

## **Part 3**

# **Letters from Alice Browning Crew to her mother, Nan Browning 1918-1919**

**Alice lived in Buenos Aires and Nan lived in Montevideo,  
Uruguay.**

**Also, excerpts from the Journal Nan wrote  
(at the request of my father, E. McClung Fleming) of my  
mother's life.**

**(See my webpage for more complete information:  
<http://betsykittle.com/>)**



Nan in her Gramercy Park apartment reading. Probably listening to WQXR and loving it. Her desk and her bookcase full of reference books for crossword puzzle solving, beloved novels & poetry, & books on music.

This brief story of the early years of my blood granddaughter, Alice Patricia Crew, now Fleming, is being written at the urgent and oft-repeated request of her husband Edward McClung Fleming - "Mac" to us, his family.

As I am the only one now living who was with her most continuously during the first seven or eight years of her life; I must no longer postpone this request and the promise I made him to comply. When I am gone there will be no one who knows or can tell the story. His own Father, Malcolm, was away from her

Written at 7-1/2th Street  
in Skaneateles Bay.

July 20, 1944

This brief story of the early years of my beloved granddaughter, Alice Patricia Crew, née Fleming, is being written at the urgent and oft-repeated request of her husband, Edward McClung Fleming—“Mac” to us, his family. {Begun on North Beach on Chesapeake Bay, July 23, 1944.}

As I am the only one now living who was with her most continuously during the first seven or eight years of her life, I must no longer postpone this request and the promise I made him to comply. When I am gone there will be no one who knows or can tell the story. Her own father, Malcolm, was away from her for months at a time, and her Aunt Elsie Browning Berg was away from the home for two long periods. Many times I shall find myself wishing I had kept a diary, for the passing years have dimmed some of my memories and I may err, occasionally, in dates. Since Pat knows little or nothing of the courtship and marriage of her parents, I am going back to 1912, the year they met for the first time, and recall some of the events of those years in Santiago, Chile, where Alice was born, July 15, 1896.



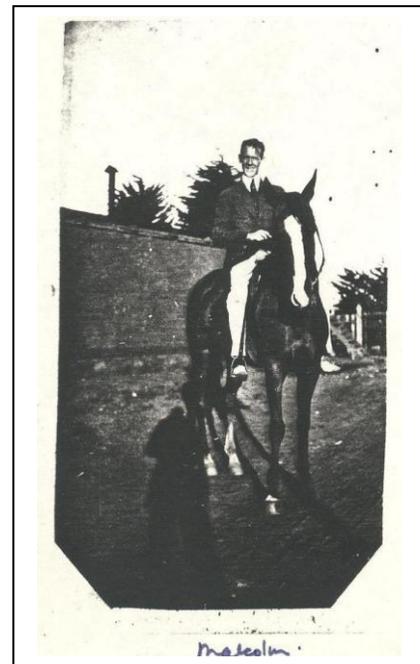
**Nan, Alice, and Webster Browning (ca. 1897?)**

**My mother wrote in the margin of Nan's Journal:** *"As you know they went to Santiago, Chile, to the Instituto Inglés where my mother, Alice Davidson Browning was born almost exactly a year later, on July 15, 1896. Medical help was very primitive in Chile and my grandmother had a difficult birth with Alice. The mid-wife could not dislodge the placenta. My grandfather rode a horse into town and got hold of the only German doctor available who rode back with him, & plunged his unwashed hand up Nan's body. What a rugged body she must have had—no infection & all was well."*



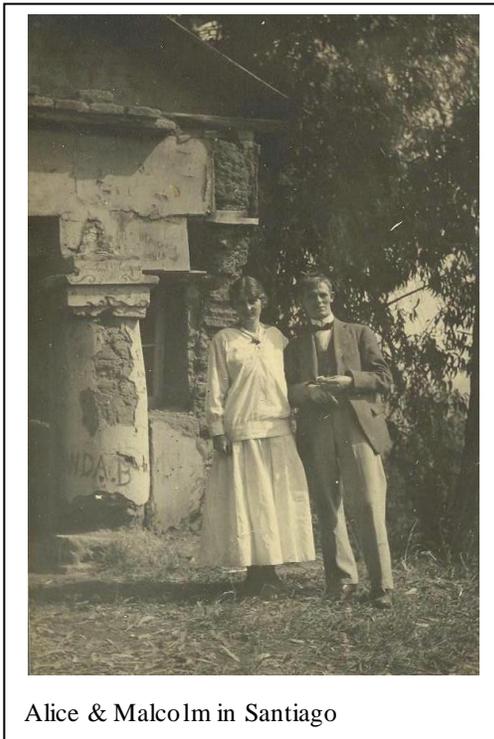
**Nan wrote the story of Alice and Malcolm's courtship:** For more information, see: <http://betsykittle.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/10/BrowningSection1.pdf> (48-80)

In 1912 we were due for our second furlough and planning to leave early in the year. A number of little "farewell" parties were given for our girls. On her return from this particular party, Alice told me of her meeting "such a nice young Englishman," recently arrived in Santiago and employed by the firm of J. W. Hardy—stationer, and importer of silver, novelties, etcetera, etcetera. As a souvenir of the party she brought home the paper napkin on which was inscribed his name—"M. R. Crew"—in that wonderful & unique chirography of his.



I believe they saw each other once or twice after that, but none of the rest of our family saw him until the night we boarded the train for Los Andes, en route to Argentina, Europe, and the U.S.A.—March 30th. Malcolm, among the many friends who came to see us off, was there with gifts of chocolates and magazines. (I can see his charming smile, even now, as he looked up at us through the train window!) The gifts were presented to us as a family, but we knew they were for Alice. They did not write to each other during the months we were away from Chile, and did not see each other again until May or June of the following year—1912.

Very shortly after we had dropped back into our old life, a second step was taken in the Alice-Malcolm friendship. He came to call one Sunday afternoon, spent a couple of hours chatting with all of us by our open fire in the study. We found him a very pleasant young man. Social life in Santiago in those days was very tame, judged by that of these days. [Written in 1944.]



Our English & American colonies were small and our young people mostly born in the country were friends, regardless of nationality—we, ourselves had more British than American friends. We kept open house two Mondays in each month, and we went often to the Crews or McEwens [?] or Williams' where our young folks danced or played games--& made love.

It was the custom, too, for me or both parents to accompany the girls on those social outings. So we saw these budding romances. Our girls, being daughters of missionaries, did not dance. (What a scandal their dancing would have caused!) But there was much music—most of the crowd could do

something in a musical way—and good times.

Remember, there were few movies, no automobiles, no radio. An occasional play or concert, with local talent made up our entertainment. In summer, and on holidays, there were

picnics, and we went to all the surrounding spots which we could reach by trolley, break, or our “shanks ponies.”<sup>1</sup>

One night, after Alice & Malcolm had known each other for more than a year, Webster came down from his study where he & Malcolm had been together. His face was very grave. “Well, it’s come!” he said. “Malcolm has asked for our daughter!” We both knew it was coming, but it was a blow, nevertheless. I guess I shed some tears! Webster had told him that they would have to wait awhile, until she finished High School, at least, and until she was a bit older; she was then only just past eighteen. (Alice had been offered a scholarship at Wells College, but she turned it down—with Malcolm in mind, of course.).



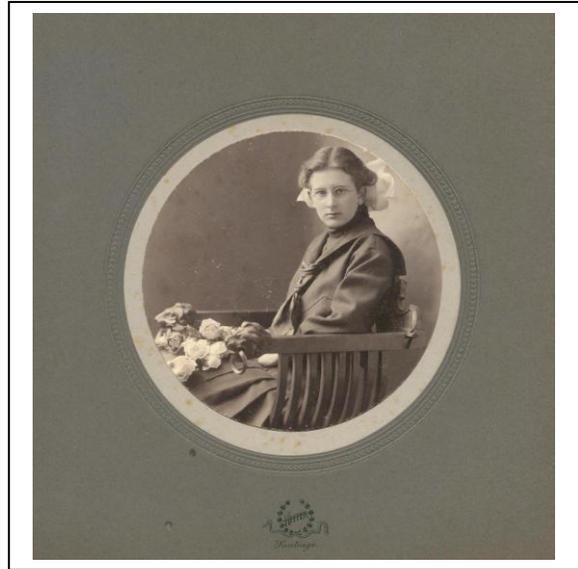
In December of that year Alice graduated and won the Legation Prize<sup>2</sup> for the best essay in the Junior & Senior Class, a medal which I hope Malcolm has, if Pat hasn't it. [Now, Julia Kittle Hynes has it!] A very few days after this event she came to me asking if we would not now allow her to be engaged her father having said she must wait until after her graduation! Now she had graduated! “Yes,” her father said, “but I expected you to wait at least fifteen minutes.” (A favorite measure of time with him.) Well! A few weeks later the ring came & Malcolm brought it to show to her and to us. What could we do? We, poor weak parents, gave our consent! (1915)

So, on Sunday, February 14th St. Valentine's the Crew family came over to us; we embraced and kissed all round—and they were engaged!

<sup>1</sup> “Shanks's pony used humorously to refer to one's own legs and the action of walking as a means of conveyance.” Elizabeth Knowles. “[Shanks's pony](http://www.encyclopedia.com).” *The Oxford Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*. 2006. *Encyclopedia.com*. 23 Nov. 2010 <<http://www.encyclopedia.com>>.

<sup>2</sup> [The definition of this award is hard to pin down. It is (n) “The sending forth or commissioning one person to act for another; (n.) A legate, or envoy, and the persons associated with him in his mission; an embassy; or, in stricter usage, a diplomatic minister and his suite; a deputation.]

In January of 1916 the first Congress on Christian Work in Latin America took place in Panama. Webster went to it as a delegate, with others from Chile, and was gone until March. The final outcome of this was Webster's appointment as Educational Secretary of the C.C.L.A for all Latin America and our eventual move to Montevideo, Uruguay. (This word came by cable near the end of 1916.)



Of course, the bitter part of this whole thing was the separation of our turtle-doves: we just could not allow them to be married quite yet—nothing was ready. So we made ready for the move as soon as Commencement was over in December. We sold off, at auction, most of our house-hold, the accumulation of twenty years, and at considerable sacrifice. We never again were able to replace some of the really good pieces of furniture obtained in part, from second-hand shops. World War I was on, so no boats went eastward through the Straits of Magellan, to carry our goods. Rates across the Andes were prohibitive so, taking only our personal belongings, some books, after drastic weeding out bedding & a few pictures, we let all the rest go.

We left Santiago on the last night of February. Dr. Lester, Eugene Idol, one of our teachers, and Malcolm accompanied us on the first lap of our journey as far as Los Andes, spent the night, and saw us off on the narrow-gauge line that would carry us across the mountains to Mendoza, Argentina. Poor dear children! It was a terrible wrench for them, not knowing when they would again see each other! The trip, in spite of our sadness of farewells, was a pleasant one. After a night in Mendoza & a trip up to see the famous San Martin Statue, as well as the earthquake ruins, still standing through many decades, we went to Buenos Aires, over the dust of the Argentine pampas. Next day we crossed the Rio de la Plata to Montevideo.

Early in April of that year (1917) following the sinking of the Lusitania (maybe earlier), the United States was in the War! Malcolm had promised to visit us as soon as he could arrange it, and one day came the welcome news that he was coming soon. He would arrive on August 18th, with Henry, his 14-year-old brother, who was to be put aboard a ship for England. He was

the last of the Crew family going back to school. Came the longed-for morning and we all went down to the dock to meet the travelers. The river-boat had already docked and the passengers were through customs and coming out into the open. Alice's loving eyes saw Malcolm from afar and she flew to meet him and they were "together again."

It was while Malcolm was with us that the YMCA took charge of the Red Cross campaign to raise funds. He showed such efficiency in those busy weeks that he attracted the attention of Chas. Ewald, Continental Sec'y of the Association, and was offered a post with the Buenos Aires organization.

As it was settled that the wedding would take place in June, it was arranged that he would begin work about March—1918—and so he did, coming over to see us several times that Autumn. Meanwhile our plans went forward, with sewing and shopping for our bride-to-be. These were the days before silk undies, so I bought yards of the finest nainsook [a fine, soft muslin fabric], made them up and sent them to be embroidered by hand: they were lovely & dainty, and a credit to the "hope chest."

