Dearest of all Daughters
my Lily!

Don't say, kindole meins, I do not know you—why I [k]new you even before you were born.

You are different, of course than most other girls. You possess a rare individuality and you have the quality of keen observation.

You are just in your blossoming period now. Like a vigorous plant in springtime bubbling over with sap of life's flowers out in magnificent profusion of color and fragrance which is transformed into fruitful growth, so are your thoughts and feelings going to be transformed into fruitful understanding which will ripen to free expression just as unhampered as ripened fruit is coming off a tree.

I was in Philadelphia last week and ordered your dresses to be sent to you. My radio you will no doubt get in due time.

I am preparing to leave in my big trip the first part of June. I am still uncertain of the exact date—will of course write you when I am leaving and will try to comply with your request to keep a sort of diary—we will see—may be it will be worth while.

With seven oceans full of love and a Galaxy of Kisses.

Dad[d]y

Your and mother's snap shot is sure snap[p]y.
Detroit, Michigan
October 27, 1924

Dear daddy,

I received your letter and was very glad to hear from you.

There is no school today and tomorrow because of the teachers annual meeting.

We received a letter from Eugene today, and he wrote that he was going to a boarding school in Bronx, NY on the 1st of November. What does it mean? He was supposed to stay in Canaan for the winter and now he says he’s leaving because it will be too cold there.

Do you know—there is a trace of loneliness in all his letters. I think it would make him very happy if we could all be together again. And why can’t we? It is not impossible, surely. It would save the expense of you being here, Eugene there, and we in Detroit. Of course we can’t think of it just at present. But please try, daddy dear.
Nov 7th, 1924

My Dearest lovely Daughter
I read your letter my Goody
and my tears were just streaming
over my cheeks —
You sure are my true daughter —
Your heart is growing bigger and
bigger — May God — “My God”
bless your pure sympathetic little soul—
But why talk about things
that only tears my soul —
Eugy can not be with us any more.
That is impossible
And if you value my health
(as I am sure you do) please my
good angel do not mention any
more this subject — please do not
Hope to see you before long.
Kiss you and press you to my heart
with love  Dady

9. Me at my high school graduation, Los Angeles, 1927.
10. Me at a Los Angeles beach, 1931.
11. Me and Mort at Fallen Leaf Lake, California, 1929, and at the same location in 1979.
12. My dad Benjamin in Salt Lake City in 1921.

13. My mother Clara and my brother Saul in Los Angeles, 1933.

14. Mort, our son Norm at age 2, and me, 1937, in Los Angeles.

15. Our home in Studio City, California, 1937, built with Federal Housing Authority funds during the depression.

16. Norm, me, and Barry, 1946, in Studio City, California.

17. In Spain in 1954: our first trip to Europe. Left to right: Frank Pestana, me, a guide, Mort, and Jean Kidwell.

18. Me in 1958, outside our Studio City home.
19. At my graduation from Claremont Graduate University in 1961: Mort, me, Barry, my mother, Barbara, Norm.

20. Me, in cap and gown.

21. Me and Mort.

22. Norm, me, and Barry.

23. Grandsons Peter and Michael and me in 1969.


25. Barry, me, Peter, Norm, Michael and Mort at my 70th birthday party in 1979.

26. Mort and me at our fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1980.


28. My "early retirement" in 2006—taking down the shingle from my psychotherapy office in Ukiah, with Barry.
Reflections on My Parents

Why would I write a chapter on my mother and father when I’ve just written my whole life history? As I’ve reflected on that history, especially the early years, I am recalling many feelings I had about my mother and father. Early on, he was idolized, and she was tolerated as necessary to my ongoing life. Now, in my late, late years I have come to see each of them in a more realistic light. He was not as wonderful, she was not as lacking in strengths, as I perceived them then.

I recall my mother as mostly a sad woman. But periodically, when I was growing up, her beautiful birdlike voice could be heard as she sang joyously above her travails—as though the promises of youth as a beautiful young woman were surfacing again.

Mother adored Bib. To her he was a small replica of the husband on whom she had placed her hopes and dreams. I, on the other hand, was perhaps an accident, because Bib was only six months old when I was conceived and Mother must have had a tremendous responsibility caring for two very young children. In my childhood I was never given the same adoration—he was always primary. In later years I often just stood by and observed her excessive love for Bib. I became convinced that if I were as good or as great as he, then I would be loved as much. Out of her obsession with Bib grew my obsession to excel.

On the other hand, in my father’s eyes I always excelled and I felt he adored both my brother and me. As a child and adolescent I often felt that in my Mother’s opinion I was a brat with only occasional moments of doing well. As I write this I