Helen and Stanley Stohr.

<sup>42</sup> Lydia Maria Child, *The American Frugal Housewife* (Boston, 1833; repr. Applewood Books, 1986)

<sup>43</sup> That is, the planned trip to Australia had been cancelled.

<sup>44</sup> Keith Stavely's college roommate and longtime friend, at the time a Professor of English at the University of Maryland.

<sup>45</sup> Jary Stavely had long been a fan of the San Francisco Giants, who were representing the National league that year in the World Series, against the Oakland Athletics.

<sup>46</sup> The population of Mendocino in 2010 was 894 and has never been much above 1,000 during the entire time that EWS has lived there.

<sup>47</sup> See chap 1, n. 8 and Appendix B..

<sup>48</sup> New Brunswick, New Jersey. The Stavely boys were all born at this hospital.

<sup>49</sup> In the 1940s, while living in New Jersey, the Stavely family frequently rented a summer cottage in this southern part of the state.

## Notes to Chapter Four

- <sup>1</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald's sister.
- <sup>2</sup> There were no letters during the 1989 Christmas season because EWS spent Christmas in the East that year. During the Christmas morning gift exchange at the home of Keith Stavely, Kathleen Fitzgerald, and Jonathan Stavely, she was vastly amused by one of the joke presents given to Jonathan Stavely—a cylindrical toy that made a convincing "moo" sound when turned upside down and then quickly and dextrously restored to the upright position. She asked that another moo toy be obtained for her so that she could have it in her house for the amusement of her granddaughters (and eventually, as things developed, of her great-granddaughters).
- <sup>3</sup> Keith Stavely had accepted an offer of a tenurable teaching position in the English Department at Ohio State University.
- <sup>4</sup> Pictures taken during her stay in Massachusetts for the holidays.
- <sup>5</sup> Jonathan Stavely had decided to attend the College of Wooster in Wooster, Ohio.
- <sup>6</sup> Judy and Jary Stavely had divorced in 1989, and Judy was marrying Kelley (see chap. 3, nn. 14 and 23).
- <sup>7</sup> From Arlington Catholic High School.
- <sup>8</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald had purchased a house on Griswold Street in Worthington, Ohio, a suburb of Columbus.
- <sup>9</sup> Linda Stavely eventually married "Henry" (surname not known to the editors), who had come to the United States from Jamaica.
- <sup>10</sup> Jary Stavely, Zaidee Stavely, and Lena Stavely all performed in this original work written for the Gloriana Opera Company, the same local musical organization in the productions of which Jary and Zaidee had previously appeared.
- <sup>11</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald's father, Jim Fitzgerald, who had come out to Ohio to help in various ways with the process of moving in.
- <sup>12</sup> A cauldron-like volcanic feature.
- <sup>13</sup> EWS is five feet tall.
- <sup>14</sup> Keith Stavely gave a paper at the 1990 MLA convention. It was subsequently published as "Roger Williams: Bible Politics and Bible Art," in *Pamphlet Wars: Prose in the English Revolution*, ed. James Holstun, 76-91 (London: Frank Cass, 1992).

Kathleen Fitzgerald was hired to work at a branch of the Columbus Public Library. A bit later, she left this position to become a reference and bibliographic instruction librarian at the Ohio State University Library.

<sup>15</sup> Especially beginning in the winter quarter of that year, Keith Stavely was finding that his teaching at Ohio State was not going at all well. Also, he had never been particularly skilled at the "collegial" dimension of academic life, and after his extended, enforced leave of absence, he was finding this more problematic than ever. And on top of all this, both he and Kathleen Fitzgerald were indeed experiencing culture shock after five months in Ohio. For example, Fitzgerald's co-workers at the OSU Library found her Irish surname exotic, there being few Irish-Americans in the Columbus area. Encountering while driving in the Columbus hinterlands one afternoon interstate highway signage that offered a choice between Indianapolis in one direction and Wheeling in the other, Fitzgerald came home and said to Stavely, "I just don't want those to be the options." Despite EWS's advice to give the academic/Ohio venture more time, Stavely and Fitzgerald decided that winter to return to Massachusetts and library work. The following summer they did so.

<sup>16</sup> Keith Stavely presented a paper at a conference on "Puritanism in Old and New England," co-sponsored by Millersville (PA) University and the Massachusetts Historical Society. The paper was subsequently published as "Roger Williams and the Enclosed Gardens of New England," in *Puritanism: TransAtlantic Perspectives on a 17th Century Anglo-American Faith*, ed. Francis J. Bremer, 257-74 (Boston: Massachusetts Historical Society, 1993).

<sup>17</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald was hired as a Children's Librarian at the Cambridge Public Library.

<sup>18</sup> The house was located at 58 South Chenango Street in Greene. For more on this house, see Appendix A.

<sup>19</sup> While employed at the Commercial Solvents Corporation in Terre Haute, Indiana, Homer Stavely worked on a project to develop dextran into a substitute for blood plasma in emergency blood transfusions. His research resulted in a product that was indeed used in this way during the Korean War.

## Notes to Chapter Five

<sup>1</sup> Keith Stavely was hired as Assistant Director at the Fall River (MA) Public Library.

<sup>2</sup> David Gergen has been both an aide to several U. S. presidents and a news analyst and commentator on several U. S. television networks.

<sup>3</sup> Due to political disputes between some members of the Fall River Public Library Board of Trustees and some members of the Fall River City Council, there was a delay in approval of Keith Stavely's salary. The problem was eventually resolved, and he was paid retroactively from his start date.

<sup>4</sup> Keith Stavely's college roommate; see chap. 3, n. 44.

<sup>5</sup> A joint 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party for EWS and her friend Esther Meskis. Letterpress printing was a longtime hobby of Jary Stavely's. The Mt. Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, MA, in which several people of note in American history and culture are buried, is also an arboretum and a favored site for bird watching. Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald frequently took walks there.

<sup>6</sup> See chap. 3, n. 1.

<sup>7</sup> Most of the trees on EWS's house lot are redwoods.

<sup>8</sup> A fall foliage tour of Quebec and Atlantic Canada.

<sup>9</sup> EWS did not include stays with her East Coast sons as part of this trip, but Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald planned to meet up with EWS and her sister Jane, also coming on the tour, during the stop in Kennebunkport.

<sup>10</sup> The bus driver for the tour.

<sup>11</sup> The occasion of the picture in the paper was that Jessie Stavely had qualified as a semifinalist for the National Merit Scholarship Program.

<sup>12</sup> According to the clipping enclosed by EWS with her letter (*Toledo Blade*, 3 Aug. 1992), molecule p59 had "joined a select group of proteins that big-league researchers are studying to develop a new generation of medications that may prove effective in treating diseases caused by the body's own immune system, including multiple sclerosis, diabetes, psoriasis, and rheumatoid arthritis."

<sup>13</sup> Tony Stavely, his wife Mary, and his youngest stepdaughter, Ila, would be spending the spring semester of the academic year 1992-93 on sabbatical leave in Australia.

<sup>14</sup> Jary Stavely belonged and still belongs to a group of letterpress printers that put out a calendar annually, each member being assigned responsibility for a particular month.

<sup>15</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald was promoted from Children's Librarian at one branch of the Cambridge Public Library system to Branch Head of another branch.

<sup>16</sup> The bag had the name and logo of the Fall River Public Library printed on it. It was a fundraising project of the Library's Friends group.

<sup>17</sup> When EWS and Homer Stavely lived in New Jersey, the Lawtons had been among their friends.

