

POST



CARD

Oct 29, 09

MESSAGE MAY BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE.

ADDRESS ONLY ON THIS SIDE.



1909

The funeral service was in this beautiful old church. The body born by six Stalwart negroes from the famous 10th Cavalry, was brot from the home on a military caisson draped with the flag & followed by a black draped horse with the Generals sword at the empty saddle. Accompanied by the Regiment who again wad. fired 3 volleys over the beautiful grave. F.H.

Mr & Mrs. O. C. Howard Jr
Berkeley Inn
Berkeley
California.



Burlington, Vt. First Congregational Church.

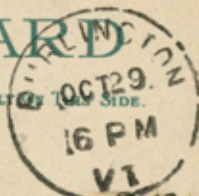
Post



Card

MESSAGE MAY BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE.

ADDRESS ONLY ON THIS SIDE.



1908

The grave of the General
overlooks this superb
lake with glorious
mountains in the distance.
He blessed the negro &
negroes buried him with
magnificent simplicity.
The bugler sounded "taps"
over the grave and we
said good bye. A cold
autumn day, full of color
& full of tears.

F. H.

Mr. & Mrs. O. O. Howard

Berkeley Inn

Berkeley

California.



Lake Champlain.

344 10/29/1909 *From:* F. H. [Frank Gilman Howard]

RBH-307

Source: Bowdoin

Burlington, VT

To: Mr & Mrs O. O. Howard, Jr.

Berkeley Inn
Berkeley
California

[POSTCARD]

[Picture of Burlington Vt. First Congregational Church]

[POSTMARK] BURLINGTON VT OCT 29 1909 6 P.M.

Mr & Mrs O. O. Howard, Jr.
Berkeley Inn
Berkeley
California

Oct 29, 09

The funeral service was in this beautiful old church. The body born by six stalwart negroes from the famous 10th Cavalry, was brot from the house on a military caisson draped with the flag & followed by a black draped horse with the General's sword at the empty saddle. Accompanied by the Regiment who afterward fired 3 volleys over the beautiful grave.

F. H. [Frank Gilman Howard]

[POSTCARD]

[Picture of Lake Champlain]

[POSTMARK] BURLINGTON VT OCT 29 1909 6 P.M.

Mr & Mrs O. O. Howard, Jr.
Berkeley Inn
Berkeley
California

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F.H.

F. H. [Frank Gilman Howard]

(copy)

Burlington, Vt.

October 29th. 1909.

Dear Otis & Helen:-

You will receive the postals from me showing the fine old church and the picture of the place, near which our dear old friend was buried today, also I am sending some papers.

At the house where I made my first sad visit, there was only the family and the honorary pall-bearers, including the leading men of the Town and State.

A guard was furnished from the regiment stationed here, and the body carriers were six stalwart negro sergeants from the famous 10th Cavalry, which by strange coincidence is here now.

The General was laid in State in full uniform, on the sofa, just as though he had fallen asleep, his breast covered with his army decorations and the commander of the French Legion of Honor about his neck. A great number of beautiful flowers were about him and his sword by his side.

His noble face was the personification of the great soul at perfect peace.

I went in alone and knelt for a few moments by his side and said good-bye.

Only a few days ago I packed his valise in New York and laughed together with him over my wanton destruction of a couple of old worn out collars, that he insisted on hanging on to. "Here you rascal, you are throwing away perfectly good collars!" I said good-night then and never saw him ~~in~~ happier or in better spirits, and didn't dream I would never talk with him again.

General Peck had charge of the funeral, and the carriers marched out with the casket under the flag that he loved, and put it on an artillery caisson. After it followed a riderless horse draped in black, with his fifty year old sword hanging from the empty saddle. Then came the cavalry escort, and, after, the carriages: Jeanie (his oldest son's widow) Otis, (the son of his oldest son) James (second son) and Chancy (third son) in the first. Harry (youngest son) Sue, (Harry's wife) Myself, (second son of his brother, Rowland Bailey Howard) and Lawrence, (second son of his youngest brother, Gen. C.H. Howard) in the second; and the others including Sam'l Lester Hazzard Jr. who said he knew you and David and asked for you.

Aunt Lizzie (Gen. O.O. Howard's widow) came down to the family service, led by the fine young minister Mr. Guthrie. She wept but not violently and said only, "he can't speak to me". I saw her after for a few moments. She will not live long but is not helpless.

We then went to the beautiful church here where an impressive service was held. The church was full and we sat in front of course. Three Sergeants flanked the casket on either side and then marched out with it and placed it on the caisson. A band stationed near by played beautifully and the organ also was perfect.

There were three wreaths on the coffin, - Howard University - American Missionary Society - and Loyal Legion.

We then went to the cemetery near the Lake with the splendid mountains across the water and saw the casket lowered into the ground after prayers. Then three volleys by the troops over the grave, and the last "taps" sounded, over the grave by the bugler.

It was all splendidly simple, ~~and~~ sincere and beautiful, but terribly sad; the day being cold with occasional sunbursts and the glory of the autumn all about.