The date for the wedding was set for the 6th of June—our own 23rd anniversary. Elsie and I had a week's vacation in August, so Webster again being away, we spent the time a wedding in the Methodist Church one Summer night, that so shocked us that we had decided on a home wedding. (People from the street crowed their way into the church to see the bride, coming down to the very altar-rail to look up into her face!)

June 6<sup>th</sup> was a lovely, balmy day—almost like September 14<sup>th</sup>, 1940! [Mac & Pat Fleming's wedding day.]

**Introducing Alice Browning Crew (<http://betsykittle.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/10/BrowningSection2.pdf> )**

Before returning to Nan's Journal, though, I'd like to introduce Alice Browning Crew as I found from transcribing her letters to Nan. She and Malcolm had one year of marriage—they lived in Buenos Aires, while the Brownings lived in Montevideo.

Alice had always been an enigma to me. I never thought I would get to know her or hear her voice, but I feel I have been able to mend some of the dark karma given to my mother in this

lifetime. The first quality I was attracted to was Alice's quirky sense of humor, and that she spoke (wrote) with an Irish brogue. Here is a sampling of her writer's voice:

**June 30, 1918:** It is very nice here, & Mrs. M is as kind as kindness itself, but you may imagine that we're just crazy to get into our own little home, be it ever so 'umble!

**July 4, 1918:** The train left at 8:30 and he [Papa] arrived & had everything settled in his end compartment by 7:45. We stayed until the train left, and I ran along beside him holding his hand until the train went too fast, & almost ran me pore twigs off. He didn't want to go one bit!!

**July 12, 1918:** My goodness, if we're going to stand this kind of racket all the time we're in this house, I'm going to look for other diggings! Ugh! The blooming things [cockroaches!] make me shiver.

**September 10, 1918:** Mrs. Deakin said she'd love to go over [to Montevideo] in the summer, so I asked her today [to come] with us. She said she'd love to, so you second the motion & E. [Elsie] can thoid it.

**October 17, 1918:** So you jolly well say, Mama is jolly well fit to carry any jolly old burden that any jolly old sprained ankle soul wants to put on her jolly broad shoulders the *dicho*!

**October 22, 1918:** Malcolm has had a nasty attack of the prevalent "grippe" & yesterday stayed in bed all day, & today until about two, when as it is such a nice day, he got up. He is feeling a good deal better now after much dosing and aspirin, purge & cough medicine. He insists that he is going to work tomorrow but I 'hae me doots."

**November 12, 1918:** On Friday Mrs. Bradford, Louise & Mabel & Mrs. Hall & Gladys & Mrs. Deakin are all coming to tea. Oh! For a cake! I shall buy stow [store] buns, & sto' jam & sto' nut bread instead, & have toast. I won't have any cake, just for spite!!!

**November 29, 1918:** Now hold your breaths!! M. [Malcolm] said today that he thought he could take a week off at Xmas! Hurray, bully boy with a glass eye!! That means that we would arrive there Sunday morning the 22<sup>nd</sup> & he would stay over that week. But we shall have to live on love & wind pudding to do it too! Hang expenses, what do we care about them. We've got lots of them. Now aren't you happy. I am for one. Believe me.

**March 26, 1919:** PS: Sometimes they [is Alice talking about my mother?] feel like a quartette or even a bloomin' choir from the row they kick up!

**April 8, 1919:** Mr. de A. has been here dressing for the fray so, I must close now as he's going to take this to the post. Malcolm had tea with Gordon Garvin today. Have not seen 'air nor 'ide of the henemy.

**April 28, 1919:** But what to have for lunch? Ah me! Only one week more of such worries! I must go and attend to getting something ready, as it is now quarter to twelve and "ma 'usband" will be home at 12:30.

Alice also had a particular way of phrasing that was funny and lighthearted: June 22, 1918: "(To Elsie: I'm called Mrs. Crew by everyone, except Mrs. Morton & Mrs. Shuman who at times call me by my right name—Alice!) (It gives me the giggles every time they say 'Mrs. Crew' to me, & usually I laugh right in their faces!)" June 30, 1918: "At half-time we went to the *compiteria* [concession stand] in the theatre & M. had tea, & I, Bilz, [ginger ale; a soft drink made in Chile] much to the apparent amusement of 'the natives' who, as I kept the label toward me, evidently tho't it was beer." July 20, 1918: "I served tea out of my silver tea pot, milk & sugar out of my little cut-glass dingasses [?], toast on my new grill, butter on my new butter dish, drank tea out of my new Holmes china, & *pastelitos* out of my new silver cake stand, & wiped their mouths & sticky fingers on my new napkins! They left at about six."

And on November 4, 1918: "Yesterday morning we went to church where we had a special service to admit Señor Buckety-Buck X.Y.Z. into the Kirk Session. He was the Spanish pastor in charge of the Spanish work of the church." March 15, 1919: [To Elsie] "It is now quarter to ten, so I'll bid *ye gid nicht*, m'am & continue tomorrow. (I have to make my bed now. I left it to air, dontcherknow?) *Muchos besitos bien daditos*. [Later] Wednesday. Well, my bed has been made & slept on, made & slept on, & made and napped on since I last wrote. It's a shame that I haven't sent this off before—but I'll explain myself." April 16, 1919: "Betty has just come in & is going to take M. & me out to dinner. Some stunt! I can hardly deign to eat at

my own 'umble board now. She will take this [letter] over to you tonight." [In just a little over two months from this dinner, Betty Coats will be helping Nan find a wet nurse for Patsy.]

Alice and Malcolm delighted in playing house; Malcolm was, indeed, a liberated male and had his own quirky sense of humor. Some of his "Englishisms" leaked into Alice's writing such as on December 5, 1918, when Alice wrote: "[The jug] is a lovely piece of the famous English Bernard Moore. It is usually made in a deep red colour but this is a deep peacock blue & green with some red around the top. [Alice drew a little jug to show the shape. She has also underlined the "u" in "favor" and "color" to emphasize the English spelling.] It is really lovely and I think the loveliest thing I have." On April 28, 1919, she wrote that she was "going to invest in a coffee-pot, unless Papa thinks he can stand tea in the morning."

While the Malcolm Crews certainly could put on their best bib and tucker and "go on a bust," together they ventured into the kitchen. On July 12, 1918, Alice wrote: "Malcolm says he thinks I'm doing splendidly in my cooking. He told me to tell you that he loves my cream crackers and oranges & bananas, also my eggs, which are not insipid! Isn't he mean? Well, any way he tucks away everything I put before him." Three days later on July 15, 1918, she wrote: "So far I have fried Potatoes & chops, made soup, scrambled eggs, made M's favorite dish of carrots & turnips, made creamed cauliflower, hash, cocoa, tea, made a delicious roast with baked potatoes etc, and everything has been absolutely delicious. I've only spoiled one thing & that was today when I burned a *caserola* of prunes! Oh! I was mad because they spoiled my record!" July 20, 1918: "Sunday 3 p.m. We have just finished lunch, & a fine lunch too. I cooked a roast & boiled potatoes & then put them around the roast to brown & heated a little squash that was left over from yesterday, with a little milk & butter & then we had lots of gravy which M. made & was delicious, & bread & butter & apple sauce with cream which I took off the milk, & cocoa. My goodness, we're just as full as ticks with those little bites of fat meat!"

Then, in an undated August 1918 letter, she wrote: “Really, Malcolm is the best kid! I was in the midst of ironing when he got home at noon, so he set the table & fixed the vegetables, which were boiling & cut up the piece of cold meat I had, so that I did not need to touch a thing and afterwards he went out & bought me some butter & the nut bread. I can’t keep house without him.”

Alice had been offered a scholarship to Wells College but turned it down, Nan says “with Malcolm in mind.” But she was well-educated and had critical powers of observation. When she and Malcolm went to the Opera Colón to hear Faust on June 30, 1918, she reported, “Journet & Gall both sang in French, while the rest of the company sang in Italian. It sounded very queer.” And on August 12, 1918, at the Columbia Club at Mrs. Defir’s on Caseros: “Mrs. Jay Field & Mrs. Phillips both read papers. Mrs. F on some Norwegian writer, something Bjornsen, and Mrs. P. on Light Opera of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century. I almost died laughing! She said someone introduced Opera Buffet in that period, and that somebody composed ‘La Belly Heleny.’ She meant ‘La Belle Héléne!’ Honest! I had to smile, but none of those old hens knew the diff, except Mrs. Defires & I don’t think she was paying much attention.” And on November 16, 1919: “Yesterday was one busy day! We arose at 8:30. M. went to Sunday School & at 10:45 met me at the corner & we proceeded to church. We had a very impressive service. (We arrived while they were playing the voluntary so we sat in the audience for a change.) The said vol. was a medley of all the different Allied national anthems—apparently a very difficult piece, and took 15 minutes to play. The anthem was a rather pretty but heavy Te Deum.”



**Nan's Journal continues after Alice married Malcolm R. Crew in July 1918.**



**Alice Browning Crew ,July 1918**

Well, it was a nice party, but could not be prolonged too long for there were not nearly enough chairs to seat our guests! So they went home—and we who were four now had dwindled to three!—or were there five? The beloved older daughter had left the home-nest for her brief year of married life.

They went to Piriápolis, on the Uruguayan coast, for their honeymoon, stopping at the Mira Mar Hotel for ten or twelve days. (Pat knows Piriápolis well, Mac. Let her tell you about it & her good times there.)

Then they came back to us, happy as larks, and packed up their presents and Alice's effects, and a few days later were off on the night boat to Buenos Aires. They spent a month with friends in

Belgrano, (Mr. & Mrs. Morton of the Church of the Disciples), while they searched for a place to live, which would be accessible to Malcolm's work.

Finally they found an old apartment close to Constitution Station; it was too large, but was the best they could find. They bought furniture, and with their own lovely things had a very comfortable and attractive home where they often entertained boys from the Association. (A piano soon completed the furnishings.)

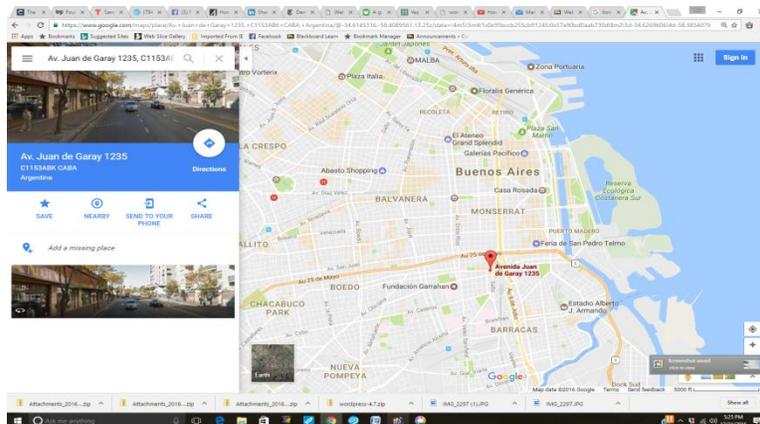
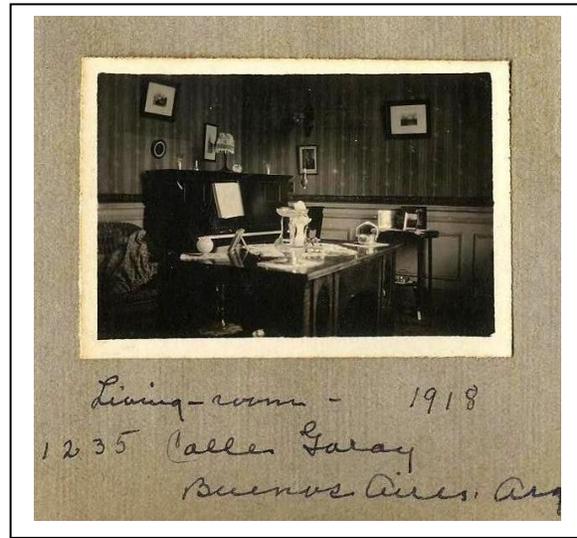
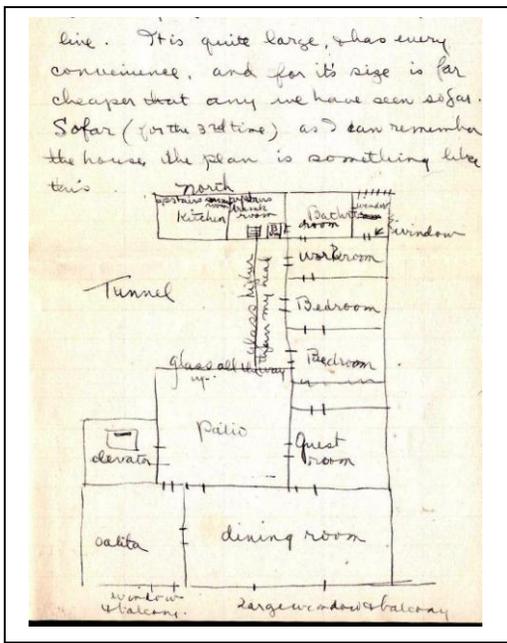
From my webpage, I wrote:

At the end of the second decade of the twentieth century, my South American family was living very much an urban life. They took street cars, the subway, a "coachie," and once after a series of busy social/business events on April 16, 1919, Alice wrote: "From there we took a taxi (we don't travel in streetcars no mo')." They also used their "shanks's pony" (legs) to get around downtown Buenos Aires. Automobiles were still rare so when the occasion arose to go for a joy ride, they took it!