<sup>18</sup> The next day was Tony Stavely's birthday.

<sup>19</sup> Helen Bruen, Kathleen Fitzgerald's mother's sister, had accompanied her and Keith Stavely on their visit to EWS and her sister Jane in Kennebunkport.

<sup>20</sup> Keith Stavely attended a meeting of the Public Library Association, which is a subdivision of the American Library Association.

<sup>21</sup> Jary and Zaidee Stavely were both part of the cast of *Broadway*, another production of the Gloriana Opera Company.

<sup>22</sup> The planned trip was designed as a tour of the East for EWS's two younger granddaughters, Zaidee and Lena Stavely; Jessie Stavely had been taken on a similar trip in 1988—see letter of June 19, 1988.

<sup>23</sup> Harvey Golubock, Jary Stavely's college roommate; see letter of June 19, 1988.

<sup>24</sup> Returning from college at the end of his junior year, Jonathan Stavely did his laundry at the last minute and ran out of time to dry it before heading for the airport for his flight to Boston. So he packed it wet and came home.

<sup>25</sup> Terre Haute, Indiana neighbors and friends of EWS and Homer.

<sup>26</sup> A picture of Jessie Stavely in the Mendocino weekly paper, with a caption stating that she had been awarded a National Merit Scholarship towards the expenses of her education at Carleton College.

<sup>27</sup> All three sons, two daughters-in-law, and four of six grandchildren.

<sup>28</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald applied to share the job of library director in this town. Their application was unsuccessful.

<sup>29</sup> Marianne North, *A Vision of Eden* (New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1980).

<sup>30</sup> A week's vacation trip to Virginia.

<sup>31</sup> See chap. 2, n. 1.

### Notes to Chapter Six

<sup>1</sup> "GINGER MOTION SICKNESS REMEDY: Eat about ½ teaspoon dried ginger or 1 teaspoon freshly grated ginger before you embark on boat, plane or car travel. Don't swallow ginger plain, because it can burn your throat. It's best to take it with food. Dried ginger can be put into gelatin capsules, which you can buy at a pharmacy or health food store. Fresh ginger lends itself well to making into a tea." Kathleen Fitzgerald was susceptible to motion sickness.

<sup>2</sup> In the 1950s and 1960s, when the Stavelys lived in Indiana, the state high school basketball tournament, popularly known as Hoosier Hysteria, was not subdivided according to school size. Nor—since there were no interscholastic girls basketball teams—was there a girls tournament.

<sup>3</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald's birthday is March 28.

<sup>4</sup> Jonathan Stavely hosted on the College of Wooster radio station a program of blues and various other types of unjustly neglected popular music.

<sup>5</sup> The graduation, that is, of Jonathan Stavely from the College of Wooster in May, 1994. Ed Weiland was Jonathan Stavely's maternal grandfather.

<sup>6</sup> After graduation, Jonathan Stavely joined Americorps, which was just beginning that year.

<sup>7</sup> On a trip west in July, 1994, Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald spent one week camping along the Northern California, Oregon, and Washington coasts and one week in Mendocino visiting EWS, Jary Stavely, and his daughters.

<sup>8</sup> EWS changed the name of her cat.

<sup>9</sup> The cat was rather shy and had, during the visit of Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald, vacated her usual afternoon sleeping place in the upstairs guest room.

<sup>10</sup> The feeling was mutual.

<sup>11</sup> The NCCC (National Civilian Community Corps) was the specific branch of the Americorps program in which Jonathan Stavely was participating.

<sup>12</sup> Mary Mayshark-Stavely's sister Holly lived in Port Townsend, Washington. Tony Stavely had for some years taught in SummerMath for Teachers, an in-service summer education program at Mount Holyoke College.

<sup>13</sup> For Americorps volunteers.

<sup>14</sup> Theodosius Dobzhansky, prominent geneticist and evolutionary biologist, was a member of the biology department of California Institute of Technology from 1930 to 1940; EWS became acquainted with him when she worked there in 1935 and 1936.

<sup>15</sup> An anti-illegal immigrant initiative.

<sup>16</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald were in the midst of a long-overdue renovation of the bathroom in their condominium in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was indeed strange, but it was indeed also true, that at a certain point in the proceedings the absence of a floor under the existing toilet was discovered.

<sup>17</sup> EWS is describing the Gloriana Opera Company production of *Dear Santa*, in which Jary Stavely played "an ordinary guy turned Santa" (*Mendocino Beacon*, Nov. 23, 1994).

<sup>18</sup> A bread making machine.

<sup>19</sup> Indiana University.

<sup>20</sup> EWS's lawyer.

<sup>21</sup> "Jonathan K. Stavely of Cambridge, Mass., a history major at College of Wooster in Ohio, started an oral history project [at Perry Point, MD, Veterans Administration Hospital] that gave veterans . . . a chance to tell their stories to [Americorps] members and gave the young corps members a chance to hear history from an eye-witness. 'It was good to hear about it from someone who was there,' said Stavely, . . . [The veteran I interviewed gave] great detail. . . . To get living history is the best experience." Beth Miller, "At Perry Point, There's History in the Telling," *Wilmington, Del. News Journal*, Feb. 1, 1995.

<sup>22</sup> John Demos, *The Unredeemed Captive: A Family Story from Early America* (New York: Vintage Books, 1995). EWS's subsequent paragraph relates to the subject of this book. In the 1980s, while a Professor of History at Brandeis University, John Demos lived in the east end of Watertown, Massachusetts and patronized the branch library in the neighborhood, where Keith Stavely was the librarian. They struck up an acquaintance, and Demos read, before it was submitted to publishers, a portion of the manuscript of the work that became *Puritan Legacies*.

<sup>23</sup> EWS is interpreting the statement in the previous letter that ⅛ of the estate is to go to "me or my heirs" to mean that a ⅛ share would be divided up immediately

between herself and her three sons—not that this 1/8 share would all go to her immediately and then be passed on to her heirs as part of her own estate.

<sup>24</sup> i.e., Jonathan.

<sup>25</sup> During Keith Stavely's year in India in 1964-65, he learned a smattering of Hindi.

<sup>26</sup> Jonathan Stavely had signed up for a second year in Americorps and was to be based in San Diego, not far from this park.

<sup>27</sup> Elienne Squire, *A Lantern in the Wind: The Life of Mary Ellen Chase* (Santa Barbara: Fithian Press, 1995).

#### Notes to Chapter Seven

<sup>1</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald were planning a trip to the West Coast in the spring of 1996.

<sup>2</sup> The overall plan for the West Coast trip noted above was that Stavely and Fitzgerald would attend the Public Library Association Convention in Portland, OR, fly to San Francisco, rent a car and drive up to Mendocino, stay overnight with EWS, and then take her with them on a trip to visit Jonathan Stavely, in San Diego on his second year Americorps assignment.

<sup>3</sup> After visiting with Jonathan Stavely in San Diego, Keith Stavely, Kathleen Fitzgerald, and EWS made their way back north, visiting various points of interest and eventually meeting Jary Stavely and Judy Stavely at the San Francisco airport. Keith and Kathleen flew back to Boston, Judy Stavely flew to Minnesota to visit with her daughter Jessie, and, as indicated in the letter, Jary Stavely and EWS drove back to Mendocino.

<sup>4</sup> EWS enclosed two newspaper articles about Southern California wildfires, including one in Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, which Keith Stavely, Kathleen Fitzgerald, and EWS had visited after leaving San Diego.