Then we went back to the house, and I saw the two lovely babies (Harry's) and walked about a while with "little" Helen (Grandchild) who did not leave the house in the morning.

The work so dear to the General's heart will be carried through by his friends. I feel sure of this as I have been so intimate with him and his helpers for the several months they have been pushing the matter. A "Howard Hall" will be given to Lincoln Memorial University at once I think, and under the leadership of General Hubbard of New York and his able aids the whole matter will be pushed to a reasonable conclusion.

Washington, D.C.

October 29th, 1909.

Dear Otis & Helen:-

You will receive the postcard from me showing the fine old church and the picture of the place, near which our dear old friend was buried today, also I am sending some papers.

At the house where I made my first and last visit, there was only the family and the honorary pall-bearers, including the leading men of the town and state.

A grand was furnished from the regiment stationed here, and the body carriers were six stalwart negro sergeants from the famous 10th Cavalry, which by strange coincidence is here now.

The funeral was held in state in full uniform, on the spot, just as though he had fallen asleep, his breast covered with his army decorations and the commander of the French Legion of Honor about his neck. A great number of beautiful flowers were about him and his sword by his side.

His wife and the two daughters, at the grave, and at burial place. I went in alone and knelt for a few moments by his side and said good-bye. Only a few days ago I packed his valise in New York and laughed together with him over my wretched destruction of a couple of old worn out collars, that he insisted on hanging on to. "Here you see," you are throwing away perfectly good collars!" I said good-bye to them and never saw him in his happy or in better spirits, and didn't dream I would never talk with him again.

General Hunt had charge of the funeral, and the carriers marched out with the caquet under the flag that he loved, and put it on an artillery caisson. After it followed a rideless horse draped in black, with his fifty years old sword hanging from the empty saddle. Then came the cavalry escort, first, the daughters: Jessie (his oldest son's widow) Otis (the son of his oldest son) James (second son) and Henry (third son) in the first. Henry (youngest son) Mrs. (Harry's wife) Howell, (second son of his brother, Howard Howell) and Lawrence, (second son of his youngest brother, Gen. G. H. Howard) in the second; and the others including Sam I. Lester Hammett, who said he knew you and David and asked for you.

And Miss (Gen. G. H. Howard's widow) came down to the family service, led by the fine young minister Mr. Guthrie. The west but not violently and said only, "he can't speak to me." I saw her after for a few moments. She will not live long, but is not helpless.

We then went to the beautiful church where an impressive service was held. The church was full and we sat in front of course. These sergeants flanked the caquet on either side and then marched out with it and placed it on the caquet. A band stationed near by played beautifully and the organ also was better.

There were three wreaths on the coffin - Howard University-American Missionary Society - and loyal Legion.

We then went to the cemetery near the lake with the splendid mountain across the water and saw the caquet lowered into the ground after prayers. Then three volleys by the troops over the grave, and the last "fare" sounded over the grave by the band.

It was all splendidly simple, and sincere and beautiful, but terribly sad; the day being cold with occasional showers and the glory of we autumn all about. Then we went back to the house, and I saw the two lovely babies (Harry's) and walked about a while with "Little" Helen (Grandchild) who did not leave the house in the morning.

Then went to see to the General's heart will be carried through by his friends. I feel sure of this as I have been so intimate with him and his helpers for the several months they have been paying the matter. A "Howard Hall" will be given to Lincoln Memorial University at once I think, and under the leadership of General Hammett of New York and his aide the whole matter will be pushed to a successful conclusion.

The love that the General inspired in everyone he touched was,as you know,remarkable,and the sorrow for him is universal and real among high and low.

Of course personally I had given him my own heart,and his going makes a big hole in my nature that is only known to myself. My aim will be to be worthy of his confidence,and if I cannot add to the lustre of the name,I can strive towards the highest conceptions of service and their practical demonstration as I see them.

It occurred to me that you would like to hear the above as I know your love for him and your unselfish interest,so I have written thus. I sent cards to David,Uncle Rodelphus Gilmore and Aunt Lizzie.

Affectionately

Frank G.H.

Page 2. O. A. H.

The love that the General inspired in everyone he touched was, as you know, remarkable, and the sorrow for him is universal and real among high and low.

Of course personally I had given him my own heart, and his going makes a big hole in my nature that is only known to myself. My aim will be to be worthy of his confidence, and if I cannot add to the justice of the cause, I can strive towards the highest conceptions of service and their practical demonstration as I see them.

It occurred to me that you would like to hear the above as I know your love for him and your unselfish interest, so I have written them. I send cards to David, Uncle Nicholas, Elmore and Aunt Lillian.

Affectionately

Frank O. H.

343 10/28/1909 *From:* Frank G. H.
[Howard]

To: Dear Otis & Helen [OO
Howard Jr]

RBH-300

Burlington, Vt.

Source: Bowdoin

(Copy)

Burlington, Vt. October 29th, 1909.

Dear Otis & Helen:-[brother Oliver Otis Howard Jr & his wife Helen (Dalton) Howard]

You will receive the postals from me showing the fine old church and the picture of the place, near which our dear old friend was buried today, also I am sending some papers.

