

2218 Franklin Co., San Diego,

Jan. 26, 1918.

Dearest sister Gretchen:

We were so glad to receive your beautiful birthday cards and then your nice letter to-day. I guess I must be getting lazy about writing or I might have written you sooner and I guess poor Charles must think we have almost forgotten him but we haven't. We keep thinking he will coo at your letters his for you know "what's mine is yours and what's yours is mine" and so have put it off that way, however, Herbert is going to write him a letter to-night and one from mamma and me will follow in the near future. (Here come mother & father Auntson, so wait a little while, honey.) - - - -

This is Sunday morning and I am home alone, so will go on with my writing. I have a bad cold, the first this winter.

This together with my tired feet kept me home from church to-day. I weigh over 150 pounds now and you can see it is no wonder the ligaments of my right foot are strained causing it to swell by evening time. Sometimes I have to limp. If I could be contented with a dusty untidy house and we were made so we could train ourselves not to eat without disastrous results, I might be able to stay off my feet more or if mamma were only well and strong enough to do it for me, but she has been feeling quite poorly lately. Up to this time I have been feeling fine. How I happened upon this severe cold I can't imagine, unless it is because of a certain tea I have been taking which makes me perspire so, giving the rainy weather a greater chance at my system, or I might have caught it from mamma who is just getting over hers. For several days she could hardly speak aloud. Betty is just getting

well from a bad cough and cold. They have had to keep her close indoors all this week. This has made her so cross and peevish Bess hasn't had time to do much else but to watch over her. She'll write you as soon as she can. Now while I'm mentioning her I'll tell of the great surprise she gave me yesterday, yes such a surprise, almost a shock.

Betty's little playmate is coming just a few months after my baby. That dress Bess made herself and wears all the time is certainly a fine one to hide all suspicion. Now you see how she is busy, too. I teased her and told her she thought she was smart trying to get ahead of me the second time or not let me get much a head of her. Woud it be lovely to have Elizabeth Elaine with a cousin coming along with her?, or Paul Herbert, as the case may be? Now you'll have two drawing cards to bring you home this spring. Only seven

more weeks for me, maybe less. I wish you were here now. We miss you so much. Mamma says she misses your playing. Yesterday on her birthday Herbert stayed home. It was too rainy to go out to Camp. He worked on his Ford and tended to the household chores, etc in the forenoon. Then Bess + Bruno came over for dinner while Mrs. Johnson stayed with Betty. Bruno went hunting with Pat Demario in the afternoon, isn't coming back till to-day some-time. Herbert did some typewriting for The League. Bess + mamma + I sewed. I went over to Betty with Bess a little while before supper while mamma was taking her bath. Then I came back and H. + I played duets till supper time. In the evening his folks came over and duets took the place of letter writing. I had the birthday breakfast table and the chandeliers decorated with smilax. At her place was a big bouquet of pink and white carnations from Herbert and

a new corset and papa's picture framed from me and a birthday card from both Jus and yours, too. She received a nice card from Mrs. Crane + one from Sunday school. Bruno brought her a box of candy and Bess gave her some apron goods.

Mamma was surely delighted with the card you sent her and mine, ^{from you} is a beauty. I love those little blue birds.

Mamma gave me an apron, Herbert a new heavy ivory comb, Bess + Bruno a box of candy.

While I think of it, let me say that Charles got kind of confused on his presents ^{on thanking us for them. He evidently is still in love.} The khaki roll up was from Bess + Bruno and the handkerchief from us, the garters were from mamma, so next time he writes them he might mention the roll up in some way so as not to let on he made any mistake. Bess wouldn't want him to think only a handkerchief came from them. This is just a tip on the side.

