

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, undated, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. MAPLEWOOD HOTEL, White Mountains, N. H. (August 18, 1904?) Thursday. My dear Alec:

I do think I am at least entitled to a telegram. The way I am allowed to drop out of family life and be apparently forgotten is, to say the least, not wholly conducive to a feeling of self-importance. I live in hopes that you are all well, yet no telegram might mean that you weren't very well and so preferred not to say anything. I know you weren't feeling quite up to the mark when I left and were trying to make me think you were. But you are terribly transparent husband mine.

What are you doing about the Harvest-home? Tell Gardiner I have already bought three of the prizes. One is a blue Dutch-looking beer mug, another a pair of man's silver sleeve links, and the third a woman's pin.

Don't forget you were to order the tennis court rolled every day, this is of the utmost importance, secondly you want to arrange about refreshments.

Mamma and I had a lovely long drive and I wished for you to tell me the story of hill and dale, of the big boulders dropped everywhere, of the sea sand which cropped out in one place pure sea sand, of the flat plateaus suddenly dropping into tumbled hillocks several feet below, of the mountains lifting strange forms to the crimson purpled sky, some rounded, range after range of these, others abrupt, bold, raising, stark narrow heads straight upward away from 2 all others. Why is Mt. Agassiz so solitary, a funnel-shaped thing left standing when all the rest of the land was drawn away and smoothed out. Thanks to you I could see not only the beauty of landscape, but its historic interest both internal and of man's making. This is certainly the land of abandoned forms, for one sees old

Library of Congress

apple trees loaded down with fruit right in the midst of forests. I have come to think these old apple trees the last survivors of old family homes, and the most pathetic reminders. They remain to testify of hearth fires and laughing children, old men and strong middle-aged ones in the midst of land now gone back to primeval forests. I am not sorry for what clearings still remain are of the stoniest most hopeless, and they are gathering already a second crop of lumber from the new woods, but I'd like to feel more certain that this new crops is being gathered according to the rules and a specifications laid down by Gifford Pinchot, Forester in ordinary to His Majesty the American public.

It's cold here, the "reddening sumach" is to the fore and the coming season casts its shadow altogether too much ahead. Why can't the year be young forever, why can't we be.

My Mother is too lovely for anything, she seems to be more enduring than I. I am tired and she isn't, she's so interested in the baseball match and gold handicap. I think the golf is the greatest thing for a place like this. The grounds are beautiful and young men and maids wear such pretty white shows. Will you wear some if I bring them up?

Lovingly yours, Mabel.