

# *The Scribble-in Book*

TRADE MARK









August 23, 1933.







became no student receiving  
a scholarship and from  
university is permitted to  
have a car or radio,"  
So George will have to put  
his mind on his study -

Mr. Hauer Fairson is  
going to drive George to  
Syracuse. Wonderfully kind  
of him - saves George a  
great deal of money. Every  
one is so willing to help  
us in every way they can.

In the morning, Mrs. C.  
told me that again Mr.  
C. had taken Mrs. W. on  
commode and would not  
call me. Really, I feel em-  
barassed, to think of Mr.  
C. doing that instead  
of me. - After getting  
up in that way,



there is no more chance of  
sleep for him. So I begged  
Mrs. C. to use all her  
influence to make Mr. C.  
have bell installed as my  
idea, finally he con-  
sented, to give it a trial.  
Mrs. C. urged him carefully  
to give it a trial, most  
diplomatically and  
gently she brought it  
up so, that if his mig-  
ing for me at night  
was too often, and was  
"too wearing on Mrs. Rock-  
ess," they would try some  
other plan. So she said  
she flew to the house  
telephone for electrician  
before he changed his  
mind. Why am I con-  
sidered so much, my



comfort, etc. Why am I here?  
What am I paid for —

Mrs. C. said I was to sleep  
in Mr. C.'s room, while he  
was away.

I - Does Mr. C. know I am  
going to sleep in his room?  
Mr. C. It is Mr. Caykendall's  
idea. He wants you to  
sleep in his bed —

---

So I did - with ming-  
led emotions. I was  
very comfortable  
in his nice room -  
When Mrs. W. called, I  
attended to her.

Thursday - Aug. 24 -

Cooked chop  
suey for 8 - household  
and guests - Very  
good and everybody  
enjoyed. Very warm



Letter from Margaret -  
She wants to meet me soon  
Letter from Amanda. She  
is very sorry, but she  
cannot go out with me  
this Sunday. I'm just  
as happy at home with  
my books.

Friday, Deposited 30<sup>00</sup>  
of to-day's check for  
George - 10<sup>00</sup> for my  
use - now have 70<sup>00</sup>  
for George.

Bought red lacquer  
box as gift for Rowena  
I find strangers with  
whom I come in con-  
tact so kind - as the  
postal clerk - wrap-  
ping up this package  
for me - kept. clerk  
had sealed it, which  
was wrong.



yesterday 3 different people  
asked me way to places.  
Now the bell has been in-  
stalled. Now, will Mr. C.  
ring it! I can hardly  
wait to see, and will  
chuckle to myself, when he  
does. Have been doing  
many little things a-  
round the house to help  
Mrs. C. Had done curtains  
washed 2 umbrellas  
for Mr. C. - and printed  
a funny little note on  
one to make him laugh.  
("direction for taking")

On Tuesday, after fight  
and crazy spell, of night  
before, Mrs. W. made a  
surprising comment.

I told her of a name  
of music being sung  
on radio - "To love or  
not to love" - and just  
for something to say,



I asked her if she had ever  
been in love

Mrs. W. I forget.

I - I don't you ever have,

Mrs. W. Maybe you are rite

I - I've been in and out  
of love many times.

Mrs. W. I know you have.

I - How do you know I  
have (this was be-  
coming interesting)

Mrs. W. You're just that kind,

I - What do you mean?

Mr. W. - I know what I  
mean, but I can't  
explain it.

---

Ah...!!!



Referring to conversation of  
Friday evening with Mrs. C —

I had bought some more  
puzzles and was telling Mrs.  
C. price.

"That's good. I don't care  
how much I spend on  
puzzles. They nicely do  
help Mr. Coykendall to  
forget his worries for a  
couple of hours.

I - yes, he just doesn't do  
them to be polite and  
agreeable. He even  
stops on the way  
home, and hunts up  
a nice puzzle for me  
to do. Twice he has done  
this, so he surely en-  
joys doing them!

Mrs. C. That will show you  
how much he likes  
you. Buying puzzles



to do in here — and then  
he reads to you. I'm go-  
ing to write to "My Sam"  
and tell him.

1 - He reads to you, too  
(i.e. I want she was  
present)

Mrs. C. - I won't say I was  
here. I want to make  
it as bad as I can.  
Yes, you see how much  
Mr. C. likes you —

2 - Please don't say any  
more, Mrs. Caykendall.

Mrs. C. It was a lucky day  
for us, when you came  
to my door.

I wanted to say, "I hope  
you'll always feel that  
way," but did not.



just think we might have  
had some old goof here.

I - you have both been so  
wonderfully kind to me -  
I dread that day, when  
I surely will have a  
sharp contrast. (course -  
time I wish you had not  
been so kind to me -

yes, I feel, I really know  
Mr. C - better than many  
of his friends,

Mrs. C. That's very true, Mrs.  
'R. - you're living right  
here with him.

I - His friends think they  
know him, but they  
don't know a half how  
fine he is.



Aug. 26 - anniversary of my  
Saturday afternoon <sup>deals</sup> <sup>mother</sup> <sup>death</sup>  
I sat over in the park,  
and knitted on Tom's  
sweater for a couple of  
hours. Very hot day, but  
I found a quiet place —  
When I returned, Mr. C.  
was seated in the  
big chair in our room.  
Mrs. C. was also there.

Mrs. C. "Here she is" —  
gayly.

Mr. C. jumped up and  
bowed exaggeratedly —  
with charmugest  
of smiles — and  
pleasure.

Two dazzed and  
feet simply bathed in



the number of her wet -  
course. We enjoyed chatting  
for 15 minutes before  
dinner was announced.

It was so hot, Mrs. C. said,  
"Now Fred, lets go out of  
the room, so Mrs. R. -  
can change her dress &  
put on something cool.

He jumped up.

"Please don't go. I'm not  
going to change. This is  
cool enough.

Mrs. C. "Havent you got a  
wrapper you can put on,"  
laughing, "something easy  
like I'm wearing?" (referring  
to her Jig saw puzzle work-  
ing clothes again. We all  
laughed.

Last evening in our talk,  
Mrs. C. said, half in fun,



"If we have our money, Mr. Caykuddall and you can open a book shop - you can help him with his books - As for me, I don't know what I could do" —

Oh, but wouldn't I love to work for Mr. C. - some way connected with books.

In the evening, we did a puzzle - Habit is strong.

Sunday - I wrote long letter to my Swahiko - went to P.O. We three enjoyed 'Red Lacquer & Jade' - and Margaret Anglin reading. Mr. C. signing to read some Hindoo stories aloud to us. Said he thought I would like them. He does. Puzzle. Every evening, I read in the study now.



More and more I want to  
read the wonderful books at  
my disposal. Finished "Peter  
Abelard". While reading, about  
11<sup>30</sup>, the buzzer rang, and  
did I jump. - Mrs. C. had  
ring for me - fruit time -  
Mrs. W. needed me - nothing  
important. I had to chuckle  
over advantage of having bell -  
Went back to my reading.

~~Had a little shopping to-day~~  
~~Tuesday~~ - To-day, I went to a  
store - "Jennie Berhardt". -  
Received a dear letter from  
George. He is having happy summer.

Tuesday - Aug. 29 - Two lovely  
long letters from Iwahiko  
Wonderful news. He enjoyed  
so much, visit at Zokei's  
house - 7 course dinner - Japanese,  
and was waited upon by  
Mrs. Zokei and Japanese maid.  
Said he felt like old  
"Tsuna-nama" (Pau)!



Just as I passed in front of him, he handed me the ticket. I was so surprised. He did not map everybody. He mapped Mrs. C.

I must tell you the latest. I think you will be glad, for it is an honor and great privilege. To day I started on a most interesting and entertaining work. I am helping Mr. C. with his library, dusting, arranging, rearranging — He tells me about different books, as we work. We started on his best beloved section — literature of the East — Japanese, Chinese, Persian, Zudra, etc — I am just drunk with the joy of



dipping into these treasures -  
 Oh, I am prouder and prouder  
 every day, that I have a  
 precious Japanese husband.

More and more I can ap-  
 preciate the literature of  
 China and Japan. Some of  
 these books are very, very  
 old - 1600 or so - trans-  
 lations. We finished one  
 section to-day - 11-100  
 and 2 - 300 (3 hours work)

There are 12000 books in  
 her library, so I'll be  
 busy for awhile - It  
 was really my idea, to  
 start with. Has not your  
 Noguechi an American  
 wife - and were they not  
 both of Princeton. I want  
 to be sure. Do you know



been personally?  
Midnight -

Sept. '17. I hope your "good long  
letter" is on the way.



Mrs. Takei - helped him  
dress and undress -  
put away clothes for him,  
like "private nurse".  
Drives him back and  
forth in car. Took his  
picture. Mrs. Takei came  
again and invited for  
next Wednesday. It is  
just too wonderful he can  
go. - I am so happy and  
grateful! Daddy has  
planned my budget for  
me - 25<sup>00</sup> a month for  
George and 15<sup>00</sup> for me -  
(my insurance and small  
expenses). Such a happy  
letter.

Last evening during our  
puzzle - we were so happy  
together - helping one  
another. At two different  
times, Mr. C. said,



as we put our pieces together,  
"Now we will put our pieces  
here and Mamma will  
come down to meet us"  
(so intimate and homelike)  
One other time, I remem-  
ber, over the puzzle, he  
spoke of her to me as,  
"Mud" will do this —

---

Mr. C. came in for  
little chat about 5<sup>30</sup>  
after his office. Mrs. C.  
has been in Warren all day.  
I wrote to George and Tom.  
We did not do a puzzle to-  
nite because Mrs. C. was very  
tired. I went out for a walk  
in the evening. We listened



"To Poet's Gold" at 8:45. Read  
"Hafiz". Bed. This morning,  
hurrying out of my door  
into the hall, I almost  
rushed into Mrs. C.'s arms.  
He laughed and held out  
his arms. Ruckly (?)  
I caught myself in time.

I notice, involuntarily,  
Mr. C. and I both, move  
our hands to rhythm of  
music. Mrs. C. never. I've  
always been like that. Some-  
thing inside of me is  
dancing to the rhythm and  
swing of music. George also  
learned this from me -

This evening, Mr. C. turned  
on some snappy music,  
(Mrs. C. was not present)  
occasionally casting an



eye on Mrs. W., so she would not see him, he looked at me mischievously, as his shoulders, began to move to rythm. He can be an ump. His blue eyes are black, when full of mischief.

Wednesday - Aug. 30<sup>th</sup> -  
Planned to go to  
Greenwood, and perhaps  
try once more to see Bert  
rude. I can never forget  
her goodness to me, and  
to Mama. Well - I decided  
to see Bertude first. So and  
behold, I met her on the  
street, returning from her  
lunch, about in front  
of house 107 St. Johns Pl.  
She was so glad to see me -  
and fact is all forgotten.  
Suffers so from loss of  
memory and never asked  
why such a long silence  
4 or 5 years -



Naturally, I did not refer to it - it may come to her, later. She knew of course, she had not seen me for long time - 11 years - . Said I had not changed. - and really, she has not either baring her thinness and loss of memory - She persuaded me not to go to Greenwood, but remain with her, which I did till 5:15. I knew Nanna would understand. I am so very glad to be on good terms with Gertrude. She is so alone boarding - on bad terms with all her family, but she always knew she could trust me. If she had not criticised George - for what was only boyish



unselfish and high spirits, I never  
would have broken with her.

"We three" had a good hard  
puzzle and enjoyed it

Thursday - Aug. 31 -

Went downtown and  
drew from "Dennis" 14.03 for  
my insurance premium.

Returned 10.00 I borrowed  
from Joe's account. - Walked  
back to Blainingsdale and  
bought red lacquer box, a  
little Commencement gift for  
Carolyn Callander - I am sug-  
gested sandy - but I thought  
this so pretty and useful  
for young girl going away to  
college - I love my box and  
gave to George. Daddy has  
one also. I think Mr. Jaha-  
nosu gave them to me one  
Christmas. Carolyn was also  
awarded State scholarship,  
(five from Essex County)  
Owen Dubby and Richard



Miller. - other 2 from Malone,  
I think. When I came home  
I found, added in Red letter-  
ing: What about Jessica?  
to a slip of paper, I had  
picked up on my screen -

EXTRA - (giving favorite  
radio programs for the  
evening. I did it in a  
spirit of fun - and I was  
so happy - that Mr. C.  
had entered right into the  
spirit of it. and added  
his note. (He always

teases me about Jessica  
Bragouette - City Service  
program - Hers is one of the  
very few ~~new~~ voices I like,  
In my absence downtown,  
Mr. C. had come in our  
room, read my EXTRA -  
(as I expected he would)

I discovered why we have  
such "drooping" interference"



on the radio now - WEAF and  
W. J. Z. I asked Mrs. C. if Mr. C.  
would unplug Frigidario -  
recently installed - He did so  
at once - and everyone was  
most pleasantly surprised -  
reception was clear. Mrs. C.

"Now we know what to do,  
when we want a special pro-  
gram, and Mrs. C. said -  
"That was certainly a brilliant  
idea. I never would have  
thought of it in a million  
years." Mr. C. had been  
blaming it on the dynamo  
downstairs in the engine  
room.

Such a delightful evening -  
Mrs. W. did not feel well  
and we put her to bed after  
supper, gave her "pink medi-  
cine", and she went to sleep.

Did a puzzle, but it did  
not take as long as usual.  
I'm sorry to say, but as



I live longer with Mrs. C. - I  
can see traces of selfishness  
or is it just being "spoiled".  
She wanted more light -  
more light - so to satisfy  
her, (I thought he was only  
doing it in fun, but Mr. C.  
took lamp and plousted it  
in middle of table and  
left it there, and, we had  
to work around it.

Mrs. C. It doesn't matter  
about us. Mrs. Roehrer  
and I can move over to  
the Park, as long as you  
have room". (she made no  
and comment)  
again.

"you can push us off any-  
where, it doesn't matter  
then you can do the  
whole thing by yourself")  
and again.

Mr. C. Do you have to  
hold your cigarette  
right under my face.  
(dryly)



"don't need to be fumigated"  
(cast me a daring, mis-  
chievous look -) he is so  
sweet and gentle - but  
temper is there - but he  
treats her as a child - putting  
up with her childishness -  
but as a real wife and  
companion, she is not -  
(else he would unburden  
himself of business cares -  
and receive comfort of  
real understanding woman-  
ly sympathy, as Iwako  
does from me -

and again -

(writing of day ahead)

Mr. C. asked her to meet  
him for lunch and go to  
Movie (he was not going to  
Columbus Press in the after-  
noon - but wanted relax-  
ation (had not slept from  
1<sup>30</sup> on!) Well, she did not



go - did not want hearty lunch  
because going out to dinner &  
play cards - and neither cared  
to see picture other wanted,  
so he said he would stay at  
the Sealer Club for afternoon.  
This seems so selfish to me -  
a wife fails a husband thusly,  
when he needs her comfort  
and sympathy. I couldn't do  
that to my Jwalsko - because  
I love him!

Mrs. C. went off to her card-  
party and Mr. C. and I had an  
enjoyable evening doing a  
puzzle together. Mention was  
made over the radio about  
everyone having 3 day free  
from worry and care.