At the house where I made my first sad visit, there was only the family and the honorary pall-bearers, including the leading men of the Town and State.

A guard was furnished from the regiment stationed here, and the body carriers were six stalwart negro seargents from the famous 10th Cavalry, which by strange coincidence is here now.

The General was laid in State in full uniform, on the sofa, just as though he had fallen asleep, his breast covered with his army decorations and the commander of the French Legion of Honor about his neck. A great number of beautiful flowers were about him and his sword by his side.

His noble face was the personification of the great soul at perfect peace.

I went in alone and knelt for a few moments by his side and said good-bye.

Only a few days ago I packed his valise in New York and laughed together with him over my wanton destruction of a couple of old worn out collars, that he insisted on hanging on to. "Here you rascal. You are throwing away perfectly good collars!" I said good-night then and never saw him happier or in better spirits, and didn't dream I would never talk with him again.

General Peck had charge of the funeral, and the carriers marched out with the casket under the flag that he loved, and put it on an artillery caisson. After it followed a riderless horse draped in black, with his fifty year old sword hanging from the empty saddle. Then came the cavalry escort, and, after, the carriages: Jeanie (his oldest son's widow), Otis, (the son of his oldest son), James (second son) and Chancy (third son) in the first. Harry (youngest son) Sue, (Harry's wife), Myself, (second son of his brother, Rowland Bailey Howard) and Lawrence, (second son of his youngest brother, Gen. C. H. Howard) in the second; and the others including Sam'l Lester Hazzard, Jr. who said he knew you and David and asked for you.

Aunt Lizzie (Gen. O. O. Howard's widow) came down to the family service, led by the fine young minister Mr. Guthrie. She wept but not violently and said only "he can't speak to me". I saw her after for a few moments. She will not live long but is not helpless.

We then went to the beautiful church here where an impressive service was held. The church was full and we sat in front of course. Three seargents flanked the casket on either side and then marched out with it and placed it on the caisson. A band stationed near by played beautifully and the organ also was perfect.

There were three wreaths on the coffin, - Howard University - American Missionary Society - and Loyal Legion.

We then went to the cemetery near the lake with the splendid mountains across the water and saw the casket lowered into the ground after prayers. Then three volleys by the troops over the grave, and the last "taps" sounded, over the grave by the bugler.

It was all splendidly simple, sincere and beautiful, but terribly sad; the day being cold with occasional sunbursts and the glory of the autumn all about.

Then we went back to the house, and I saw the two lovely babies (Harry's) and walked about a while with "little" Helen (Grandchild) [daughter of Guy (deceased) and Jeanie Howard] who did not leave the house in the morning.

The work so dear to the General's heart will be carried through by his friends. I feel sure of this as I have been so intimate with him and his helpers for the several months they have been pushing the matter. A "Howard Hall" will be given to Lincoln Memorial University at once I think, and under the leadership of General Hubbard of New York and his able aids the whole matter will be pushed to a reasonable quick conclusion.

The love that the General inspired in everyone he touched was, as you know, remarkable, and the sorrow for him is universal and real among high and low.

Of course personally I had given him my own heart, and his going makes a big hole in my nature that is only known to myself. My aim will be to be worthy of his confidence, and if I cannot add to the lustre of the name, I can strive towards the highest conceptions of service and their practical demonstration as I see them.

It occurred to me that you would like to hear the above as I know your love for him and your unselfish interest, so I have written thus. I sent cards to David [brother David Patten Howard], Uncle Rodelphus Gilmore and Aunt Lizzie.

Affectionately
Frank G.H. [Frank Gilman Howard]

Berkeley Inn, Berkeley, Cal.

February 22, 1910.

My dear Ella:-

The enclosed are comments and editorials on the life and work of Uncle Otis that I cut out and saved from various sources at the time of his death, I have no scrap book or place to keep one in my nomadic life, so I send them to you to put in your scrap book for the boys as they grow older. I hope they will grow to be like their maternal Uncle, whom I think was the best and finest man it has ever been my fortune to meet. No man of my personal and intimate acquaintance so represented in his everyday life the true spirit of Christ and his Apostles as did the dear, simple, sweet and valient General. It was like the loss of my most intimate friend and relative when he was taken from us. No one can ever fill the exact place in my life that he occupied.

We are having our first really rainy day, today, for sometime. Have been enjoying beautiful June like weather, i.e. June in New England. The grass is green and the flowers blooming, the roses will not be in full flower for three or four weeks but then the country about us will be one great bouquet.

Helen is well and enjoying her life in California. I have had a touch of my ancient friend, rheumatism, the past week resulting from a prolonged cold which in my perigrinations from valley of summer to mountains of snow and cold I gathered unto myself. Its years since I have had such a thing, but now I am nearly as limber as usual. I go up to the mine about every two weeks and spend the rest of the time looking after things down here.

Mary, Mrs. Mell Dalton, is here with us now, she has an apartment on the floor below ours and we feel as though the family were almost together again. Mell is on his way to New York as usual except when its on the way to the Pacific Coast.