<http://betsykittle.com/wp-content/uploads/2013/10/BrowningSection2.pdf> (92)

1235 Calle Garay in downtown Buenos Aires was a block away from the Plaza Constitution. Again, from my webpage:

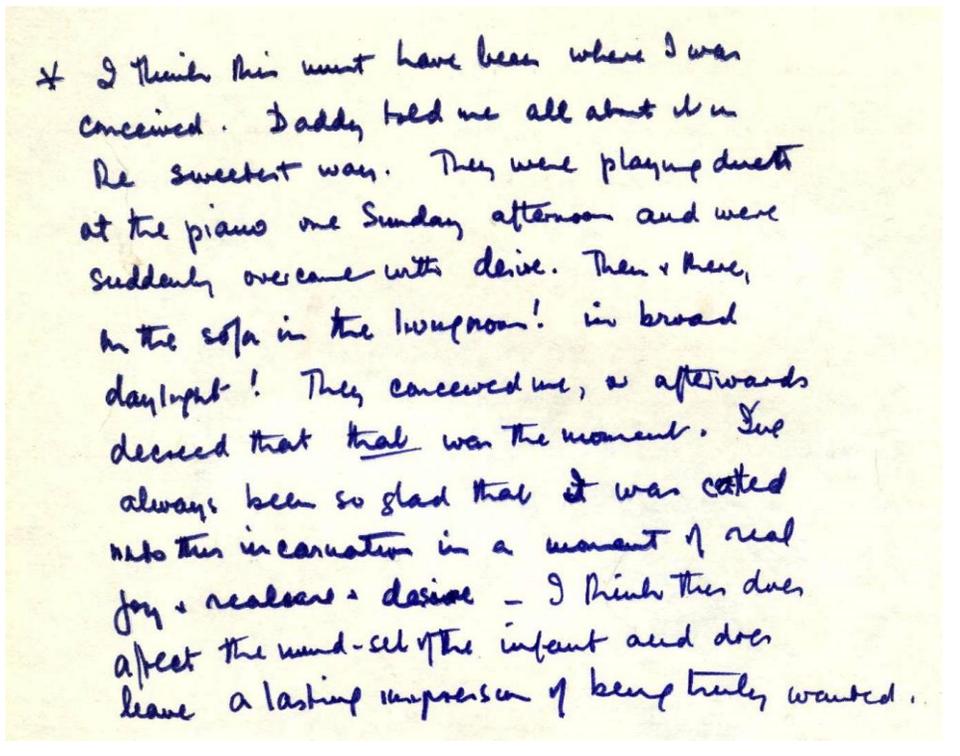
Alice was independent and daring. Once she had planned to walk to the YMCA after her music lesson, but she was so tired that when she “came to the first subway station & I dived down & took it, like a rat into its hole!” But most shocking of all was on October 17, 1918, she wrote: “On Tuesday I potted around as usual all morning & in the afternoon I went to tea at Mrs. Fields & afterwards went to dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Holmes, as Malcolm had to stay in town. At twenty to twelve he called me up & I went into town via the subway & met him at the chess club where the Y. was playing a rival chess club.” Apparently downtown Buenos Aires was safe for unescorted women to travel around—even at midnight!” (93)



[My mother's adult voice will be interjected in some of these excerpts. She spent a lifetime "Searching for Demeter" or looking for ways to feel "normal" without a flesh-and-blood mother in her life. To me, she was the Earth, Moon, and Stars, but we all must feel that humble truth inside ourselves. Also included is an excerpt from her presentation at the Woman's Centennial Congress in 1940.]

**My mother wrote in her copy of Nan's Journal:**

*I think this must have been where I was conceived [in this old apartment close to Constitution Station]. Daddy told me all about it in the sweetest way. They were playing duets at the piano one Sunday afternoon and were suddenly overcome with desire. Then & there, on the sofa in the living room! In the broad daylight! They conceived me, & afterwards decreed that that was the moment. I've always been so glad that I was created into this incarnation in a moment of real joy & realness [?] & desire—I think this does affect the mind-set of the infant and does leave a lasting impression of being truly wanted.*



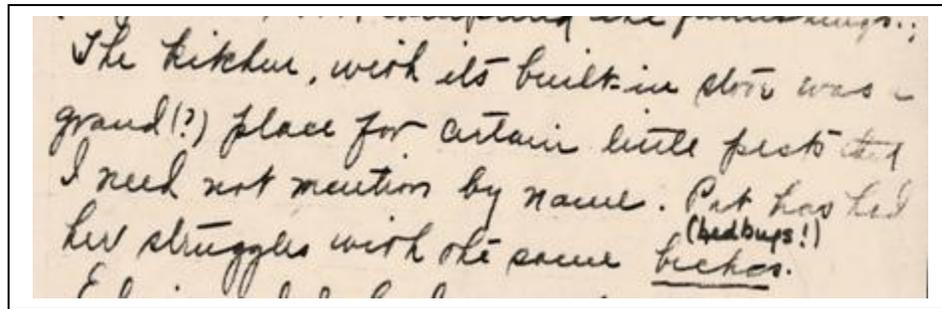
\* I think this must have been where I was conceived. Daddy told me all about it in the sweetest way. They were playing duets at the piano one Sunday afternoon and were suddenly overcome with desire. Then & there, on the sofa in the living room! in broad daylight! They conceived me, & afterwards decreed that that was the moment. I've always been so glad that it was created into this incarnation in a moment of real joy & realness & desire - I think this does affect the mind-set of the infant and does leave a lasting impression of being truly wanted.

My mother was a voluptuous woman with a strong sexual appetite. Her post-WWI generation tried to break from prudish Victorian morals of their parents and grandparents, and she had an opportunity to speak in that regard at the Woman's Centennial Congress held in New York City, November 25-27, 1940, a couple of months after she and my father were married. This conference was chaired by Eleanor Roosevelt and among the other delegates were Pearl S. Buck and Dr. Margaret Mead. My mother's presentation was entitled: "They Demanded a Single and Higher Standard of Morals in 1840." After citing several studies by Louis Terman (1938) and one in particular by Dorothy Bromley and Florence Britten in *Life Magazine* (1939), my mother reports that "one-half of the men and one-fourth of the women among juniors and seniors of forty-six representative colleges and universities have had sexual experience." With these statistics in mind, she writes:

In interpreting these facts, we must note three important currents in our recent society: First that there is almost hysterical determination on the part of women . . . to establish their equality with men in the matter of sex conduct. Secondly, that there has grown a deeper appreciation of the function of sex in normal life, and a corresponding acknowledgment that sex cannot be treated as an isolated factor of human existence. And thirdly, that . . . there is clearly evident a new important note of personal integrity. The restraint upon sexual expression today arises more from common sense judgment and voluntary discipline for future values, than from fear of pregnancy and social censure, or from emotional inhibition. (105-107).

So my mother had a different reaction when Alice tells Nan that she is pregnant and not to tell anyone because she is afraid everyone "will gossip their heads off!" My mother was delighted to have been conceived during a moment of pure passion, and she also had me on birth control pills as soon as she thought I was sexually active.

The kitchen, with its built-in stove was a grand [?] place for certain little pests that I need not mention

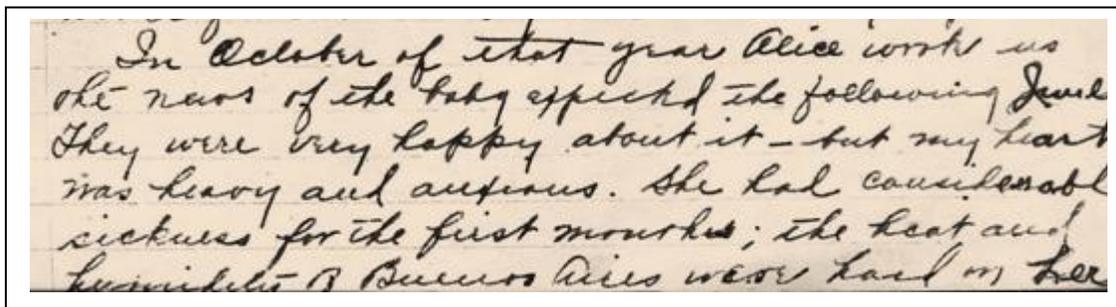


by name. Pat has had her struggles with the same bichos. [Cockroaches. My mother has written bedbugs.]

[Excerpt from a letter from Alice to Nan and Elsie, July 20<sup>th</sup> 1918

*Back again, but I haven't cooked supper and it's eight o'clock! I went into the kitchen & happened to look at the coal stove, or range, & the top was simply alive with cock-roaches! My word! They [sic] were literally hundreds! So I got a newspaper & swatted as many as I could before they ran away and then heated some water and poured it all down the cracks! Then I took a candle & investigated all the dark corners & killed many more. Then I poured on more boiling water until my kitchen floor was flooded. Then I had to sweep it all up & now I've come back to write until it's dried up. I called M. up just now & he was just starting to leave. My goodness, if we're going to stand this kind of racket all the time we're in this house, I'm going to look for other diggings! Ugh! The blooming things make me shiver.*

were very happy about it—but my heart was heavy and anxious. She had considerable sickness for the first months; the heat and humidity of Buenos Aires were hard on her, (→so just before Christmas Malcolm brought her over to us, and she was with us until the end of February.)



## Alice's October 22, 1918, letter to her mother

And now, you'd better not read this out loud, but please prepare yourself for a shock. I'm not very well, Mama dear, in fact—well, I suppose by this time you've guessed what is the matter with me. I'm going to be what you are now, a mother!

Oh Mama, can you realize it? I can't! and Malcolm is clear off his head with delight. Of course I'm happy too, as you must have been when you knew I was on the road.

I wish I had known when I was in Montevideo, but I didn't. I expected to be sick at any time but it didn't come off, & now I wake up every morning quite upset. Yesterday I felt wretched all day, [until about four o'clock, but today I feel much better again.

Oh how I wish

you could be here with me. I think if there is ever a time when a daughter needs her Mother it is just now. But I suppose it is impossible for you to come over now, isn't it?]

A photograph of a handwritten note in green ink on a light-colored background. The text is written in a cursive, slightly slanted script. It reads: "And now, you'd better not read this out loud, but please prepare yourself for a shock."

A photograph of a handwritten note in green ink on a light-colored background. The text is written in a cursive, slightly slanted script. It reads: "I'm not very well, Mama dear, in fact - well, I suppose by this time you've guessed what is the matter with me, - I'm going to be what you are now. a mother!"