<sup>5</sup> Eddy L. Harris, *Native Stranger: A Black American's Journey into the Heart of Africa* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1992).

<sup>6</sup> A trip to national parks in the Pacific Northwest in both the U. S. and Canada.

<sup>7</sup> Alan Taylor, *William Cooper's Town: Power and Persuasion on the Frontier of the Early American Republic* (New York: Vintage Books, 1996).

<sup>8</sup> An anti-affirmative action measure.

<sup>9</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald used their share of Martha Stavely's estate as the major part of the down payment towards the purchase of a second home in Jamestown, Rhode Island.

<sup>10</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald included in their 1996 Christmas parcel to their California relatives a CD entitled *A Rubber Band Christmas*, on which Christmas standards are played with rubber bands. It was deemed highly amusing by its recipients.

<sup>11</sup> See letter of August 29, 1997.

<sup>12</sup> Patricia Marien.

<sup>13</sup> As noted above, Harvey Golubock was Jary Stavely's college roommate.

<sup>14</sup> Katherine Bell was a Cornell classmate of EWS who lived in Wakefield, RI, not far from the new second home of Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald in Jamestown, RI. Caroline was Katherine Bell's daughter. On her first visit to Jamestown earlier this summer, EWS had paid a call on her old acquaintance, and this was to become for several years a regular feature of her visits to the area.

<sup>15</sup> Sean Nittner.

<sup>16</sup> The wedding of Jotham Stavely to Jen Gallahorn.

<sup>17</sup> See Timothy Dwight, *Travels in New England and New York*, ed. Barbara Miller Solomon, 4 vols. (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1969), 4: 15: “[The Chenango] is a beautiful stream. . . . The intervals especially are possessed of all the elegance and fertility found in those which lie far up Connecticut River. These fine grounds are devoted to the several objects of cultivation suited to the climate, and beautifully reward the labors of the husbandman. By the hills, which are of considerable height, handsomely varied in their summits, and in several places finely tufted with groves of white pine, this region is, to the eye, sequestered from the world. Like the vale of Kashmir, it seems capable of yielding within itself ample means of happiness to a great number of virtuous inhabitants. At a future period, when the population of these states shall be far advanced, men of intelligence and virtue may perhaps seek a retreat from the folly, bustle, and vice which haunt the residence of wealth and splendor in the beautiful vale of Chenango.” Keith Stavely had sent EWS this passage and also the Rochefoucault account of the Williams Tavern, included above, chap. 1, n. 9.



<sup>18</sup> To anyone familiar with tourist areas of the East Coast comparable to Mendocino, EWS's concerns about traffic would be difficult to comprehend. By that standard, traffic in Mendocino is negligible.

<sup>19</sup> Sue Maden and Patrick Hodgkin, *Jamestown Affairs: A Miscellany of Historical Flashbacks* (Jamestown, RI: West Ferry Press, 1996).

<sup>20</sup> Beavertail lighthouse stands at the southern tip of Conanicut Island, the island on which Jamestown is located. The lighthouse site and surrounding area have been made into a state park.

<sup>21</sup> Simon Winchester, *The Professor and the Madman: A Tale of Murder, Insanity, and the Making of the Oxford English Dictionary* (New York: Harper Collins, 1998).

<sup>22</sup> Miriam Gurko, *The Ladies of Seneca Falls: The Birth of the Women's Rights Movement* (New York: Macmillan, 1974).

<sup>23</sup> A fundraising project of the Friends of the Fall River Public Library. A cup plate is essentially a coaster for a teacup. It came into widespread use in the United States in the nineteenth century.

<sup>24</sup> This must be a response to a query from Keith Stavely. The book to which EWS refers is Frederick W. Stavely, *The Stavely Family of Frederick W. Stavely* (Privately Printed, 1969).

<sup>25</sup> See above, n. 21.

<sup>26</sup> Probably either "The GOP's Real Purpose," *Boston Globe*, Dec. 20, 1998; or "Congress's Twisted Priorities," *Boston Globe*, Jan. 5, 1999.

<sup>27</sup> The letter is undated, but its contents indicate that it was sent prior to Keith Stavely's and Kathleen Fitzgerald's trip to Ireland and England in May, 1999.

<sup>28</sup> That is, Juarez.

<sup>29</sup> One of the places in England that Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald visited was the cottage in this village outside London where John Milton briefly lived.

<sup>30</sup> EWS refers to *Library: The Drama Within*, photographs by Diane Asséo Griliches, essay by Daniel J. Boorstin (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, in association with the Center for the Book in the Library of Congress, 1996). A selection of the photographs was separately published as *For the Love of Libraries: A Book of Postcards* (San Francisco: Pomegranate, 1998). Both versions include a

photo of Kathleen Fitzgerald reading to a group of children at the Central Square Branch of the Cambridge Public Library.

<sup>31</sup> The house of Mary Mayshark-Stavely's mother.

#### Notes to Chapter Eight

<sup>1</sup> The agenda for EWS's East Coast trip that year included visits with her two East Coast sons and their families and attending the 65<sup>th</sup> reunion of her class at Cornell. Keith Stavely would drive her from Boston to Ithaca.

<sup>2</sup> In the summer of 1999, Keith Stavely was named Director of the Fall River Public Library. The library had received a state grant for renovation of a portion of its building. To implement the grant, matching funds were required, but at the time of Stavely's promotion, a source for these had not yet been identified. The deadline for obtaining the matching funds and making the commitment to implement the grant would occur within the coming year. Stavely and the Library Trustees decided to obtain the matching funds by selling some rare books in the Library's possession. Major auction houses such as Christie's and Sotheby's agreed to provide appraisals of the books proposed to be sold, and "Mr. Lecky" was one of the appraisers from Christie's.

<sup>3</sup> The enclosure is a combination of a typescript written by EWS's sister Jane and sent to EWS some time before the death of their father in 1963 (see next-to-last sentence of typescript quotation below), and of handwritten annotations by EWS, composed at the same time as this letter to Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald. The Jane Williams Kelly text is: "Mrs. Rice's Ice Cream. One Gallon. 2 quarts milk. 2 quarts cream. 10 eggs. 2 pounds sugar. 1/2 box gelatin. Heat the milk, using double boiler. Then add sugar and eggs, and gelatin, and after it is cool, the whipped cream. Then add the flavoring. Beat the eggs very thoroughly.' (This is a pretty nebulous recipe. I presume that the eggs, sugar etc. have to coat the spoon before being removed from the heat. Frank Williams wrote that they acquired a filled cookie recipe of his grandmother's that he had been especially fond of as a child. The recipe called for 'flour to thicken nicely.' They used 10 pounds of flour before the 'mess' would thicken 'nicely.'). Here is Grandma Williams' recipe for 'Pot Apple Pie Crust that don't fall down till swallowed.' I found it in the small book that had at one time been a diary. 'sour milk 1 pint. sour cream 1 teacup. Butter 2/3 cup. Egg

1. Saleratus 9s (saltspoons?). Never roll or cut it. Snip off pieces size desired and boil ½ hour.' You will notice that there is no mention of flour. I suspect there was a specified amount for each cup of liquid known to good cooks. This is what I gathered from 'Joy' [i.e., *The Joy of Cooking*]. '1 cup clabbered milk. 2 cups flour. ¼-½ tsp baking soda.' I think 1 teacup, today, is equal to ¾ cup (standard). If a saltspoon is slightly less than ⅛ tsp. then 9s. would work out to about 1 teaspoon or more. There is no mention of salt. Apparently, this is the dumpling dough for the ancestral pot apple pie. Last winter, Dad wrote out what he remembered it to be. It has salt pork fried before the apples go in." And here are EWS's handwritten comments: "Copied from what Jane sent me many years ago. I assume sugar & spices were added to the apples when they were put in the pot. Dad said the pot pie was served with cream sweetened with maple syrup or maple sugar. My mother made the pot pie *once*. Said cleaning the pot was too much of a job to make the pot pie again."