All hands join in love to you and the boys. Rowland's photo hangs on the wall of our bed-room among a group of "our children" and is the handsomest chap in

Berkeley, Cal.,

February 22, 1910.

My dear Ellen:-

The enclosed are comments and criticisms on the life and work of
those who I met and saved from various sources at the time of his death.
I have no strong book or place to keep one in my domestic life, so I send them to you
to put in your scrap book for the boys as they grow older. I hope they will grow
to be like their maternal uncle, whom I think was the best and finest man I have
ever been my fortune to meet. He was of my personal and intimate acquaintance
as represented in his everyday life the true spirit of Christ and his teachings
as did the dear, simple, sweet and valiant General. It was like the loss of my
most intimate friend and relative when he was taken from us. No one can ever fill
the exact place in my life that he occupied.

We are having our third rainy day today, for sometime. Have been
enjoying beautiful June like weather, i.e. June in New England. The grass is green
and the flowers blooming, the roses will not be in full flower for three or four
weeks but then the country about us will be one great bouquet.

John is well and enjoying his life in California. I have had a touch of
my old-time rheumatism, the past week resulting from a prolonged cold which
in my peregrinations from valley of snow to mountains of snow and cold I gathered
into myself. The years since I have had such a thing, but now I am nearly as limber
as usual. I go up to the mine about every two weeks and spend the rest of the time
looking after things down here.

Harry, Mrs. John Kellogg, is here with us now, she has an apartment on the floor
below ours and we feel as though the family were almost together again. John is on
his way to New York on mail stage when it is on the way to the Pacific coast.
His hands, John is now to put and the boys. John's photo hangs on the
wall of our bed-room among a group of "our children" and in the basement there is

the lot. Mother says he is no saint which speaks well for his future. You must send us a picture of Edwin as soon as he gets big enough to make an impression on a camera.

Well we wish that we were rich and could have you all out here for a visit of a few months. One of my ambitions is to get the family all together some time on the Pacific coast, when the cold snows and raw winds of New England are raging and we can enjoy the open air and sunshine of this clime together.

Helen is dressmaking, i.e. has a woman sewing trying to evolve some dresses out of antiques and some goods that she has had in stock for innumerable years. I think they are making a great success from what I hear and see.

We all join in love to you all and will be glad to hear from you as you get time to write.

Your affectionate brother

O. O. Howard

The lot. Mother says he is no saint which speaks well for his future. You must
send us a picture of Edwin as soon as he gets big enough to make an impression

on a camera.

Well we wish that we were rich and could have you all out here for a visit
of a few months. One of my ambitions is to get the family all together some time
on the Pacific coast, when the cold snows and raw winds of New England are raging
and we can enjoy the open air and sunshine of this climate together.

When is Christmas? I have a few presents I want to send to you and dear

as out of antiquity and some goods that she has had in stock for innumerable years.

I think they are making a great success from what I hear and see.

We all join in love to you all and will be glad to hear from you as you

get time to write.

Your affectionate brother

Wm. W. W.

345 2/22/1910 *From:* O. O. Howard [Jr]

To: My dear Ella [Ella
Howard Smith]

RBH-301

Berkeley Inn, Berkeley,
Cal.

Source: Bowdoin

[LETTERHEAD]
THE NASSAU MINING CO.
NEVADA CITY, CAL.
WORKS AT GRASS VALLEY, CAL.

Berkeley Inn, Berkeley, Cal.
February 22, 1910.

My dear Ella:- [Ella (Howard) Smith]

The enclosed are comments and editorials on the life and work of Uncle Otis that I cut out and saved from various sources at the time of his death. I have no scrap book or place to keep one in my nomadic life, so I send them to you to put in your scrap book for the boys as they grow older. I hope they will grow to be like their maternal Uncle, whom I think was the best and finest man it has ever been my fortune to meet. No man of my personal and intimate acquaintance so represented in his everyday life the true spirit of Christ and his Apostles as did the dear, simple, sweet and valiant General. It was like the loss of my most intimate friend and relative when he was taken from us. No one can ever fill the exact place in my life that he occupied.

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Helen is well and enjoying her life in California. I have had a touch of my ancient friend, rheumatism, the past week resulting from a prolonged cold which in my peregrinations from valley of summer to mountains of snow and cold I gathered unto myself. Its years since I have had such a thing, but now I am nearly as limber as usual. I go up to the mine about every two weeks and spend the rest of the time looking after things down here.

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Well we wish that we were rich and could have you all out here for a visit of a few months. One of my ambitions is to get the family all together some time on the Pacific coast, when the cold snows and raw winds of New England are raging and we can enjoy the open air and sunshine of this clime together.

Helen is dressmaking, i.e. has a woman sewing trying to evolve some dresses out of antiques and some goods that she has had in stock for innumerable years. I think they are making a great success from what I hear and see.

We all join in love to you all and will be glad to hear from you as you get time to write.

Your affectionate brother
/s/ O. O. Howard [Jr.]

[Note: Mell Dalton is Oliver Otis Howard Jr.'s brother-in-law.]

