

Letters to Mrs. E. F. Stanley

Section 7, Pages 181 - 206

This three-ring notebook, given to Mrs. E. F. Stanley, contains letters and photographs in honor and appreciation for her work with the Altruist Club of the Central Congregational Church in Topeka, Kansas.

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Just
for You
from
all of your
Altruist
Girls





Letters to Mrs. E. F. Stanley

Charlottesville, Va.

June 8th, 1949.

Dear Mrs. Stanley,

What a lovely idea for the Altrients to have a surprise party for you this week! If I had only had a magic carpet, or even a private plane, you would have seen me right there, adding my voice to the occasion and enjoying every minute of it. I had thought I might at least send a new picture of the four of us, but on the two week-ends when Ruth came home the weather was hopelessly rainy. Since I haven't any picture now



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at hand to substitute, here's the
promise of a new one just as
soon as I can get it.

This would seem to be
a time to express appreciation,
deeply felt, for your unflinching
interest, warm friendship and
winning spiritual leadership.
Since my youth these have
been to me priceless treasures,
unchanged by time or distance. In
my own thinking the phrase
"sweetness and light" comes
nearest to describing my
dearly beloved Mrs. Stanley.
May you be blessed with
renewed strength and fresh
courage to pass on to those
who look to you for help
and inspiration.



Letters to Mrs. E. F. Stanley

Almost a year has passed since the very pleasant evening I spent with you and several of the Altruists. When next I come to Topeka I shall hope to see all members of the club living in Topeka. In the meantime you and they have my remembrance and good wishes.

Most affectionately yours,
Mildred Alden.





Letters to Mrs. E. F. Stanley

218 Hawthorne Drive
Ontario, California

December 14, 1949.

My dear Mrs. Stanley:-

How do you like my home-made stationery? I'm not sure whether it is e-r-y or a-r-y, so if I ever get it correct, it is a mistake!

I never was strong on spelling and I shall never forget once when I was teaching in Quincy, I was attempting to put something across to my third graders regarding the rotation of the earth, and had written obbet on the board. I knew at the time that it could be spelled wrong but tho't they wouldn't know and probably the spelling wouldn't interfere with what I was trying to tell them. Of course Mr. Stanley would come in just then and of course that misspelled word was the first thing he saw. He pronounced it several times with the emphasis on et. Naturally I never forgot how to spell it afterwards.

That all seems so long ago, and yet it is all so vivid in my memory. All those teachers and all so nice to me who felt so like a little school girl among them.

Well, coming back to 1949 - you may have noticed I have a new address. We ~~be~~ bought a house and moved in in August, and have been working at it ever since to dress it up. The previous owners weren't people to keep things in repair, so there were many little things to do before the redecorating began. The grapes came in for attention early in September, and a neighbor needed her grape- and also peach harvest supervised



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and asked Claude to do that - her husband had passed on since the previous season - and then we just plain took four days off to go up to the mountains and turn up our toes.

Now we have everything pretty well under control and Claude will stop the water here and start his pruning next week. Our grapes disappointed us. There were several tons less than we or anyone else expected and the price had dropped \$30 a ton, so we didn't come out as we had hoped or expected.

You spoke of the growth of Topeka. I imagine I would be amazed at the change. Most towns have built up so during and since the war, and I can't say I like the change. So many of those building projects are no artistic addition to the towns, and some are so poorly constructed, the contractors should be hung up by the thumbs. The G.I.'s. had to buy them or sleep on the ditch bank.

You told me all you knew about Alice Hugins in your last letter. I wonder if anything more has developed since. I saw in the Washburn Bulletin which Marion McGaw Welhouse sends me occasionally, that Alice has written two books - The Red Chair Waits and Fragrant Jade. I do hope to find them in the library and read them. The communists have surely taken over China. I don't suppose many thousands have any idea what it's all about, but are forced to follow their leader.