I - (slyly) are you going to have  
3 day free from worry and care?  
Mr. C. (understanding) Indeed  
I am not. I would be glad to  
have even three days free



from worry, but Old Man Worry  
won't let me.

I - He doesn't observe the holi-  
days.

Mr. C. No, he does not.

And then he told me I did  
not sleep from 1<sup>30</sup> on, thru  
rest of night. "I had a bad  
night." Oh, that is terrible -  
I feel selfish to go to sleep. -

I'm so glad when I can make  
a little cheer and make him  
laugh.

Back to yesterday, Thursday,  
again. Puzzle finished. Then  
they had some crackers and  
milk - So and behold, after  
awhile, back Mr. Coykendall,  
came, with another story  
to read aloud to us (2?)

When that was finished,  
we had delightful talk about  
books and authors - and I was  
very happy. Mr. C. addressed  
most of his remarks to me,  
so I feel so at home.



While he was reading, several times he looked up over his book at me, but I sat, very still with lowered eyes. I sat near him, Mrs. C. further away, and busily knitting or smoking. (He wonders why I don't knit, too - I said - "I indeed not". I think it would be rude, unappreciative, ungracious and unkind. It is a mighty big honor to have him read aloud and I can swear he is really reading to me - she doesn't care much about these stories - and he knows it as well as I do.

at 4<sup>00</sup> A.M. - he Mr. C. rang for me - (Mrs. W. was calling) following <sup>morning</sup> apologized to me for ringing perhaps twice by mistake or too loudly. Fact is, he rang very softly -



and another morning, he apologized for calling me so early -  
7:00 A.M.

Saturday ~~of~~ Sept. 2 - Received  
short letter from Zovaluko -  
with some pictures of him  
and George - One good one of  
each - but both together  
Daddy is not so good, but  
I am so happy to have such  
a picture, George looks real  
young man now. Daddy  
will write me long letter on  
Monday. "We three" did play -  
ge, at 9:00 P.M. we enjoyed  
most interesting program on  
100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of "Sun".

Just before this program,  
Mrs. C. and I were alone and  
talking. I mentioned pile  
of books Mr. C. had loaned  
me - I spoke very gratefully  
as to what a privilege I felt  
it to be, to have access to



such a library - the cream of  
literature and that I wrote  
in a book, selections which  
I found most beautiful to  
me.

Mrs. C. Well, I certainly know

Fred has gotten a kick  
out of it. It gives him  
a lot of pleasure. You  
know you could go a long  
way to find just the  
person to appreciate these  
books.

I - I don't know what Mr.  
C. has gotten out of it,  
but I know what I have  
gotten out of it. I think  
I have always hungered  
for such an opportunity.

Sunday - Sept. 3 - Raining day,  
so did not go to Green-  
wood as I planned.  
Went to movie, Mr. & Mrs.  
C. saw yesterday -



"Reunion in Vienna" with John  
Barrymore and Diana Wendham.  
Very fine. George saw it in  
Parade, too. I sent Daddy a  
special letter to enjoy to-mor-  
row. I had my supper after  
I finished letter and took to  
P.O. Mr. Mrs. C. have very early  
and hurriedly is Mr. C. and  
I can enjoy Red Raquet & Jade  
and Margaret Anglin's reading.  
No puzzle to-night, but I  
ventured this "Do you sup-  
pose Mr. C. will be willing  
to read to us to-night?"  
Mrs. - "I'll go up and ask". He  
was writing a letter in  
his study. When she came  
back, she said, "He may  
and he may not."  
I - Did he say that?  
Mrs. C. No - but he is writing  
a letter. (So I waited,  
wondering if Mr. C.  
cared enough to grant



my wish. (Pure enough -  
when he had finished writing  
in he came with another  
story to read - smiling and  
as I take it, very happy  
that I had asked to have  
him read - (not me, neces-  
sarily, but that someone  
was really and truly inter-  
ested) in what he likes.)

We seated ourselves - I  
took a certain straightback  
chair - (I always give him  
my little rocker under  
lamp for reading and pug-  
gles)

Mr. C. Don't take that chair.  
It isn't comfortable.

And so he read on and  
on, and was most inter-  
esting, then came to  
second part - at this  
time, 9<sup>00</sup> George M. Cohen



radio program came on - and  
Mrs. C. I believe, wanted to  
hear it,

Mrs. C. Now you can leave  
that until to-morrow  
evening (sweetly)

I - are you tired, Mr. Coy -  
kendall?

Mr. C. No - I'll read a little  
more and see what hap-  
pens next. I've forgotten  
this story.

I - Please do.

Mrs. C. I don't see why you  
don't leave it till to-  
morrow.

Mr. C. "No - I'll just read  
a little more" - He  
read and read until  
he was growling hoarse  
(I was secretly delighted,  
she did not have her  
way, and I know she  
was provoked. Kutting



and rubbing and fidgeting -  
What did she care about  
what he was reading -  
after 35 years married, I  
supposed perhaps you do  
feel not a thrill - with  
me, it is only 10 months -  
When Mr. C. finished  
reading, he asked innocently  
"Is Searge Cohen's program  
over?"

(shortly)  
Mrs. C. yes - it's all over,

and that was that,  
a charming good-bite from  
Mr. C. and light out.  
Mrs. W. was in bed all day,  
because legs ache so -

I finished 'Hafiz' - and  
wrote enclosed - but  
showed Mrs. C. first.

(following day)

Monday - Labor Day.



Rain - Rain. I did not go out  
to-day. Had odds and ends -  
Mrs. C. bring a pink crepe  
dress for me - cut it out 2  
months ago. —

In the evening, Mr. C.  
finished the Heidos story.  
"Essence of the Hunt". I had  
a puzzle. Very pleasant.  
But Mr. C. and I have our  
good laugh together. That  
is ours - When the Wouder  
Bakers come on the air -  
with the opening bars of their  
rollicking song "yo ho - yo ho -  
yo ho - We are the bakers that  
make the dough - - - - -  
- - - - - Mr. C. always  
laughs so delightedly and  
sing with it - low voice -  
and does some fancy steps -  
I noticed this responsiveness  
to that jolly song one even-  
ing in Peasdale, and



now it is his song - Even  
Friday night - when we were  
alone (I don't count Mrs. W.)  
he was just as jolly and free -  
and did his step for our  
mutual pleasure. Mr. C.  
was in his study putting  
away the Hinduo books,  
and Wauder Baker were  
just ready to come on the  
air - and I turned on all  
the volume I could, just  
for mischief - My stairs -  
if Mr. Frederick Caykendall  
did not come tearing down  
the <sup>on a run</sup> hall into our  
room (Mrs. C. was in her  
room, but came out to see  
the fun) There he was,  
such a dear, flushed and  
laughing and a little  
winded - We both en -



joyed our fun — immensely —  
anything I do, he gets the  
spirit of it right away and  
so delightedly. How in  
ward's name, can Ursula,  
his daughter, not adore  
him — but instead, <sup>she</sup> feels  
little or no love for him —  
(only pride and respect for  
her big name) and on the  
other hand, I am that  
she means nothing to him  
in his life! What a  
strange world! Why he  
treats me like a beloved  
daughter or younger sister.  
They both do, bless their  
dear hearts! Now, even,  
the latest is this and  
even Mrs. C. looked a  
little surprised or sheepish  
or self conscious — I can't



exactly explain - He speaks  
now of his wife - when  
we are playing together,  
always as "Mama" - and  
this evening, I guess she  
just noticed it -

Mrs. C. - Mrs. Roehrs  
doesn't know me as  
Mama.

Mr. C. Of course she does -

Mrs. C. laughed and  
said, Mama, Mama -  
Mama love Papa -

She calls him Sumpie,  
(when alone with him),

a charming good night -

I wrote diary at suite  
said I hope with my  
"opinion and appreciation"  
on Mr. C's deck.

Tuesday, Sept. 5 - at 7<sup>00</sup>

Mr. C. buzzed loudly



for me, Mrs. C. called me —  
trouble in Camp. Mrs. W.  
had gotten up on commode —  
never called — and when  
finished — somehow fell off —  
or flat on the floor and  
overturned the commode —  
Three of us pulled her up —  
and Mr. C. and I held her  
up, while Mrs. C. fixed bed —

Later in morning, I went  
into study. There was Hafiz  
lying on table — and  
my "written appreciation"  
(had shown to Mr. C. first)  
was placed ~~next~~ inside  
the book! Oh, I was so  
happy! He had read it  
and had not thrown it  
away. He knows I really  
do appreciate Hafiz, and  
I think my note  
pleased him.



card from George this  
morning. I was amazed  
to read that George  
was in Montreal - went  
with Bill and Mrs. And-  
rews. Stayed over night -  
George is lucky boy. Said  
Evelyn is in training in  
Royal Victoria Hospital. Eve-  
lyn and Bill are good  
friends! But imagine  
George, in Montreal -  
said he would leave in  
about 4 hours. War down  
in heart of city, alone,  
having good time "me-  
andering around, looking  
at everything and watch-  
ing the people. Great  
boy! Long letter from  
Daddy. He is taking  
cod liver oil and feels  
fine! He is very happy.



Serge's trunk is packed —  
He has sold his "flier"  
for 12<sup>00</sup> (bought it for  
7<sup>00</sup> but of course he has  
spent a lot on parts —  
so everything O.K., so  
daddy says —

Went to Greenwood  
this afternoon. Everything  
is beautiful there —

Very pleasant —

Nice half hour of con-  
versation then a puzzle.

And Oh, Mr. C. had  
put up for me, such a  
nice shelf in his bath-  
room, which I also use.

Now I can keep my  
bath toiletries there.

I am so glad to have  
it. Of course he had  
to tease me about



it, that he could just  
turn around and help  
himself to anything he  
liked, perfume, etc -  
etc - etc. - They have to  
tease me.

Wednesday - Sept. 6 -

to-day - I drew out  
300<sup>00</sup> of George's money  
and mailed check to Daddy  
to send to Prof. Revels who  
will be his guardian. This  
will give George a good start.  
Dear George admitted in a  
dear letter I had from him  
to-day - "at last I appreciate  
that I am able to go to College,  
when I see so many fellows  
who have always had nice  
clothes and plenty of money  
to spend, who can't go." Ah,  
how happy those words  
made me, I can't work hard  
enough for George, bless  
his dear heart.



Wrote nice letter to Sam - I  
asked Mrs. C. if she would buy  
crotone and let me cover 2  
large chairs in our room. Altho  
she thought it was far too much  
for me to do, she bought ~~it~~ it -  
Made me cover them for and  
it turned out very nicely.  
Evening before it was finished  
but it was fitted and priced  
in place, altho we warned  
her, Mr. C. came in and  
plumped down in the chair.  
"My this is nice!" They were  
both delighted with the job,  
but Mr. C. teased me and  
said "I wanted to show off  
what I could do". It didn't  
dawn on me at first that he  
was teasing me.

During Wednesday night,  
Mr. C. was very ill - dizzying  
nausea, pain - and never  
threw - called anyone  
Mr. C. up but so ill.  
all day. Did not see him



Mr. George Rockwell, % Mr. Heise,  
Sunderland, N. Y. -

My dear George: -

The big day has  
arrived, and you are off to College -  
congratulations and every good  
wish in the world to you for your success  
Good-bye and God bless you -

Lovingly Mother,



to speak to all day. About  
8<sup>00</sup> or 7<sup>30</sup> I was out of room,  
and when I returned, Mrs. C  
told me Mr. C. had stopped  
in to say good-nite, but  
not finding me, had  
told her to "be sure and  
say he had stopped to say  
good-nite to me." Now  
wasn't that kind of hum,  
when he felt so sick he had  
to go to bed. The idea of giving  
me a thought! In return  
sent a little message back  
that I was so sorry he was ill  
and hoped he would be much  
better in morning.

at 3:30 in the morning,  
Mr. C. buzzed for me to  
go to Mrs. W. — While wait-  
ing for her, I slipped quietly  
to end of hall, to Mr. C's  
room and asked him  
if I could do anything for  
him. He said - No, No thank  
you -



He said he felt much better,  
I thought it was a nice thing  
to do for him and I did it  
I'm not a young girl. —

In the morning on way to  
pantry for breakfast tray,  
I heard Mr. C. coming after me.

"Good morning, Mrs. Rockwell  
That was very, very kind of you  
to offer to do anything for me  
last night. . . . yes, I feel  
much better. — I know  
he made a point to meet and  
thank me, for it is rarest  
thing to meet in hall.

Mrs. C. spoke of it too —  
and said it was sweet of me,  
He had told her best thing  
and that it made him very  
happy.

Friday - Sept. 8

Had great  
pleasure and privilege of meet-  
ing Mrs. Helen Plympton.  
I had always been most  
curious about her and



# EXTRA

6:30 John B. Kennedy WEAFF  
7:15 Concert Footlights WJZ  
8:00 Capt. Diavandi's Ads. WJZ  
9:30 U. S. Marine Band WABC  
9:45 - Poetry & Music - WMCA

WHAT ABOUT  
JESSICA?



interested. I know she is a particular friend of Mr. C. - and that she has spent 3 week ends at her country home in Westport, Conn. She is writing one book on Phil-osophy (which Mrs. C. says I would enjoy but it is way over her head) and another book on Spiritualism. She is a follower of Buddha and a most intellectual woman and a very wealthy society woman, also - Wears only Paris gowns - heavy perfume - and beautiful and heavy jewels - is divorced, but on good terms with husband. He dines at her home as guest. I met him sometime ago. He is a wealthy jeweller and he appraised my pearls and anything else.



We were all doing puzzle when Mrs. H. P. - came - I was deserted but Mrs. C. soon returned - told me who came, and talked of her. I casually remarked I would like sometime to meet her. I could not reconcile different things I had heard of her. Mrs. C. said at once - "Come out and meet her" -

(Mr. C. and Mrs. P. - were in study -) again she urged me to go - but I refused. Later on Mrs. C. went out front to chat a few moments and lo and behold, brought Mrs. P. back with her, to meet me - I was amazed. I was not afraid of her after all. Was at ease in her presence. She extended her hand graciously, and I found her fascinating. Very tall and graceful - She told Mrs. C.



and me, that she had heard  
so much about me from  
Mr. Caykendall, Mrs. C.

verified this later, and  
said Mrs. P. - had heard  
all about me from Mr. C. -  
that she felt she knew  
me - and had greatest  
respect and admiration  
for me. I had very nice  
few minutes talk and  
as she left, and as she  
left, she placed both  
hands on my shoulder  
with a friendly grip. -  
I am to be invited in  
this winter when Mrs. P.  
drops in, in the after-  
noon, and listen to  
her talk. My, but I  
returned to the room  
happy - such courtesy  
to receive - such honor.



after she had gone, we 3. finished our puzzle.

Aranda called up. We are to have a date for Thurs. eve. Meet at Mac Alpine lounge. Chiropodist - My arches are falling - he bandaged my feet tightly.

Am reading George Moore's "Brook Kerith".

Went to Greenwood Thursday. Beautiful and peaceful there.

~~Friday~~ <sup>Friday</sup> eve - Mr. C. and I had milka mee conversation - Mrs. C. was present - finally she asked "are you going to do a puzzle to suite?"

"Yes, I'll do one with you."

When puzzle was finished he went out for milk - and came back again and sat down and had most interesting



talk about books, "Gertrude  
Stein, etc. — It was de-  
lightful, but I began to feel  
Mrs. C. was bored — He was  
in no hurry to go — finally  
she said

"Don't you think it is  
about time for you to go to  
bed?" That's that!