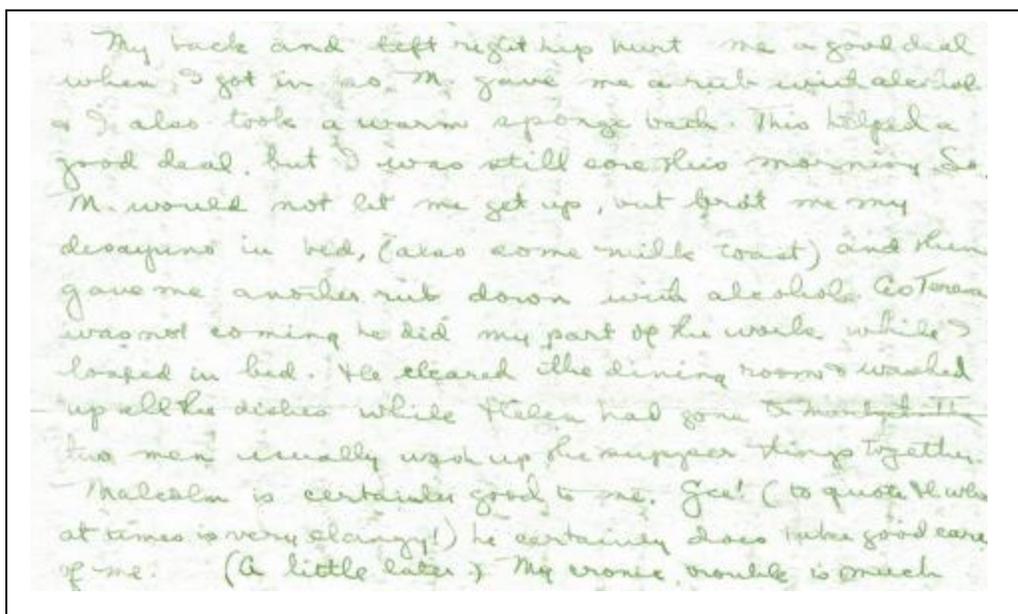
A photograph of a handwritten note in green ink on a light-colored background. The text is written in a cursive, slightly slanted script. It reads: "Oh Mama, can you realize it? I can't! and Malcolm is clear off his head with delight. Of course I'm happy too, as you must have been when you knew I was on the road. I wish I had known when I was in Montevideo, but I didn't. I expected to be sick at any time but it didn't come off, &amp; now I wake up every morning quite upset. Yesterday I felt wretched all day, until about"

**The next few letters are from Alice to Nan. She spent Christmas and all of January and February in Montevideo.**

Buenos Aires, March 10<sup>th</sup> 1919

My dearest Mama,

My back and right hip hurt me a good deal when I got in so M. gave me a rub with alcohol & I also took a warm sponge bath. This helped a good deal, but I was still sore this morning. So M would not let me get up, but bro't me my *desayuno* in bed, (also with some milk toast) and then gave me another rub down with alcohol. As Teresa was not coming he did my part of the work while I loafed in bed. He cleared the dining room & washed up all the dishes while Helen had gone to market. The two men usually wash up the supper things together. Malcolm is certainly good to me. Gee! (to quote M who at times is very slangy!) He certainly does take good care of me.



(A little later.) My chronic trouble is much better of late. The *cascara* seems to affect me pretty well. Usually I take one every three days, but sometimes oftener. I have not had to go thru' my usual stunt since I returned.

Friday I got a lovely letter from Papa mailed in Cuba. I suppose one or both of you have had one from him too. Malcolm was very much grieved to have him call our baby Malquito and have him talk about him all the time. He thinks Papa ought to know it's a girl. I have finished the fancy-work on the skirts but still have to make the buttonholes. Someday when I feel as if I could do extra nice work I'll tackle them.

of me. (A little later) My chronic trouble is much better of late. The sciatica seems to affect me pretty well. Usually I take one every three days, but sometimes oftener. I have not had to go thru my usual stint since I returned. ~~On~~ Friday I got a lovely letter from Papa mailed in Cuba. I suppose one or both of you have had one from him too. Malcolm was very much grieved to have him call our baby Malquita, and

have him talk about him all the time. He thinks Papa ought to know it's a girl. I have finished the fancy-work on the skirts but still have to make the buttonholes. Some day when I feel as if I could do extra nice work I'll tackle them. Did I tell

[Footnote from <http://betsykittle.com/>: On April 17, 1942, Reginald Wheeler's note of condolence said, "I am so glad I had the privilege of traveling with him as a 'partner' on the trip to Colombia and Venezuela in 1923, and that I was with him at the Montevideo Congress in 1925. Dr. Browning always had a special love for you [Pat] and so often he spoke to me of 'The Microbe' with such warm affection." He followed up in another letter on April 24, 1942, saying, "I remember so vividly the many times Dr. Browning spoke of you when I was with him in South America, referring to you as 'the Microbe,' and I remember you did Mrs. Wheeler the honor of naming one of your dolls after her."]

Buenos Aires,  
March 15<sup>th</sup> 1919  
My dearest Mamacita,

.....Guess how much I weigh? 70 kilos!!! [154 pounds. Alice was almost 6'-tall, like Pat and Julia would be.] Isn't it a fright? I weighted on the scales at Gibson's botica so they are O.K. Malcolm weighs 62

like to have. Guess how much I weigh? 70 kilos!!!  
Isn't it a fright? I weighed on the scales at Gibson's botica so they are O.K. Malcolm is now at 62 kilos. He has gained two since my return. His trip to Piriapolis will do him lots of good I think. I'm hoping that he will be home ~~early~~ tonight. Must close now, but will write again soon. I have finished the feather stitching but must now make the button holes. I have two bands to make pero no hay apuro for them. Our love to the Scotts & specially to Roddy! (The Darling!) Do you want a boy now since seeing him. No chicks? Our love to you both. We have a week from tonight. Ever your loving daughter  
P.S. You'll see Papa first after all, no? Alice.

kilos. [136 pounds] He has gained two since my return. His trip to Piriapolis will do him lots of good I think. I'm hoping he will be home early tonight.

Must close now, but will write again soon. I have finished the feather stitching but must now make the button holes. I have two bands to make *pero no hay apuro* for them.

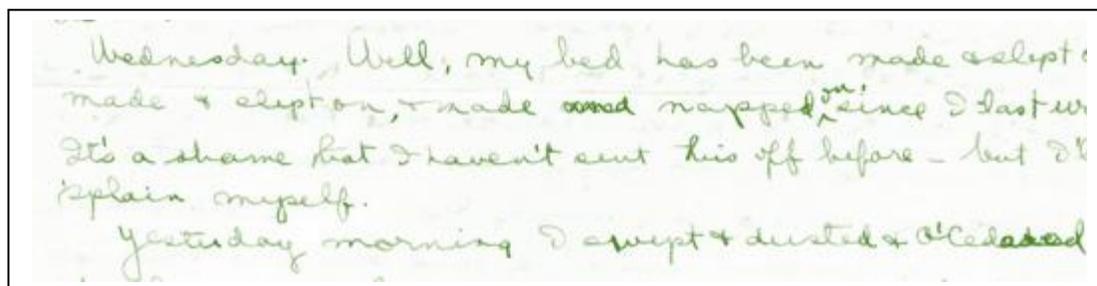
Our love to the Scott's & especially to Roddy! (The Darling!) I bet you want a boy now since seeing him. *No cierto?*

Our love to you both. We leave a week from tonight. Ever your loving daughter,  
Alice

Buenos Aires, March 15<sup>th</sup> 1919 [Just to Elsie]

My dear old Kiddo:

[This excerpt shows a little of Alice's sense of humor. She doesn't talk about her pregnancy directly.] Wednesday. Well, my bed has been made & slept on, made & slept on, & made and napped on since I last wrote. It's a shame that I haven't sent this off before—but I'll explain myself.



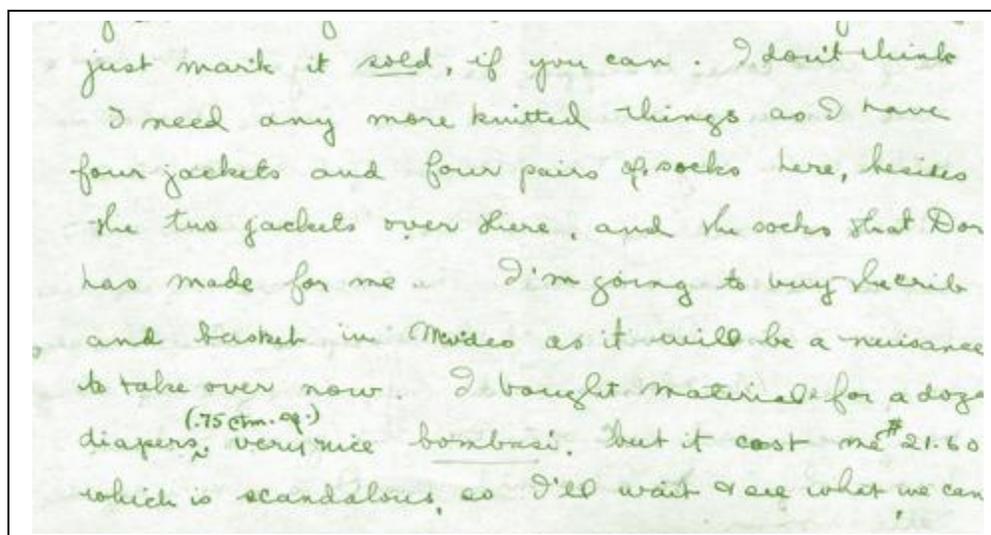
Wednesday. Well, my bed has been made & slept on, made & slept on, & made and napped on since I last wrote. It's a shame that I haven't sent this off before - but I'll explain myself. Yesterday morning I swept & dusted & cleaned

Buenos Aires, April 28th 1919

My dearest family:--

I don't think I need any more knitted things as I have four jackets and four pairs of socks here, besides the two jackets over there, and the socks that Doris has made for me.

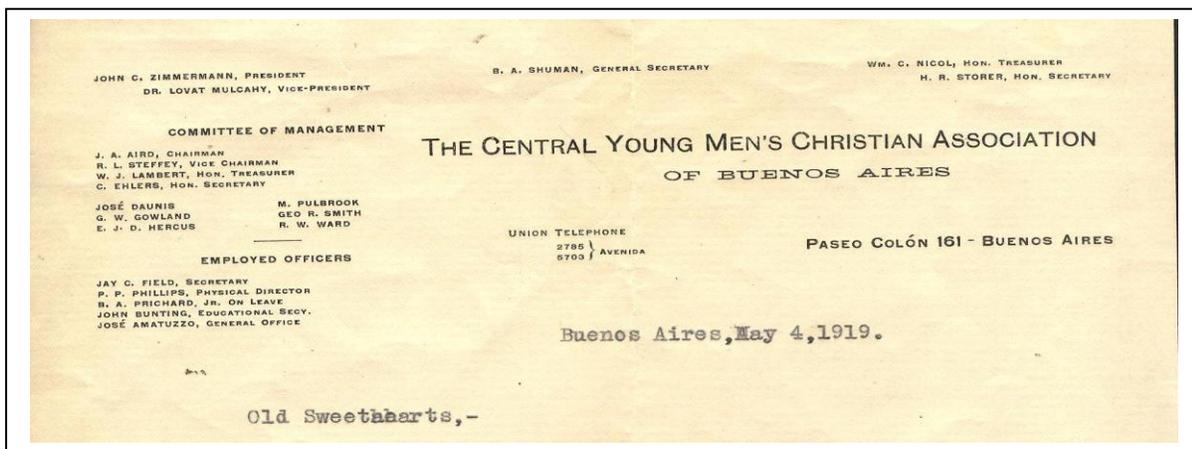
I'm going to buy the crib and basket in M'v'deo as it will be a nuisance to take over now. I bought material for a dozen diapers (.75 chm. sq.) Very nice *bombasi*, [definition: 100% cotton dimity fabric is a very soft fabric is usually used for baby diapers and has a plush side as felt] but it cost me \$21.60 which is scandalous, so I'll wait & see what we can (→get there.)



just mark it sold, if you can. I don't think I need any more knitted things as I have four jackets and four pairs of socks here, besides the two jackets over there, and the socks that Doris has made for me. I'm going to buy the crib and basket in M'v'deo as it will be a nuisance to take over now. I bought material for a dozen (.75 chm. sq.) very nice *bombasi*, but it cost me \$21.60 which is scandalous, so I'll wait & see what we can

**Nan's Journal reports:** Webster's trip had finally taken him to New York where he spent several months in the C.C.L.A. office. He returned, at last, early in May, and after a few days with us he dashed off to see Alice and Malcolm, bringing her back with him, near the end of the month.