JOHN J. ESCH
PRESIDENT

ARTHUR DEERIN CALL
SECRETARY AND EDITOR

U. S. GRANT, 3D
TREASURER

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY

FOUNDED 1828

PUBLISHERS OF
WORLD AFFAIRS

CONTINUING THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE THROUGH JUSTICE

734 JACKSON PLACE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 25, 1935.

Mrs. Ella Howard Smith,
Orchard Street,
Farmington, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Smith:

Your very gracious letter of July 23 is
received.

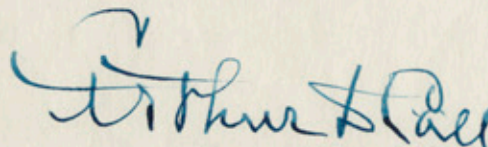
Of course we should be very glad indeed to
receive the items you mention. I regret to say that we are
not in position to pay for them, our income having been
sorely hit.

I fell that I must have known your father,
Rev. Roland B. Howard, so often have I run across the evi-
dences of his work for this Society, and so often have I
heard him spoken of especially by such men as Dr. Charles
Francis Thwing.

I am distressed to find that you are not on
the mailing list to receive copies of WORLD AFFAIRS. I am
having sent to you under separate cover the June number as
I am sure you will be interested especially in the report of
the One-hundred-seventh Annual Meeting.

With thanks and appreciation, I am, my dear
Mrs. Smith,

Yours very sincerely,


Arthur Deerin Call

ADC-mgd

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY

FOUNDED 1828

PUBLISHERS OF

WORLD AFFAIRS

CONTINUING THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE THROUGH JUSTICE

222 JACKSON PLACE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 25, 1935.

Mrs. Ella Howard Smith,
Orchard Street,
Farmington, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Smith:

Your very gracious letter of July 23 is

received.

Of course we should be very glad indeed to receive the items you mention. I regret to say that we are not in position to pay for them, our income having been sorely hit.

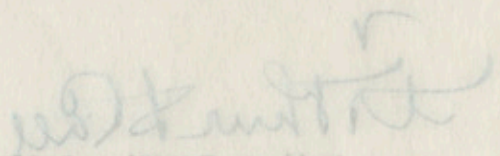
I feel that I must have known your father, Rev. Roland B. Howard, so often have I run across the evi-
dences of his work for this Society, and so often have I heard him spoken of especially by such men as Dr. Charles Francis Tawney.

I am distressed to find that you are not on the mailing list to receive copies of WORLD AFFAIRS. I am having sent to you under separate cover the June number as I am sure you will be interested especially in the report of the One-hundred-seventh Annual Meeting.

With thanks and appreciation, I am, my dear

Mrs. Smith,

Yours very sincerely,


Arthur Deerin Call

425-244

346 7/25/1935 *From:* Arthur Deerin Call

To: Mrs. Ella Howard Smith

RBH-302

Source: Bowdoin

THE AMERICAN
PEACE SOCIETY
734 Jackson Place
Washington, D.C.

Orchard Street,
Farmington, Maine

[LETTERHEAD]

John J. Esch President
Arthur Deerin Call, Secretary and Editor
U. S. Grant, 3d, Treasurer
THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY
Founded 1828
Publishers of World Affairs
Continuing the Advocate of Peace Through Justice
734 Jackson Place
Washington, D.C.

July 25, 1935.

Mrs. Ella Howard Smith,
Orchard Street,
Farmington, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Smith:

Your very gracious letter of July 23 is received.

Of course we should be very glad indeed to receive the items you mention. I regret to say that we are not in position to pay for them, our income having been sorely hit.

I feel that I must have known your father, Rev. Roland B. Howard, so often have I run across the evidences of his work for this Society, and so often have I heard him spoken of especially by such men as Dr. Charles Francis Thwing.

I am distressed to find that you are not on the mailing list to receive copies of WORLD AFFAIRS. I am having sent to you under separate cover the June number as I am sure you will be interested especially in the report of the One-hundred-seventh Annual meeting.

With thanks and appreciation, I am, my dear Mrs. Smith,

Yours very sincerely,
/s/ Arthur D Call
Arthur Deerin Call

ADC-mgd

Charles E. Goodspeed
President



Cables: Speedwell, Boston
Telephone: LAFayette 5970

Goodspeed's Book Shop

(INCORPORATED)

N^o. 7 ASHBURTON PLACE

(OLD SOUTH BRANCH AT N^o. 2 MILK STREET)

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

August 7, 1935

Mrs. Ella Howard Smith
Orchard Street
Farmington, Maine

Dear Madam:

We return herewith the list which you sent us recently. We have marked a number of items which would probably be worth about twenty-one dollars for the lot. Condition is such an important factor that this can not, of course, be taken as a definite figure. If you care to send the books on approval, we shall be glad to give you an exact value.

Yours very truly,

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP, Inc.