In the afternoon, I  
bought some black  
satin for her at  
Bloomingdale — she trusts  
me to shop for her now,  
only she says, my tastes  
are expensive, and only I  
care to look at expensive  
things — she has spells  
when she buys bargains  
and on top of that,  
will come with a  
12<sup>00</sup> hat.



I looked at bathrobe for  
my George, and found a  
beauty, just what George  
wants - powder blue -  
8.85 - but I am only al-  
lowed 5<sup>00</sup> and I can get  
a good plain color wool  
for that easily. But I  
loved the powder blue -  
Mrs. C. knew what I was go-  
ing for, amount allowed  
and even made me go to  
Blauwig's, I tried to  
avoid giving her details -  
but she insisted and finally  
got whole story - Now she  
sending me there 9<sup>00</sup> AM  
to buy that robe and she  
is paying difference, and  
little going away gift  
for George - There is no  
way I can possibly re-  
fuse. She is a darling.



Mr. C's business is in  
terrible condition - now  
men in Buffalo were  
forced into strike - and  
he lost 1000 in 2 days -  
had 2 boats there but  
could not load them -  
250<sup>00</sup> cost to keep there  
one day - My heart aches  
for him, and I try to do  
or say anything that  
will cheer and bring  
a smile or laugh -

Card from Tom -  
George and Bill are  
spending weekend with  
Hessers at camp on Lake  
Champlain.

Sunday - Sept. 13 - Stayed  
in all day. Wrote long  
letter to Tom.

Sunday evening, Mr. C.  
came in, looking as happy  
as could be with bank



under his arm. I fixed it at  
once. I had chair and leg  
all ready and comfortably  
placed. "Everything but foot-  
stool," I said. He did ~~so~~ look  
so pleased. He is about 15-  
years older than I, and be-  
lieves it to be more (20)  
I feel like a daughter in the  
house, and give them both  
my love and every thought-  
fulness I can. Mrs. W. of course,  
I never could like, after what  
I've heard of her disposition  
and my own observation-  
particularly on 2 occasions.

To-night, Mr. C. read  
"A Night of the Moon" Her-  
doo howe story. He read on  
and on, he was interested.  
Mrs. C. began to be bored  
but covers up pretty well.  
He reads what he likes and  
I like - her choice is not



taken into consideration —

As he read, he looks up toward us, for instant, for some amusing thing toward her, but toward me for some deeper meaning and I feel embarrassed — and keep my eyes lowered, for instance: "A man's actions and his words are an indication of his heart" — and 3 or 4 more similar sentences. —

Earlier in evening relating an anecdote, relative to writing letters to public officials — Mr. C. wrote to Mayor many years ago, suggesting advantage of having surface cars only stop at every other block — Next morning the letter was printed in



the newspaper, and idea  
was adopted at once. Her  
letter was unsigned. When  
he had concluded telling me  
this, I said - "Why they  
could not have done more  
if letter was signed! (I thought  
this was subtle) afterwards  
as a joke on himself, he  
stood waiting and waiting  
for a car, until he real-  
ized he was on wrong block.

Monday, Sept. 11 -  
Walked downtown  
and back in afternoon =  
did some errands. Cloud  
came Ex. acct, and transferred  
to him to George's acct. - That's  
where I put aside my savings  
for him. In the morning,  
Mrs. C. sent me to Blooming-  
dale's to give order for George's  
dressing gown. In the  
evening, after supper, Mr. C.



taken into consideration -  
 as he read, he looks  
 up toward us, for instant,  
 for some amusing thing  
 toward her, but toward

CUSTOMER'S CHECK

Date 9/11	Dept. No. <b>511</b>	Sales No. 11	How Sold or Am't Rec'd P.P. 1000
Quan. 1	ARTICLES Robe	AT	Dolls. Cents 850
Powder Blue (Mg) in White G.T.R.		<b>384</b> <b>SEP 16 1933</b>	
D. S. Signature [Signature]	Book No. <b>46857</b>	Check No. <b>5</b>	
Card No.	Purchaser's Signature <b>A.T.R.</b>		
Pkgs. Encl.	Address		

482

George's Powder blue  
 robe - called  
 Mayan many years ago,  
 suggesting advantage  
 of having surface car  
 only stop at every other  
 block - Next morning the  
 letter was printed in



Am sorry this is such a blue  
letter but I have to let off steam  
once in a while. No one as good  
for that as you are. Aren't you

flattered?

write me when you can.

Affectionately,

Elsa.

Very sorry just  
Autumn and wind  
blows and would  
sleep to every body  
not over her.



and I had a lovely talk  
together - Mention of cer-  
tain poet came up, and  
he asked if I knew the  
words and who wrote them.  
No - I did not.

Mr. C. Oh - you must read them -  
by Lawrence Hope.

I - Oh, Mr. C. - I have so  
many books of yours -  
so many - and indic-  
ated with my hands -

Mr. C. laughing - I want you  
to read this. - If you  
like Hafiz - you'll like  
this. Something like - He  
is so happy to lend me  
his books! I just thrill  
all over!!! Soon he came  
back with the books -  
such beautiful poems.

Mr. C. finished "Digit  
of the Moon" - and  
after little conversation,



went to library and returned  
with Vol. of Choice Chinese  
poems (translations) and  
read some of them aloud.  
(for me again) Delightful  
evening.

Tuesday, Sept. 12 -

Walkers came  
to dinner. After they left,  
about 8:30 - we settled  
down to ~~an~~ <sup>a</sup> sociable  
hour, talk, laughter -  
winding warsted, etc  
That seemed to be real pleasure.

Wed. - Big N.R.A. parade.  
250,000 paraded -

I saw 3 hours of it from  
Yamaoka dare window -  
elegant view - Mr. Sanoaka  
had reserved best seat in  
the window for me -

Wrote letters to George,  
Tom and Mrs. Sabeii -  
Before I returned at 6:30



Amanda called up - she  
had made mistake,  
and thought our date  
was to-day Wednesday -  
Was waiting and waiting  
at Mae Alpine - 'Poor  
girl' - but so careless -  
To-morrow she cannot  
come, so don't know when  
I'll see her now. —

Thursday - Poured rain -  
Nice letter from Iwoluho -  
card from Peggy de Cau (some  
surprise) Carrie and  
Carolyn Callander. Mrs. C.  
stood them all up on my  
tray in a row. I sent a  
note letter to George -  
Mrs. C. said it was beau-  
tifully expressed. Puzzle  
in evening.

Friday: Nice letter from  
George - latest news -



opening of College - postponed  
one week - George leaves a week  
from to-day. He is disappointed  
at delay. Is to go by train and  
Prof. Revels will meet him. George  
wrote that twice in one week, he  
had been across the boarder -  
this time from Dr. Heiser's Camp,  
returned by way of Prov. of Quebec.  
Bill and George seem to be insepar-  
able. Bill gave George check  
for 34<sup>00</sup> for his summer  
work in P.O. - (toward  
College fund) Cut out slip  
cover for other large chair  
in our room. Postal card  
from Daddy. Bath; Mrs. C.  
went out for evening. Mr. C.  
woke - dressed for office -  
then another dizzy sick at-  
tack came on him and  
he had to lie down - Mrs. C.  
had made arrangements to  
commence Red Cross Canteen  
work this morning and



came in to tell me to "keep  
an eye on Mr. C".

I - How can I do that?

I don't want to be a nuisance,  
or have him say  
"I wish to goodness,  
that woman would get  
out and leave me alone".  
you must tell him, just  
what you've told me  
to do" —

Mrs. C. I know how you feel,  
certainly I'll tell him.

So she went in - little  
while she came back —

"I told him you would come  
in every once in a while  
and see how he was",  
and he said. "That's  
good." But I've decided  
to stay home. I think it's  
more important, than  
going to Red Cross —



I agreed with her heartily —  
but away inside I smiled.

Personally, I had really ex-  
pected him to say — "Oh,  
I'll be alright — she doesn't  
need to bother to come in"  
but he did not say that.  
So I'm not an nuisance,  
after all. Later in the morn-  
ing, after he had changed to  
"working clothes", he stopped  
at my door with cheery greet-  
ing — said somehow his  
legs were wobbly — Later  
still in morning, we were  
each going full speed in  
the dark hall, I with  
tray and so narrowly  
missed collision.

Quick recovery — By even-  
ing he was O.K. — Mrs.  
C. left at 6<sup>00</sup> to deliver  
out and cards



As soon as we finished  
supper, Mr. C. came in at  
6:45 and remained until  
he went to bed - 10<sup>00</sup>.

Now, I felt mightily flattered  
He could so easily have  
gone straight to bed —  
or even right after puzzle —  
but instead, he found ex-  
cuse to stay longer. That,  
from a man like Mr. Coy-  
kendall is a mighty  
fine compliment.

First we had Lowell Thomas  
on Radio - news reporter -

Then we had a nice talk -  
gay and cheery — then  
did a puzzle to-gether —

Then he went out to  
study and came back  
with a pile of photo-  
graphs, taken on 3



Alaskan hunting trips -  
and one to Yellowstone -  
(latter wife, daughter and  
sister accompanied him)  
I enjoyed the pictures im-  
mensely and his descript-  
ions - When he had put  
them away, he came to  
door again - "Well, I sup-  
pose its time to go to bed"  
( $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour later, or it  
was, than his usual time  
for retiring) One lovely  
gesture and courtesy he  
showed me, I must jot  
down - Oh, it is a beauti-  
ful and precious thing to  
have a good man's respect.  
The more they respect  
you, the more you respect  
yourself. I had gone out  
of the room for a moment  
and when I returned,



Mr. C. rose, and stood,  
until I was seated. It  
made me very happy —  
~~to~~ Whoever I might have  
been, he could not have  
shown more deference —  
and be such an im-  
portant man. And I  
like to remember, right  
here, that my dear Iva —  
who did some thing for  
me. — as soon as I en-  
tered room, he rose, too  
in respect — and when  
we were alone — not  
just for company. And  
a great honor and privi-  
lege ~~as~~ he has, (Mr. C.)  
has bestowed on me —  
In our talk to-night —  
we have it planned,  
to-morrow morning,  
we are going to work  
Wrote long letter to Amanda.



his  
together on Mr. C's library  
(12000 books) dusting -  
arranging and rearrang-  
ing. And that is some  
privilege - to handle all  
these precious books - He  
has turned down an offer  
of help (Mrs. Virginia Nicoll)  
8 years have passed - at last  
he has found right person  
to help him - even he  
would trust me alone, to  
arrange - and besides  
the principal, <sup>being,</sup> he knows  
how I love the books and  
love to handle them -  
and they are so dear to  
him - that makes the  
working together such  
a pleasure - a third  
party would spoil it all.

Sept. 16 -  
Saturday morning - finished  
my work as soon as I  
could (11<sup>00</sup>) Then I pre -



Berry Wall - character  
about Starnu - but dressed  
man in N.Y.C. - Now living  
in Paris.

---

resented myself before Mrs. C. -  
she told me to go right up  
to the study - but I did not  
care to do so. So we went  
up together with joke and  
laughter. (Suppose I could  
do without a lot of my  
formality - but when Mr. C.  
is up front, I just cannot  
intrude upon him\*) Mr. C.  
jumped up at once, delighted.  
Mrs. C. left us together and  
she went back to her needle  
point. A most delightful  
3 hours followed. 11 - 1<sup>00</sup>  
and 2<sup>00</sup> - 3<sup>00</sup> did one  
section - his best beloved  
book - Oriental - literature  
of the East - Persia, Japan,



China, India, and which I am  
growing to love more and  
more. As we worked together  
as one harmoniously and  
quietly, ~~be~~ Mr. C. told  
me of many of his books -  
and read passages - I wish  
there were 12,000,000 books  
to be done - so many  
happy hours spread out  
ahead. As I remarked -  
"This is not work" - (He had  
thought it would be a  
tremendous task, but  
it was not, as he said -  
gloriously "I'm enjoying  
myself!" <sup>and later,</sup> "Dinner so  
soon! No we have to stop!"  
Everything was we, we, we.

Then he made me tremend-  
ously happy - when he  
told that the written



When I read HAFIZ:

I feel the softness of a doozy <sup>cheek,</sup>  
I see the pathway of the moon  
upon the water,  
I hear the song of nightingales,  
I breathe the perfume of roses.  
I taste — I taste the red wine.

(I even found quiet laughter)

HAFIZ is <sup>so</sup> human and  
therefore lovable.



criticism of Hafiz - was  
"very pretty" and that  
he had left my page in  
the book - " What an  
honor! as good as hav-  
ing a verse published,  
as to have him keep it  
in his beloved Hafiz, for  
all time. How rich my  
life is now, and I am  
trying to absorb all I can,  
so I can be more and  
more a help mate for  
Jou, in his writing later  
on. And I have learned  
to think well I have been  
in this house and read  
fine books (I always  
read good books but not



the cream. Mr. C. showed me  
a copy of the Korean, first  
translation into English -  
(came by way of French.)  
yellowed with age - We  
almost did a section (at  
eve. - but decided on a  
puzzle. Mrs. C. wanted a  
puzzle. (She would be no help  
to do books, even if she had  
the inclination. She does  
things too quickly and  
not thoroughly - But  
she has good ideas -

Sunday - wrote long, long  
specially nice letter to  
my Inakubo - after  
my work was finished -  
Mr. C. and I and I did  
another section - a small  
er one, it being Sunday  
and Mrs. C. wanted to  
see Nomi in P. M. -



Very enjoyable - and as  
he told me again  
later in day - he en-  
joyed himself - and  
pleasure of looking at  
books again. In winter,  
he removes all glass  
down from rectory -  
so that his books may  
be more "intimate". I  
understand perfectly.

It is said that the  
road to a man's heart is  
thru his stomach - but  
the ~~road~~ road to Mrs.  
Coykendall's heart is  
thru his books! Went

for walk in afternoon -  
we did puzzle in evening.  
I finished Michael Strange's  
"Resurrecting Life" - (the



seem just a little mad  
to me. (Set up reading so late

Monday - usual routine -

But I was so surprised  
to receive very nice  
oil painting from my  
cousin Fred Arbury in  
Detroit, Mich. It isn't  
bad - I wish I could do  $\frac{1}{2}$   
as well. Very nice of him  
to send it. Carrie, in Eng-  
land ~~sent~~ told him to  
paint it for me.

We did puzzle in even-  
ing - and enjoyed our  
"Wonder Baker laugh" -  
Mr. C. and I. -

Tuesday - left. 19 -  
awaiting long  
letter Invaluable promised,  
but did not come - surely



tomorrow. Amanda called  
up. She acts very strange.  
Doesn't sound like herself.  
Says she feels so sleepy -  
no ambition, so tired -  
no energy. Does not  
want to see me or anyone  
this week. Well call me  
again next week, to make  
plan. In meantime,  
will see her doctor - I  
think she's quit so plain  
love me over vain -  
having to come away  
and leave him - And  
he doesn't care enough to  
marry her - and she's  
crazy over him -  
Poor Amanda! Its too  
bad. - I'm longing to see  
her. Then I'll try to  
talk some sense into  
her. I have enough ex



perence about such matters  
and need of self control and  
common sense — I have  
my own problem —

Walked down to 34<sup>th</sup> St.  
and home. Enjoyed the  
walk.