Buenos Aires, May 4th 1919 [Written by Webster Browning exactly 31 years before this transcriber was born! The Crews and the Brownings were bilingual. Webster wrote and spoke Spanish beautifully. He is said to have had "an Anglo-Saxon mind but the heart of a Latin.] [Typed on YMCA Stationery.]



[At the bottom of the page]

Dear folks, [Alice writes by hand]

Papa said, "I'll bet you had to add something!" Needless to say we were tickled to see Papa & the bottle of Rum & the "chewing gum." I had no idea that he'd bring me a ring! Isn't it a beaut!! Malcolm & I are going to pack my trunk to-night, and I'll put away household things tomorrow. I have as you can understand, mixed feelings about going away tomorrow, but am glad I will be seeing you so soon. The party was a great success—but more anon,

Ever, Alice

There are a few sailors hanging around the Y, but they are not an attractive looking lot. Some American ships are in port, - five, by the way. Bueno. Nada más, por el momento, Oufesa, Nichita, para que se le concluyan los bollos. ni tal nada más; también, saludos. Como siempre, tu wedgie & Popsito.

Dear father  
 Papa & I "I'll bet you had a real something"! - remember my ever so tickled Papa & the bottle of the "chewing-gum". I no idea that had by me a ring! Don't! beaut! Malcolm & I are going to pack my things tonight, and I'll put away household things I have as you can husband. moved for about going away tomorrow, but am glad to be seeing you so soon. The party was a great success. - but Mercurio.  
 Ev Alice



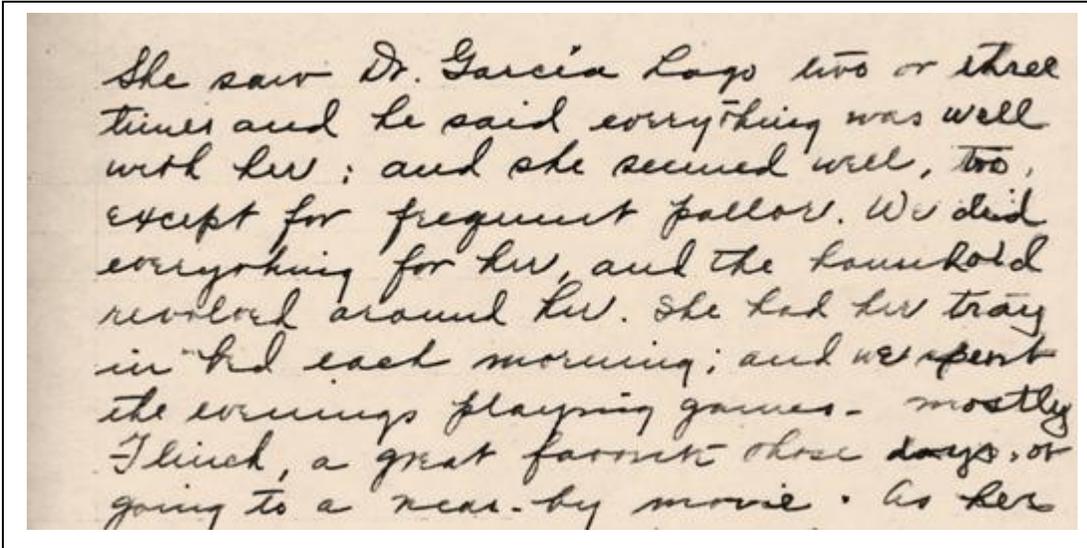
Alice & Malcolm on June 6, 1919, 1<sup>st</sup> Anniversary, two weeks before her death

**Back to Nan's Journal until the end.**

The baby was due about the 19<sup>th</sup> of June, so Malcolm was to come over a day or two earlier. This was our plan: Alice was to go to our little British Hospital and be under the care of Dr. Garcia Lagos, a splendid doctor and surgeon. [In Alice's letter of December 5, 1918, she talks of going to see Dr. Garcia Lagos with her mother when she goes to Montevideo in two weeks, as she hadn't been to the doctor yet.] After two weeks she would come home to us, where the little crib was already set up, complete in every detail, and stay until well enough to go back to Buenos Aires. I was to go with her and help her and baby, as long as I was needed. But "Man proposes & God disposes."

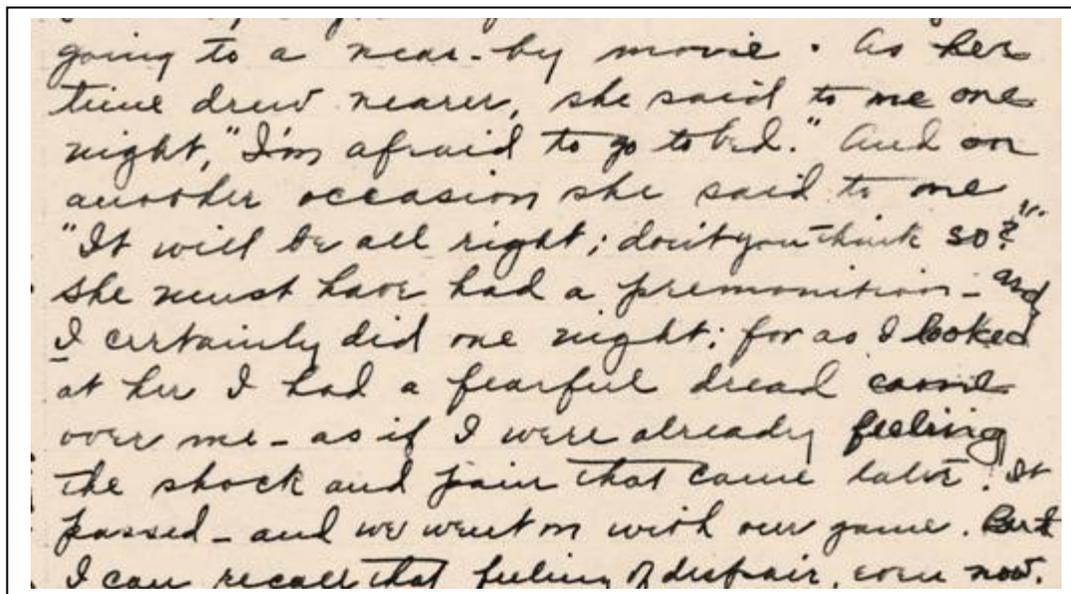
The baby was due about the 19<sup>th</sup> of June, so Malcolm <sup>was to</sup> come over a day or two earlier. This was our plan: Alice was to go to our little British Hospital and be under the care of Dr. Garcia Lagos, a splendid doctor and surgeon. After two weeks she would come home to us, where the little crib was already set up, complete in every detail, and stay until well enough to go back to Buenos Aires. I was to go with her, and help her and baby, as long as I was needed. But "Man proposes & God disposes."

She saw Dr. Garcia Lagos two or three times and he said everything was well with her, and she seemed well, too, except for frequent pallor. We did everything for her, and the household revolved around her. She had her tray in bed each morning, and we spent the evenings playing games—mostly Flinch, a great favorite those days, or going to a near-by movie.



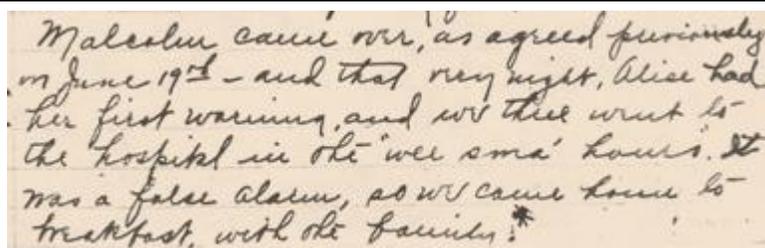
She saw Dr. Garcia Lagos two or three times and he said everything was well with her; and she seemed well, too, except for frequent pallor. We did everything for her, and the household revolved around her. She had her tray in bed each morning; and we spent the evenings playing games—mostly Flinch, a great favorite those days, or going to a near-by movie. As her

As her time drew nearer, she said to me one night, "I'm afraid to go to bed." And on another occasion she said to me, "It will be all right; don't you think so?" She must have had a premonition—and I certainly did one night, for as I looked at her I had a fearful dread come over me—as if I were already feeling the shock and pain that came later. It passed—and we went on with our game. But I can recall that feeling of despair, even now.

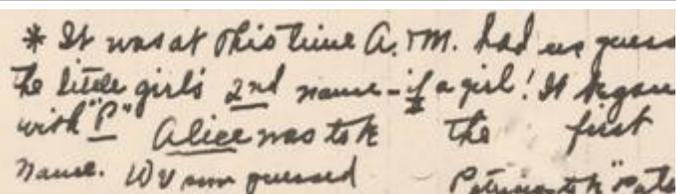


going to a near-by movie. As her time drew nearer, she said to me one night, "I'm afraid to go to bed." And on another occasion she said to me, "It will be all right; don't you think so?" She must have had a premonition—and I certainly did one night; for as I looked at her I had a fearful dread come over me—as if I were already feeling the shock and pain that came later. It passed—and we went on with our game. But I can recall that feeling of despair, even now.

Malcolm came over, as agreed previously, on June 19<sup>th</sup>—and that very night, Alice had her first warning, and we three went to the hospital in the “wee sma’ hours.” It was a false alarm, so we came home to breakfast, with the family. {Margin Note: It was at this time A & M had us guess the little girl’s name, if a girl! It began with “P.” Alice was to be the first name. We soon guessed Patricia to be “Patsy.”}

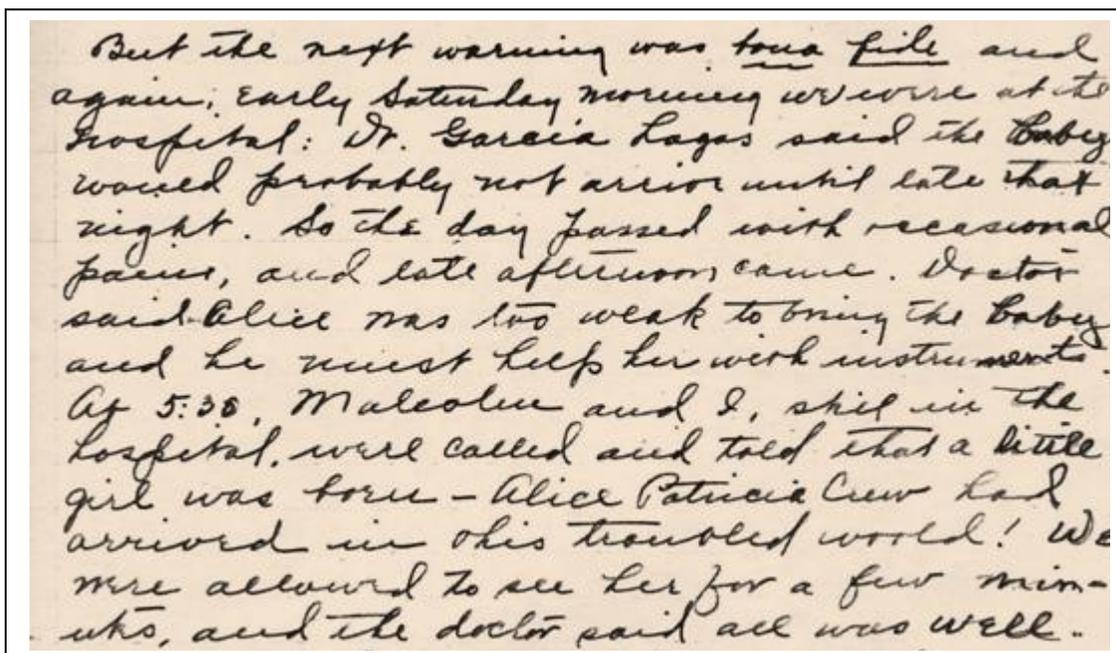


Malcolm came over, as agreed previously on June 19<sup>th</sup> - and that very night, Alice had her first warning, and we three went to the hospital in the "wee sma' hours." It was a false alarm, so we came home to breakfast, with the family.\*