<sup>4</sup> For Barbara Lawton and her husband, see letter of December 29, 1992 and chap. 5, n. 17. During her 2000 East Coast visit, EWS had explored the possibility of moving to a retirement facility, either near Northfield, MA, where Tony Stavely and Mary Mayshark-Stavely lived, or near Jamestown, RI, where Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald lived part of the time. The latter pair had taken EWS to visit South Bay Manor in South Kingstown, RI, run by the same company that ran the East Bay Manor facility discussed in the letter.

<sup>5</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald had given EWS a sunbonnet.

<sup>6</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald and Keith Stavely had decided to reside full-time in Jamestown, RI, so Fitzgerald had left her position as Branch Librarian of the Collins Branch of the Cambridge Public Library. She subsequently worked for many years at the Newport Public Library.

<sup>7</sup> Bill Bryson, *A Walk in the Woods: Rediscovering America on the Appalachian Trail* (New York: Broadway Books, 1999); Leona Rostenberg and Madeleine Stern, *Old Books, Rare Friends: Two Literary Sleuths and Their Shared Passion* (New York: Main Street Books/Doubleday, 1998).

<sup>8</sup> Represented on the note paper is Linden Place, Bristol, Rhode Island, "a Federal style mansion built in 1810."

<sup>9</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald traveled with Fitzgerald's father Jim to Ireland in the fall of 2000. Among the places they visited was "the Burren," a geologically and historically noteworthy landscape in County Clare. Hence the Christmas gift to EWS of E. Charles Nelson, *The Burren: A Companion to the Wildflowers of an Irish Limestone Wilderness* (Ballyvaghan, Co. Clare: Conservancy of the Burren, 1991).

<sup>10</sup> "Fibber McGee and Molly [was] an American radio comedy series which maintained its popularity over decades. It premiered on NBC in 1935 and continued until its demise in 1959, long after radio had ceased to be the dominant form of entertainment in American popular culture. . . . None of the show's running gags was as memorable or enduring as The Closet—McGee's frequently opening and cacophonous closet, bric-a-brac clattering down and out and, often enough, over McGee's or Molly's heads"; *Wikipedia*, 10/25/12.

<sup>11</sup> Presumably the Genealogical Society.

<sup>12</sup> "Frank Orland Williams, 74, a mapmaker, book designer and editor who retired as assistant director of the University of Illinois Press at the Chicago Circle Campus, died Thursday, Jan 4, at Edgewater Medical Center"; Evan Osnos, "Frank Orland Williams, 74, Mapmaker, Book Designer," *Chicago Tribune*, January 8, 2001.

<sup>13</sup> Kay Bell's daughter Caroline had been living next door to her in Wakefield, RI.

<sup>14</sup> During his year in India in 1964-65, Keith Stavely taught basic English at Sardar Vallabhai Vidyapeeth (now called Sardar Patel University) and lived near the campus. The university is located in Gujarat about halfway between Ahmenabad and Baroda (now called Vadodora), near the small city of Anand.

<sup>15</sup> EWS's East Coast trip this summer would include attending the June wedding of Rachel Stavely and Michael Hale.

<sup>16</sup> EWS's enclosure with this letter was a twelve-generation line of descent. The interest in Andrew Langworthy was occasioned by her having seen the Langworthy Public Library in Hope Valley, RI during one of her visits.

<sup>17</sup> The annual convention of the American Library Association was to be held in San Francisco that June, so Keith Stavely made plans to accompany EWS on her return from her East Coast trip and then spend some time in Mendocino before attending the convention.

<sup>18</sup> The renovation of the Fall River Public Library's main building, scheduled to begin in September, 2001, necessitated that ongoing library operations be relocated to temporary quarters. The move to the temporary quarters was indeed taking place at the time of this letter.

<sup>19</sup> Making her first visit to Mendocino in 1982, Kathleen Fitzgerald, seated in the back of the bus, experienced great difficulty during the journey from Cloverdale, CA to Mendocino along tortuously curvy CA 128.

<sup>20</sup> EWS enclosed Mary Hirshfeld, "Winter Garden Gems," from an issue of *Cornell Plantations Magazine*. Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald were planning a shrubbery garden for their back yard.

<sup>21</sup> To find out how her friend's travel plans had been altered by the terrorist attack of September 11, 2001.

<sup>22</sup> In Afghanistan.

<sup>23</sup> Jonathan Stavely's mother, Patricia Weiland Stavely, had passed away earlier in the month.

<sup>24</sup> EWS enclosed a copy of a letter to EWS's sister from the woman who had purchased the old Williams house in Greene, NY. The letter and accompanying photos describe the renovation of the house that the new owner was carrying out.

<sup>25</sup> A 1940 game between Cornell and Dartmouth.

<sup>26</sup> For the marriage of Jessie Stavely and Sean Nittner.

<sup>27</sup> Stelton (now Edison), NJ, where the Stavelys lived from 1945 to 1948.

<sup>28</sup> David McCullough, *John Adams* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2001). This had been a gift to EWS from Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald the previous Christmas.

<sup>29</sup> One of Sean Nittner's major fields at U. C. Davis was Medieval Studies.

<sup>30</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald's 50<sup>th</sup> birthday, March 28, 2002. EWS seems to have forgotten the exact date, since a package mailed March 18 would have arrived (and did arrive) well in advance of the birthday.

<sup>31</sup> Plans were beginning to be made for a 90<sup>th</sup> birthday party for EWS in August of 2002, with Greene, NY as the proposed venue.

<sup>32</sup> This trip included the family reunion/EWS 90<sup>th</sup> birthday party in Greene, NY. Although EWS's birthday is August 28, the party had to be held much earlier in the

month, due to the various commitments of those attending. Here is the toast delivered at the party by Tony Stavely:

Stavely Reunion

The Sherwood Inn Hotel

Greene, Chenango County, New York

Third August, 2002

A toast to Mom, the bright-eyed botanist born some miles northwest of here who now enjoys her ninetieth summer—a child of this place and this region who can tell us stories of people and events from almost every valley and village from here to Cortland and Syracuse.

Consider 1912. If you wanted to go someplace then you would have walked, or taken a trolley car, or hitched up your buggy—unless you were daring enough and wealthy enough to have an automobile (and if it wasn't wintertime). It was another time and place, August of 1912.

Much of the world we inhabit has been built in Mom's lifetime. The great industries of automobile and petroleum that dominate our world, the industries that medicate us, entertain us, inform us, fly us across oceans and continents: most of these are younger than Mom.

Consider 1912. Mom's mother, her aunts and grandmothers were not able to vote. Then two days shy of Mom's eighth birthday the Nineteenth Amendment was ratified, granting women the vote. And for at least the last fifty years Mom has been an active servant of thoughtful voting as member and officer of the League of Women Voters.

Lift a glass to this daughter, sister, student, worker, wife, mother, grandmother

- this Cornellian

- this laboratory worker and homemaker

- this traveler on four continents

- this scholar of plants and ancestors

Lift a glass to this person of endless curiosity who can link today's news to last year's news and to stories learned from grandparents and great aunts.