Nice evening. Puzgyle —  
I'm going to ask Mr. Coy —  
Kendall to read to me  
to-morrow morn. Very warm  
Wednesday - Sept. 20 —

Wrote to George —  
Still no letter from Tom —  
unless it comes at 4<sup>00</sup>  
(usual time) If does not,  
I'll send telegram. I can-  
not stand suspense.

Mrs. C. scolds me for  
not going out more into  
sunshine and air, in-  
stead of wanting to stay



in and read Mr. C's  
book. She says it is the  
greatest thing that ever  
happened to me - becom-  
ing so deeply interested  
in best in literature.

but - you must have  
fresh air and exercise -  
"I'll let Mr. Coykendall  
take care of your brain,  
but I must take care  
of your health!"

No letter came - I telephoned  
instead. (Mr. Mrs. C. coun-  
selled me to do so - and  
have instant reply)

Talked to head nurse.  
Everything O.K - Nothing to  
worry, but had been de-  
layed in writing. So that  
worry was over.



In the evening - I mentioned to Mrs. C. that I was going to ask Mr. C. to read to us. She made sort of a wry face and did not greet idea with enthusiasm.

He was delighted to read aloud, and hunted carefully for an appropriate story. Another Hindu Love story - "Lotus of the World" translated from original Mrs. by Bain. He read on and on, enjoying it, even when she suggested he might be tired (she was tired and began to fidget. She doesn't appreciate the beauties of these stories as Mr. C. does and I do.) So I know he selects them for my pleasure, and it



maker me very happy.  
(she admitted to me, once  
when Mr. C. went to phone,  
"that it was not exciting")  
just for impishness, I re-  
peated her remark to Mr. C.  
and he laughed-

"Isn't it exciting, Mama?  
Do oo want a murder  
story!"

Mrs. C. - Oh, you fellers  
wouldn't enjoy a good  
murder.

I - I think it is beauti-  
fully written

Mr. C. - a long and appreci-  
ative "yes"  
usumim.

I thanked him sincerely  
for reading and he  
was most happy.



"We'll finish it to-morrow morn'g"  
he said. Regularly every night,  
I go to the study and read  
for an hour or so. Some  
nights I sleep there, if Mrs W.  
saves.

Thursday - No letter from  
Invalids until 11-30 and  
then a special - He alludes  
to something which upset  
him greatly in past 2 weeks,  
but now is O.K. - Said "the  
less I know about his trouble,  
the better". Can't imagine  
what it could be, He says  
Mrs. Lakei and George know -  
Recd. letter from George -  
He is leaving this morning  
at 10<sup>00</sup> for Syracuse! -

The medical librarian at  
Trudeau is driving him  
as far as Oswego - and



from there he takes the bus  
to Syracuse, thence to Prof.  
Revel's house - where I sup-  
pose he will stay until  
permanent room is found  
in dormitory or elsewhere.  
Oh, I am thrilled and  
thrilled to think, to know,  
our own Searge is really in  
College. Oh, how grateful I am  
to God, who has made us  
able to surmount all difficult-  
ies, so we can send him -  
and how proud I am to be  
able to work, and to have a  
share in helping to keep  
him there. All Jack is good  
health so I can work -

Searge loved his "pow-  
der blue" robe - "Boy, but  
that is a swell robe" he  
wrote.

I ordered some few  
Japanese groceries for Tom,  
as he requested.



One of our old friends - Mr. Quaba died - lived at 169<sup>th</sup> and <sup>when we were at 105<sup>th</sup> and</sup> Audubon Avenue - Joan asked me to write note and 2.00 check for flowers.

Evening - Mr. C. finished reading the story, Puzggle. He is going away for week end. - Fri. Sat. Sun. (these 3 nights Joan to sleep in her bed) Mrs. C. told him - "Mrs. P. is going to sleep in your room, she'll get the key to your wine cellar and drink all your liquor and then tear up all your books". She says the craziest thing. He told me he is going to mountains - his own place - How I did long to see it last summer - but our plans were all upset.

Mr. C. and I were talking - Mrs. C. came in -  
Mr. C. "Is as butter in, mama?"



Friday - Sept. 22 - Two more letters came from Tom - the latter expressing how sorry he was for having worried me. Post word - Searge left at 8<sup>00</sup>. Daddy gave him the big hug I sent, and his arm. Searge must have been excited. Tom so anxious to see his first letter - how it all impressed him.

Mrs. C. went to Red Cross at 9<sup>00</sup> Mr. C. went to office, but returned later to pack and have lunch. I had cut out Cross Word puzzle for him, and had thought to slip down the hall and lay it on his bag - but something held me back. While having my tray - as usual -



Mr. C. passed my door twice -  
but I did not look up -  
and then — again he  
came back - and to my  
door - all smiles to say  
good-bye -

"Please don't get up" -  
but I did. We chatted  
a few moments in the  
driveway, and he spoke  
cheerily to Mrs. W. -

I - Well you accept my  
humble gift? and I  
offered the puzzle -

Mr. C. Indeed I will - and  
glad to have it. Thank-  
you.

I - I thought you might  
like to do it on the train

Mr. C., Indeed I will - see,  
I'll fold it right up now  
and put it in my  
pocket. Good-bye  
and good-bye. That



was so nice of him to do that  
specially, when really every-  
thing had been said last  
evening, when he retired. I  
did not expect to see him  
again before he left. Only  
I say again and again —  
if a man wants to show  
courtesy, admiration and  
mark for his regard, he  
can and will do it — of his  
own free will — he does  
not need any encourage-  
ment from the woman. She  
only cheapens herself by put-  
ting herself in his way. The  
man's pleasure is in seek-  
ing — the hunting instinct —  
is primitive — and the fun  
and pleasure is in the hunt-  
ing, whether for wife or  
for friend.

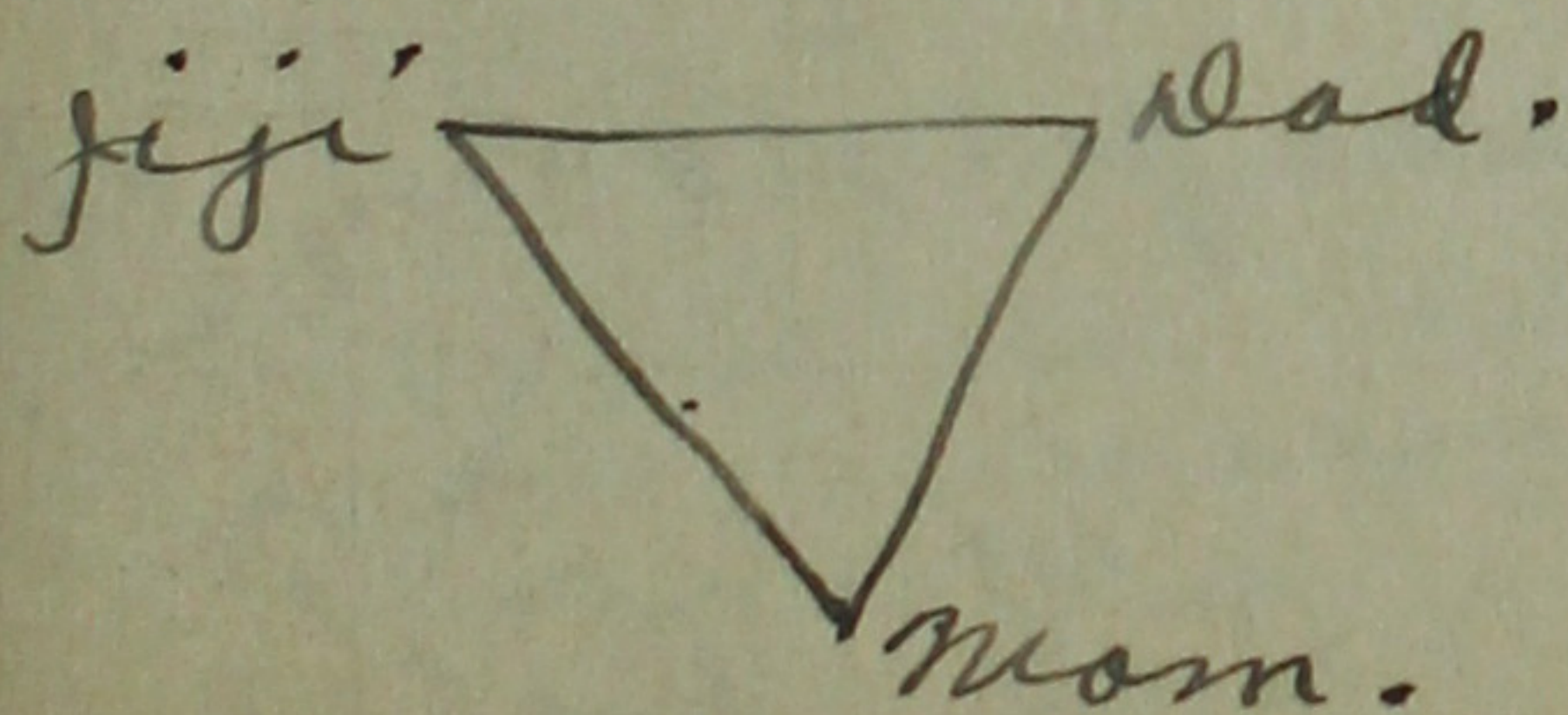
In the afternoon, I went  
over to see Nanna Lorange —  
and give her some sunshine.



She is very sad and lovely - and  
brave in keeping her little  
candy stare. When I showed her  
George's last photograph (one  
taken at Easter time - she  
looked and looked at it then  
burst into tears -

"He is no more my baby!  
He is a man now."

I told her all about George's  
scholarship - college, etc -  
she was then so happy and  
proud. She idolizes George -  
she had a package of pictures  
30 in all from infancy - and  
I was very happy to see them -  
because Tom has our album  
(I wanted him to have it for  
comfort) Now we are both  
alone - besides George -



If I can only  
see them both  
at Christmas  
time! Who  
knows!



Mrs. C. and I did a puzzle.  
We sat up so late, there was  
no time for either of us  
to read. I took bath - but  
as Mrs. W. was quiet I slept  
in my own bed - until 5:00  
then I had to get out (more)  
and move into Mr. C's  
room - I sleep so well there,  
if I only could leave under  
his pillow, the gift or  
balm of sleep. Rarely he  
sleeps at all, night after night,  
unless he takes medicine.

We have a swell new  
cook and enjoy such  
deliciously cooked food -  
cakes, pies, vegetables, etc.  
I feel I am dining in a  
restaurant or big hotel -



Mrs. C. says I am the one who has to eat all the good things because the cook must be kept in practise — Mr. C. cannot eat them — not everything Mrs. C. can eat — and very little Mrs. W. can eat. I am only one who can eat everything — I do not have to worry about my waistline or my stomach. I am indeed blessed, and I am grateful.

Saturday — Wrote long letter to my Swabuko and sent it special so he can have for company to-morrow afternoon.

Mrs. C. and I did puzzle in evening. Read "Clare de Lune" by Michael Strange. Slept



all night in Mr. C's room.

Mrs. C. said to take advantage of it while I could — so I will — I won't wait for Mrs. W. to move —

Iwahiko is so glad I am learning to love poetry — said to read all I could — said he is so glad I am in Mrs. C's house, because every day I learn something. That is true, but not from Mrs. C. To-night we turned our clocks back one hour to standard time. Rain.

Sunday - Sept. 24 - First official day of Fall - Beautiful warm day - Dr. Braundich came to look Mrs. W. over - says she is in very good condition and



may live for years, and then again, something might happen unexpectedly and

---

speaking of Mr. Braundlich, I said I wanted everything just as neat as possible when he came. "I wanted to keep on the right side of him. \* Maybe some day he would help me."

Mrs. C. "He probably would. He thinks a lot of you"

---

Took a walk in afternoon. Am getting so much pleasure out of my dark blue and white crepe dress. just the thing for town wear - fall or spring. Mrs. C. and I did puzzle - in fact started a record. We listened to 'Red Raquer and Jade - but somehow it did



not seem so enjoyable, with  
Mr. Caykendall absent, I know  
Mrs. C. does not care for  
it, and so kindly at-  
tended to some detail of my  
work, so I could listen un-  
interruptedly to the program.  
Mrs. C. "It means so much  
more to you than me."

Slept again in Mrs. C's  
room. How I wished that  
he, too, could sleep so soundly  
as I did!

Monday - Sept. 24 - Received  
lovely letter from George -  
his first from Syracuse.  
He is very happy and so  
bravely hunting a job to  
earn his room and  
board. Dear, dear son -  
When I think of him,  
so young, in a strange



City, my heart aches. But I must  
not think of that, I suppose. We  
are all alone - Daddy, very, very  
much alone, and without  
health, I am alone - making  
my home with strangers -  
and George is alone, but he  
has the enthusiasm of youth,  
and hope - I am so grateful  
he has Prof. Revels back of  
him, as his guardian. Lovely  
letter from Zvoliko - also a  
card.

I wrote short letters to  
Iain and George at once.

Went down to N. Y. Life -  
and saw Mr. Warner - made  
agreement for 1000.00 Endow-  
ment Policy for George - 35 yr.  
Now he will have some pro-  
tection - if he gets in a  
tight place - he can bar-  
row on it. My own



has been a wonderful help to  
me. I've since borrowed  
on mine; of course, I have  
to pay interest on the loan.  
All together again in the  
evening - Puzzle - and our  
merry "Wander Baker" song -  
which ever brings such de-  
lighted response from Mr. C.  
It is "over". 85° Temp. today.

HEAT

The new cook - a very  
classy one, who in her last  
position received 40<sup>00</sup> a  
week. (but is now glad to  
take less to have a job)  
told me "I have one of  
the softest and sweetest  
voices, she ever heard.  
Always the same. Never  
raise it; ———— " Ahem!



I used to be told this same thing, but thought my voice might have lost this quality, in the passing years.

I believe Shakespeare said something about . . . a soft voice. How excellent a thing in a woman.

Tuesday - Sept. 26. Special delivery from Tom - He enclosed George's letter to him, for me to read.

Working on slip cover for second chair. a wing chair and more difficult Mrs. C. had some guests for dinner and cards afterwards. Mr. C. does not play cards. Does not care for them, and thus avoids more invitation. And he chuckles.



In the evening - around  
9<sup>00</sup> Mr. C. came in - and  
we had a most delightful  
1/2 hour of conversation.  
About everything - Japan,  
his weekend in the  
mountain, Pearl Buck's  
translation of novel from  
Chinese - "All Men are Brothers"  
our favorite Radio  
program, etc. It was all  
talked over so easily, and  
friendly - he enjoyed the  
talk also - his very face  
evidenced that - and I  
was flattered and happy -  
He looked so nice with  
dark blue coat and white  
flannel trousers. I told  
Mrs. C. the other day



the older Mr. C. grows, the  
handsomer he grows.

He told me how well he  
had slept first night home  
(unusually well for him)  
I told him that was be-  
cause I had put a wish un-  
der his pillow. I was sorry  
that I could not put a  
piece of jade, according to  
Chinese legend. He laughed  
heartily and asked  
me please to put wish  
again under his pillow.  
"Ah, that is why I slept so  
well! I heard one bell  
and did not know whether  
it was 12<sup>30</sup> or 4<sup>30</sup> (ship's  
clock) and found it was  
4<sup>30</sup> !!