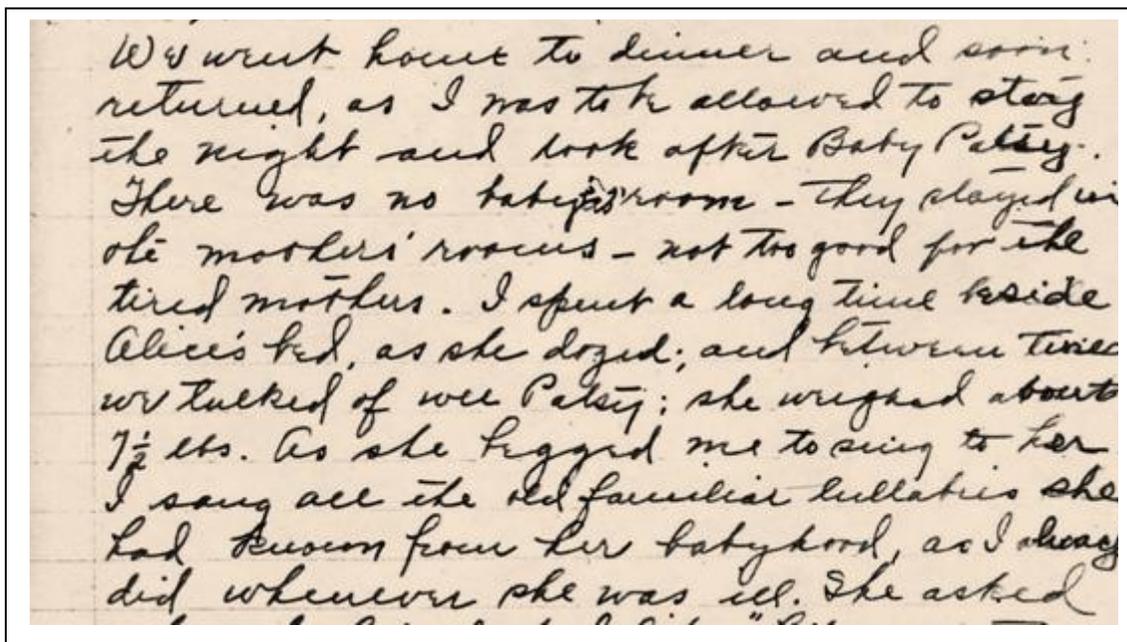
\* It was at this time A. M. had us guess the little girl's 2<sup>nd</sup> name - if a girl! It began with "P." Alice was to be the first name. We soon guessed - Patricia to be "Patsy"

But the next morning was bona fide and again, early Saturday morning we were at the hospital. Dr. Garcia Lagos said the baby would probably not arrive until late that night. So the day passed with occasional pains, and late afternoon came. Doctor said Alice was too weak to bring the baby and he must help her with instruments. At 5:30, Malcolm and I, still in the hospital, were called and told that a little girl was born—Alice Patricia Crew had arrived in this troubled world! We were allowed to see her for a few minutes, and the doctor said all was well.



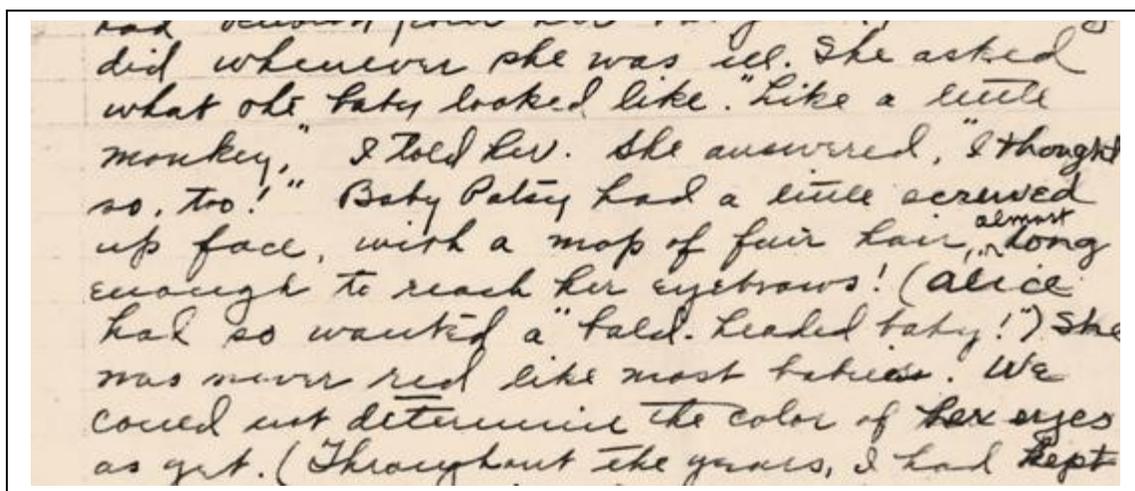
But the next morning was bona fide and again, early Saturday morning we were at the hospital. Dr. Garcia Lagos said the baby would probably not arrive until late that night. So the day passed with occasional pains, and late afternoon came. Doctor said Alice was too weak to bring the baby and he must help her with instruments. At 5:30, Malcolm and I, still in the hospital, were called and told that a little girl was born - Alice Patricia Crew had arrived in this troubled world! We were allowed to see her for a few minutes, and the doctor said all was well.

We went home for dinner and soon returned, as I was to be allowed to stay the night and look after Baby Patsy. There was no baby's room—they stayed in the mother's room—not too good for the tired mothers. I spent a long time beside Alice's bed, as she dozed, and between times, we talked of wee Patsy; she weighed about 7 ½ lbs. As she begged me to sing to her, I sang all the old family lullabies she had known from her babyhood, as I always did whenever she was ill.

A snippet of handwritten text in cursive on aged paper. The text describes the author's experience of staying with a sick baby, Baby Patsy, in the mother's room. It mentions the baby's weight (7 ½ lbs) and the author's habit of singing lullabies to her when she was ill. The handwriting is fluid and somewhat slanted to the right.

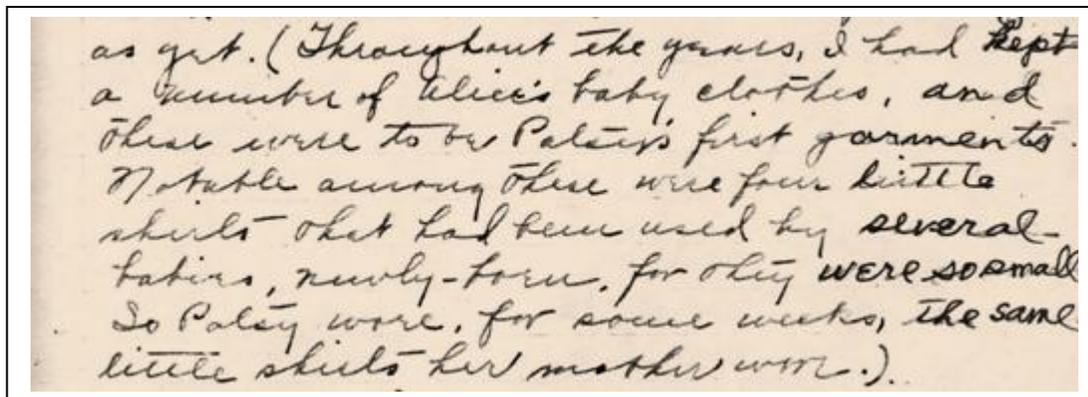
We went home to dinner and soon returned, as I was to be allowed to stay the night and look after Baby Patsy. There was no baby's room - they stayed in the mother's room - not too good for the tired mothers. I spent a long time beside Alice's bed, as she dozed; and between times we talked of wee Patsy; she weighed about 7 ½ lbs. As she begged me to sing to her I sang all the old familiar lullabies she had known from her babyhood, as I always did whenever she was ill. She asked

She asked what the baby looked like. "Like a little monkey," I told her. She answered, "I thought so, too!" Baby Patsy had a little screwed up face, with a mop of fair hair, almost long enough to reach her eyebrows! (Alice had so wanted a "bald-headed baby!") She was never red like most babies. We could not determine the color of her eyes as yet.

A snippet of handwritten text in cursive on aged paper, continuing the previous snippet. It details the author's response to the question about the baby's appearance, describing her as having a "screwed up face" and a mop of hair that was "almost long enough" to reach her eyebrows. It also mentions Alice's desire for a "bald-headed baby" and notes that the baby was not red like most babies and that the color of her eyes could not be determined. The handwriting is consistent with the previous snippet.

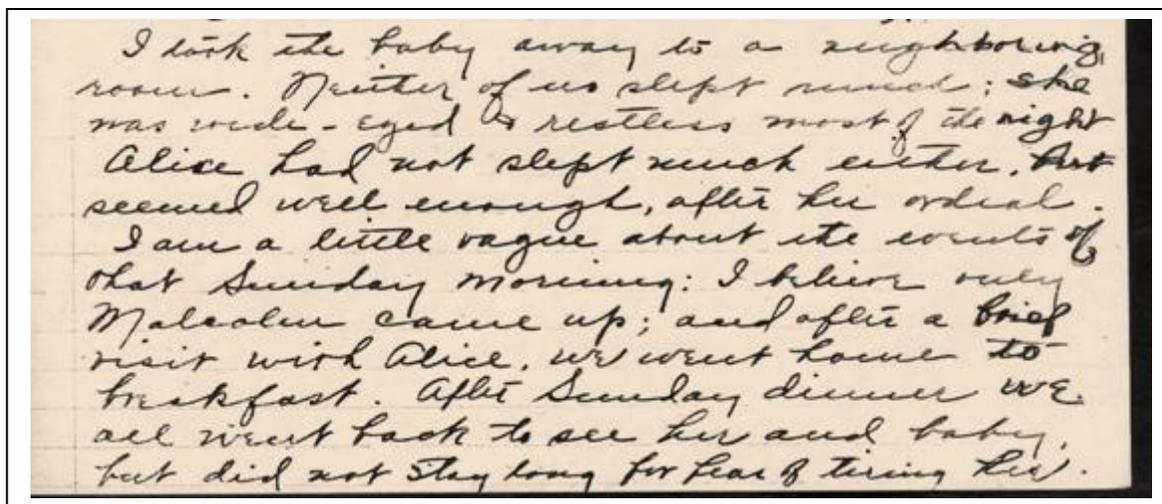
did whenever she was ill. She asked what old Patsy looked like. "Like a little monkey," I told her. She answered, "I thought so, too!" Baby Patsy had a little screwed up face, with a mop of fair hair, <sup>almost</sup> long enough to reach her eyebrows! (Alice had so wanted a "bald-headed baby!") She was never red like most babies. We could not determine the color of her eyes as yet. (Throughout the years, I had kept

(Throughout the years, I had kept a number of Alice's baby clothes, and these were to be Patsy's first garments. Notable among them were four little shirts that had been used by several babies, newly-born, for they were so small. So Patsy wore, for some weeks, the same little shirts her mother wore.)



as yet. (Throughout the years, I had kept a number of Alice's baby clothes, and these were to be Patsy's first garments. Notable among these were four little shirts that had been used by several babies, newly-born, for they were so small. So Patsy wore, for some weeks, the same little shirts her mother wore.)