I wish I might have been at that June meeting of the Altruists. So many I knew were there. I have seen Mary Johnson Hall since, but not to have a visit with her. After Christmas I'm hoping she can come out to visit me. She hopes to make Ontario her



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home, but tho' I have been watching "Unfurnished Apartment" ads I haven't seen one that suits her case. It would surely be grand to have her and Edith in my own town again after all these years. They were my closest friends during my H.S. days

I had forgotten, 'til I just re-read your letter that you had asked us for our pictures. We don't have any, good enough to send at present but am going to try to get some. We have a partly used film in the kodak right now. Was glad to know about Marion Kenney. Do you remember Josephine Tice? She has never married and has recently moved to LaJolla from Los Angeles and has retired from working with the L.A. Public Welfare Dept. (or something). I keep intending to write her. I knew her when I lived in Topeka and we were in the same Sunday School class. So many of the older people I knew in the church are gone, and many of the younger ones I wonder about

Do you happen to know what ever became of that beautiful Beeman girl - Merle I think her name was - a niece of the Coes? I think Mr. and Mrs. Coe are both gone. I know nothing about the Coe children tho' they are children no longer, unless I am too! Margaret Woodfor Hosack spent a week with me recently. We love to have her here, she is so calm and serene - just like my blessed mother. I had read in the Washburn Bulletin about May Hathaway's trials.

When Helen and Edith Johnston were out here this past summer, they all were in Ontario one day and called. We had only been in the house a day or two, so of course everything was what is known as a mess. But they understood.

We have just begun having really cold weather the last several days. The citrus



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growers had to smudge three or four nights, which is no help to a newly painted house! But I guess those people were here first, and who are newcomers to make a fuss? I have been baby-sitting some this fall and am interested in the ideas different sets of parents have about rearing their broods! I could joyfully make suggestions to some!! One father, a college professor, told me that he and his wife wanted me to spank if the occasion demanded, as they believed in training their children at both ends. So one night I had to tell the 5- and 6- year olds what their father had said. Of course it dispelled any need of beating them up, but I was almost brought to tears when little Donnie, six, climbed up on the deavenport beside me, with a stick in his hand, and whispered, "'f you need to punish us, this is what Daddy uses!'" Discipline isn't so simple in some other cases and I long for the stick Daddy doesn't use and, in my estimation, should!!

We have a fine H.S. & Jr. College here and it brings fine things for us to see and hear. They have a splendid music Dept. and tomorrow - I guess not, but shortly - we will be hearing the Messiah given in the Auditorium, but the chorus is made up of volunteers from the community. It is always such a grand thing to hear. I should like to have been in it, but I don't drive at night and I didn't want Claude to have to take me after working all day, so decided I'd sit back and enjoy it from the audience.

We are not going down to Holtville this year as Lucilla's husband's family are having a big reunion, coming from the four corners of the globe. We shall miss not being with the children, and their tree, which we have done for the past thirteen years, but I'M truly glad not to make the trip this time of



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year. One's own home is a nice place to be in cold weather. Our new home has a good furnace which we enjoy very much.

Claude has gone to bed and sounds as if he is resting beautifully. I'm so glad you could meet him for he is such a fine man, so kind and thoughtful, and considerate to a fault. Now I must sign off and get into my little bed.

I suppose you'll see K. and Don during the holiday, and if so, give them my best. Also keep a great deal of some for yourself.

Wishing you a very happy Christmas and New Year, I am, as ever,

Alice T. Shaw.

Claude joins me in sending love and Christmas greetings.

Letters to Mrs. E. F. Stanley

Letters

Dorothy Huggins
 Maud F. Kenney
 Marie Maylin
 Miriam Franklin
 Adaline Comins Hill
 Mary Johnston Hall
 Ethel Johnston Boon
 Helen Johnston Groff
 Ruby Scott Lingo
 Dorothy Foster Fuller
 Helen Brownfield
 Florence Craven
 Hazel Thomas Hudiburg
 Emma Crabb
 Mona Thomas Schott
 Natalie Romans
 Civille + Lillian Vison
 May Reynolds Wolfkill
 Martha Shaler
 Elsie Hobson
 Esther Peers
 * Hermione Van Laer Adams
 Eloise Sargent Kingsley
 Grace Anderson Kitchell
 Ruth Zooms
 Wilma Perry Harshbarger
 Faye Hathaway Beard
 Addie Peers
 Mabel Adams Spear
 Loraine Blakely (Dewell)
 Helen Adams Filson
 Hulda Reinhold
 Edith Scholze
 Marie Glover Martin
 Violet Schlegel Lombardo
 Cecile Strohm

