

My son Tom, (Tomty to me no matter how old he gets) has asked me to write something to put in the copper box which is to be placed in the corner stone of his new home which is being built at Ridgewood. It is over thirty-five years since Mac put a similar box in the corner stone of our home at 343 High street just opposite the stately old Russell mansion which Tom has given to Wesleyan University. The grounds including the garage which was formerly the stable, not Burton's house, and the house facing the tennis court which he built for himself, and Donnie and Sammy have named the White House in contrast to the Brown House which has been lived in over one hundred years, has been purchased by the college.

A generation has grown up and another one has budded since that September day in 1901 when the corner stone was laid on High street. My married



life has been lived and I am now on the downward path alone, though reluctant to be considered old. "Grandma" however, has still many blessings and among the greatest are her four grandchildren, T.M.R.III, "Donnie"; S.R.II, Sammy: and very lately on October 28 Margaret and Julia, to be called Meg and Julie two precious little twin girls came to brighten our lives. It was such an exciting thing to happen in this quiet Russell family one could not at first realize it and their arrival created quite a sensation in town. Tom looked up the family records on all sides to discover that twin sons had been born to Commodore Macdonough five generations back.

How Mac adored Donnie his first grandchild! "Gaga" was very dear to the little fellow also, and they were always doing things together. Mac had the



great gift of interesting children by playing with them and bringing himself down to their level. Every father or grandfather does not have this gift, for it takes great imagination, patience and love as well as ability. Donnie is an unusually bright and lively little fellow active mentally and physically and the pet of his teacher Miss Fisher at Mt. Vernon school. In her case, I think the similarity between his father and himself is so great that Miss Fisher forgets the years, as Tom was her first love, in admiring Donnie. I think when he grows up he will be mechanical, following in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, though at present horses come in for a share of his interest. When they are settled in their home at Ridgewood I hope Donnie will have his dream realized.

Sammy is phlegmatic, so quiet and sturdy



content to amuse himself with his toys by the hour. He is almost as tall as Donnie who is seven though there are three years between the boys. I cannot prophecy for his future, but I know they will both love music as they already have very true little voices, Sammy looking quite like an angel when singing.

Meg and Julie I trust will be truly feminine little girls, though so many nowadays are far from it, and will become as accomplished as little Russell girls should be. I know their Daddy is going to spoil them and they are going to turn him around their fingers. I know that Margie is going to love them dearly and have great satisfaction, comfort and joy out of their companionship as only a true mother can have. There is something very beautiful in the relationship between a daughter and



and her mother. I speak whereof I know for darling  
Boo, Margaret Russell North is a true daughter.

*Amelia-Ingersoll Russell*

Christmas 1936