By:

GTG:HC

347 8/7/1935

From: George T.
Goodspeed
Goodspeed's Book
Shop
No. 7 Asburton Place
Boston, Massachusetts

To: Mrs. Ella Howard Smith

RBH-304a

Source: Bowdoin

Orchard Street
Farmington, Maine

[LETTERHEAD]

Goodspeed's Book Shop
(incorporated)
No. 7 Ashburton Place
(Old South Branch at No. 2 Milk Street)
Boston, Massachusetts
Charles E. Goodspeed, President

August 7, 1935

Mrs. Ella Howard Smith
Orchard Street
Farmington, Maine

Dear Madam:

We return herewith the list which you sent us recently. We have marked a number of items which would probably be worth about twenty-one dollars for the lot. Condition is such an important factor that this can not, of course, be taken as a definite figure. If you care to send the books on approval, we shall be glad to give you an exact value.

Yours very truly,
GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP, Inc.
By: /s/ George T. Goodspeed

GTG:HC

Charles E. Goodspeed
President



Cables: Speedwell, Boston
Telephone: LAFayette 5970

Goodspeed's Book Shop

(INCORPORATED)

OLD SOUTH BRANCH, N^o. 2 MILK STREET

(MAIN STORE AT N^o. 7 ASHBURTON PLACE)

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

August 7, 1935

Mrs. Ella Howard Smith
Orchard Street
Farmington, Maine.

Dear Madam:

In reply to your favor of Aug. 6th.,
the list has been sent down to this depart-
ment for inspection, and we have checked such
items we are able to use.

This has been sent back to our
Ashburton Place Store, where it will be
returned to you within a short time.

Very truly yours,

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP, INC.

WFT:R

BY: *W. F. Tenney*

Cable: Goodspeed, Boston
Telephone: L.A. 8-1234

Charles E. Goodspeed
President



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BY: *W. F. Lawrence*

WFL:R

348 8/7/1935

From: W. F. Tenney

To: Mrs. Ella Howard Smith

RBH-304b

Source: Bowdoin

Goodspeed's Book
Shop, Inc
No. 7 Ashburton Place
Boston, Massachusetts

Orchard Street
Farmington, Maine

[LETTERHEAD]

Goodspeed's Book Shop
(incorporated)
No. 7 Ashburton Place
(Old South Branch at No. 2 Milk Street)
Boston, Massachusetts
Charles E. Goodspeed, President

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BY: W. F. Tenney

WFT:R

Rowland Bailey Howard:

For the list mentioned herein, in these
letters, see the folder marked "Family
Library."

INVOICE

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OLD TO

INVOICE NO.

CUSTOMER'S ORDER NO.

SHIPPING RECEIPT

349 11/9/1937 *From:* O. O. H. [OO
Howard, Jr.]
RBH-305 Los Angeles Cal

To: Dear Ella [(Howard)
Smith]

Source: Bowdoin

Los Angeles Cal
Nov 9 1937

Dear Ella:-

Too tired to correct the enclosed but send it on as it may amuse you.

Lenerl was over last Evening as fine as ever. "Jane" Collier has left us - for Texas - otherwise we run on as usual. Weather "devine". My plants look full. Helen has been very lame for a few weeks past, almost unable to walk across the room at times. Better today - heat's over.

Helen joins in love to both.

Yr
O.O.H.

Helen sends the Sept Advance, as she thinks you should enjoy it. We enjoy the <sermons> sab. O.O.H.

[Note: Lenerl may have been Lenerl Morehouse Howard, the wife of their cousin Arthur Day Howard, a son of Charles Henry Howard.]

Copy to Ella

503 South Commonwealth Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal.

November 9th.1937.

Miss Julia Burnet,
12 North Grove Street,
East Orange, N.J.

My dear Miss Burnet:-

Your letter of the 1st.inst. enclosing the Grove Street Church folder addressed to the Holingsworth Building, reached me yesterday. I regret to say that I have been "under the weather" a bit since 1932 and gave up my business offices and have for the past couple of years or more been "in retirement". In fact, a year ago last May they took me to the hospital saying that I was suffering from "angina pectoris", kept me there some weeks and then, somewhat to the surprise of my medical adviser, I rode away in an ambulance instead of a hearse. We gave up our attempts at housekeeping and have been boarding, now for over a year in this delightful place, where I have sat in my big easy chair looking out over the green trees and lawns and flowers at the great new 1st. Congregational church on the next corner. Whether it is looking on such a magnificent specimen of church architecture, or some other reason, I have steadily gained and kept the undertaker waiting on the steps for over a year. Yesterday I rode with a friend to the chemical works (some five miles) in which I am interested, and suffered no ill effects from the journey. So you see we are "marching on" even though "on borrowed time".

You say that it was in Dec. 1875 that Grove St. gave my father a "Call". Then it must have been early in the Spring following that the Howard tribe descended on East Orange from Maine, where my stepmother and the three boys, she inherited, had been living while father was on his first trip to Europe. How well I remember the arrival. I, at 10 mature years of life, closed the family procession from the railroad station to the old Hedden house on the corner of Grove and Main Sts. now occupied by modern business blocks I believe, but then a spacious "yard of lawns, trees and garden. Quite a long stretch of picket fence along the Grove st. side, and behind that fence were posted some of the youthful hopes of the Grove St. church, female in gender, who made beautiful faces at the Minister's progeny, thrusting out the tongue and using the thumb at the nose with a wriggling of fingers. A most delightful "welcome to our city." Such was my introduction to my new home, and some of the young hopefuls of the supporters of the beautiful little church. My sister Ella was born in Dec. 1875 in Farmington, Maine, so she must have been "an infant in arms" carried by her nurse. Rowland, the youngest hopeful of the Howard family was born in the old Hedden house in 1878, the year before the family left for Rockport, Mass.