About 9<sup>30</sup>, he realized  
there were guests —



"I'll go up and pay my respects to the guests, and then go to bed - Came back again to say good-nite.

Wednesday - Sept. 28 -

Went to Fashion's Show at Bloomingdale. Puzzle in evening. Ice cream - Mrs. C. insisted to go out for it, so as to get some air, as soon as she had gone, Mr. C. changed his seat, from opposite to me, to one beside me. For no particular reason I suppose \_\_\_\_\_ and yet, somehow, if I had done that, it would have looked most significant. Heigh-ho!

Our plates were piled high - Each had  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt.



of cream, and did it taste  
good! 'Bay!'

~~Frid~~ - Thursday - (Sept. 28 -

Made, on impulse of mo-  
ment, another sketch of Mrs.  
W. - asleep. Much better  
than first. It is fine -  
she really looked asleep.

Wrote to John - and a long  
cheery letter to George, my  
brave son. In late after-  
noon about 5<sup>30</sup> took walk,  
and by dusk, walked over to  
river and watched in the  
deepening shadows, the  
boats go up and down,  
through curtain of haze. It  
was beautiful. I came home  
and made some poetry  
about it. After more study  
will show to my teacher,  
Mr. C. and ask him to  
help me. I think he will



be only too happy to help me.  
He will realize more and  
more what his books are  
doing for me. As it is,  
I am amazed. Beautiful  
thoughts come so easily  
now to my mind. Happy  
evening together. I wrote  
to John A. telling about  
George - and Tom's increase  
in weight, as he wished me  
to do - also I asked John A.  
to send me some tracing paper -  
and I told him about my  
sketching - Washed on my  
lines. After midnight be-  
fore I went to bed.

Friday - Sept. 29 - Beautiful  
day - Card from Jane -  
Mrs. C. and I were alone.  
We enjoyed puzzle.



Saturday - Sept. 30 - again Mr. Coy -  
Kendall and I worked in  
his library. One particular  
shame case - gorgeous leath-  
er bindings - which we used  
a cleaning cream - and then  
rubbed and rubbed. We  
worked together until lunch -  
then in afternoon Mr. Mr. C  
went to a movie - he returned  
early and we worked together.  
As long as I live, I never will  
forget these wonderful hours.  
Mr. C. makes them so delightful,  
and tells me anecdotes, in-  
timate details, how he came  
to get <sup>the</sup> books, about the authors,  
showing me letters from  
the authors, giving me  
such valuable infor-  
mation. Oh! I am so proud  
to be chosen by him to  
work with him with  
his precious books



He couldn't show me any  
greater honor, nor any  
other woman.

Speaking of how dusty  
his books were - they had  
not been dusted or oiled  
in 7 years and then by  
professionals, i. e. - men  
from a book binders'.

Mr. C. These books are very  
fortunate to be done at all.  
2 - I'm sure you had only to  
make your wants known  
and any number of your  
friends would be delighted  
to help you.

Mr. C. I don't want anyone  
messing around among  
my books. They're too  
personal. I only want



someone I want, to handle  
them. Someone who loves and  
appreciates them as I do —  
(my heart just about turned  
upside down with happiness)  
I wish I could tell Joan —  
but he would have mixed  
emotions about it, so  
I'll say nothing yet — He  
ignored what General  
about Mr. C. reading aloud  
and I know what that  
means.)

---

I. Now I know, that you  
know, how much I ap-  
preciate the privilege of  
doing this for you — how  
I love to do it.

Mr. C. (smiling) Mrs. Nicolls  
offered last Fall to  
come and dust my



books for me, but I would  
have to reuse of it.

I don't want someone  
to come in and dust  
my books, as if they  
were so much furniture"

---

Mr. C. I sent this a beau-  
tiful binding (bring-  
ing over a sumptu-  
ously bound book-  
in calf and mar-  
bled gold)

I - Yes - so mellow -  
(I had chosen just  
the word. Several  
times, I have just this  
same good fortune -

Mr. C. (with appreciative  
smile - some time



ago, I wrote an article on  
"The Mellow Books of 'Books'"  
Isn't that an unusual  
title for a book?

3 - Perhaps that particular  
book inspired the article  
and so on and on, we  
drifted, working and  
talking - talking and  
working, in the lovely  
still library, Mrs. C.  
drifted in once - and  
teared - and drifted  
out again -

Mrs. C. "I see I'm not  
wanted" - — — — Some-  
how, honestly, she does  
seem to jar - — — — much  
as I love her.

Puzzle in the evening -  
Sunday - Oct. 1 — — — Very



warm. Again Mr. C. and  
I cracked on the  
books, if I can use  
the word "cracked".

We cracked till dinner-  
time, and so as to get  
these fuddy afternoon  
without my usual  
blues, I asked if I  
might spend the after-  
noon with the books,  
Mr. C. thought it altogeth-  
er too much for me -  
but was very happy,  
nevertheless, that I en-  
joyed them so much,  
(even working alone)  
he did not say this, of course.  
Mr. Mrs. C. went to see  
movie - "Three Little  
Pigs". He said I must  
see it, just as good  
as "Wonder Bakers!"



Mr. C. said "only a person with artistic feeling knows how to take care of books".

Sunday evening - Mrs. Plympton came to call - and I had to amuse myself. Read, etc. Made a sketch of Mrs. W. in bed - (the best yet) Later, when Mr. C. saw it - "Very good. She certainly has caught the expression. That's Mrs. Warren. I didn't know you were an artist!"

Mrs. C. It's mighty, darn good.

She going to sit far  
me - front face, she said  
not side face, with her  
chin, she said; It came  
to me so quickly -  
I am surprised



again Mr. C. thanked me  
so charmingly for keep-  
ing him with his books  
lingered over it - said  
good-nite twice. Almost  
think he rather missed  
our little evening (we 3)

Monday - Oct. 2 - Lovely  
letter from George  
and Jane - Daddy  
feels fine, he says,  
Amanda called up -  
We will meet to-mor-  
row, at Medford -  
5<sup>30</sup> - George is very  
happy - a Fresh Blauze  
is in view. Har no  
job as yet, but is on  
the lookout, Brave  
youngster. He has a  
'nice room-mate -  
at Mrs. Jewell's -



Our usual pleasant evening - puzzle - Wander Baker, went downtown in afternoon.

Tuesday - Oct. 3 -

Met Amanda at 5<sup>30</sup> at Mac Alpine lounge. We had a lovely evening together and a wonderful talk. She took me to top of Empire Bldg - (1<sup>00</sup> each). Wonderful, thrilling experience - 102 stories high. I'll never forget it. Tomorrow I hope to take George. We came down at 8<sup>00</sup> and had good supper at Caf Automat - Dutch and home. We had our special good talk in the lounge or roof garden atop the tower. I told her in part about Mr. Cuykendall - the beautiful friendship - sympathy of



taster, of our little afternoon  
tea party, of his reading  
aloud and then the great  
privilege of handling and  
working with his books —  
and the happy companion-  
able hour with him —  
anecdotes, etc. etc. — She  
was delighted and was so  
happy for me to enjoy  
such a friendship with  
such a man. I emphasized  
it was such an honor for  
me — — — It is  
wonderful to have a friend  
like Amanda to talk with.  
She understands, she told me  
of her problems — and she  
does not feel well — so  
tired always. She will call  
me up next week.

Wednesday — Special Del.



letter from Iwahiko. In the  
letter was something which  
shocked me - about his  
elixir humoral - I cannot  
write of it here - only I know  
he must be making some  
terrible mistake. His letter  
I will keep aside. Iwahiko  
has also written of this (?)  
to Mr. Midgutani, owing  
to some misunderstanding  
Kamoi and Midgutani have  
both neglected me all  
summer, and I am weary so  
beautifully of me, asking them  
to be kind to me and treat  
me same as before the sum-  
mer. I miss the Japanese  
very much and feel much  
hurt, but can only wait.

Now I am wants me to call  
upon both ladies, in about  
10 days time and take  
candy.



Mrs. C. and I alone to-night -  
Puzzle. She knows I am not  
happy, but I can't tell her.

Thursday - Oct. 5 - Mr. & Mrs. C.  
went to Rearsdale for dinner -  
and part of afternoon and  
evening, I spent with beloved  
books - rubbing and polish-  
ing leather. We have had  
some trouble about the  
cream - when dried out, leaves  
a cloud - so man came  
up from Concord ("Leather  
Vital") and said to rub,  
and rub! So I have  
commenced going back over  
what we did (Oct. 8 & 9) -  
Now what I have done  
to-day look beautiful  
and rich in coloring.



Mr. C. is delighted and happy—  
and thanked me so much for  
my extra hard work. I love  
to do it for the books' sake  
and his sake. —

A lovely long letter from  
our George for Daddy and  
Mum. No job as yet, but  
one may turn up — waiting  
on table in Mary Paton's  
parosity — (Parasae girl)

Personally I would prefer  
something else, but —

Oh, I enjoyed his letter so  
much. It was so newsy,  
and enthusiastic about  
his studies. He seems to be  
very happy and interest-  
ed, and I don't think he  
has made any mis-  
take in selecting this  
course. Daddy will be so



happy. Searge has made a  
nice chum, Francis Haver (?)  
but Searge is longing to  
have "his own permanent  
room, so he can fix it up  
his own way, his own  
little home." I did not  
realize the home instinct  
was so strong in him -  
He wants "his own room  
so he can settle down to  
study and read." I hope  
he has his heart's desire  
soon. God bless him -  
Went to the Fresh Place -  
1500 present - say he has  
a speaking acquaintance  
with about 60 -

John Thompson called  
up few days ago -



He sent me tracing paper -  
and wished me luck in my  
sketching, but did not say,  
his sister Juliet, a portrait  
painter, would be glad to  
give me a little instruction.  
Wrote to George. Also sent  
Special Del. at once in answer  
to Wed's letter.

Friday - October 6 - a 'Red Letter  
Day' - about 10:30, Mr. Coy-  
kendall called up the house  
and maid came to me  
and said "someone" wanted  
to speak to me. (He talked  
very deep and low, and  
she never recognized him)  
said "he called up to ask  
if I would like to go to a  
football game with him  
to - tomorrow. That Mrs.  
Coykendall didn't care  
to go. I didn't recognize



the low voice either, and  
said -

2 - I don't believe I quite under-  
stand -

Then he repeated name  
and what he had to say.  
I was stumped but car-  
ried it off beautifully -

3 - Why, I'd love to go -  
Mr. C. That's fine - It will  
keep you out in the  
fresh air for the after-  
noon and be good for  
you.

2 - But Mr. Caykendall, it's  
only fair to tell you, I  
know next to nothing  
about the game.

Mr. C. Oh, that doesn't  
matter at all. You'll  
enjoy it, and you'll  
be out in the fresh air -



We have to leave early - 1<sup>30</sup>.  
I - Thankyou, Mr. C. —  
Mr. C. O' thats alright.

Coming away from the  
place, I was in a dream —  
I couldnt believe it possible  
that I was really going  
out with Mr. Caykendall!  
What will Joan say, George  
say, etc. — Even in the  
low voice, I detected the  
note of pleasure. Its very  
wonderful, and I still  
think I am dreaming!

Afternoon, I went over to  
Park and wrote 8 pages  
to Joan, sent George's  
6 page letter and my  
last sketch — by special  
delivery — so Joan will be  
happy to — morrow after-  
noon, also — but I did



not say I was going to the  
game with Mr. C. That  
would be unkind. Simply  
I said the C's gave me a  
ticket to go - that is honest,

In the evening over the  
puzzle - I thanked Mr. C.,  
and he was very merry -

"yes, we're going on a  
lark to - swarrow. I think  
you'll enjoy it. The  
weather ought to be  
beautiful, judging from  
to - day.

Mr. C. Have you ever seen a  
Football game -

3 - Syracuse and  
Rutgers, long ago  
with husband -



Saturday - Morning unsettled  
but finally cleared beautifully.  
Mrs. C. and I kept watching  
the weather. She made me  
wear winter coat, wool dress -  
even silk and wool stockings  
and carry steamer. When  
Mr. C. saw that - "Ridiculous!  
Mrs. Rochese doesn't need it.  
No! No! Mauna, we don't need  
it - But she laughed and  
waved her arms, and ~~she~~  
said silly things and we  
just had to laugh - We  
had lunch early. I was very  
careful with my make-up,  
and called Mrs. C. in to  
look me over, last thing.  
She said - "you look very  
nice, very sweet and  
kind and gentle". Then  
she marched me down  
the hall - I was ready -



No danger of me being late  
this time. I was very happy  
and why not! Felt as if I  
were walking on air -  
still I thought I must be  
dreaming. Out in the street -  
Mr. Caykendall turned over  
suddenly and gave me a  
quick scrutiny. (I don't sup-  
pose he was aware of it,  
really, but I felt it) My  
makeup was most natural  
and conservative so I  
had nothing to fear. (Mrs. C.  
said many a time he  
has made her brush  
off powder and rouge  
when they have gone to  
any Columbia affair)  
Mr. Caykendall insisted



to carry the rug, besides the  
his overcoat -

I - I wish you would let me  
carry the rug.

Mr. C. No thank you. You are  
wearing a heavy coat. That  
is heavier than my coat  
and blanket together -

I - We can't prove that. There  
are no scales. He laughed.

I - Anyway, the weight of  
my coat is evenly dis-  
tributed and you have  
all weight on one arm -

But he carried coat.

Held my arm in pilating  
me thru crowds. - Same  
was Syracuse vs. Lehigh -  
at Baker Field (215" st.)

I - Is that "Wonder Baker"  
Field? (slyly)

Ah, how Mr. C. laughed



Mr. C. I'll let you know later  
in the afternoon.

Columbia vs. - 39-0.

It was a lovely afternoon  
for me, even tho I know  
so little about the game  
but he explained from time  
to time - It was happiness  
and such an honor  
just to sit there beside him,  
out in the sunshine and  
sweet fresh air. We had  
two of best seats (\$2.20  
each) and Mr. C. folded  
blanket so we had it  
under our knees, instead  
of over our knees (sat on it)  
and were very comfort-  
able, We chatted before  
game and intermission -  
and many "pros" and  
friends greeted him and  
passed on to find their



seats. "Helloa, Fred! Helloa, Fred" —  
He told me about different profs.  
pointing them out to me. —

Reassuringly, I said, not to be  
surprised if I should suddenly  
disappear in the crowd, real-  
izing just with whom I was.

Mr. C. I'm not as great as you  
think I am. — However,  
your reputation is safe  
and in good hands.