Thank you, Mom, for the heritage of wonder and perseverance you have given us.

In attendance:

Betty Stavely	Michael Stavely Hale
Tony Stavely	Keith Stavely
Mary Mayshark-Stavely	Kathleen Fitzgerald
Jotham Stavely	Jonathan Stavely
Jen Gallahorn Stavely	Jary Stavely
Rachel Stavely Hale	Lena Stavely

<sup>33</sup> Julia Child was, like EWS, born in August, 1912.

<sup>34</sup> Anja (pronounced Anya) Nittner, EWS's first great grandchild, daughter of Jessie Stavely, born September, 2002.

<sup>35</sup> The San Francisco Giants were playing the California Angels (now the Los Angeles Angels) in the World Series that year.

<sup>36</sup> "Dear All, Well, I had my first ever Thanksgiving dinner in Mexico yesterday. . . . I prepared noodle kugel like my dad does, biscuits and cranberry sauce. It was an ordeal to find the cranberries. There are absolutely no fresh or frozen ones, only canned. So I bought a can of jellied sauce and a can of whole berry sauce (also jellied). I tried to make Grandma Betty's cranberry relish with the whole berries, even though they were canned, and just didn't put any sugar in. It actually turned out pretty well, although not exactly like the real thing, and everyone loved it!!!! Vanessa [Herrera from UC Santa Cruz] made mashed potatoes, a green lemon, walnut and cottage cheese jello that her mom makes, and a whole bunch of pumpkin pies. We bought three roast chickens (pretty small, but really good). And we were so surprised . . . because the tastes really did taste the same!!! It was fun. Everyone who came was like, Well, we really had no idea what this was about, but they seemed to like the food okay . . . it all got finished!!!!!! There were only some pies, some jello and some kugel left (less kugel than jello). :). I was happy." At age 96,

EWS was still making "Grandma Betty's cranberry relish"; see letter of Nov. 25, 2008 and chap. 9, n. 33, where the recipe is given in full.

<sup>37</sup> The novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

<sup>38</sup> Hugo Garcia Manriquez, earlier referred to, though not by name, in the letters of October 25, 1999 and June 25, 2000.

<sup>39</sup> MoveOn.org had recommended this as a gesture of protest against the invasion of Iraq mounted by the administration of George W. Bush.

<sup>40</sup> The Fall River Public Library threw a party on September 14, 2003 to celebrate the reopening of its renovated main building.

<sup>41</sup> Jessie Stavely was in training for a career as a nurse.

<sup>42</sup> EWS, Jary Stavely, and Lena Stavely spent Christmas, 2003 visiting Zaidee Stavely in Mexico City. Some of the photos were taken during the boating excursion referred to in the next several sentences.

<sup>43</sup> EWS contracted polio as a child, and one of her legs was permanently affected, to a relatively minor degree.

<sup>44</sup> Gore Vidal, *Inventing a Nation: Washington, Adams, Jefferson* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2003), a Christmas present to EWS from Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald.

<sup>45</sup> Dave Barry columns and other clippings.

<sup>46</sup> Most concerned the celebration of the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the public library in Greene, NY.

<sup>47</sup> Keith Stavely took a humorous photo of EWS wearing on her head a white linen tea cozy that Kathleen Fitzgerald had purchased for her in Ireland. EWS thought the arrangement resembled a bishop wearing a mitre.

<sup>48</sup> In March and April, 2004, Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald spent two weeks in Tuscany and Rome. EWS's purse had been stolen during her own travels in Italy many years before.

<sup>49</sup> Over the years, EWS had knitted many wool socks—suitable for wear in polar climates—for all the members of her family.

<sup>50</sup> Daughters just born or about to be born to Rachel Stavely Hale and Jotham Stavely; thus, EWS's second and third great grandchildren.

<sup>51</sup> May 30.

<sup>52</sup> The first book that Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald had co-authored was about to be published: *America's Founding Food: The Story of New England Cooking* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2004). Since there was to be a presidential election coinciding with its release, the advance publicity included a press release about one of the traditional New England items featured in the book—Election Cake.

<sup>53</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald were interviewed about *America's Founding Food* for a feature article that appeared in the food section of *The Fall River Herald News*. They also had a number of speaking engagements lined up, to which they planned to bring a sample dish from the book—at first Election Cake.

<sup>54</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald's diamond engagement ring, given to her by EWS, had been EWS's mother's engagement ring. Its appraised value in 2004 was \$1,000.

<sup>55</sup> Christmas gifts to EWS from Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald—Eve LaPlante, *American Jezebel: The Uncommon Life of Ann Hutchinson, the Woman Who Defied the Puritans* (New York: Harper, 2004); Mark Catesby, *Catesby's Birds of Colonial America*, ed. Alan Feduccia (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1999). An early edition of the second of these, an eighteenth century masterpiece of American natural history, had been one of the rare books sold by the Fall River Public Library to help finance its building renovation.

<sup>56</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald were scheduled to speak about *America's Founding Food* in January, 2005 at the Connecticut Historical Society in Hartford. The anthropologist and his work to whom their niece Lena was referring is Sidney W. Mintz, *Sweetness and Power: The Place of Sugar in Modern History* (New York: Viking, 1985).

<sup>57</sup> "This week's pun: Two Eskimos sitting in a kayak were chilly, so they lit a fire in the craft. Unsurprisingly, it sank, proving once again that you can't have your kayak and heat it too."

<sup>58</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald were presenting a paper at the Oxford Symposium on Food and Cookery.

<sup>59</sup> This letter is written on a 5½ x 8 card.

<sup>60</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> cousin, once removed.

<sup>61</sup> Xiomara ("Mara") Nittner, EWS's fourth great grandchild, daughter of Jessie Stavely, born July, 2005.

<sup>62</sup> See n. 58.

<sup>63</sup> When EWS was raising her family of 3 boys, this "bread" constituted the Christmas Day breakfast. Before their parents were awake, the boys were allowed to run downstairs and enjoy the presents that had been stuffed into their stockings. But the primary gift opening ritual did not take place until this breakfast had been consumed and the dishes had been washed.

<sup>64</sup> "Holly" is Mary Mayshark-Stavely's sister—thus, another of Walt's daughters. She resided at the time in Port Townsend, Washington.

<sup>65</sup> In addition to the Oxford Symposium recipe book, these included Nathaniel Philbrick, *Sea of Glory: America's Voyage of Discovery: The U. S. Exploring Expedition, 1838-1842* (New York: Viking, 2003).

<sup>66</sup> Zaidee Stavely was attending Columbia Journalism School.

#### Notes to Chapter Nine

<sup>1</sup> In December, 2005, while a student at Columbia Journalism School, Zaidee Stavely received an ASCAP Deems Taylor Award for her article about a street musician in Mexico City, "A Man of Note," *US Airways Attaché* magazine. The awards ceremony was held in New York and was attended by Tony Stavely, Keith Stavely, and Kathleen Fitzgerald.

<sup>2</sup> In 2005, Jonathan Stavely received an M. Ed. degree from Suffolk University, obtained Massachusetts teaching certification, and took a job teaching high school history in a Massachusetts Department of Youth Services educational program.

<sup>3</sup> Nathaniel Philbrick, *Mayflower: A Story of Courage, Community, and War* (New York: Viking, 2006). Philbrick recruited Keith Stavely to read and comment on the manuscript of this book in advance of publication.