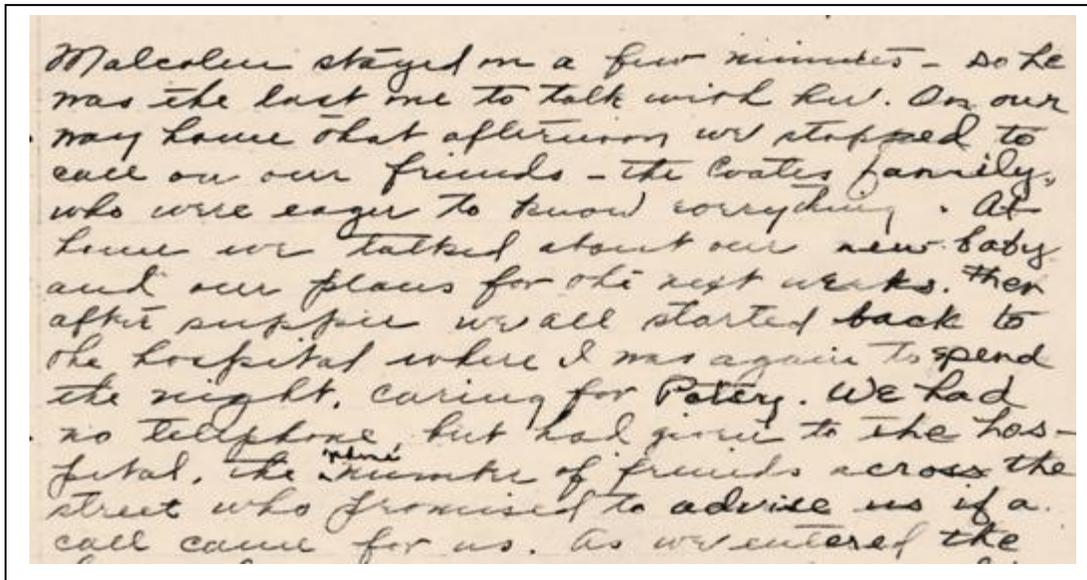
I took the baby away to a neighboring room. Neither of us slept much; she was wide-eyed & restless most of the night. Alice had not slept much either, but seemed well enough, after her ordeal. I am a little vague about the events of that Sunday morning. I believe only Malcolm came up, and after a brief visit with Alice, we went home to breakfast. After Sunday dinner we all went back to see her and the baby, but did not stay long for fear of tiring her.



I took the baby away to a neighboring room. Neither of us slept much; she was wide-eyed & restless most of the night. Alice had not slept much either, but seemed well enough, after her ordeal. I am a little vague about the events of that Sunday morning; I believe only Malcolm came up; and after a brief visit with Alice, we went home to breakfast. After Sunday dinner we all went back to see her and baby, but did not stay long for fear of tiring her.

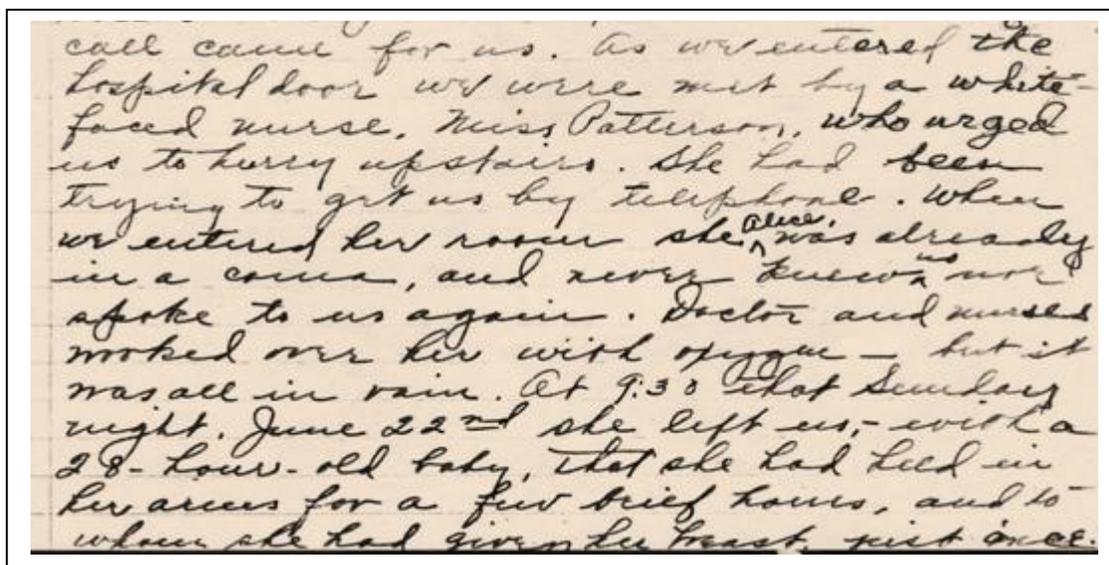
Malcolm stayed on a few minutes—and was the last to talk with her! On our way home that afternoon we stopped to call on our friends—the Coats family who were eager to know everything. At home we talked about our new baby and our plans for the next week. Then after supper we all started back to the hospital where I was again to spend the night, caring for Patsy. We had no telephone, but had given the hospital the phone number of friends across the street

who promised to advise us if a call came for us. [Despite the fact that the Crews decided to pay the \$10 a month for a telephone, the Brownings were either too old-fashioned or too economical to have one. However, I'm not sure that would have changed the outcome...]



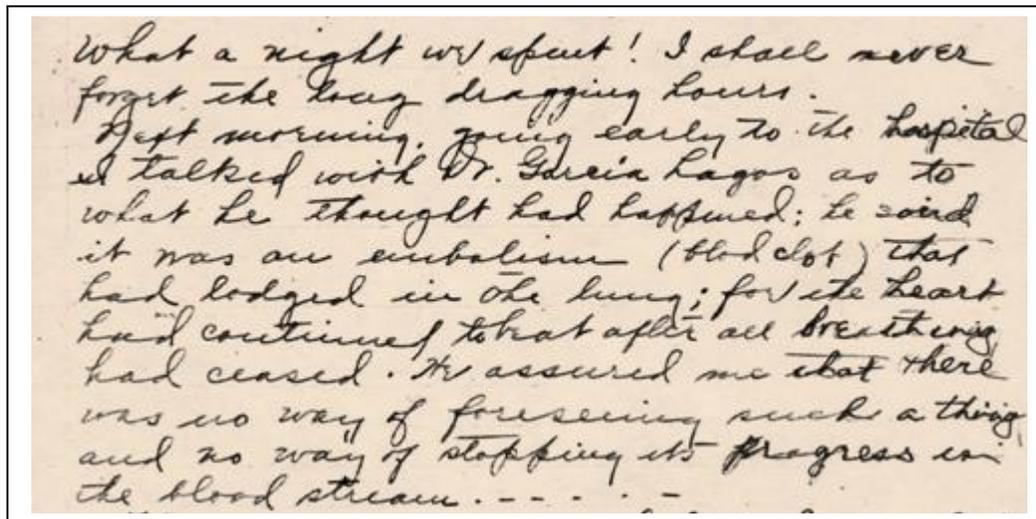
Malcolm stayed on a few minutes - so he was the last one to talk with her. On our way home that afternoon we stopped to call on our friends - the Coates family, who were eager to know everything. At home we talked about our new baby and our plans for the next weeks. Then after supper we all started back to the hospital where I was again to spend the night, caring for Patsy. We had no telephone, but had given to the hospital, the <sup>names</sup> number of friends across the street who promised to advise us if a call came for us. As we entered the

As we entered the hospital door we were met by a white-faced nurse, Miss Patterson, who urged us to hurry upstairs. She had been trying to get us by telephone. When we entered her room she (Alice) was already in a coma, and never knew us nor spoke to us again. Doctor and nurses worked over her with oxygen—but all was in vain. At 9:30 that Sunday night, June 22<sup>nd</sup>, she left us—with a 28-hour-old baby that she had held in her arms for a few brief hours, and to whom she had given her breast just once.



call came for us. As we entered the hospital door we were met by a white-faced nurse, Miss Patterson, who urged us to hurry upstairs. She had been trying to get us by telephone. When we entered her room she <sup>Alice</sup> was already in a coma, and never <sup>was</sup> knew us nor spoke to us again. Doctor and nurses worked over her with oxygen - but it was all in vain. At 9:30 that Sunday night, June 22<sup>nd</sup> she left us, - with a 28-hour-old baby, that she had held in her arms for a few brief hours, and to whom she had given her breast, just once.

What a night we spent! I shall never forget the long dragging hours. Next morning, going early to the hospital, I talked with Dr. Garcia Lagos as to what he thought had happened; he said it was an embolism (blood clot) that had lodged in the lung; for the heart had continued to beat after all breathing had ceased. He assured me that there was no way of foreseeing such a thing and no way of stopping its progress in the blood stream...



What a night we spent! I shall never forget the long dragging hours. Next morning, going early to the hospital I talked with Dr. Garcia Lagos as to what he thought had happened; he said it was an embolism (blood clot) that had lodged in the lung; for the heart had continued to beat after all breathing had ceased. He assured me that there was no way of foreseeing such a thing and no way of stopping its progress in the blood stream. . . . .

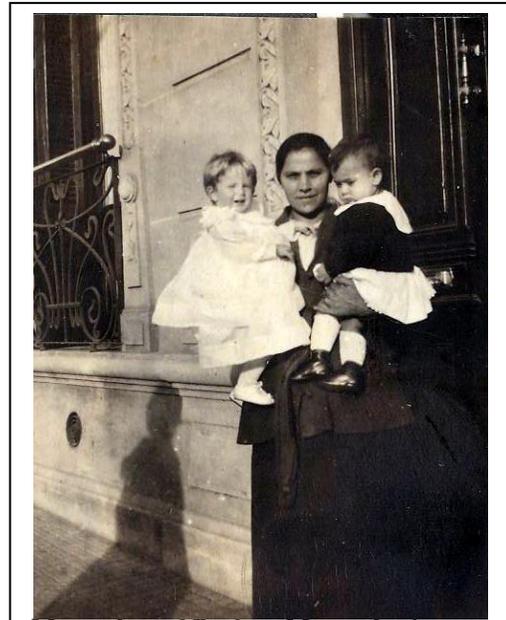


**My mother wrote in *Psychological Perspectives* (Fall 1984):**

As Landis Green rather dramatically stated when he read my first horoscope: 'You were surrounded by death and darkness from the first moment. The whole birth experience did seem to be surrounded by darkness. My mother had strong intimations of her death, and the birth was difficult and terminated by forceps. For what it's worth, I have intuition that I was in my mother's arms when she died. I know that I was in her hospital room. (128).

{Margin Note: Nan writes: "In Wooster, Ohio, March 11<sup>th</sup>, 1947, the story was taken up again. I shall keep on until it is finished, this time.}

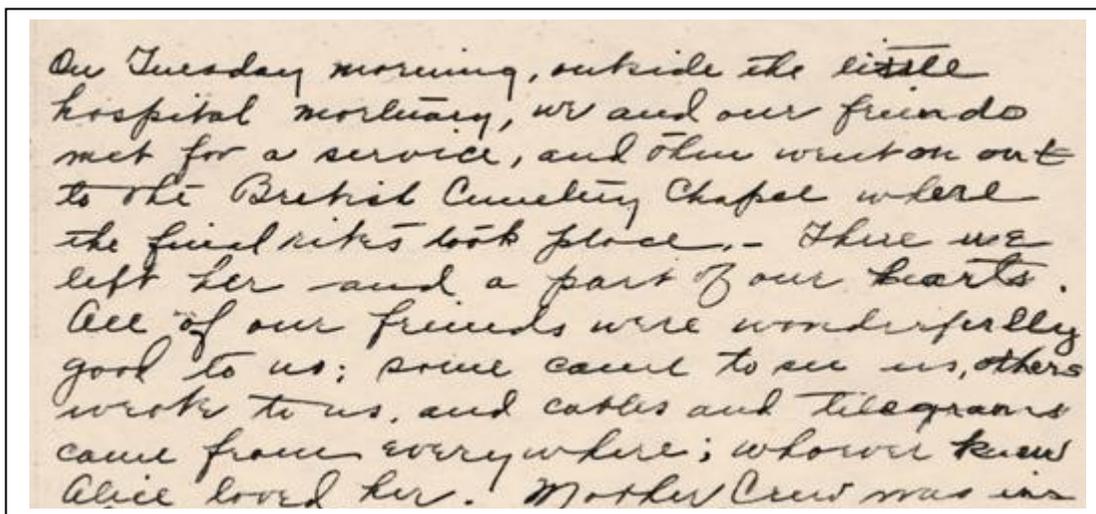
The next day two good friends, Mrs. Coats mentioned above (not Maudie, Pat,) and Mrs. Cozens {*Margin Note*: Pat will now know why Mrs. Cozens is as dear to me. All these years she has attended to our precious xxx little xxx} a nearer neighbor, spent most of the day, seeking a wet-nurse for our baby. By night-fall they had found Massuela, (sorry, I can't recall her last name!) taken her to Dr. Garcia Lagos, had her thoroughly examined as to her physical condition, and delivered her to the hospital where she gave our baby a feeding. Massuela, [was] a Spanish woman, who advertised for a situation as wet-nurse. Her own baby boy, Pepito, was several months old, but the Doctor accepted her.