I - I'm not worrying about  
my reputation (I should  
have said, "Are you quite  
sure of that," or some  
remark in kind and  
made him laugh. —

I must say that Mr. C.  
gave every appearance of  
being perfectly content  
and happy. It just  
seemed so natural for  
us to be together that



felt perfectly at ease. He  
brought me a program. Took  
8<sup>th</sup> Ave. subway home - Mrs. C.  
met me with open arms -  
(she had heard game over  
radio) Next week, Mrs. C.  
will go with husband,  
also Mr. Mr. Walker -  
They play Virginia - on  
21<sup>st</sup> they play Princeton at  
Princeton - on Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> -  
on George's birthday, Colum-  
bia plays Iyracuse. Jewish  
I could see that game,  
and do I wish George  
could come down. Boy, Oh  
Boy, as he says - Then the  
wonderful afternoon came  
Mr. to an end, as every  
pleasure must. Mrs. C.  
went out to play  
cards in evening and



Mr. C. went to first meeting  
of the season of Exeter Club -  
Sunday - I wrote long letter  
to George. When I came home  
yesterday afternoon, found  
spec. from Daddy, with  
George's letter enclosed. The  
dear child has a job -  
to cover his board, with  
Mrs. Hindsay - whose son  
is a Benar - (Fine Arts -  
painter) He has to make beds,  
set table, do all dishes -  
dust - vacuum rug -  
and he says "I don't mind  
it". He has much brave  
spirit - determined to help  
too. Now he is hunting  
job to take care of room -  
that is more than we  
expected this year. Daddy  
and I are so proud of him.



He is sketching in charcoal  
and enjoys and is going to  
send me some sketches —  
I'll be so glad to see and  
learn from them. "Mort"  
Miller is with George a  
great deal, and that is  
nice for both boys. —

George has a lovely room  
with two windows and  
even has luxury of two  
windows and easy chair —  
together with his four  
poster bed, study table,  
dresser and closet. Now he  
would like a bridge lamp.  
But that can wait. Daddy,  
does however, want him  
to buy a set of book shelves.  
Just to think our son is go-  
ing to be an architect —  
such a dignified profession,



Now George has job to pay  $\frac{1}{2}$   
of room rent. I only hope it  
is not too much for him - He  
takes care of the furnace in house  
where he has his room, so only  
has 1.50 to pay. It is fine and  
I admire his spirit tremendously  
and love him more than ever  
if that is possible - but I  
wish he didn't have to do these  
things - maybe some pleas-  
anter job will come along,  
some tutoring, etc. —

Sunday, Oct. 8 - Wrote to Elsa -  
giving her up to minute  
news. It is strange. I have  
not heard from Elsa in a  
ages. She did not answer  
my last letter about Aug.  
25. Unusual for her.  
Maybe Alden is a wreck  
again. Worked on books.  
Mr. Mrs. went to movie.



Puzzle in the evening.

In the morning, Mr. C. drifted in for a few moments before dinner. Mr.

Butler's name came up - and Mr. C. said they were were having a hard time to find another man - he is 72 -

2 - Oh, that is young.

Mr. C. (who is 61) you call that young? laughing.

2 - To day, yes. If your heart is young, and your mind is young, and your enthusiasm is young, you're young.

Mr. C. That's me! He flushed and laughed.

2 - That's my idea, anyway.



Mr. C. That's the right idea.

One evening we were talking and I asked him if later on I might borrow "Amphora" by Mather (beautifully more bound, but I said I would be most careful).

Mr. C. You can't hurt it. Yes, that is beautiful. You must read it. and then be told me about Mr. Mather, who published this collection of poems.

I - How one book does lead to the reading of another.

Mr. C. delightedly - Yes, that's the pleasure of it.

I - There's no end to it.

He was so pleased with my remark. He glowed.

yesterday, when I asked Mrs. C. who people would



think I was with Mr. C.  
Mrs. C. Oh - they'll think  
you're his sister or his  
cousin.

I - that's so - his country  
cousin.

Mrs. C. Indeed you don't look  
like any country cousin.

Mrs. C. says Mr. C. takes  
his books down from the  
shelves, loves them and  
pats them and kisses  
them. He told him I was  
discouraged because I could  
not remember everything  
he told me. Mr. C. told her  
to tell Mrs. Rockris that  
he had been collecting those  
books for 40 years, and  
I must not be discouraged  
if I could not learn all  
about them in a few weeks.



Mrs. C. said to Mr. C. over our  
puzzle

"She looks so cute, when  
just sitting waiting for first  
note of "border bakers" - and  
not saying a word.

Sunday evening - we were hav-  
ing confidential talk, Mrs. C  
and I. —

Mrs. C. No doubt he sees a great  
many faults in both of us,  
that he says nothing about.  
I know he thinks a great  
deal of you. He admires  
what you are doing. We  
don't say much, but we  
know what you are doing —  
that you're having a struggle  
to look after Barbara and  
rose. I know Mr. Caykendall  
likes you very much or  
he would not come in here  
as I told you long ago.  
He would not make  
a business of it.



He appreciates your taste for literature, and that you are trying to improve your mind — and he wants to help you. And she said much more that made me very happy — in same vein.

Monday - Oct. 9 -

Worked on books in afternoon. Oh, I do love to work with them.

Our usual happy evening. At 3<sup>00</sup> A.M. - I jerked up and went out to study to sleep. In the morning,

Mrs. C. told me Mr. C. had taken care of Mrs. Warren, and never called me. I was so mad, I cried —

? — Why didn't he call me?

Why do you have the bell? Why am I here?

He has so little sleep



anyway -

Mrs. C. That's between you and  
him. I'll keep out of this.

I said I didn't appreciate  
what he did at all. Later on,  
I did appreciate it. He's  
always so kind to me, kind  
to everyone, who's fortunate  
enough to come in contact with  
him. Then Mrs. C. he apologized  
for making me mad.

Mrs. C. went to Searsdale,  
8<sup>30</sup> returning 7<sup>0</sup>. I worked  
all afternoon till 5<sup>30</sup>  
on books, when I returned  
to our room. Mr. C. had re-  
turned just before this.

In a few minutes, he walked  
in, smiling, and pulled out eye-  
glass case. "We must finish  
this puzzle. Which we did. When  
completed, he surveyed it.

"Isn't that a nice picture!"



Now we can show Mauna what we did." After fuzgle was under way.

I - I'm awfully sorry about last night. I —

Mr. C - I am, too. —

I - I mean, I do appreciate what you did last nite. I didn't this morning, but later, when I cooled, I did. But you have so little sleep, anyway, and I'm here to make life a little easier for you, so why not call me.

Mr. C. But you'd only be I heard you go thru the hall at 3<sup>00</sup>, and then to get up again at 5<sup>30</sup>; pretty hard on you, and I was awake anyway, so I took care of her, and



let you rest and get some sleep.

Mr. D. - I've had training for years, getting up at night, doing what I have to do for Tom, and going back to sleep again.

Mr. C. I used to have that training, too, with Ursula, when she was a child, I always took care of her at night, if she cried or wanted anything.

I - "you did," incredulously.

Mr. C. grinning, yes -

I in a few moments -

"Alright, next time, I'll ring.

So we settled it all most happily. Puggle finished, he settled back in chair -

Mr. C. "What book are you reading now - are you reading two at a time -

tearing -

I - Hearns' - "In Shortly Japan

Mr. C. - Oh yes - that's a fanciful pretty thing.



I - Lowmhaev, my husband has never cared for him or his writing.

Mr. C. Well - I can understand that. Hearn is writing for foreigners, not for Japanese. And no foreigner can ever get the real beauty of ~~the~~ the country. That's the reason, I have no use for 'Pearl Beach and <sup>her</sup> books on China -

I - No to, understand them, you have to get under the skin - in the blood, especially countries of the Orient -

Mr. C. - Exactly.

and then followed a most delightful serious talk on ideals of living - how to live so as to shed cheer to others, and that being more than going to church regularly, and then not living up to it.



Mr. C. you go to church, and the minister tells you how to get along with people in everyday life, but he doesn't tell you about what's inside of you (pointing to heart) and that's what you need to know.

I - I'm 'afraid that's something you have to discover for yourself - that inner strength.

Mr. C. Yes, you do. You have to have that, for when things go wrong, you can't depend on people.

I - There has to be something within yourself -

then followed about  
beauties and ideals of Buddha.  
they are the real true and  
noble teaching of the Master.  
What has Christianity to boast  
of - persecution all thru  
its pages. - Jesus, the great  
teacher, did not teach  
that - he taught love  
and charity - and "Buddha  
said"



teaching and philosophy is  
mild and tolerant and  
all enveloping.

Mr. C. Of course it is — and  
then I asked a question  
that has long been in  
my mind — if one who  
lives up to tenets of re-  
ligion as Christian — i. e.,  
its ideals — and followed  
philosophy of East — could  
that be possible. — (I  
asked my question in  
more sensible way than  
this and I think earlier  
in conversation — it is  
hard to remember. Mr. C.  
talked so long and  
earnestly — it was a sub-  
ject very close and dear  
to his heart, since a 15 yr.  
boy — it was wonderful  
to have him sit there  
and talk to me for



more than an hour about  
such deep things, and then  
he told me about boyhood -  
how he was always different to his  
brothers - said he guessed he was  
always "nutty" as a boy - and  
ginned - never liked Kington -  
soon outgrew it. At fifteen, he  
grew up and was serious -

2 - Now you can laugh and  
play -

Mr. C. - just reversed - Well, I  
guess it averages up about  
evenly. Said as young as 15 -  
he started going around the  
country giving speeches -

3 - your mother <sup>might have</sup> thought you  
were headed for the ministry

Mr. C. Indeed she did -

2 - And your public - that a  
great reformer had come.

Oh - our talk was so thrillingly  
interesting - I wish I could  
write down every word.  
Every thing was forgotten



about, Mrs. Warren, Harwell  
Thomson on the Radio -

I was thrilled to find  
that our ideals for happy  
living are parallel - As each  
expressed himself - the  
other (he and I) interrupted -  
added, agreed, assented -  
and enthusiastically -  
Oh, it makes me so happy -  
but I cannot express here  
on paper.

2 - I do not see that really  
Old Testament has very  
much to do with the  
living of a happy life -  
Mr. C. - It has it. Nothing  
whatever.

2 - I think if one tries  
to make one's life as  
rich as possible in  
appreciation of beauty,



in tolerance, charity, and  
try to be example and live up  
to this —

Mr. C. Not set yourself apart as  
better —

I — Oh no — no — but try to  
shed some radiance —  
Mr. C. ~~But~~ Exactly — shed some  
of that inner radiance  
so other people will be  
led to follow and be  
happy in your exam-  
ple —

I — yes — that is what I really  
believe — and it is so  
simple, Mr. Caykendall,

Mr. C. Of course it. (glancing)

I — One does not need to be  
a theologian to find it —

Mr. C. No, of course not

I was really so surprised  
at myself, that I could  
talk so freely of close  
intimate thoughts, but so



to did Mr. C. - of his boyhood  
and himself and his ideal of  
living - At this time I felt very  
near to him - then there are  
times, when we are worlds  
apart. I never <sup>which it will be.</sup> know, I told  
Amanda. ~~of it~~ - but only  
as a beautiful friendship -  
how such a friendship can  
unfold between a man and  
woman, with high ideals  
and sensitive feelings -  
but I think I know that  
that respect and admiration  
and friendship lasts just  
so long as ~~either~~ <sup>I am</sup> worthy.  
(This applies particularly to  
the woman.) The friendship  
is founded on respect for me -  
how loyal and devoted I am  
to a husband who is far  
away and trusts me and  
loves me wholeheartedly.



and yet I can be charming and receive courtesies from him, and not cheapen myself - by acting silly as most women would.

I know that a little slip on my part, and something very precious would be lost, his respect.

When Mrs. C. came in at 7<sup>10</sup>, general talk and then dinner was announced. As they went out of the room, Mrs. C. did you hear Lowell Thomas?

I - No, we did not, sincerely.

Mrs. C. - You did not. Ah-h-

Mr. C. - Over his shoulder, laughing mischievously, "I wonder why eyes danced!"

I - rehearsing - Yes, I wonder why. (grinning)



Wednesday - Oct. 11 -

lovely letter from Joe -  
12 pages - He wrote so beau-  
tifully - how we are happiest  
couple, and yet cannot  
live together, tho we love  
each other so dearly. But  
our boy is in College - and  
there our joy must be -  
He is so grateful and happy  
to be spared for this happi-  
ness. Invaluable feeling  
much stronger, and for  
past three days, has given  
up basin service in a.m. -  
That is wonderful. Hard  
as everything is for him,  
he has more privileges  
than anyone else.



He is asking permission now -  
step by step, that he may spend  
3 or 4 days at Mrs. Hollis' house  
and we have a wonderful time.  
Oh, I do pray we may have our  
Christmas together. It will be  
heavenly - to be with my own  
husband; for those 4 days,  
I will not envy anybody  
there. (that is terrible grammar)

Maddy wrote lovely letter to  
George - 8 pages - wanted me  
to read & mail to George.

I write to Jane 2 or 3 times  
a week and 2 times to George -

In the afternoon, I walked  
<sup>and back.</sup>  
over Washington Bridge -  
Glenn's day - great recreation  
to be high up over the Hudson  
River - Puzzle in evening -  
all very happy - but Mr. C  
did look so tired, but  
he always had a charming  
smile for me.



Thursday - Oct. 12 -

I worked on the beloved books. Mr. Mrs. C. went to movie - about 4<sup>00</sup>, Mr. C. hurried in, smiling -

Mr. C. I have been given orders to send you right out of the house for a walk. Mrs. C. is taking a walk around the block.

I - I just have three more to do. -

Mr. C. I'll help you. Then we began to look at some of the books, comparing effect of cream on different leathers - He in window seat and I close by.

Mr. C. I'm not living up to my promise if I don't get you <sup>out</sup> of the house for ever. Then we laughed, He went out to dining room to have his



afternoon refreshment, in few  
moments. Then he turned,  
"Oh, Mrs. Rockrise, <sup>charmingly:</sup> wouldn't  
you like to have some  
hot chocolate?"

No, thank you, Mr. Cogkendall.  
Then, that finished, he came  
back to the books. Presently  
in came Mrs. C. (Mr. C. said  
in law tone, "Now, we're go-  
ing to get it". Of course I  
just had to grin. Couldn't  
help it. Mrs. C. was really  
provoked, and told me to  
hurry up at once, and get  
some fresh air. Phew!

Mr. C. laughing softly,  
"Who's afraid of the  
"Big Bad Wolf, the Big Bad  
Wolf" (from the Mouse Car-  
toon he loves, "Three Little Pigs")

Nevertheless, he helped me  
get everything gathered  
up quickly. — And I took  
a walk !!!



That evening, Mrs. C. and I  
did puzzle alone. Mr. C. at  
Columbia to a faculty dinner.  
She could have gone - but  
said it was much more  
fun to stay home and do  
a puzzle with me. Rather  
flattering. And she with 6  
new lovely gowns - to wear.  
So I told her

A well, if I don't wear  
them out, I'll have to give  
my own corsets and wear  
them at home. And imag-  
ine, the darlingest one of  
all, a black moiré, she  
stated most emphatically,  
if occasion comes, I can  
wear it, or anyone I choose -  
she is dear. Who else, in  
the world would do  
that —



Mrs. C. said that Mr. C. told her not to nag Mrs. Rockrose anymore about going out. "she was far happier doing what she was doing" (books)  
I - I'm glad Mr. C. understands Mrs. C. I understand too, but I don't want you to get pale and sick.

She gave me 2 Alumni News. with Mr. C.'s picture - one for George - I'm going to send him a Columbia pennant, also.

She told me: -

Mrs. C. I told Mr. C. that I had given you a copy for George, and he said - "Oh, that terrible picture spread all over the cover" etc, etc. - but he grinned with pleasure just the same. I knew he was pleased to have you read it.



I had great idea for a Birth-  
day card to make for Mr. C.  
and father with ~~made~~  
composed the verses —  
(to be said to theme song  
of Hoppy Wander Baker)  
I know he will be tickled.