<sup>4</sup> Lena Stavely graduated from the University of New Mexico with a degree in sign language interpretation for the deaf.

<sup>5</sup> Prizes at her graduation from Columbia Journalism School.

<sup>6</sup> At the New Mexico School for the Deaf.

<sup>7</sup> Elizabeth Bougerol, *New England's Favorite Seafood Shacks: Eating up the Coast from Connecticut to Maine* (Woodstock, VT: Countryman Press, 2006). The

three Jamestown restaurants are Chopmist Charlies's, Jamestown Oyster Bar, and Tricia's Tropi-Grill (no longer in business).

<sup>8</sup> EWS's nephew Andy Kelly had passed away that summer.

<sup>9</sup> The wedding of Jary Stavely and Patricia Marien.

<sup>10</sup> Peg Ross, "A Look Back at Greene's History," *Chenango American*, December 7, 2006. Above the article is a photograph of EWS's father, Ray Williams, with several of his friends. EWS is quoted in the article as follows: "Your note with the picture of my father and his boyhood friends came today and I'm delighted to have it. As I remember it was at somebody's birthday. Dad took the picture, setting his camera on a tripod and setting it to go off after he joined the group. One of the men, probably Fred Skinner, made a comment that Dad had arranged to make himself look younger than the others." The people briefly sketched in the remainder of the letter are the people in the photograph.

<sup>11</sup> Jary Stavely was currently teaching in Albion, a town a few miles down the coast from Mendocino; the school had many grades in the same room, thus amounting to a modern version of the traditional one-room schoolhouse.

<sup>12</sup> Teaching math at Northampton (MA) High School.

<sup>13</sup> That is, the nursery school operated by Smith College.

<sup>14</sup> Peg Ross, "Early Doctors and Their Horses," *Chenango American*, February 8, 2007. Among the doctors discussed is EWS's grandfather, Dr. George Orland Williams.

<sup>15</sup> Through generous quotations from a letter sent by EWS's sister Jane, the Peg Ross column includes both "the story about Great-grandfather & the hay chute" and "the other Nellie story." The first of these two stories is found in the present volume at the conclusion of Appendix B, as told by EWS's father, Ray Williams. Here is Jane Williams Kelly's narrative of the second of the stories: "Grandfather Williams felt that Nellie was unable to stand the rigors of being a doctor's horse—out day and night in all kinds of weather. She then went to a farmer on the Coventry road. After a few years, Grandfather went down the road on his way to Greene and saw Nellie with other horses. He left his horse and buggy and walked back to the pasture. When he called her, Nellie left the other horses and came right to the fence. She and Grandfather spent some time together. As he finally went to leave,

Nellie walked with him on her side of the fence to the end of the pasture. Grandfather was a gentle, soft-hearted person and that Nellie still remembered him after a long time just about broke him up."

<sup>16</sup> Again from Jane: "When Grandfather Williams died of pneumonia in February of 1916, he had a horse, Penelope, who was everything a lady should be—gentle, obedient, a friend to one and all. She was sold, along with the buggy and sleigh, her blankets and tack. One blanket, never sold, was an almost new red plaid. It was our extra blanket, known as the 'horse blanket.' It went to Girl Scout camp and, later, to Boy Scout camp. It was my extra blanket at Hartwick College. Now a little threadbare, Penelope's blanket is folded up on the top shelf of the linen closet here in our house." Peg Ross continues: "Now this treasured 'horse blanket' has a new home in the Library Museum run by the Greene Historical Society. Jane graciously sent it to the museum last year."

<sup>17</sup>



<sup>18</sup> The photos of Keith Stavely's and Kathleen Fitzgerald's plantings included shots of tulips in bloom. Over the years, deer have repeatedly taken their toll on these tulips.

<sup>19</sup> The cleaning helper.

<sup>20</sup> Kathleen Fitzgerald's father had moved to an assisted living facility. The proceeds from the sale of his house were needed to meet the expenses of this living arrangement. Due to the 2007-2008 housing bubble collapse, the house remained on the market for several months, and it had been necessary to reduce the asking price before it was sold.

<sup>21</sup> Like many public libraries, the Fall River Public Library had established a foundation for fundraising purposes. As a gesture of appreciation to donors, the founda-

tion had begun sponsoring an annual lecture by a well known author, followed by a catered reception. In gratitude to Fall River's library director Keith Stavely for having read the manuscript of his best-selling *Mayflower*, Nathaniel Philbrick generously waived his substantial speaker's fee when he agreed to be the speaker at the first of these affairs. *Washington Post* and syndicated political columnist E. J. Dionne was the speaker at the second one. Dionne is a native of Fall River.

<sup>22</sup> The nineteenth-century novel by Elizabeth Gaskell.

<sup>23</sup> Zaidee Stavely and Hugo Garcia Manriquez had been married by a Justice of the Peace in Buffalo, New York in 2006. They were now having another observance, with many more family and friends in attendance.

<sup>24</sup> Of a friend of theirs.

<sup>25</sup> After his retirement from Keene State College, Tony Stavely began working for Common Ground, an organization that organizes academic conferences around the world.

<sup>26</sup> EWS's next door neighbors. She used a walker to move about her house and kept the receiver of her cordless phone in the basket of the walker; hence her ability to phone for help after her fall.

<sup>27</sup> EWS refers to an anecdote she had heard from Keith Stavely. Since the autumn of 2007, Kathleen Fitzgerald's father's miniature dog, a Pomeranian known as Jenny, had been living with her and Stavely. During one of Stavely's walks with Jenny around his Jamestown, RI neighborhood, a young boy aged 5 or 6 had accosted him and stated, "Your cat looks like a dog." "She is a dog," Stavely replied. The lad's immediate retort was, "Your dog looks like a cat." EWS found the incident extremely amusing.

<sup>28</sup> Keith Stavely retired from his position as Director of the Fall River Public Library at the end of June, 2008.

<sup>29</sup> EWS, Keith Stavely, Kathleen Fitzgerald, Jary Stavely, and Patricia Marien attended this film together during Keith Stavely's and Kathleen Fitzgerald's visit.

<sup>30</sup> Mendocino Transit Authority.

<sup>31</sup> Mary Mayshark-Stavely's ex-husband.

<sup>32</sup> "Dear Red States: We've decided we're leaving. We intend to form our own country, and we're taking the other Blue States with us. In case you aren't aware, that

includes California, Hawaii, Oregon, Washington, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and all the Northeast. We believe this split will be beneficial to the nation, and especially to the people of the new country of New California. To sum up briefly: You get Texas, Oklahoma and all the slave states. We get stem cell research and the best beaches. We get the Statue of Liberty. You get Dollywood. We get Intel & Microsoft. You get World Com. We get Harvard. You get 'Ole Miss. We get 85% of America's venture capital and entrepreneurs. You get Alabama. We get 3/4 of the tax revenue. You get to make the red states pay their fair share." It continues in this vein.

<sup>33</sup> "*Cranberry-Pear Relish*: Put through food chopper using medium blade: 1 pound fresh cranberries, 1 cut and seeded orange and 2 peeled and cored hard pears. Stir in 2 cups sugar and store in refrigerator." "Thanksgiving Dinner," *Woman's Day*, Nov., 1961, p. 82. This recipe, first made for Thanksgiving dinner by EWS in 1961, became a family favorite in Indiana, Ohio, and California. See chap. 8, n. 30 for Zaidee Stavely's attempt to adapt it while living in Mexico in 2002 at Thanksgiving time.