Massuela and Pepito. My mother's wet-nurse from June 1919 to March 1920

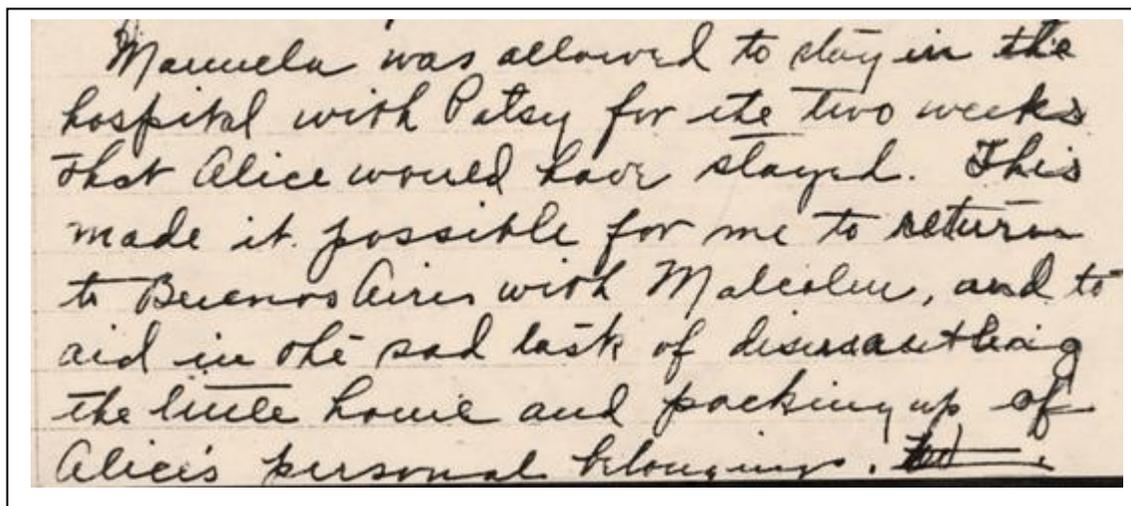
The next day two good friends, Mrs. Coats mentioned above (not Maudie, Pat,) and \*Mrs. Cozens, a nearer neighbor, spent most of the day, seeking a wet-nurse for our baby. By night-fall they had found Massuela, (sorry I can't recall her last name!) taken her to Dr. Garcia Lagos, had her thoroughly examined as to her physical condition, and delivered her to the hospital where she gave our baby a feeding. Massuela, a Spanish woman, was an unmarried mother, who advertised for a situation as wet-nurse. Her own baby boy, Pepito, was several months old, but the Doctor accepted her.

On Tuesday morning, outside the little hospital mortuary, we and our friends met for a service, and then we went on out to the British Cemetery Chapel where the final rites took place. There we left her and a part of our hearts. All of our friends were wonderfully good to us; some came to see us, others wrote to us, and cables and telegrams came from everywhere; who ever knew Alice loved her. [Nan writes, "Mother Crew was in Lima with Gladys who was expecting her second child at any time. When Mrs. Crew received the word she had to keep it from Gladys, lest she be upset by the sorrow. How she suffered, I heard, stoically, in her own grief and having to stifle it for Gladys' sake."]



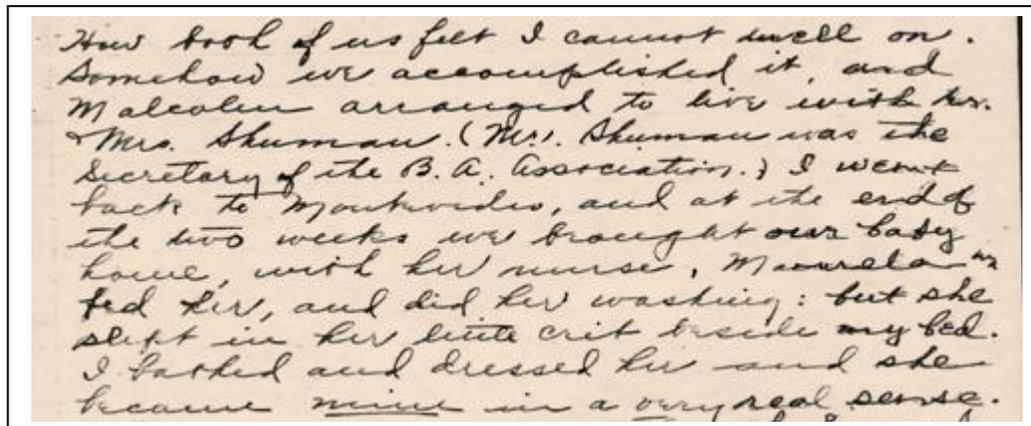
On Tuesday morning, outside the little hospital mortuary, we and our friends met for a service, and then went on out to the British Cemetery Chapel where the final rites took place. - There we left her and a part of our hearts. All of our friends were wonderfully good to us; some came to see us, others wrote to us, and cables and telegrams came from everywhere; who ever knew Alice loved her. Mother Crew was in

Massuela was allowed to stay in the hospital with Patsy for the two weeks that Alice would have stayed. This made it possible for me to return to Buenos Aires with Malcolm, and to aid in the sad task of dismantling the little house and packing up of Alice's personal belongings.



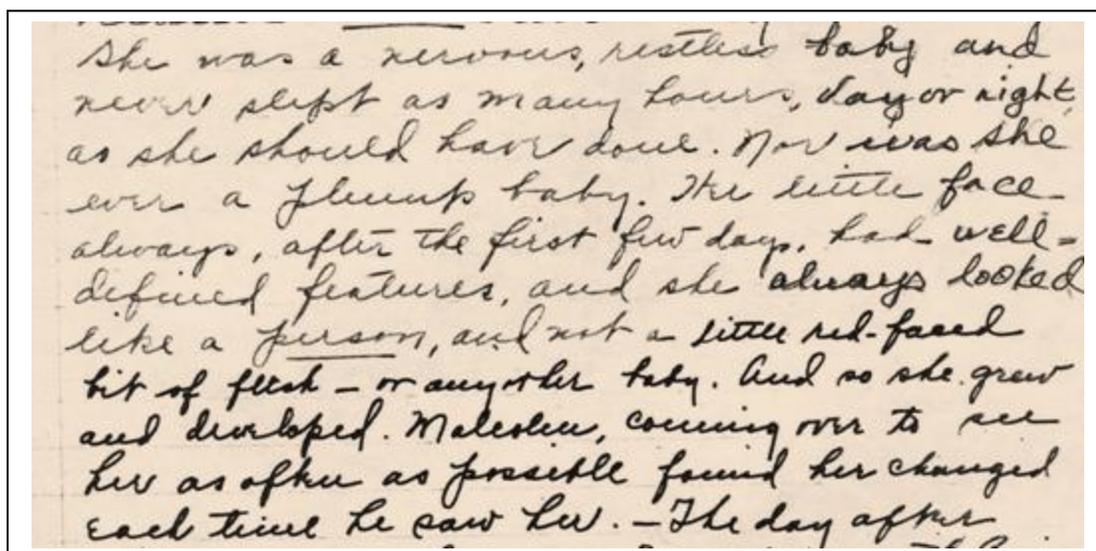
Massuela was allowed to stay in the hospital with Patsy for the two weeks that Alice would have stayed. This made it possible for me to return to Buenos Aires with Malcolm, and to aid in the sad task of dismantling the little house and packing up of Alice's personal belongings.

How both of us felt I cannot dwell on. Somehow we accomplished it, and Malcolm arranged to live with Mr. & Mrs. Shuman. (Mr. Shuman was the Secretary of the B. A. Association.) I went back to Montevideo, and at the end of the two weeks we brought our baby home, with her nurse. Massuela fed her, and did her washing, but she slept in her little crib beside my bed. I bathed and dressed her and she became mine in a very real sense.



How both of us felt I cannot dwell on. Somehow we accomplished it, and Malcolm arranged to live with Mr. & Mrs. Shuman. (Mr. Shuman was the Secretary of the B. A. Association.) I went back to Montevideo, and at the end of the two weeks we brought our baby home, with her nurse, Massuela<sup>ms</sup> fed her, and did her washing: but she slept in her little crib beside my bed. I bathed and dressed her and she became mine in a very real sense.

She was a nervous, restless baby and never slept as many hours day or night as she should have done. Nor was she ever a plump baby. Her little face always, after the first few days, had very defined features, and she always looked like a person, and not a little red-faced bit of flesh—or any other baby. And she grew and developed. Malcolm, coming over to see her as often as possible found her changed each time he saw her.



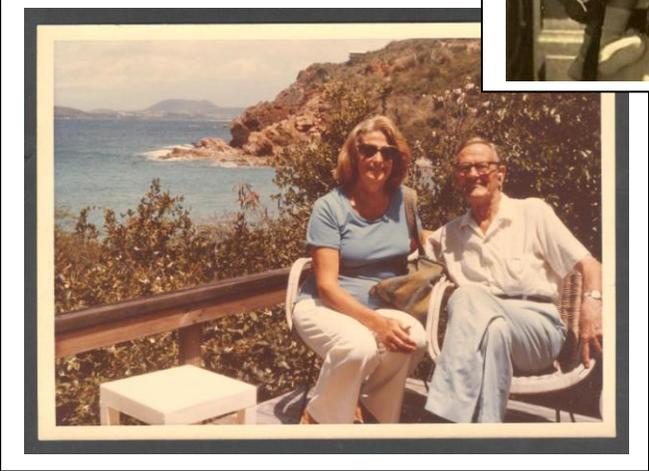
She was a nervous, restless baby and never slept as many hours, day or night, as she should have done. Nor was she ever a plump baby. Her little face always, after the first few days, had well-defined features, and she always looked like a person, and not a little red-faced bit of flesh - or any other baby. And so she grew and developed. Malcolm, coming over to see her as often as possible found her changed each time he saw her. - The day after

**Christening with the whole extended family, 1919  
Nan, Elsie (Alice's sister), Patsy, Malcolm Crew, and Webster Browning**

**(I think Baby Patsy is reaching for her rattle!)**



Malcolm Crew and me Mum (lower center, St. John @ 1976?)



## Photo Montage: Four Generations



Clockwise from upper left: Julia, Pat, Betsy, Alice.

**My mother wrote in *Psychological Perspectives* (Fall 1984):**

My profound sense of unworthiness [from abandonment] was very real. My earliest memories were of causing grief and concern whenever I appeared. Women whispered behind their hands, “There she is, the mother died, you know. . . Such a wonderful woman! Such a pity.” And so on. Of course, a lot of this was in my imagination, but I got the impression over and over again that I was a very poor exchange for my mother, that talented, beautiful, unusual woman. There was also my grandmother’s constant grief at the mention of my mother’s name, or of anything connected with her such as a piece of music or a favorite flower. It made me feel totally unworthy of having survived while Alice, the paragon, had died. Her very name, Alice, made me uncomfortable, and although it was my given name, I have never used it.

It makes me blush to remember the depths of self-pity to which I could sink! And even more so when I remember how surrounded I was on all sides by love. Early this winter, I rediscovered a manuscript written by my grandmother just before she died, in which she describes my mother’s early life and death and my first years with her. This carefully written little story reminded me of so much that I had forgotten or possibly never known. Combined with the picture book she kept of my first years, it is a fascinating human record. One thing is certain. I was smothered in love. The pictures show me in a dozen poses, being passed from one pair of arms to another. There was a whole circle of adults from wet-nurse and cook to grandparents and neighbors, all ready to hold me and comfort me. (<http://betsykittle.com/> 132)