11

How your letter and the church folder turns back the years, bringing vividly to my memory the experiences of the four years of residence in East Orange with the activities centering about the little church. The individual personalities of my memories are mostly gone to their long rest. "Grandfather" Dodd, his right hand man, George Dorer and wife. Mrs. Dodd the first, "Addie", Mr. & Mrs. Aaron Mitchell and their family, Mr. & Mrs. Horace Jennings and their family, Mr. & Mrs. George Mitchell and family, the McKays, the Wallaces, the Hunters. "Deacon" George Boise his wife and daughter Gertrude, Simion Runyon and family who migrated to San Francisco, all gone I believe, but with whom I used to contact from time to time in my peregrinations (for I have always been more or less of a tramp). Miss Marie Petersen, her sweet little German mother, her dignified German father and her brother and sister. They all stand out clearly with their individual peculiarities. Then there was Miss "Georgie" Stevenson and her sister, the backbone of the choir. I can see and hear Miss Stevenson now in memory. My Sunday School teacher, Mr. Riker the florist, much liked because he never bothered much with "pointing" the lesson with moral lectures but was content to follow the "Quarterly". How I hated prayer meetings, attendance on which was of course compulsory on the Minister's children.

Somehow my beloved father had not the "flair" for intimate relations with his children. He to me was the rather austere authority to whom I was referred as a last court after the infractions of family statutes. As I grew older and came to know his contemporaries I found that he was much beloved and reputed to have a "kindliness and understanding of children" which I confess never to have discovered. Strange how the contrariness and "cussedness" of boy children can fail to realize the true nature of parents and their blessings.

Father made lasting friendships in his pastorates, which were four; Farmington, Maine, ten years, Princeton Ills. four years (where my mother died), East Orange four years, and Rockport, Mass. four years, before taking up the American Peace Society work in Boston, which took him much over the world. He was "only a boy" at 41 years of age when he came to Grove Street. Only 58 when he died in Rome, Italy. I once called on "Grandfather" Dodd after my father's death in 1892. Sitting on the piazza with his second wife, the old gentleman looked at me and remarked; "Otis, we loved your father, he was one of the Lord's own." "The front room, upstairs we always call Mr. Howard's room, and now that he is gone I want you to know that it is now yours, so whenever you come East (I was then living in Denver, Colo.) I want you to always come right here and occupy your father's room." I was much flattered, but regret that I never was able to avail myself of the privilege so kindly offered. How well I remember one occasion at the little church when the raising of funds to lift the church debt was the subject. Mr. Dodd always sat in the front pew on the left of the right hand aisle. As the verbal subscriptions lagged, the old gentleman spoke up. "I increase my subscription to \$1,000." and was immediately followed by George Dorer increasing his to, Believe, \$500.. The desired sum was raised enthusiastically.

A funny thing happened in my experience some

23 years after we left East Orange, which merely shows how vivid can be the memories of youth. Mrs. Howard and I were spending a vacation in Europe. Leaving Vienna one morning, by boat for Budapest, when we came to the river and transferred from the small boat on the canal to the larger river steamer, a man spoke to me as I stood by the rail. "You are an American arnt you?" he said. "Yes thank God!" was my impolite reply (I felt that way that morning). Then he said, "I used to live in America!" "Whereabouts?" said I. "In Newark New Jersey", said he. "What were you doing in Newark?" I asked. "I worked for a butcher on the corner of Orange Street and Broadstreet". I said, "I used to live in East Orange and remember that corner very well." Said he, "I used to go to East Orange to see a girl in those days. Her sister was the wife of the head farmer on a large estate there." "Yes", said I, "and the girl's name was Emma Younger!" He looked at me in astonishment and could not understand how I knew the name of the girl he used to call on 23 years before. It was easy enough as I knew the Dorers well and that Mrs. Dorer's sister Emma Younger used to spend a good deal of time with her, and George Dorer was the only "head farmer" of that type of "estate" in East Orange that I knew of. So much for the vividness of childhood's memories.

The little Grove Street church was a beautiful example of ecclesiastical architecture I came to realize as the years passed. It's simple lines and the handsome blackwalnut wainscotting, with the choir gallery and pulpit in excellent taste were always a joy to behold after the bare "meeting houses" of New England and the non-descript architecture of the Illinois churches where my earlier youth had been spent. I always felt sorry that in building the new building it could not have been an extension of the type of the little building. But I presume architecture matters little, for the preaching of those days was aimed at heavenly things and not earthly.

