

Berkeley, California.
Sunday, May 11, 1941.

Dear Mother Ream:-

Mothers' Day; and we are thinking about you and wishing we could see you today and tell you how very fine we think you are. We do hope that you will have a very pleasant day. We sent a book to you, which I hope you received yesterday. I enjoyed reading that book very much and all the way thru I kept thinking about you. You were truly a real Pioneer, raised a fine family and have every reason to feel very proud and satisfied.

I am hoping that it is as nice there as it is here today. Douglas got a call about 5:30 this morning. I was awakened -the sun was shining beautifully, birds singing -what a glorious morning. I got to think^{ing} about the Day -my darling Parents - Father all alone, and you and decided to get up and write to each of you. I wish that Father could dispose of his place somehow, rent it or sell it, and see the children more. He would enjoy doing Temple work and there is so very much to be done for his family.

We were very happy with the intensely interesting letter we received from you. I want to keep that letter too (it isn't the first of yours I have kept). The children will enjoy reading it in later years. We are thankful Ida is better and hope that ere long she will be entirely recovered. Douglas and I want to go to Long Beach some Saturday night and spend most of Sunday with you anyway -if he cannot stay away Monday too. The obs. cases keep him home.

I received a card from the Scout Master telling me to be present at S.S. this morning with my Scout son in uniform. For several years they have especially honored their Mothers on that day. It is Stake Conference today too. It is bad when Conference comes on Mothers' Day. Our Stake house isn't large enough to accomodate all who want to attend. We always try to go to at least one Conference meeting, but this afternoon we may drive to Palo Alto to hear Adam Bennion speak in Stanford Chapel. I understand this is the first time a member of our Church has been asked to speak there.

Helen and your friend (cannot remember her name, but she writes you so regularly) surprized me one afternoon a week or two ago and I certainly did enjoy their visit. I do wish they could come often-er. They surely looked fine. Quite a few people tell us that our Baby looks more like Milton than any of our family. Helen said he looks more like Milton than Milton's children do.

We are all fine. The little boys are practically recovered from chicken pox. Eldon was completely covered -(I could hardly find a place big enough to kiss), but the marks are nearly gone.

Marilyn has sent a call for me to come and wash her back - I had better get busy and do my part towards getting the family off to S.S. -Love from all of us,

Lucile

Dear Mother:

Louie has given you a letter from these quarters
we have all been thinking about you & hope you had a pleasant day.
This letter has been delayed for my little note.
We would like to have you come visit us often and stay as long
as you like.

It seems that our ways part in the sense that the family drifts
to different localities & that our various duties require our
individual attention but that doesn't mean that the
love is lessened. As time passes our responsibilities
increase & first we were financially unable to vacation
frequently & now our social duties to society make it
next to impossible.

One of these days we will try to surprise you.
The Doc tells for us all that we wish him a very pleasant
day as well as a complete recovery from his injuries.

Lovingly yours kid
Louie

Trp to Palo Alto was via I wish
you could have heard Binion.

Ream,
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