<sup>34</sup> For the first inauguration of Barack Obama as President of the United States.

<sup>35</sup> As she aged, EWS was having increasing difficulty keeping her surroundings as orderly as she (and her children!) might have wished.

<sup>36</sup> Doris Kearns Goodwin, *Team of Rivals: The Political Genius of Abraham Lincoln* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2006). The book was a Christmas gift from Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald.

<sup>37</sup> Aurelia Garcia-Stavely, EWS's 5<sup>th</sup> great grandchild, born May, 2009, daughter of Zaidee Stavely.

<sup>38</sup> Jary Stavely retired in June, 2009 from his position as an elementary teacher in the Mendocino Unified School District.

<sup>39</sup> Aunt Carrie's in Narragansett, Rhode Island.

<sup>40</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald were working on a companion volume to *America's Founding Food*. It was eventually published as *Northern Hospitality: Cooking by the Book in New England* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2011).

<sup>41</sup> A Macintosh laptop—a joint birthday present from EWS's sons, daughters-in-law, and her ex-daughter-in-law, Judy Stavely.

<sup>42</sup> Plans had been made for a trip east by EWS, Jary Stavely, and Patricia Marien. EWS was to depart first with Tony and Mary Mayshark-Stavely (see previous letter).

<sup>43</sup> Anja Nittner was attending a Spanish immersion elementary school in Davis, California—hence, had learned to read Spanish before English.

<sup>44</sup> A small podium-type platform, on which EWS could rest her computer while sitting and using it.

<sup>45</sup> EWS had expressed to Keith Stavely a desire to attend the 75<sup>th</sup> reunion of her Cornell class that year. Stavely and his brother Tony worked out an arrangement whereby Tony and his wife Mary would visit California prior to the reunion and accompany the 97-year-old EWS on her journey to the reunion. Keith would drive to Ithaca from Rhode Island, meet up with EWS and Tony and attend the reunion with them. EWS would then in her usual manner spend a couple of weeks staying at the homes of her east coast sons, and Keith and his wife Kathleen Fitzgerald would accompany EWS on her return visit to California, remaining there for a week's visit.

<sup>46</sup> Cornell advanced unexpectedly far into the NCAA basketball tournament that year.

<sup>47</sup> Returning with Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald from her trip East, EWS broke one of her teeth while enjoying lunch with them at an excellent Mexican restaurant in California's Napa Valley. She had bruised her hand earlier, while still in the East.

<sup>48</sup> Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald had never felt the need for air conditioning in their Jamestown house, which was fortunate since all of the windows in the house except one are of the casement type in which it is impossible to install room air conditioners. From the beginning of July, the summer of 2010 was unusually hot, however, so they did at that time install an air conditioner in their one non-casement window.

<sup>49</sup> During EWS's visit with Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald at the end of June, they had taken her to the annual flower show at one of the Newport man-

sions. On display at the show were some of the plants growing in Stavely's and Fitzgerald's yard, including those mentioned in the letter.

<sup>50</sup> On their way from Ithaca to Tony Stavely's home in Northfield, MA, EWS, Keith Stavely, and Tony Stavely stopped in Geene, NY to visit Peg Ross, who subsequently described the visit in "A Special Visitor: Personal Reminiscences of Greene's Past," *Chenango American*, July 29, 2010. The article includes the following quote from EWS: "Greene has always been very special to me. My children also remember it fondly. At the time of the Bicentennial in 1976, two of my sons and their families were with me in Greene one day. While I chatted with old friends and visited the library, my sons went to the Variety Store and bought toy airplanes and took them to the Ball Flats to fly with their sons—just as their father had done when they visited Greene. They said the 1976 planes lasted no longer than those of 25 years before!"

<sup>51</sup> Michael Woods, "Toledo Research Institute Reborn: Quest Underway for Safer, Simpler Oral Contraceptive," *The Toledo Blade*, February 20, 1972.

<sup>52</sup> Richard Holmes, *The Age of Wonder: The Romantic Generation and the Discovery of the Beauty and Terror of Science* (New York: Random House, 2010).

<sup>53</sup> Both the book and the earrings were gifts from Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald. EWS conjoins in one sentence an episode from the book and an occurrence in her life.

<sup>54</sup> EWS refers to *Northern Hospitality*. One of the historic recipes in the book, from the nineteenth century, calls for putting an inverted teacup inside a pie made with "ripe summer fruit."

<sup>55</sup> The Beards, neighbors of EWS, were bringing her dinner once a week.

<sup>56</sup> As previously noted, EWS and her family lived on Darmstadt Road in Evansville, Indiana in the 1950s and 1960s.

<sup>57</sup> As mentioned in the Introduction, for her 99<sup>th</sup> birthday in August, 2011, EWS's sons, daughters-in-law, and ex-daughter-in-law Judy Stavely arranged with a landscaper to create a smoothed-out "nature trail" on her property, so she could more safely go outdoors with her walker.

<sup>58</sup> Of *Northern Hospitality*.

<sup>59</sup> i.e., the morning of January 1.



<sup>60</sup> A small hammer was included with the toffee by the purveyor, the Vermont Country Store.

<sup>61</sup> A review of *Northern Hospitality* by Kathryn Hughes, in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 6 April, 2012: "an excellent and original attempt to go deep into the detail of New England's cooking heritage." Keith Stavely and Kathleen Fitzgerald were featured speakers at the 2012 annual fundraising dinner for the University of Massachusetts/Amherst libraries.

<sup>62</sup> Bob Gibbons, *Wildflower Wonders: The 50 Best Wildflower Sites in the World* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2011).

<sup>63</sup> EWS's 100th birthday party took place on August 24-25, 2012 at Jug Handle Creek Farm and Nature Preserve in Caspar, California. The dates, slightly before EWS's actual birthday on August 28, were dictated by the schedules and commitments of the attendees, who included all of EWS's children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; their various spouses; one of her former daughters-in-law; her nephew; and one of her great-nephews—in all twenty-four people. These family attendees are identified in the caption to the photo serving as the frontispiece to Chapter 9. This was the first time EWS's entire clan had been gathered together in one place since 1975, her first summer in Mendocino, when the cast of characters had of course been much smaller.

The event consisted of a salmon dinner for the family on August 24, and, on August 25, a pot-luck family luncheon, followed by an open-house reception for family and EWS's many friends in the Mendocino-Fort Bragg area. There was a period of ceremonial observances between the family luncheon and the reception, with Jary Stavely doing the honors as master of ceremonies. Highlights included Keith Stavely's reading of selections from these letters; Tony Stavely's toast; Rachel Stavely Hale's presentation to EWS of a collage of photos of family members wearing wool socks EWS had knitted for them; Anja Nittner's and Judy Stavely's violin duet; Jary Stavely's description of the invitations he had created for the occasion on his own printing press, and announcement that additional copies were available to take home (he explained that the phrase "L'il Wil" used in the text had been a childhood nickname of EWS—this was news to many family members); nephew Tim Kelly's presentation of a plaque and blanket from Cornell University (Kelly

had also arranged for a telephone call earlier in the day from a Cornell official); and performance of the Spanish version of "Happy Birthday" by a vocal and instrumental group consisting of Judy Stavely, Jotham Stavely, Lena Stavely, Josie Stavely, Daisy Hale, Anja Nittner, and Mara Nittner. For the sheet birthday cake served at the ensuing reception, the latest in computer and culinary technology was utilized to produce a photo of EWS in the center of the frosting.