Wrote to Mrs. Heise, Marg-  
aret and Mrs. Cook.

Speaking reminiscently —  
just a year ago, when I  
interviewed Mrs. C. about  
position

Mrs. C. I didn't want to  
urge you to take the  
position, because I ex-  
pected you would have  
a devilish time of it,  
but as soon as you came  
she changed — it must  
have been your



nothing desperate,

Saturday - Oct. 14 - Columbia -

Princeton game - 15 - 6 -  
favor of Columbia - Col-  
umbia did not wake up  
till second half. I listened  
in to entire game.

Mrs. P. and I worked together.  
She offered cigarettes for me -  
but I declined - She urged  
and urged - said she'd never  
ask me again (?) but I did  
not take. One night I did,  
I felt so blue.

Sunday - Oct. 15 -

I in bathroom, when  
I had occasion to go - early <sup>9:30</sup> -  
I saw shaving brush wet.  
Most significant. Only once  
before did I find brush  
wet on a Sunday a.m.,  
and that was a Sunday -  
we planned to do work  
together. I greatly ap -



prudent the courtesy and  
respect of this gesture and  
the cute little vanity of it -  
I was tickled down to the  
ground, because unless I  
was very much mistaken,  
he was going to ask me to  
work with him this A.M. -  
I was busy until late, then  
Mrs. C. tried on a dress -  
a luscious shade of  
gray satin crepe - which  
she has commenced to  
make herself - but she  
is gaining weight and  
found it did not fit;  
then she made me try  
it on, (of course I have to  
make it much smaller,  
but she had right along  
been tempting me to  
buy this same color



for a dress - but much as I  
loved it, I would not be tempt-  
ed. Now, she gave me this  
dress and will help me all she  
can to fit it for me. Now I  
have this and Elsa's black  
satin material (crepe satin)  
and silk & wool material  
all fixed for the winter -

So I was busy right up  
to dinner - and I hadn't  
heard a word about hooks  
when lo and behold -  
I had been right after all -  
and my heart turned up -  
side down!!!

Mrs. C. Oh, Mr. Caykeddall  
came in this morning  
and told me to tell you  
that anytime you wanted  
to do hooks, he was ready  
for you. "!!!!!!!"

but I didn't tell you before  
because you didn't have time



anyway. So I had been  
right after all in my con-  
clusion. They went to a  
movie. I wrote to George -  
Then I took a walk - and  
in talking with Mr. C. after  
lunch, it was understood -  
we would work together after  
my walk. But in meantime,  
the Nicolls came - after  
they had left - we got to  
work and had a happy  
hour and a half - then  
Red Raquer - supper - and  
back again for another shelf  
Mr. C. does make it so inter-  
esting - and goes to trouble  
to hunt up other books to  
illustrate some point. When  
we finished that shelf - he  
said -

"We'd better leave the  
last shelf till to-morrow  
night, or we'll get in  
wrong! We'll do a



puzzle now. We'll do this last  
shelf to-morrow night and re-  
arrange so as to make some  
more room. Always he says  
"We" - "We" - It sounds so nice.

We had the sweetest evening -  
Mr. C. was just bubbling over  
with fun and mischief.

Mr. C. said he was "very, very  
glad I was going to see "Three  
little Pigs," at last, and hoped  
I would enjoy them very much.

Thus Oct. 16". Unable to wait  
any longer for word of Elsa - I  
called up her neighbor and  
talked with her. Poor girl -  
so much sickness and trouble.  
Alden has been very ill with  
shingles, both children sick -  
and Frederick is making no  
progress and doesn't eat,  
and Mrs. Karndorfer, does not  
get along with children -  
thinks them the naughtiest  
ever - so I can well



imagine the tale of Turnstil-  
Alden of course never could  
seduce his mother-in-law  
and she never approved  
Elsa marrying him and  
to cap it all - Elsa cannot  
get along well with her, either,  
her own mother - always  
scrap. O dear me! -

Monday - Saw "Three Little  
Pig" - Quite delightful! And  
the theme song "Who's  
afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf -  
the Big Wolf, the big Bad Wolf -  
is so catchy and cute!

Usual happy evening -  
We are cranking on jig  
saw puzzles of 600 and 700  
pieces, now - wood-  
loaned by a Red Cross  
friend -



Tuesday - Sweet letter from  
George - something unfortunate  
ate happened - and as I am  
writing of life as I live it, I  
must include some unpleas-  
ant side.

We were happily doing our  
puzzle and Mr. C. was in  
gay mood -

Suddenly I remarked  
after feeding 2 or 3 pieces  
Mr. C. was trying to feed,  
or pretending to, when I said -  
I - C, its lots more fun to  
feed pieces for other ~~pieces~~  
people. (I usually feed  
at once, but so slow feed-  
ing very slow.)

Mr. C. yes, I think so too. It  
makes the other fellow  
feel he knows nothing  
about it at all. Well,



I laughed with him -  
I - Oh, what a claim - Here -  
after, you'll have to find  
your own pieces -

Mr. C. - Well, I said what I  
meant - I spoke right  
out of my mind -

Then suddenly, it came  
over me with a rush - that  
his remark was a rebuke -  
(that he thought I was getting  
too "cocky" and slowly  
tears forced themselves  
under my eyelids. The  
thought that he, Mr. Cay-  
kendall would hurt me  
like that made me suffer  
cruelly, one whom I felt I  
could always depend on as  
a friend - suddenly I felt  
a wave of self pity sweep  
over me, I suppose it was -  
I realized I was after all,



an employe, I received money  
from him, for my services &  
he is a big man in the City -  
in many circles - while I -  
well, what am I - he is my  
employer, it is his privilege  
to rebuke me or say any -  
thing he pleases to me, and  
I cannot resent it. It would  
be different if we were of same  
social standing - friends -  
and I felt very little and  
far from - but worse than all,  
I could not realize that he  
would be the man to hurt me -  
and after our wonderful talk -  
I left the room and the tears  
came unrestrainedly. I did not  
eat any dinner. After dinner  
Mr. C. came back to room to  
finish puzzle. He was smil-  
ing. I went in to Mrs. C -  
and poured out whole thing.  
She said it was impossible  
for him to have meant



anything unkind. He was  
not that kind of man. If  
he had anything unpleasant  
to say to me, he would take  
me up front room and  
talk to me there . . . ."

but if you wish, I'll go in  
and ask him if he meant  
anything - now don't you  
budge from here. In a  
few minutes you'll be happy  
again."

Back she came. "Of course  
he didn't mean a thing - he  
was only teasing you, etc -  
now go inside and see  
him."

I walked in rather  
abashed but with lighter  
heart.

As soon as Mr. C. heard  
my step - he looked up - smiled.  
Mr. C. "Why, Mrs. Rockwell,  
aren't you ashamed of



yourself.' I was only teasing you  
I'm not the kind of man  
to say such things. But I  
do apologize for making you  
unhappy. He said so much  
and so quickly and I felt  
terribly then that I had  
misjudged him - and I  
apologized to him - and  
Mrs. C. said we were bad  
children and stop fighting  
and every thing was  
happy again -

Mrs. - - Mrs. C. and I were  
alone.

Wednesday - I have  
written long appealing  
letter to Mizutani, accord-  
ing to Jaws, Mr. M. - is  
losing interest - or mis-  
understanding and I had  
inspiration to step into  
the breach and try  
to clear things up, at



least I can make an effort - anything in the world for my Zevakho. He would be very unhappy to lose Medyatani - I'll do my best. —

2 lovely letters from Joan - 8 pages each - It is food and drink & dread coming to the end of them <sup>mean when</sup> the letter ends - They're always so interesting - and such a comfort to me.

Letter from Elsa - I'm going there for afternoon and dinner next Tuesday 2:30 to 3:00. Elsa wrote in reply to my having told them of my going to foot-ball game, etc - "I'm not jealous of Mr. C."



I knew Agnes when she was  
younger. " — What he means —  
I don't know — unless he  
thinks I was more charming  
when I was younger. Person-  
ally, I think the opposite —  
and Tom does, too — that I  
mellow more — can meet  
people more graciously —  
corners are rounded off —  
I must ask Alden what  
he means —

Happy evening. Mr. C.  
"couldn't find pieces" and I  
found for him and once  
he started to leave and I  
grinned & shook my finger  
warily, and he laughed.

Two morning. Mr. C.  
has come in — greets  
Mrs. W. at her breakfast —  
but is looking at me  
as he jokes a little with



her. This is something new  
and most pleasant. As  
he leaves the room - he  
say "good-bye" to me  
charmingly. Makes you  
feel good for the day.

Thursday, Oct. 19 -

Letter from Marg-  
aret. She says is having  
a hard, hard time - child-  
ren sick - no money -  
same tale from everyone.  
How blessed we have been  
past year. God has been  
so good to us. For a  
whole year, I have held  
this position - and getting  
closer to the family. It  
brings me honor, but  
more and more thinking  
When one reaches dizzy  
heights one has to watch



one's step. No word from  
Amanda. Now she must be  
ill again. If she would  
only see a doctor and not  
try to doctor herself.

Friday - Oct. 20. Part evening  
I was eating thru the  
hall with a second portion  
of a casserole dish - same  
thing I rarely do when  
I run into Mr. Mrs. C.  
leaving the dining room.  
I pretended to hide and  
laughed - Mr. C. roared -  
He thought I had deserted -  
"Accut you worried about  
your figure!" Mrs. C. says  
its disgusting - I can eat  
all the good things and  
never gain a pound.  
Now she envies me. Say  
I have a very nice



little figure - just right proportions. It really is a wonder I don't gain - and at my age - and I eat so much sweets, and butter and milk. It is a wonderful asset to one who has to earn a living and has to look young, neat and trim.

Friday, Oct. 20 - Mr. C's sister, Mrs. Herzog came for dinner - and Mrs. C. called me out and introduced me to her (Mrs. C. makes a point to introduce me to all their friends now, as they come to the house.) Makes me very happy - Mrs. Herzog is a beautiful



woman - with Mr. C's splendid  
deep eyes. Neat nice figure -  
Beautiful clothes - has a  
cook, a chauffeur and 2  
maids and lives alone -  
recently widowed. I asked  
Mrs. P. if she didn't think  
Mrs. H. would like a compan-  
ion - Mrs. P. - I don't  
know, but I don't think you  
would like it there.

She has always lived for her  
own pleasure - very selfish.

Mrs. H. extended her  
hand most kindly in  
greeting, and we chatted  
a few moments.

I had not felt very  
well all day due to eating  
too heartily of an over-  
seasoned duck last night  
for dinner. In the



the pain in my shoulder  
was so great from gas,  
I asked Mrs. C. if she had  
something to give me. She  
went at once to ask Mr.  
Cayheadall. He came  
flying down the hall

"yes, I have something  
I'll fix for you - some  
thing I take". He mixed  
it up in his own medi-  
cine glass and brought  
to me with a smile.

Mr. C. "Now take your medicine."

Both standing in front  
of me.

I took a taste - not so  
good - warm water in it.

Mr. C. "I want it warm"  
so down it went.



He took the glass from me  
and washed it (and how!)  
and at bedtime used it  
for himself just as it was -  
I'm a good lady detective -  
and observe lots of things  
The medicine left a film on  
inside of glass - I had lots of  
clues - He took same medi-  
cine at bedtime.

Saturday - The family went to  
Princeton - and <sup>P.</sup> Columbia  
lost to Princeton - 20 - 0.

Big blow for the lion.

And Syracuse beat Cornell.

14 - 7 - Oh, how happy  
I am in - Dad he would  
stand on his head if S.U. won.

Daddy has imagined  
loss of Midgutter's friend -  
ship and very unhappy,  
I know - so I took mat-  
ters in my own hands



called Nubutani and asked  
to see him. He was so friend-  
ly and nice, I'm sure  
daddy must be mistak-  
en. Nubutani is coming  
here to see me Monday A.M.,  
between 10-11. Very nice of  
him. Mrs. C. and I did puzzle  
and enjoyed cigarette.

Am reading George Moore's  
Lawrence Hope's "Karna" -  
Persian love lyrics from  
translation. Exquisitely  
beautiful. Next I read  
George Moore's "Aphrodite".

Sunday - Oct. 22 -

Mrs. C. and I did  
books latter end of  
afternoon. Was out late  
last night and lay down  
most of day. He was very  
tired. We tried out the



looking for the book leather,  
very satisfactory. Same pre-  
scription as they use in  
British Museum. Puzzle in  
evening.

Monday - Oct. 23 -

Received lovely picture  
of George and Joan taken  
together. Joan is going to  
have it enlarged. I wrote  
~~last Sunday~~ at once to tell  
about Nidytavi - coming  
here this a.m. 10:30 and  
stayed till 11<sup>00</sup>. Had a  
lovely understanding talk.  
There is no change in his  
heart, whatsoever. Jo - nite  
he is going to write to Joan -  
Oh. Joan so happy - they  
can continue to be friends -  
sent Princeton - Columbia  
Program to George.

Tues. Oct. 24 -

Went to Flushing.



'Pouring rain. Did not en-  
joy my visit for several  
reasons. Two deaf people -  
each criticizing the other to  
me. (neither doing anything  
right) two noisy, naughty  
crying but very normal  
little boys - Elsa tired -  
Alden so worn and thin -  
untidy house - all so  
different to prosperous  
years long past -

Blad to get home, Of course  
Alden and I always get  
along nicely. We talked  
a lot, alone - about  
his magazine, etc. He  
drove me down to  
Dunbar, Main St. -

Oct. 25 - One year to -  
day, since I came here.



and such a rich happy  
year here, with dear Mr.  
Mrs. Caykendall. God was  
good to me, indeed, when he  
led my steps to this house.  
But on the other hand - a  
long year away from my  
husband and son. And  
where shall I be in another  
year. (Mrs. W. is falling  
rapidly)

In the evening, after  
dinner, Mr. Mrs. C. came in  
laughing. Mrs. C. carried a  
small fancy cake with one  
lighted candle. It was just  
too cute! I loved it and  
was so, very, very happy -  
It expressed so much to me,  
I made a little speech and  
Mr. C. congratulated me on



my "first birthday." He said they were the ones to feel grateful to me - that I had made life so much easier for them and "it has been nice to have you here".

No letter yet from George - 10 days. So I sent another letter with enclosed post card. I know he's awfully busy. Received another photo of George and Tam - together. I love it and want an enlargement.

Oct. 26 — "The amusing incident"

27. At last, a lovely long letter from my George. He litch-liked



to Ithaca to see the big game  
last Saturday. Played a game  
with Owen in his room -  
slept on a mattress on the  
floor - borrowed blankets -  
Saw Cornell Dramatic Play -  
Hitch-hiked back. Had a  
grand time. He's certainly  
seeing more of the world  
than I am. George said he  
would love to have me come  
to Syracuse for Thanksgiving  
weekend. I could have a  
well worn mat to his -  
oh - I wish I could go - but  
no money - and could  
not be spared. Trust to  
seeing George at Christmas  
with Daddy -

Very different now  
with Mrs. Warren - (the



groans day and night -  
and has to be kept under  
effect of morphine, cocaine  
hummerol - such quantities  
and yet has no little  
effect. Poor Mr. Caykendall  
get practically no sleep -  
Saturday night - we did  
not go to bed until quar-  
ter to 2<sup>00</sup> - altho Mr. C.  
repeatedly scolded me,  
each time he hopped out  
of bed, & came to Mrs. C.'s  
room - and I was still  
up and dressed. Once he  
shook his finger at me -  
"you go to bed - Mrs. Rockwell  
and get some sleep - but I  
only laughed at him and  
he grumbled. I wanted to  
stay up all night with Mrs.  
W. so as to relieve them of  
worry. I'd do anything in



the world for Mr. and Mrs.  
Caykendall! It is not good to be  
so devoted and adoring. It  
only means heartache and  
suffering for me when my  
work is ended here. God help  
me then. I slept in study - in  
fact well from now on -  
and if I am needed, Mr. C.  
will ring for me. (but he  
doesn't always do it. He does  
things for Mrs. W. so I can  
sleep.)