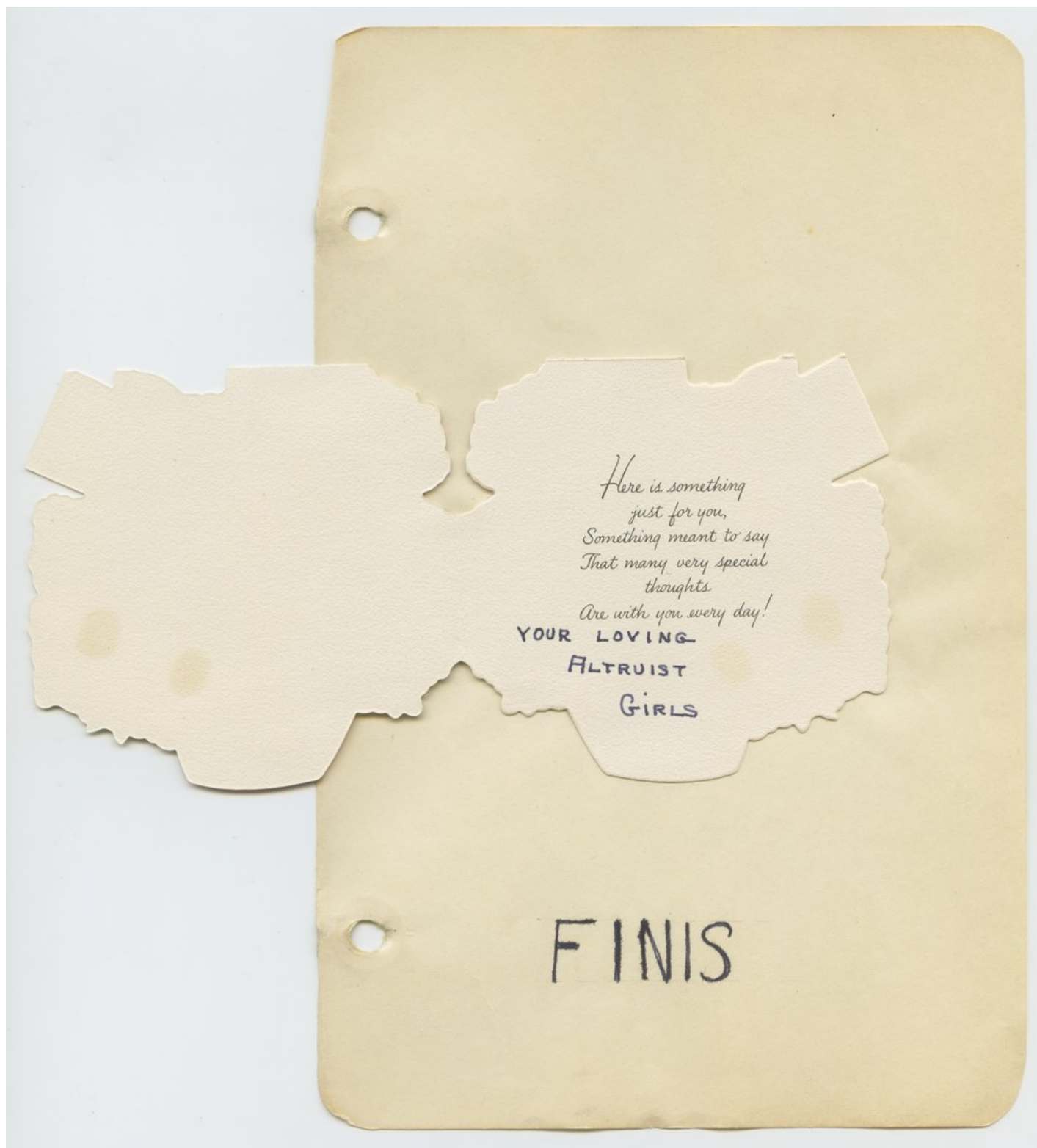
Letters to Mrs. E. F. Stanley

* Emily Hardy Stewart
Parsy Johnston Burke
Mildred Lewis Galt
Lena Baxter Scherck
Hazel McCall
~~H. Mc~~
Ann Wallis
Mildred Davidson Alder
Alice T. Shaw (Torne)
Lillie Robinson

Chapin?