<sup>64</sup> On a visit to Mendocino in February, 2013, Keith Stavely brought, in hopes that EWS could repair it, a damaged wool sock from one pair among the many pairs of wool socks that EWS had knit for Kathleen Fitzgerald over the years.

<sup>65</sup> Paul C. Mangelsdorf, "Donald Forsha Jones, 1890-1963: A Biographical Memoir," National Academy of Sciences, 1975. Available online at the Academy website.

<sup>66</sup> The note card accompanying the article about Donald Jones featured a reproduction of the cover of the "Good Luck Cook Book," filled with recipes "made with Good Luck Margarine."

#### Notes to Appendix A

Except for nn. 5, 9, 10, and 11, all other material in the notes to Appendix A provided by EWS's sister, Jane Williams Kelly.

<sup>1</sup> "Mother always said that the Coles were avid borrowers. Mr. Cole asked to borrow a snow shovel which they didn't have—so Dad went downtown and bought a snow shovel so Mr. Cole could borrow it."

<sup>2</sup> "When Stuart Cole came to dinner in Norwich dessert, I well remember, was a peach half served in those crackled glass parfait-type dishes. Spearing the peach half was something else! It just kept sliding around."

<sup>3</sup> "Emmet contracted for some of the labor. When the roofree went up, Dad arranged for the beer wagon to bring beer all around and they stopped work for a drink!"

<sup>4</sup> "The heavy twine Dad used to lay out the garden, rolled on a wooden board, was purchased when they laid the foundation. Dad was known in the neighborhood as 'Farmer Corntassel.'"

<sup>5</sup> Rowena Saxe Stavely was the mother of EWS's husband, Homer Stavely.

<sup>6</sup> "Grandma's 'boyfriend' was Andrew (last name unknown) probably German. Anyhow, the small daguerreotype I have was the one he carried. Mother said she mar-

ried Grandpa while he was away. Since they were married in 1867—perhaps Andrew stayed in the service after the war was over (Army of Occupation in South?). Mother also told me that Andrew wanted Grandmother to leave Grandpa and go with him. He eventually was married a couple of times, so I gather Grandma considered herself well-off staying with Grandpa! Somewhere along the way, Andrew must have returned her picture."

<sup>7</sup> "Mother used to say I was 'just like my sister Louise' when I was being difficult or ornery—so I have developed a sympathetic attitude toward her, as I've grown older. As the oldest girl-child, she may have been stuck with more responsibility—as the built-in baby sitter. Mother said she played the piano for them while they, as children, sang. 'Little Brown Hands' was a favorite. After I was out of school, Mother tracked down the words and I did the water color of them she hung in the livingroom. At the time, there seemed to be much sentiment attached. When their parents went on a vacation alone (a sensible idea after crossing the country with small children in tow!), Aunt Louise was in charge of the 3 others while they were 'farmed out' at a farmhouse near a small lake."

<sup>8</sup> "Grandma's little son died on August 16, 1874, according to the casket plate. (It looked so lonely in the box of photos and curls of hair that I brought it upstairs and put it in the china cabinet with the onion pattern pieces and the napkin rings.) He was the only other dark-haired child, beside Aunt Louise, who resembled their father. He was William Henry."

<sup>9</sup> Written under the date February 1 in Jessie Hauck's pocket diary for 1896 is the following: "1902. Art was over after supper and we decided that we wouldn't go with each other anymore." The pocket diary is in the possession of Jary Stavely, who is keeping it for her daughter and Jessie Hauck Williams's great-granddaughter and namesake, Jessie Stavely.

<sup>10</sup> George Orland Williams apparently made inquiries about studying medicine at Harvard Medical School, for he received the following note from Oliver Wendell Holmes the Elder, who was a member of the Harvard Medical School faculty as well as a famous poet: "Boston July 25th 1866 Dear Sir, I have enclosed your letter to our Dean Dr. Shattuck, who has the circulars. He may be out of town and there

may consequently be some delay in his answer. If I find one I will send it. Yours very truly O W Holmes" This document was given to Keith Stavely by EWS.

<sup>11</sup> Welch Crandall in California to his daughter, Julia Ann Crandall, age 6, in New York State, 1852, 1878 transcription by Julia Crandall Williams, in possession of EWS: "Julia. Uncle Dwight got me a gold pin made which I will give to you. Take good care of it. You must not wear the pin to make you proud. You will not have occasion to wear it often. You must be a good girl—help your mother—be kind & obliging to your brother & take good care of little Sidney—learn to read & spell & when you are a little older you can write Pa a letter & tell him how fast you learn—how little Sidney can run around the house & so on. I should like to see you all—but shall live in *unfading hope* & remain your affectionate father, W. Crandall."

#### Notes to Appendix B

<sup>1</sup> And EWS's father.

<sup>2</sup> "William Morgan (1774–1826?) was a resident of Batavia, New York, whose disappearance and presumed murder in 1826 ignited a powerful movement against the Freemasons, a fraternal society that had become influential in the United States. After Morgan announced his intention to publish a book exposing Freemasonry's secrets, he was arrested, allegedly kidnapped by Masons, and believed murdered. The allegations sparked a public outcry and inspired Thurlow Weed, a New York politician, to muster discontent and form the new Anti-Masonic Party, which was also opposed to President Andrew Jackson. It ran a presidential candidate in 1832, but by 1835, was nearly defunct"; Wikipedia, accessed 21 February, 2013.

<sup>3</sup> This clock is currently in the possession of EWS.

<sup>4</sup> This photograph, another one taken ten years later, and an 1858 handwriting sample, serve as the frontispiece to this appendix and also as the frontispiece to EWS's copy of the document that is the source of this appendix. The handwriting sample, from a letter to Williams's wife Jane (see subsequent portions of the appendix), reads: "You had a fine time to go home and I presume arrived safe. Yours as ever R. O. Williams."

<sup>5</sup> On the Erie Canal.

<sup>6</sup> This Commodore Vanderbilt material smacks more of generic popular attitudes about the superrich than of individual recollection. Burr both condemns Vander-

bilt as a heartless plutocrat and, in the claim that his daughter was a classmate, obliquely expresses a desire to be linked with him. According to Wikipedia, the eldest child of Cornelius Vanderbilt was indeed named Phoebe Jane, born in 1814, one year after Jane Maria Burr. She married a man named James Madison Cross. Her niece, Margaret Louisa Vanderbilt, married Elliot Fitch Shepherd. It is unclear why Cornelius Vanderbilt's wife would have needed to work as a dressmaker in order for them to be able to afford to send their daughter Phoebe Jane to a finishing school.

<sup>7</sup> According to EWS, in the second half of the twentieth century, this table was in the possession of her sister Jane Williams Kelly; at Jane Kelly's death, it went to her daughter, Elizabeth Kelly Crabtree.

<sup>8</sup> 1956.

<sup>9</sup> In other words, the twin sister of EWS's grandfather, George Orland Williams.

<sup>10</sup> This rocker is currently in the possession of one of the children of Jane Williams Kelly; the "large raised seat rocking chair" listed in the same inventory is in the possession of EWS.

<sup>11</sup> Among these are EWS's Aunt Mary and EWS herself.

<sup>12</sup> In 1882, Burr was 69; perhaps the letter was dated 1892.

<sup>13</sup> She refers to her great-grandson, George Orland Williams II, first and only son of Ray Williams's older brother Frank, later known to and beloved of EWS as "Cousin George" (see Appendix A).