Well, dearie, I see you are getting in your

experience as nurse. Be careful not to work so hard. Don't be too forgetful of your own strength while trying to help others. Poor Junie, I hope she is better now. Give her my love. How does Uncle Otto like Charles and what does he think about his coming there to stay on his furloughs from time to time. Has Charles succeeded in drawing any pay yet? How does he like his position by this time? It is fortunate in getting such ~~much~~ nice quarters there on the island compared to the other soldiers. How does it feel to be a soldier's wife, honey? Still strange? By the way I saw Lillian Arnett down town the other day, now Mrs. Wolcott. She married a Lieutenant from Camp Kearny and is so happy. I have heard he is a very nice man. She asked for my address to send me an announcement and Gerhart's too and say! what do you think Estelle on receiving it nearly had a spasm. What a pity to be of such a jealous disposition. She called up Mrs. Arnet, Lillian's mother and gave her Hail Columbia & asked for Mrs. Wolcott's address. Mrs. Arnet was so

startled at such behavior on the
 part of a stranger and afraid of
 getting her daughter into trouble she
 refused to give her the address. Poor
 Lillian didn't mean a thing wrong
 by sending this announcement. In fact
 I told her he would be glad to know
 of her happiness and so at my encourage-
 ment she sent it to them. I must tell
 Estelle it was I who gave Lillian her
 address and I'm sorry she disgraced her
 sister-in-law so by making such
 a display of her angry jealousy. When
 Herbert & I were married I even
 sent an announcement to a college friend
 of his, an unmarried girl and didn't
 think a thing about it. I met Lillian
 again Friday by chance and explained
 as best I could without making unnecessary
 comments and put her more at ease, for
 she was afraid Estelle might do most
 anything to cause trouble between her
 and her husband. I'm glad I don't
 need to be ashamed of Charles, as I am
 about ~~Charles~~ ^{Estelle}. We can be proud of him.

Church is out and I must
start dinner so good bye for
this time. Give our love to
Charles and here's a lot for yourself.
Betty sends kisses. Pers says she
just loves & kisses those little
cuppies all the time. Give our love to uncle (to).

Your loving sister and
mamma,

Katherine and Mamma.

2218 Franklin Ave.,
San Diego, Calif.
Feb. 6, 1918.

Dear Sweetheart Gretchen;

If you will excuse this pencil I'll sit right down to write you a few lines in the midst of our painting.

Mamma is painting the front room and dining room floors. Father Brunkow is painting the big clothes closet and our bedroom white.

I'm going to use that big clothes closet for a baby room. I have taken out all the old hooks, puttied up the holes & cleared it all out. You ought to see how pretty it looks all painted white. All this will be ~~in~~ it will be the little wash stand and the baby basket. Then I'm going to fix a new dainty little curtain on that little window. Then there will still be plenty of light & air & convenience for our dear little one. It is only six more weeks now. How I wish you

could be here then! We are all
pretty well now except that my
foot aches when I stand on it
too long. I've bought a pink eider-
down baby cover, the first thing I've
bought in pink I'm going to bind the
edge in pink braid or ribbon.
Then I bought a blue ready
made one. I am making a dress
for Deborah's new baby girl. It
is not fancy, just a little embroidery
on the front & some lace on the sleeves.

Herbert has already written to
Charles about his opportunity in
Washington D. C. In several
years from now when Herbert &
I, like Tom Duff and Helen come
back from Wash. D. C. to visit
you, you can be getting ready
for your little one. Up to that time
does you hurry for a baby. It
would be very hard for you now

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but how lovely it will be when
you are really ready for me.

Well, honey, how are you getting
along? Are you keeping warm
and well. Hope Jennie is well again.

Give our love to Uncle Otto & to
Charles too. Mamme & I will
write to Charles just as soon as
we possibly can get at it. To-
morrow morning we have a
cottage prayer meeting at our
house. Friday the ladies of
First Church Young Married
Peoples Class of the S. S. are coming
for the day to sew for Red Cross
or War Relief for Belgian Children.
Next week will be more sewing for me
and if I feel well I want to
have some of my girl friends
spend an afternoon with me, I'll

Cherry, Blanche Smith and that crowd. They are such dear girls and are so interesting in me.

Deborah is another true friend she wrote me a long letter telling me about baby's arrival which occurred several weeks earlier than they expected. She was down town shopping, came home and in a few minutes even before the doctor could get there, little Florence had made her appearance. The nurse was they thought, and she only stayed four days, while Olive took care of the patient the rest of the two weeks. Deborah said it was hard to stay in bed so long when she was feeling so well. They have now moved to the center of town where they have built a beautiful new church. She sent us a circular with the picture of it.