In 1890 my wife and I joined the Episcopal church in Ogden, Utah, where the mission congregational body was presided over by a man who did not measure up to our ideas of a "guide to heaven". We were very happy in the little church there under a splendid christian minister, and when we removed we took our letters to another Episcopal church and have remained members of that organization ever since, some 47 years. However, living on "borrowed time" sometimes produces physical drawbacks and ours have prevented attendance at any church the past year or more. So we thank the good Lord for the radio, and get mental religious food from the splendid sermons of Dr. Fosdick and others of his type who are doing so much to awaken the clear religious thinking of the youth of the country.

This is not a church letter. Not to be read at any dinners. There is hardly anyone left to whom the name of Howard means anything in Grove Street church today. I am sure none besides yourself who would even remember the writer. I am however sending your letter and folder on to 55 Morning St., Portland, Maine, where my sister Mrs.

25 years after we left East Orange, which merely shows how vivid can be the memories of youth. Mrs. Howard and I were spending a vacation in Europe, leaving Vienna and returning by boat for Budapest, when we came to the river and transferred from the small boat on the canal to the larger river steamer. A man spoke to me as I stood by the rail. "You are an American, are you?" he said. "Yes, I am." "Then he said, 'I want to live in East Orange.' I asked, 'What were you doing in Hungary?' I worked for a butcher on the corner of Orange Street and Broadway." I said, "I used to live in East Orange and remember that you are very well." He said, "I used to go to East Orange to see a girl in those days. Her sister and the wife of the boy I met on a large estate there." "Yes," said I, "I met the girl's name was Miss Younger. He looked to be in his late thirties and could not understand how I knew the name of the girl. He said, 'I will call you Younger.' It was easy enough for me to remember that name. I met him with you and Miss Younger used to spend a good deal of time with you and George Younger was the only 'Good Woman' of that type of 'Gals' in East Orange that I know of. So much for the vividness of childhood's memories.

The little Grove Street church was a beautiful example of ecclesiastical architecture I came to realize as the years passed. It's simple lines and the handsome black and white stained glass windows with their gaily and brightly in excellent taste were always a joy to behold. After the "Gospel House" of New England and the non-descript architecture of the little churches where my earlier youth had been spent. I always felt sorry that in building the new building it could not have been an extension of the type of the little building. But I presume architects mature little for the growing of those days was aimed at heavenly things and not earthly.

In 1890 my wife and I joined the Episcopal church in Union, Utah, where the mission congregation had been presided over by a man who did not measure up to my ideal of a minister. I had just known in the little church where a spiritual center was being built, and when we removed we took our letters to another Episcopal church and have remained members of that organization ever since, some 47 years. However, living on "barren land" some times produces physical drawbacks and some have prevented attendance at any church the past year or more. So we thank the good Lord for the radio and get mental religious food from the splendid sermons of Dr. Freshfield and others of his type who are doing so much to awaken the clear religious thinking of the youth of the country.

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Ella Howard Smith is now living. She may have more useful recollections of her father's pastorate than have I.

My brothers David and Francis are both gone to their reward. Ella and Rowland, of the next family, are alive and well. I expected to hear that Miss Petersen had passed on as the last letter I had from her was written by an amanuensis because of her illness. Sometimes I feel that all the people of my early life are dead and gone. There are very few left anyway.

I hope, and know that your 70th. Anniversary will be a success from all standpoints. East Orange has so grown that you must have a large congregation by this time and an active one judging from the "Announcement" sheet. "Flowers to the memory of Bert and Anna Wallace, bring them both vividly to my mind as I knew them as a boy. Gone on! Well that generation is mostly gone on. Well, thank God, my wife and I have had a happy married life of 52½ years and are still "carrying on" happily if not physically very active.

My father's work of his last 8 years stands out more and more, as general conditions of the world come before us. His work for Peace was based upon the precepts of his Master and I fear that that incentive has been a good deal lost sight of by his successors, and what is called "practical things" substituted. I was told some years ago by the head of the British Peace Society, during a call at their headquarters in London, that my father's character for solid Christian life and example was greatly missed in their work. "No man his equal has succeeded him." A remark which brought the mist to my eyes. But it is so. Father placed his Master's work before every other consideration and sought to make that work the key to his life.

Please consider this rambling letter as personal and not for any church celebration. Your letter awakened in me a lot of personal reminiscences, so dear to those of us who are getting into senility. Forgive me.

With kindest regards and best wishes, in which Mrs. Howard joins, I remain

Yours very sincerely

O.O. Howard.

11/6/1937

Miss Julia Barnett

Miss Howard Smith is now living. She may have more useful recollections of her father's pastorate than I.

My brothers David and Francis are both gone to their reward. Miss and Howard of the next family are alive and well. I expected to hear that Miss Peterson had passed on as the last letter I had from her was written by an amanuensis because of her illness. Sometimes I feel that all the people of my early life are dead and gone. There are very few left anyway.

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G.O. Howard

350 11/9/1937 *From:* O. O. Howard [Jr.]

To: Miss Julia Burnet

RBH-306

503 South
Commonwealth Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal.

12 North Grove Street
East Orange, N.J.

Source: Bowdoin

(Copy for Ella)

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November 9th, 1937

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O. O. Howard.