FINIS



Letters to Mrs. E. F. Stanley

Social Service Activities
of Central Congregational Church -

Name - - - - - Admunist Club.

Leader - - - - - Mrs Emily F. Stanley -

President - - - - - Mrs Carl Linde -

Secretary - - - - - Mrs C. R. Reinohl -

Work being done - 1. Making night gowns and
underwear for children of Alphan Home

2. Helping Welfare Work -

3. Working for Community House

4. Remembrances to shut-ins or
invalids among church members.

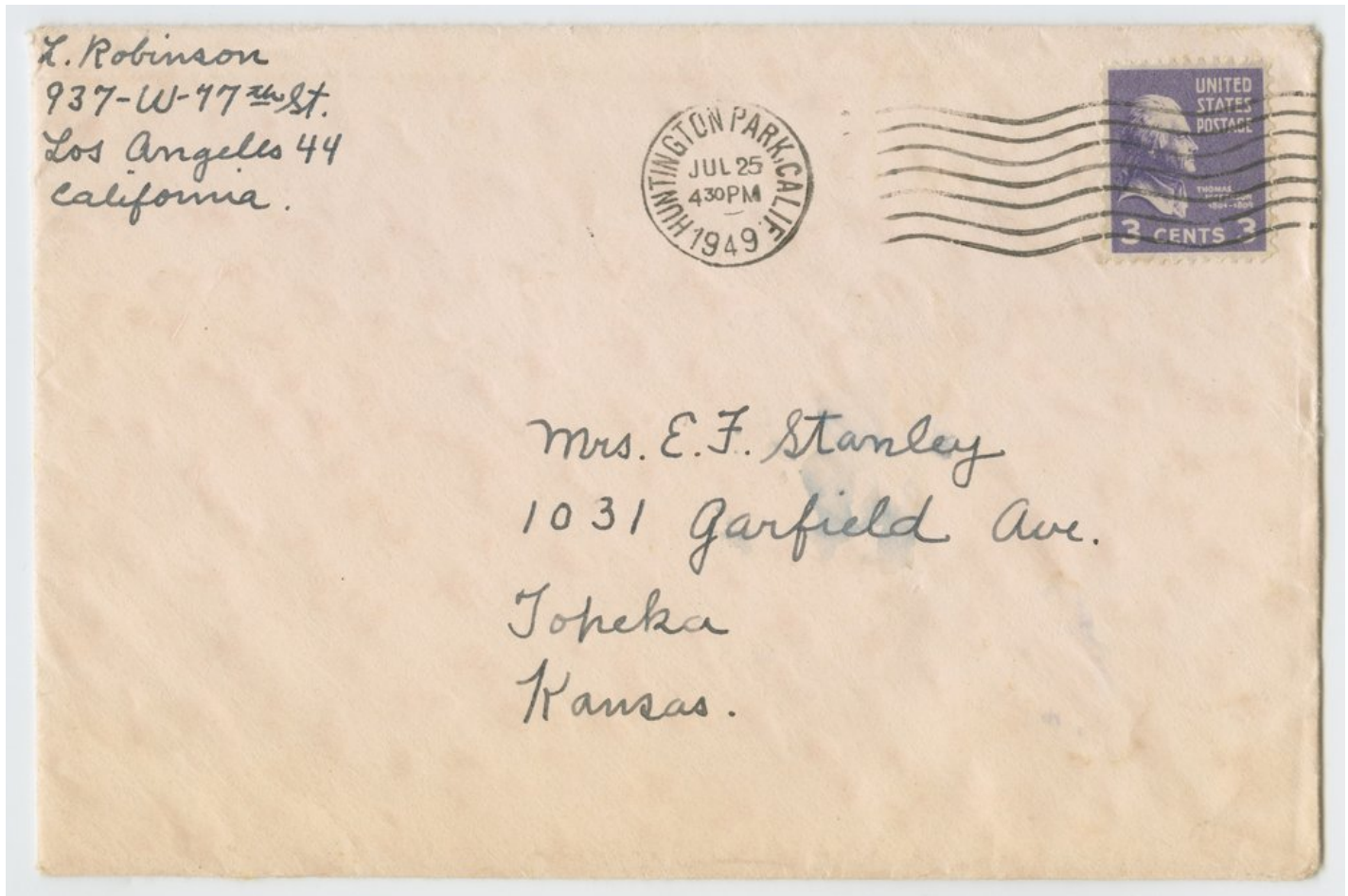
Plans for Immediate Future -

Continue Work with Jan's King -

" " for Community House.

The Club has for about six years - contributed
pocket money - to an old lady - who has
recently died - This place will probably soon
be filled

Letters to Mrs. E. F. Stanley



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Los Angeles, California.
July 24, 1949.

Dear Mrs. Stanley:

I keep forgetting about this paper, when I am writing letters, so you will be the first to receive some of my hand decorated paper. My writing is so terrible, I'll spoil it.

Mrs. Stanley, the reason there wasn't a letter from me in your book, I'll explain first. The day I received a nice letter from May, asking me to write a letter and send some pictures, I had just mailed my letter to you. Having written everything



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that would have been of interest to you, that day, I decided I would try to find pictures for my three pages. I couldn't find a thing, except real old snap-shots or group snap-shots. My sister wanted me to send the one with the babies, my niece's Bruce, and my nephew's Brian, so that was sent. The snow snap-shot was