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### Letter from Mildred Persinger to Louise, August 21, 1976

Mildred Emory Persinger

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Dear Louise,

It really seems silly to be writing to you when you are probably back from Maine and I can just run over. But it is the middle of the night and I am afraid you would not be glad to see me.

I keep thinking about how dear you were to write me in commemoration of my birthday. I treasure the letter, and felt bad that I did not go farther on my birthday. As usual, I came home from New York after sensible people had finished their dinners. On my way home from the station I came by to see you because I always think of you even more on my birthday than on yours.

You and Howie were having a deep discussion which I could hear through the window, so I did not think I should interrupt. In a little while I phoned and he said you had already gone to bed. I hope he told you I sent birthday greetings...except I don't think I told him what the occasion was.

The project I am responsible for is keeping me tied to the office in New York or traveling around to such an extent that it is easier to see Ken or Alan or even Howie on my rare forays into the Presbyterian church than it is to see you. Every day I leave home early in the morning, hoping to get a little work done before the telephone begins to ring. Usually I arrive home after Dick comes, so I don't make a practice of going out again unless it is somewhere we are going together. On weekends, if the weather is good, he leads me a merry chase. We go somewhere in the plane or on some trip in the car to the extent that the house and yard look practically abandoned. When we are here we are madly trying to keep ahead of the weeds and bugs. At least, inside, the spiders eat other forms of wild life.

Philip has been giving a hand lately. For the first time in years he has been at home for a few weeks. He is but we are not. He usually has a delicious meal waiting when we walk in the door. Charlotte is in England, so she isn't interfering with his cuisine.

He got his MFA in dramatic writing at the U of N.C. in June and has been writing plays since he came home and incidentally looking for a job. He thinks he may be working on a neighborhood newspaper in N.Y. until something better turns up. For some reason he has been shying away from something in his field.

Louise is going to the end of her glorious year in Cambridge. Living with her in Harvard Square will make



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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Toledo seem very dull, I am afraid. After she pleaded with me to come to visit, and I was always too busy, I finally got up for her birthday July 19, which she said was the only thing she wanted. I stayed two days and she showed me so many sights in Boston and Cambridge that I have been having serious back problems ever since. I wonder if I will ever get back to where I can stand up for any length of time. I can walk fine, but standing really is too much.

Her little girl Kathy looks so much like Louise did at 5 that I keep calling her Louise. Finally I apologized and she said, That is alright, Grandma, I know how it is.. it is as if Mother were little again."

In the spring I saw a bit of Seon, who had had her second mastectomy. It was even more traumatic because Shivaun had to go to the hospital just afterwards for cancer of the thyroid. Seon told me that three friends whom she had sent to the doctor who gave her an experimental dose of estrogen for the purpose of producing a pregnancy had had the same thing. She said the doctor made them sign a release and told them how unknown the results could be.

The work I am doing involves following up on the big Women's Year meeting in Mexico last year. I can't seem to get away from it. We are now producing a manual of resources for women in developing countries who are undertaking various kinds of development projects to better their situation---where they can get technical assistance in their regions, funding and advice on their projects. The Canadian woman who was recommended to help on this has not worked out, and now we have a young PhD from Fiji who is a whiz. (... Anne) Walker

I thought that with summer I could stay home and see a few friends, but I could not even take ahs vacation Dick wanted because I couldn't leave this work. With the new helper, I am hoping for better days.

This brings very much love and many thanks for your last letter. I hope the time in Maine was refreshing and renewing.

Blessings,

August 21, 1976

Gail  
go wanlock  
Tribune