Sunday - Slept till 9<sup>00</sup>, every-  
one was late - Mrs. W.  
slept heavily - after 3 -

$\frac{1}{8}$  grain doses morphine -  
but poor Mr. C. had hard  
nite - and let me sleep.  
He is a dear, and I  
scolded him. But he  
was furious at Mrs. W. -  
He said so - because she  
just groans - because  
she likes to do it



Dr. Beaulieu came - he  
always says things to make  
me smile - his eyes twinkle  
and he'll say something,  
and look at me out of  
corner of his eye, to see if I  
believe it. He pays altogether  
too much attention to me -  
talking directly to me - I  
feel rather embarrassed.

Monday night was bad -  
but they let me sleep -  
knives and hammers. Mr. C,  
is so concerned - if I have  
sleep enough - while he,  
poor fellow - has so little.

Commenced reading  
George Moore's "Aphrodite  
in Aulis". Mr. C. has told  
me it is most beautifully  
written book (S. M. R. last)  
He died last winter -  
England's foremost novelist.



Finished Lawrence Hope's beautiful  
"Garden of Kama" - Judean Love  
Lyrics, translations. Put a  
little <sup>note</sup> in the book, as with  
"Hafiz"; to show how very  
much I enjoyed the book.

Monday - Amanda called me  
and we made for the  
evening - 5<sup>30</sup> but by 4<sup>30</sup>  
Mrs. W. was so badly, I  
telephoned Amanda and  
cancelled it - unknown  
to Mrs. C. Haler, at 5<sup>00</sup> when  
I told her, she reached  
me, and said it was  
sweet and lovely and  
noble - and such a  
thing showed what a  
person was made of. She  
was very happy and I  
was doubly so - Haler  
when Mr. C. came, she  
told him and later  
said "you ought to



'Believe it or not!'

October 26, 1933,

Mr. C. had been out for the evening, and returned while I was having my bath. Previous to this, knowing how restless and gnawing Mrs. W. is, now at night, I had told Mrs. C. please to tell her husband to sleep in study and have good rest, and I would stay in room with Mrs. Warren. While I was drinking my milk in the pantry, Mr. C. came in and told me, "Mr. C. said I was to sleep in the study" That was final. When I had finished, clad in pajamas and lounging robe, I went thru dining hall and into our room -



which was of course dark —  
 We'd had such a different  
 evening, trying to get her to  
 sleep, with humors & blows.  
 I walked into the darkness  
 only to fall over — Mr. C.  
 kneeling on the floor in  
 front of his desk (which I  
 share) But I naturally  
 thought it was Mrs. C. —  
 up to some prank — a  
 soft hand came up and  
 held mine — and I  
 naturally did not with-  
 draw mine, thinking it  
 was Mrs. C. Then the  
 voice below me, and I gave  
 a little Oh! — It was  
Mr. C. — "It's alright — it's  
 me. I thought it was  
 Mrs. Caybendall, <sup>(?)</sup> falling  
 over me in fear. I just  
 left her in the hall." We  
 were both convulsed  
 with laughter. And I  
~~did not seem to~~



It was terribly funny. and he, only in pajamas - He had a flashlight and was trying to find some papers in a bottom drawer. Couldn't they wait until morning? Mr. C. rose to his feet. - My hand still somehow it hadn't occurred to me to see her - quite <sup>consciously</sup> ~~consciously~~ <sup>withdraw</sup> it. now of the fact - but - quite content - he had my hand - it all seemed very natural - nothing surprising - except the humor of the situation -

Then out of the darkness Mrs. W.'s voice - "Who's that - (she must have heard our unmothered laughter) We got out in the hall - hand in hand - Mr. C. trying to explain satisfactorily between laughter. Then out from her room into the hall, appeared'



Mrs. C.

"What's the trouble!"

Oh, was it funny! - Most unexpectedly, Mrs. C. failed to find anything amusing in it.

Now, Fred, if you wake up Mr. Warren, I wash my hands of the whole thing. After trying so hard to get her a deep!

(Mr. C. had again returned to room, with flashlight, hunting for papers. (He should have (?) flaked that when he saw me enter the room and not let me fall over him (?) (?).

Mrs. C. you don't have to get those papers to-night. Wait until to-morrow morning - she just would not laugh, and went back



to her room, while I  
 stayed in the hall —  
 while he hunted —

Then moments he  
 came out — apologized  
 for keeping me waiting  
 as long as I live —  
 I'll never forget this  
 incident — I just laughed  
 myself to sleep —

---

Following day — we  
 laughed over it together —  
 he said he thought I  
 was Mrs. C (?) and  
 I told him, I thought  
he was Mrs. C. —

Believe it or not.



Mrs. C. "you ought to have seen how pleased Mr. C. was when I told what you had done."

I - Oh, did you tell Mr. C.?

Mrs. C. Of course I did. Why shouldn't I tell him nice things about you. Then slyly - with a twinkle, "Of course I really didn't want to do it."

Then Mr. C. came in - and looked so handsome and greeted me so charmingly, my heart turned upside down. I was feeding Mrs. W. her supper at the time.

Dr. Braulick came in the morning and acted just the same - I had to turn abruptly to Mrs. W.



so he wouldn't see me smile -  
I want to be very professional  
when he comes - creep uniforms -  
everything neat - I may need  
his help some day so I am  
"watching my step" carefully.  
When he was going, he said  
"Some day I'm going to get you  
in an argument"

I - Oh you can beat me easily -  
you're so much bigger  
than I am.

Mr. B. - Oh, I don't know  
about that.

Mrs. C. said later - "you  
made a bit with Mr. B. -"  
and

"He's flirting with you."  
He's having a last fling -"

I - nonsense -

I wrote long, long  
letter to Ivaluka.



We did puzzle together and all very happy.

at one time, while we were alone at the table -

I - Will you do something for me, Mr. Caykendall - (coaxing tone)

Mr. C. And what would you like? ~~to~~ What is your peculiarity to-night?

I - Peculiarity? (huddling)

Mr. C. - Do you want to rub books or what?

I - I want you to give me permission to stay up to-night with Mrs. W - so you can get some sleep - (Mrs. C. had said if a nurse came in - then you could get a



good sleep,) so please let me  
do that -

Mr. C. - beaming - Dear, dear no!  
you must go to bed and  
get your sleep.

I - I never can do anything  
I want - to help.

Mr. C. - (fine, fatherly tone) -

"Poor little child - can't  
have its own way -

I had to laugh - and was  
pleased to have him talk thus  
however, I did not  
sit up until 12<sup>00</sup> with Mrs. W.  
until she dropped to sleep -  
(with result, as Mr. C. told  
me later, he slept from  
10<sup>30</sup>, past 12<sup>00</sup> and  
did not have to give  
medicine to Mrs. W. till  
5<sup>00</sup>) at 10<sup>00</sup> she was  
groaning, but as soon as  
I sat with her, she slept.



So I did help Mr. C. some,  
after all - and which he  
appreciated very much.  
His manner was lovely  
to me all evening. When  
I wished him a good  
night's rest, he bowed low  
and graciously thanked  
me. They cut a big  
slice of chocolate cake  
and put beside my  
glass of milk to have at  
bedtime - Always doing  
something nice -

Mrs. C. says I am a rock -  
and placed her hand  
affectionately on my  
shoulder - I had  
told her to put her  
troubles on my shoulder,  
and go and enjoy herself  
with her card party.



Tuesday - Oct. 31 - Halloween.

another hard day with Mrs. W., but she feels much better than yesterday.

Lovely, dear chatty letter from George - He went to a Halloween party and had a jolly time. Four "brother architects" invited him - given at Epworth League. I am not me a letter from Prof. Reels - George is doing first rate work and getting along finely with his class mates. Wonderful news from the Professor.

This morning, Mr. Braum - lich came again and advised about Mrs. W - same manner toward



me - and Mrs. C. asked  
the doctor whether one or  
the other should be left  
alone.

Mrs. C. I don't like to go  
and leave Mrs. Rockwell  
alone with Mauna and  
Mrs. Rockwell absolutely  
refuses to leave me alone  
with her - (then told  
him about my giving  
up date - last mte. Mr. B -  
glanced me the nicest,  
most appreciative look.

As soon as doctor left  
the room, I prepared to  
go out for a 1/2 hour  
walk in sunshine, as  
planned. When I was  
dressed - I stepped to  
Mrs. C.'s door and told  
her. Mr. B. was there



for final confab — as I said —  
"I'm going now, Mrs. Coykendall,  
what did I hear but  
Dr. Braumlich call out —

"Wait a minute! I — er —"  
But I made no answer —  
and skipped out in a hurry!

There was only one thing  
he would want me to  
wait for — either to walk  
with me or to drive me  
for a while — I was  
amazed and quite  
thrilled! This life down  
in the big city is quite  
exciting — such unexpected  
pleasant things happen!  
a restless night. I sat  
up until 3<sup>15</sup> then went  
to bed — But every move  
I make, tho I am so  
very quiet, he hears —



and spares me constantly  
and Mrs. C. also. — a hundred  
way I could enumerate  
their kindness and counsel  
erat you far my comfort —  
Only I can say next to  
my husband and you,  
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick  
Coykendall came in my  
life. I wish I did not love  
them both so — it is an  
adoring love — they have  
given me so much of them-  
selves, and as the time ap-  
proaches when I'll have  
to leave and find  
an other job — the ache  
is terrible — I know  
they will always be my  
friends, but to live with  
them, to be kept right



into their home life, always in  
such harmony and sweetness  
and understanding - Oh —  
tears flow at the thought  
that this will end.  
Mrs. C. said

"Mr. Nicholls said  
some perfectly lovely  
things about you (altno  
with a twinkle) although  
I don't see why on earth  
he should."

I - "Neither do I" (and then  
she laughed affectionately)

Mrs. Riventhal said lovely  
things about you - - -  
that you have made a  
magnificent fight, . . . .

Nov. 1 - wrote to Effie

When Mr. C. realized  
I had sat up so late

3:15 - This is terrible  
you must go back to



bed".

I will hurriedly go over part week, up to Nov. 8 - Mrs. Warren failed rapidly - of course it started in Beardsdale - but part week - she went rapidly - I can't realize it. She went into coma Sunday - and at 9:05 - she passed away - so peacefully - it was wonderful and for a woman as restless in her mind as I had always known her.

Mr. Brounlich was here with us. She was not taken away until 12<sup>30</sup> midnight, and the Neolls were here, too, but were up front - and Mr. & Mrs. C.



took them sailing down to  
Mrs. C's room, where we were  
doing a jig saw, to keep  
me company and to do  
puzzle. Carried the steaks -

After mother was taken  
away, we three, drawn  
very close together now,  
sat and talked and  
did puzzle. Mr. C. and I  
tried to cheer Mrs. C. We  
stayed up until quarter  
to 2 00 - had coffee -

Since couple of nights  
ago, I have had the happy  
privilege of giving hot  
milk to Mr. Caykendall,  
My own idea - for his  
sleeplessness - tried it once -  
and now enjoys it. He  
thinks me so graciously  
and I am so happy to  
render this small service



certainly it is better than  
drinking a tall glass of  
ice cold milk, when he has  
such a delicate stomach.  
When he tastes it -

"Grand"

or

"Very grand" -

(Perhaps he only drinks it,  
to make me happy.  
Who knows!)

Funeral Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> - 7<sup>th</sup> -  
(Election Day)

Mr. & Mrs. Walker  
went in our car from  
Funeral Home - and Mr.  
Mrs. C. and I - in <sup>big</sup> hired  
car, service in Zion & St  
Timothy Church - Wood-  
lawn.

In the car - on the way  
~~X~~ - (in order - Mrs C -  
Mr. C. and I - (Mr. C.



in centre)

I - "I deeply appreciate, Mr. and Mrs. Cox Kendall, that you wanted me to come with you to-day -

Mr. C. We couldn't do anything else.

I - (softly) Oyes, you could

Mr. C. (looking at me so kindly

"I mean, we couldn't help wanting to do any-thing else."

Driving to Woodlawn, Mr. C. talked so much to me, anecdotes, various comments, I really felt embarrassed. And some of the anecdotes were amusing and he chuckled.

He was telling me



that in France, when a  
funeral passer, the  
people always stand  
with uncovered heads  
in respect.

3 - They have no time  
for that over here -

Mr. C. - Indeed not. -

with further remarks

3 - I read other day, a  
quotation from  
Emerson, "Good  
manners take time".

Mr. C. Very true. And  
have you read Mr.  
Emerson, "No? Ah, I  
must give you some  
of his to read. He's  
"Self Reliance", "Com-  
pensation". That's  
some high law



literature for you, "Deuce-  
racy" - probably you  
wouldn't care so much for"

Allusion was made  
again to Syracuse - Columbia  
game -

at one time - day or so  
past, I had asked in fun -  
did she think Mr. C.  
would give me his auto-  
graph? (Someone in Ariz-  
ona had written for her)  
Mr. C. "He'd give you any-  
thing he has, except his  
books, and try and get  
those -"

"I'm pretty close to those"  
(being only person or  
friend he cares to have  
handle them or borrow  
them.) (Speaking of his  
books at one time "They  
are almost alive")



Mrs. C. told me "Mr. C. puzzled and puzzled to find something for me at the Columbia Press, but men are being discharged."

Day of funeral Mr. Geneva Meells came to home and upon being admitted, called me — said Mrs. N. was outside to drive me down to Cooks — Mrs. C. wanted me (simple friendliness) Mr. N. was so kind and human to — say — not pompous. Put his hand on my shoulder and said what he had to say so kindly (Why is it, ever since I've grown up, and come into contact with men, they always want to



touch me - i. e. <sup>put</sup> their hand  
on my shoulder, or lightly  
hold my arm - I can't  
make it out. I never  
have noticed Joan do  
that with any women.

We three dine together  
now - red candler and  
all, and Mr. C. is as  
charming to me, as if  
some guest of honor -  
wherever. he says some  
quiet little humorous  
he always seeks my eye  
for understanding and  
appreciation. These males!



November 10

Dear Mr. Mrs. Cogswell

~~a few days ago~~

~~Please~~

Thank you for  
your check - but I cannot  
~~accept it.~~  
~~it will be against my~~  
~~agent.~~ I want to remember  
that the small services I  
<sup>was able to</sup>  
I rendered ~~to~~ Mrs. Warren  
in the last days of her  
life, were rendered as a  
~~friend - but a friend~~  
loving services - and  
as far the days and  
as a guest, accepting your  
kindly -

---



Li-Po - Greatest Chinese poet.