taken in January in front of my niece's home in Burbank. I called her up and asked for the snap. She mailed it to me. The poinsetta snap, was one I had taken another winter in California. Even last winter, my poinsettas were beautiful until after Christmas when we had the first hard freezes. The poinsettas had frozen in Burbank.



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and other places long before Christmas. Some years, when we didn't have freezes, the poinsettias have been pretty for three months.

I am so glad the girls had the party for you. It would have been so nice to have been there.

A few weeks ago, I went with some friends to Beaumont and Banning to the "Bing" cherry growing country. We went through Colton near the home where I visited you. That is only the second time I have been up through Colton since that day. That mound is being cut away. It looked like lime being taken out.

I picked and gave away bushels of apricots. I didn't ~~can~~



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any as I have some left over from three years ago. I just don't eat them. I hope to can lots of peaches if my trees can hold them up until they are ripe. I surely do eat them.

Natalie's mother is in New York visiting Natalie's brother and sister. I had a note from Mrs. Romas. She is a wonderful friend, too. I am so glad Natalie wrote to you. She promised me she would, when I called her up. She keeps so busy, she doesn't write much except as her work requires. She says she depends on me to keep in touch with our friends. I am busy too, but I do manage lots of letters. Sometimes, I am slow but I try to answer as soon as I can.