I saw Marie the other day in the telephone office. She said she had gotten your address confused and her letter was returned. You have probably heard again since that time. You know we have tried to get a phone put in and waited & waited & they finally told us there was no more room on the lines & they would have to put up another cable, the material for which they couldn't say when they would get on account of scarcity of materials. That Pacific Tel. Co. is certainly the limit. The Home Tel. people are so lovely but I don't especially care for that phone especially that so few people have the Home phone

in their residences. If I can't get
the Sunset I'll have to get the
Home for a while anyway, to tel-
ephone to the store & the hospital.

Mamma sends her best love
and says she will write, herself,
pretty soon. Herbert sends his
love to you both. I must close
now and get to work. Please
excuse this hasty scribble.

With lots & lots of love,

Your loving sister
Katherine.

Write to Aunt Marie & Edie worry you?
Aunt Marie's address is P.O. Box 834,

but I don't know Edie's exact address.
She is 4 blocks south of Union, on
Story Ave. ^{East San Diego,} You could send her letter
to Aunt Marie's address and she
would get it all right.

2218 Franklin Ave.

San Diego

Feb. 25, 1918.

My dearest little sister:

I have about four letters to write this morning, so I'll start with yours and take the chance of finishing the other three. I'm still at my sewing. Have some little white pet coats to finish, then my bassinet to trim and I'll be through. It will be only two or three weeks longer and I will be rising the sewing, or rather 5 weeks, for 2 weeks will be hospital clothes. Mrs. Mather gave me a little kimono with blue crochet around the edges when Herbert and I were up there for dinner Thurs. eve.

Yesterday afternoon — Mother, Bunkow, mamme & I went to the Jos. Smith & Babcock meeting ^{at the Presbyterian Church} while Herbert & his father went to the White Temple to hear Stitt Wilson. Jos. Smith certainly gave us a fine talk. I enjoy hearing him so much.

Herbert put in a wall socket for an electric cord in the dining room, to be used for ironing, or for toaster, or the motor.

This was almost so much handier than climbing up on a chair and putting it on the chandelier. He did this on Washington's birthday which was a rainy day and we couldn't go out anywhere, although Mamma went to the all-day meeting (with a lunch I fixed her) at the Presbyterian church. She didn't get home till nearly ten o'clock in the evening. She had a really good time.

I'm glad the church you attend is a good one.

So far I haven't missed Sunday school and church in the morning, staying home in the evening, except one Sunday when I was home all day with a cold. However I may not go any more for a while, while I feel well enough to go for one session. I'm beginning to feel kind of conspicuous and mamma thinks it is high time I were quitting going out. During the week is all right but I hate to stick at home on Sunday & not see any of my friends. The schools are closed this week on account of the measles, so I'm going to have some of the girls over Thurs. afternoon.

Dear me, I hope you'll be able to read this awful scribble, but my arm and hand

seem to be too lazy for any effort at good penmanship.

Herbert is superintending another electrical job for the Y.M.C.A. buildings at Camp Henry which will last for probably a month more, and by that time he may have heard from Washington again from another division. He received one call for the division that has to do with loading shells, trench warfare material, etc. but that isn't in his line and I wouldn't want that anyway.

The pictures you sent are very good. No grouch on you and Charles. That's right; always keep smiling and look on the sunny side for this world has enough darkness in it as it is. It's not so easy to live in a grouchy pessimistic atmosphere. I want the Lord to help me keep a sweet disposition as I grow older no matter what circumstances may arise.

Remember us with love to Charles and give our love to Aunt Minnie and Uncle Otto. Betty enjoyed the kisses and reads letters with King's love. And there's a heap of love for you from

Your loving sis,
Katherine

San Diego, Apr. 23, 1918.

Dearest sister Gretchen:

Baby Paul is three weeks old to-day and I wish you could see the little darling, as cute as can be and bright too. We wanted to take his picture this afternoon but there was so much company and then the light wasn't good either. He weighs 10 pounds to-day.

