

Dear People,

I have wanted so much to write to you, as I had several interesting things to tell you about, but I have been so busy that I had to postpone my letter. I have been working all afternoon with Nora putting the winter things away and straightening out the small trunk room. I am leaving three trunks empty, Sarah ready to be packed for Marion, and I insist on saying, "If we go", I am so afraid of being disappointed if we can't. I have two unexpected but very welcome guests at present. Mrs. Grinner, the mother of Mrs. John Rodgers, is desperately ill with heart trouble on Mann Avenue, just across from us. The house is a wee one and there was no room for the son and his wife. Daisy Howe has the little Rodgers girl and I was so glad when I found that the son and his wife would come to me. They came last night to sleep and left before breakfast and she came for lunch and made such friends with the children that Marba regretted that they would not come for supper. Mrs. Grinner is a little better and I do hope she will pull through, though she is very ill. Mrs. Rodgers is so very much alone as her husband has never come back and the Rodgers family have turned against her apparently because the Rodgerses must stand by each other. Poor Mrs. Rodgers has just taken a position as executive secretary to the Red Cross to help out. A down stairs guest room is really very nice in many ways.

Now I must tell you about Sunday. The Babcock family and Miss Kenyon, her sister came for dinner

Thursday, June 21st.

Such a dear picture as I have seen just now. The children have just come in for supper and Ethan in pink rompers is in his pen. Anne in a white dress with a white bow in her hair was amusing him by putting a bell shaped rattle of his on the railing of the pen. Ethan would knock it off and then giggling with delight, follow around the pen holding on to where she put it the next time. He has a very merry giggle. He is having vegetables now and they are doing him good.

But to go back, I stopped above because my guests came in I wanted to give them a chance to take a bath in this bath room. This is a very good place for the typewriter as my room is small and the light is better in here. Also if I write late at night I don't disturb anyone. Mrs. Grinner has improved wonderfully and Dr. Easton thinks that her son can go home tomorrow. I was so glad that I could take them in.

Well, Sunday night I was very gay. There was the opening meeting of Red Cross week at the Opera house and Mrs. Beckman invited me to dine with them and sit in her box at the meeting. I accepted really with pleasure. I think she is a fine woman and she is doing a good work here. The other guests were Dr. Rice and his wife who was Mrs. Widener and it is just by the merest good luck that I thought of this in time to check an allusion to the Titanic accident. It was with their party that Ernest Howe went to the wilds of South America last winter. To look at her monstrous pearls and then to hear her telling of trying to wash her own clothes in the wilderness was funny but it was more amusing to hear her say how strange it seemed to come back and see the painted women in New York, because I had just been complimenting in my own mind the artist who had touched her up. The other guest was the best, Mr. Beck the lawyer who has written so much in the Times about the war. He is not prepossessing in appearance, but he said some interesting things. He was on the other side of the table from me and they did not draw him out. Governor Beckman asked to be remembered to you twice. Will. After dinner we women had a long talk while the men smoked. Some of it was on general topics but the two others discussed a modern affair in which one lady's husband was attentive to another married woman and some people felt very sorry for her and felt she had been abused when he got tired of her after making her talked about. It was all a little too modern for me but it entertained me.

Then we went to the meeting. Mrs. Beckman made me sit in the front of the box with her and Mrs. Rice. I noticed that Mrs. French Vanderbilt was right behind me so I let once see that she must change with me as she and Mrs. B. are Pres. and Vice Pres. of the chapter and have worked and given tremendously. Mrs. V. did not want to change. Mrs. Rice heard us and insisted on making Mrs. V. take her place in front. Of course I knew it was Will they were complimenting. Maude Wetmore made an excellent speech right from her heart and Mr. Beck spoke very interestingly, but he was a little too long.

winded for the recruits about three hundred of whom marched in carrying the flag and sat on the platform back of him and they began to cough at the end.

Monday night Harriet and Mrs. Hart came for supper and last night the two Niedring haus boys and a friend ab from St. Louis. I let Marba sit up and she looked so sweet in her white lace dress that used to be Margerte Shepley's. I tried to get one young girl but h no luck so I, bethought me of Mrs. Evans. It was an inspiration. She evidently wanted to do her best and she talked a steady stream which was nice and restful for me. And she promised the boys some sweaters that Mrs. Nilson had to give away.

We are gradually getting the little things done about the house. I am haveing mosquit netting put up now to screen the back porch and yesterday the coxswain of the barge out over an old carpet for me for Ethan 's pen out there. He said he could not take any money s so I paid him with some of your good cigareetes, Will.

I must dress now to, go to Mrs. Auchincloss' for lunch and after wards I ex pect to go to the military tournament for the Red Cross and I am letting Bill and Marba and Adla go to that.

I hope to have more time for letters next week.

I have two leetrs two thank yo for Peg .I was so interested to learn your summer plan and I shall be so glad when you are at home again. It is so long since we have seen you.

Lots and lots of love

Devotedly

Warr

Newport, Tuesday, June 19, 1917

Dear People,

I have wanted so much to write to you, as I had several interesting things to tell you about, but I have been so busy that I had to postpone my letter. I have been working all afternoon with Nora putting the winter things away and straightening out the small trunk room. I am leaving three trunks empty, Sarah ready to be packed for Marion, and I insist on saying, "If we go," I am so afraid of being disappointed if we can't. I have two unexpected but very welcome guests at present. Mrs. Grinner, the mother of Mrs. John Rodgers, is desperately ill with heart trouble on Mann avenue, just across from us. The house is a wee one and there was no room for the son and his wife. Daisy Howe has the little Rodgers girl and I was so glad when I found that the son and his wife would come to me. They came last night to sleep and left before breakfast and she came for lunch and made such friends with the children that Marba regretted that they would not come for supper. Mrs. Griner is a little better and I do hope she will pull through, though she is very ill. Mrs. Rodgers is so very much alone as her husband has never come back and the Rodgers family have turned against her apparently because the Rodgerses must stand by each other. Poor Mrs. Rodgers has just taken a position as executive secretary to the Red Cross to help out. A downstairs guest room is really very nice in many ways.