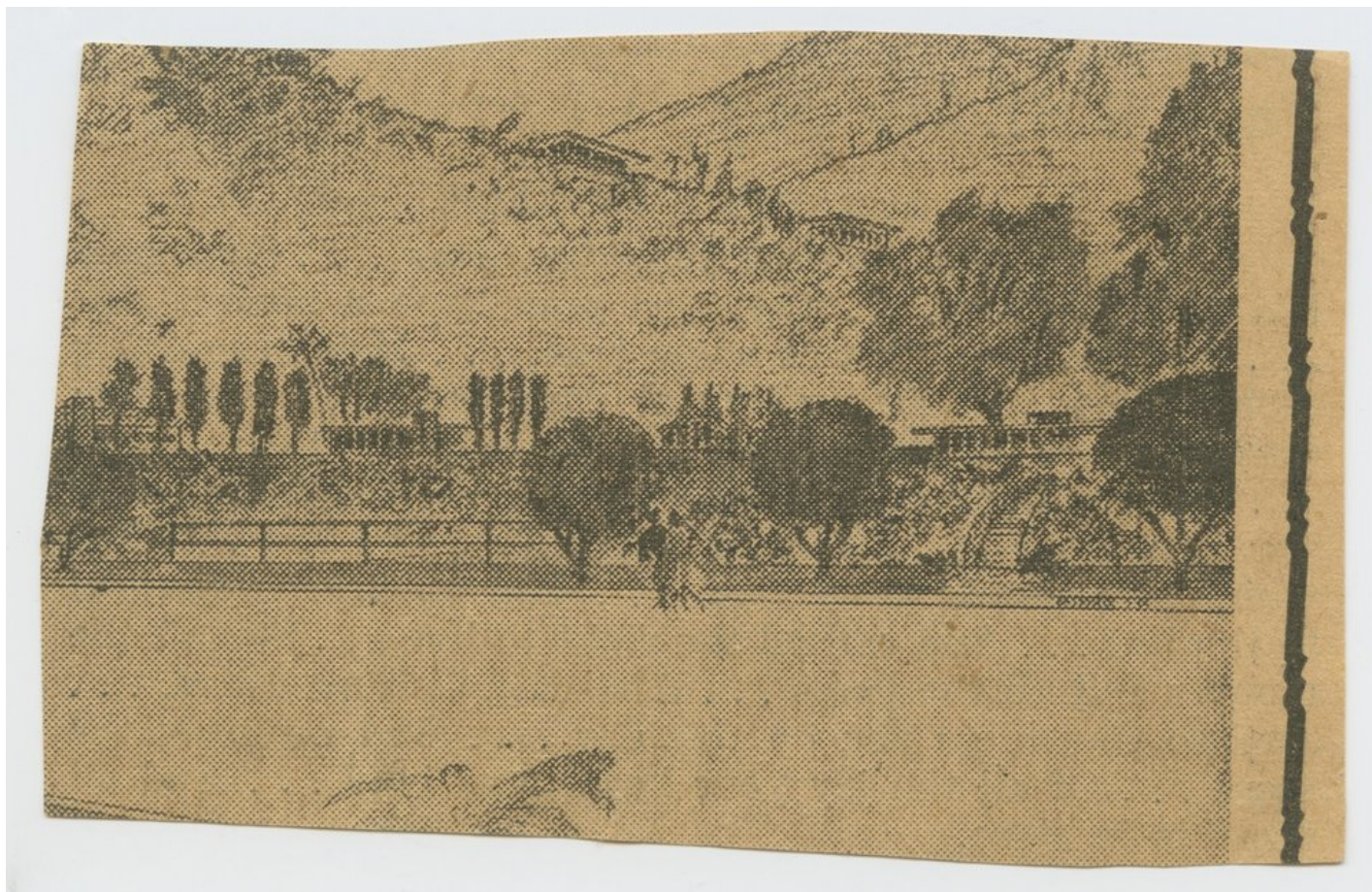
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Your Birthday Joy

Sept. 4, 1949

By JAMES J. METCALFE

God bless you on your birthday, dear . . . And give His grace to you . . . That you may have a perfect day . . . And all your dreams come true. . . . May everything of happiness . . . Be waiting at your door . . . And may each rainbow of your life . . . Be brighter than before . . . Because your heart deserves the best . . . For all that you have done . . . Including every fight you lost . . . But which you should have won. . . . You have been faithful to the last . . . And earned the right to live . . . For all the months and all the years . . . Almighty God may give. . . . And so God bless you on this day . . . And multiply the score . . . Of all the joy your heart may hold . . . And all there is in store.





Letters to Mrs. E. F. Stanley

I am so sorry Alice was ill.
Have you heard any more about
her?

No, I never see Ruth Field.
She lives eight or ten miles from
me, but not far from Natalie.

No, my church work and
Women's Society work doesn't
know what "vacation" is. If
there is any difference, the church
is more active in summer. It
is very alive all year.

Speaking of fire-works, the
children in this neighborhood
are still "bang-banging", even
more than before the fourth.

Hermione was so sweet to
send a letter and clipping
about the party. I want to
write to her real soon.



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It is hot out in the sun but
away from the pavement in
the shade, the breeze is nice.
Having had three such dry years,
I have to spend a lot of time
watering to keep things green.
Santa Barbara people havn't
been allowed to use water
for anything but necessary
house use for about two years.
I havn't been there for years
but it must look very dead.
It was a beautiful city.

Must stop for now.

Love

Lillie.