I surely enjoyed your letter. While at the hospital there wasn't much else for me to do but to sleep and eat and ~~rest~~ ^{look} out of the window the view from which was not at all tiresome in fact pleasant and restful, the California building and the surrounding trees of the Exposition grounds, then the flag pole from which I could see the flag lowered every evening at 3 when the canon was shot off. Then in the morning and evening I enjoyed hearing the bugle. Downstairs in the house the head nurse's daughter played soft music on the piano or the phonograph. This I enjoyed too. Fortunately I could sleep well in the daytime as well as at night so I gained strength rapidly, even though I had had 22 hours of hard suffering in the beginning. These two weeks

at the hospital now seem like a dream
to me and I can scarcely even yet realize
that I am a mother. I was surely
glad to get out into the sunshine
when Herbert took me, or rather us home.

We had Paul in the back ^{of the machine} in that
littly basket valise that Bruno used
to use for Betty. He slept all the way
home. One of the nurses said he was her
favorite baby and called him "Cutie"
Another called him her "heavy weight"

He was the largest baby there at that time
And they all liked to show him off to the
visitors. The second week I had him in
the room with me, and even in the night
they came to get him if he happened to be
awake to show him off. Well now, he is
something to see. His hair is dark brown
almost an inch and a half long in back,
eyes deep blue, cupid mouthed, dimpled chin,
smiled in his sleep at 4 days, smiled while
awake at 6 days and turned his eyes to
hear the nurse talking, stopped nursing to
listen to the fire engine passing by, but
sleeps through all the ordinary noises of
the house providing his little stomach is filled
but if he is hungry, he makes himself
quite conspicuous by his vocal organs.
Everybody says he is such a pretty baby.
Aunt Mary and mamma both say for his

looks he ought to be a girl. But he surely acts like a boy. Dr. Hoffman is proud of him too and says he is a well formed baby, with perfect physique.

Aunt Marie was over last Thursday and brought him a cashmere little sacque embroidered in pink. Della Cherry made him some pink & white tating. Sallie Lisson sent some gold beauty pins. Blanche Smith brought him some silk socks this afternoon which he will wear when he's a little older. Eda gave him a little knitted pink & white sweater. She was over here Saturday afternoon. Estelle gave some little white felt shoes trimmed in blue.

This letter is mostly about the baby and probably the other letters will be too for most of my time and attention will be taken up by him for some time.

I am feeling fairly well under the circumstances. When night comes I am mighty glad to get into bed. I'll be so glad to see the day when I shall be strong enough to work as I'd like.

Bess is pretty well. Betty is developing so fast. It won't be long before she will be

talking in sentences. She does now but in
her baby talk, making ^{only} the last word
or two intelligible.

Now, honey, I want to congratulate
you on your eighteenth birthday.
May it be the happiest you have
had but ~~many~~ many more still
happier and brighter ones following it in
the future. My wish for you is that
you may continue to grow in "wisdom"
and in favor with God & man.
May His choicest blessings rest upon
you this day. If you will forgive
me I must delay your remembrance
for a little while until I feel able
to look for something. So for the present
accept your loving sis's love and
best wishes for your welfare until
later the material tokens if they can follow.

Mamma received a letter from Gerhart
to day which I will enclose. I think the
cavalier he sent you is beautiful, something
I am sure you will admire and cherish.
It is baby's nursing time and best time ^{for me} too.
I must finish before he wakes. Excuse this poor
writing; for I am so tired.
With lots & lots of love,
Your's as ever
Katherine.
Birthday kisses from Paul
"goodwishes" Herbie. Our best regards to Chas.

San Diego, July 23, 1918

Dear little sis.;

We were so glad to receive your welcome letter. Glad you and Charles and Herbert had a nice time together. To-night is the first time for many evenings that Paul has gone to be without crying and it certainly is a relief to my tired nerves. I don't get to go out much during the day and in the evening it is out of the question. It is lonesome without Herbert, especially knowing that he is up there doing nothing & make expenses. It is over a week now ~~now~~ I have heard from him and by this time I am beginning to worry and wonder

and trimmed it this afternoon with some
green ribbon. It looks real "fancy"

The weather has been quite warm down
here lately. Tom's beginning to start the beet
beets for my feet is going down. I weigh
136 now.