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Letters, June 1917

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I have two letters to thank you for Peg. I was so interested to learn your summer plan and I shall be so glad when you are at home again. It is so long since we have seen you.

Lots and lots of love.

Devotedly

Nani

Friday June 22^d
Evening.

1917

Darling Will

It thrills me
so to think of where you
are tonight & your duty!

Palmer volunteered
the remark at the
Johnstons' today that
"the thing was all right.
He had had no com-
plaints about his" - He

Says he was the one who
urged your being sent
there Mrs J. told me
this

The enclosed is with
reading because the Gov.
is very angry over the
matter being given such
publicity & had handled
quietly through him.

Fine is up. Let me
know if this reaches
you with this morn-
ing's letter. Dear love from

Letters, June 1917

Friday, June 21
evening

Darling Will

It thrills me so to think of where you are tonight & your duty!

Palmer volunteered the remark at the Johnstons' today that "One thing was all right. He had had no complaints about Sims."-- He says he was the one who urged your being sent there. Mrs. J. told me this.

The enclosed is worth reading because the Gov. is very angry over the matter being given such publicity & not handled quietly through him.

Time is up. Let me know if this reaches you with this morning's letter.

Dear love

Nani

Saturday
Darling Bill, July 21 -
again I won't write - today
and maybe not to mor-
row, for as the calendar
will show, I am slaving to
clear up correspondence so
I can really rest.

Aime, in a white dress,
has just come in to say
good night. She gave me an
extra hug & asked me to
send it to her "clear Daddy"
Now I must return to
my letters. Yours devotedly
Aime

Letters, July 1917

Saturday, July 21

Darling Will,

I won't write today again and maybe not tomorrow, for as the enclosed will show, I am slaving to clear up correspondence so I can really rest.

Anne, in a white dress, has just come in to say good night. She gave me an extra hug & asked me to send it to her "dear Daddy."

Now I must return to my letters. Yours devotedly

Anne

Marion, Mass
Monday, July 23, 1917.

Darling Daddy,

If only you could share the peace of this place & the children's joy in the free life! Bill, his dear face, flushed with being out, has just come in with some shells for me. I told him I was writing to you & asked for a message. He said, "Tell him that I miss him."

Ethan is in his pen - He has a base ball for a toy. He continues to call "Boo - bro - bro" & to be fascinated by Bill. Aunt wants Sis to join him to her. Needless to say, I would not consent. Just now I went out to the back door & Bill & Aunt were giving him

a drink. I told them not to touch
him because he got into some sneaky
stuff & has to have a bath & Bill
put out his hand & said "No,
Mrs. Sims, that is all right.
Auntie told me not to touch
him while he is drinking". Then
they trotted off for Bill to show
Anne where he gets the water.
Anne is in her blue "Johnny"
suit with a white shirt waist.

I was in bed from about
20 minutes to 10 to 20 min
to 8 & asleep most of the time.
I can't feel really rested until
I get all my correspondence up,
so I am only going to send
this 1022 letter today. You know
that it is full of love.

Bill has a "farm" in the
field in front of the house

with a "hay stack" that he is
very proud of.

Now I must copy those in-
trusting letters that "Kent" sent
to you in his.

A big hug. Dearest. My loving
sympathy is with you as you
wrestle with the great & terrible
problem. May God help & keep
you.

Your devoted
Nani.

Letters, July 1917

Marion, Mass.
Monday, July 23, 1917

Darling Daddy,

If only you could share the peace of this place & the children's joy in the free life! Bill, his dear face flushed with being out, has just come in with some shells for me. I told him I was writing to you & asked for a message. He said, "Tell him that I miss him." Ethan is in his pen. He has a base ball for a toy. He continues to call "Boo-boo-boo" & to be fascinated by Bill. Anne wants Sis to give him to her. Needless to say, I would not consent. Just now I went out to the back door & Bill & Anne were giving him a drink. I told them not to touch him because he got into some smelly stuff & has to have a bath & Bill put out his hand & said, "No, Mrs. Sims, that is all right. Auntie told me not to touch him while he is drinking." Then they trotted off for Bill to show Anne where he gets the water. Anne is in her blue "Tommy" suit with a white shirt waist.

I was in bed from about 20 minutes to 10 to 20 min to 8 & asleep most of the time. I can't feel really restful until get all my correspondence up, so I am only going to send this wee letter today. You know that it is full of love.

Bill has a "farm" in the field in front of the house with a "haystack" that he is very proud of.

Now I must copy those interesting letters that "Reut" sent & write to him.

A big hug, Dearest. My loving sympathy is with you as you wrestle with the great & terrible problem. May God help & keep you.

Your devoted

Nani

Marion, Mass.
Monday, July 23.
1917.

Darling Will,

You can imagine
how much this letter from
Com. Urban J. Holmes pleased
me. I did not copy his name
because I thought we owed it
to him not to take any chance
on his name being coupled with
it. So, please, dearest, don't even
tell Bobby who wrote it, should
you show anyone the letter. He has
treated us so handsomely; "couldn't
oblige."

Marion, Mass.
Monday, July 23, 1917

Darling Will,

You can imagine how much this letter from Com. Urban T. Holmes pleased me. I did not copy his name because I thought we owed it to him not to take any chance on his name being coupled with it. So, please, Dearest, don't even tell Babby who wrote it, should you show anyone the letter. He has treated us so handsomely; "noblesse oblige."