Paul is starting up a tree and I
have another letter to write so will
close for this time, with kindest love,

Your loving sister
Dorothy.

if something hasn't happened to him.

I have a good notion to encourage him to
enlist. Wouldn't it be nice if he could be near
Frisco and you & I could still live together up there.
Say, honey, if it is convenient for you, I wish you
would call him up at the Frisco "Y" and
see if he is all right. If he is, he needs a
good scolding, and if not, he ought to send me a line
anyway.

Mamma just brought in some bouquets of our
pink oleander. They are beautiful. She bought
herself some gray poplin^{to-day} to make her a shirt to go
with the crepe de chine waist Bruno's Bazaar has
for Christmas. She bought a garden hat at the 10th story

and trimmed it this afternoon with some
green ribbon. It looks real "fancy"

The weather has been quite warm down
here lately. I'm beginning to stand the heat
better for my fat is going down. I weigh
136 now.

Paul is started up a tree and I
have another letter to write so will
close for this time, with kisses & love,

Your loving sister,
Katherine.

if something hasn't happened to him.

I have a good notion to encourage him to
enlist. Wouldn't it be nice if he could be near
Dad and you? I could still visit & see up there
too. Now, if it is convenient for you, I will give
you a call this week or the next "y" and
see if he is all right. If he is, he needs a
good scolding, and if not, he ought to read me a line
anyway.

Mamma just brought in some ^{very} beautiful
pink flowers. They are beautiful. She brought
herself some gray poppies to make her a skirt & to
with the ^{very} beautiful things which Brown's Dresser has
for Christmas. She bought a garden hat or the 10th day

San Diego,

Aug. 3, 1918.

Dear Charles:

This is a terribly hot day and not good for anything much but to lounge under a shady tree, trying to keep cool. But I'll venture writing a few lines anyway with sonny on my lap. He slept two hours out doors this morning and an hour inside this afternoon. When awake he wants to sit on my lap, for it is so hot to lie down on a feather pillow or even be propped up with one. He has his little shirt off, only a thin little petticoat + dress on, and since his stockings are off he has a good chance to play with his toes. Yesterday morning he managed to stick one of his toes in his mouth.

Herbert sent me the pictures you made. They are certainly fine. We are very proud of them. Thank you so much. I'd like to have several more of them only I want to pay for them if you do make them. Another nice thing you and Gretchen are doing for me for which money can't pay you and that is taking care of my hubby. Does he behave himself pretty well? I know he is naughty in one way, - negligent about writing. He surely has time to write more than once a week, to his sweetheart, at least. It will probably be a month or two before I can get up there. It will take some time to get our finances straightened out here (and I don't want to leave before we do). Then sewing and packing if moving becomes a certainty. I think it would be just lovely if Gretchen and I could live

together. We'd be good pals, I'm sure.

Mother and I were over at your mother's the other day. Had a very pleasant afternoon! She had baked the loveliest little cakes (no substitute flour in them) It was lucky for me she hadn't counted them, for I would have been ashamed to tell how many I ate. The good lemonade I had to forego on Paul's account, but had some tea especially for me. We three went shopping ^{day before} yesterday afternoon. Mamma carried Paul most of the time and she wasn't sorry to get rid of her load when at the end of a car-ride we reached Aunt Marie's. He was 4 mos old yesterday and weighs 15 1/4 lbs. She gave us a young rooster to take home, also some sweet potatoes out of her garden she even killed & plucked him for us. (Isn't she the best hearted woman!) So yesterday mother & I had chicken dinner all by our lonesome, with you & G. (then could have been with us too.

Now if you will excuse this scribbling
I'll close this to get Paul's afternoon
lunch ready. Tell Gretchen I'll
write her in a few days and let this
letter do for her till then. Give her
my love, & kisses from Paul to her + you too.

Yours with lots of love,
Katherine and Mother.