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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

December 5, 1938

Dear George,
I like the plants
you sent me, they
are very nice.

A very nice

Merry Christ-
mas to you.

Original poem

The Chickie
One Little Chickie
Went up a hill, one

Little Chickie went
down a hill
And they played
all night,
And they played
all day,
And that is
how Mamma
was first
in the world.

Love From Joan
Rogers
Creighton.

Dear Source,
500 years ago my dear
and mother and me are looking
forward to seeing you with
us for your names again
even if we can't get you up
on the living - now years!
With love
Joan Rogers

February 10, 1946.

Dear George,

I'm intrigued,
too! There's something
about the thought of words
to be engraved on stone
for centuries to come that
makes the mind stall com-
pletely. Writing is quite
good enough. All I can
do is say what I think
should not go on! Frankly,
I don't like "lifelong
resident" of the meaning
of your father's life is to
be put in a few words; it
seems to me that the fact
he lived in Cossachis,
N. Y. all his life is much
too unimportant to mention.
I think, in fact, geography
should be left out altogether.
It is assumed, since that's
where he is buried (though
I know it's not always true)

and the things about your
father that should be per-
manently inscribed would
have been the same, where-
ever he'd lived. "Devoted
citizen", on the other hand,
I think is a phrase of
great disquity and deep
taint - much deeper, but,
if you don't limit his
citizenship to Coxsackie.
It troubles me somewhat,
though, to have your
father commemorated in
beautiful words and your
mother simply added. It
sounds too much like -
"And of his wife, who
didn't amount to much."
In a sense that's fair, but
in another it's not - I'm
sure you're sensitive
enough to see what I
mean. Perhaps nothing
can be done about it.
Of course my own incli-
nation would be, as you
know, to use a suitable

(107246)
quotation, which would
be you or me - apply pri-
marily to your father, but
which a hundred years
from now would not seem
to omit your mother from
consideration. I take it
you don't care for that
idea. Perhaps you're right
- and very likely you
can think up some in-
scription which will be
just as it should be. I
am probably too inclined
to turn to the great words
of the past.

As for the lettering, I
don't agree on that! I
think the Clarke tablet is
visually dull, and should
much prefer lettering like
that in the Copin one, with
its combination of upper
and lower case letters.
I trust you're not plan-
ning to copy the "usual
lettering in the vicinity"
and make it black, but

I don't imagine you are.

Oh dear, this all seems very destructive, but you asked my opinions! I really have tried to think of some words and I just plain can't think of any that seem right. I do think you can add something to "devoted citizen" and do very well. And of course you can just have no inscription. Have you seen the pictures of the Roosevelt stone? That has none - but then, of course none is needed - history will write his.

I'll keep at it, and maybe I can do better, though I'm doubtful. I do very much want it to be right. Let me know what comes of it. And do let me know what your next move is.

There's plenty more to talk about, but no more time right now.

Con

43 1/2 - 47 1/2 Street,
Long Island City 4,
December 21, 1945.

Dear George,

Thanks for the
docs on Christmas presents
for Eva, though it was, as
you suspected, too late. I'll
make a note of costume
jewelry for another time,
and since handkerchiefs
were what I sent, I feel
reassured by your sug-
gestion of Fran. I sent
Fran to your mother, too -
in despair - she's so hard
to get things for - but
everyone does leave a
note! After I'd bought
Fran home I felt em-
barrassed to send Fran to
anyone - the quality is so
poor. But Eva is too
loving to allow herself

Coxsackie as practical only
mial, as he was less than
out-ty doors, and we saw
were of him. You must be
winning him terribly!
rather, just because he
was inevitable and show-
ing contempt, and partly
because the quiet courage,
and the unfolding moral
integrity made me believe
in Alfa and in the man
ability to wait, as long as
one could the strength -
on at least the will to
wait - it on his hand.
Well, at least we have
it to remember - and to
live by. But wouldn't
it be desirable to look
up and see him some
through the door?

All of which brings
me to what you say of
the state of the world. How true,
and of the world. How true,
how true! You see what's

to notice, and your wisdom's
not abundant, But, really
I paid twice what I
would have for 5 ft board.
Somebody's a few years ago,
and got about half as good
quality. It injures me -
concealed in fiction.

About the above - the
a new theory, and our
keeping you'll like it, but
will have to tell you
as I want to show you
plenty rather I think
you after would have
liked it. I am going
through the Bible, looking
for appropriate inscriptions
- it seemed the most
fitting place to look. It
makes me realize again
what a blessed savour
you have won.
The time of year brings
him very vividly to my
mind - of course, think of
the Christmas words to

have also read his book
"The New Veteran" — if you
haven't, do so at once.
There's somebody who
knows what the man is,
knows how to go about
taking action, and has
the proved capacity for
leadership.

I could go on in
detail at considerable
length, but that — like
so many other things —
had better wait till we
can talk. Just remember
that no matter how bad
things are, there are always
things to be done about
it.

Well, I can only hope
that you'll turn up
sometime after the holi-
days are over. I think
you're going away right

Do you listen to Raymond
Wald, Max Lerner + Frank
Kingdon? Their's very good
— and encouraging lessons.
They're no ordinary people on
the right side. And there
is always, of course, Mr.
Sving. He speaks every
Fri. evening, to the Abner
Bond. They're one being
done — and said.

After Christmas for about
two weeks — to Alexandria
where the address is a
Summit Place, Galla Howerly,
Alexandria, in case you want
to walk any place for
Lerner + his party and
conference! I expect to get
back in 9th.

9th like very much to
know what sort of talk
you heard in the middle
west. At least things?
wasn't all these days.

I wish to go on
longer but will wish you
a very happy Christmas
— and a ^{very} successful
year for the new year —
Con

Does one or does one not
still address you as Bk.?

4312-47th St,
Long Island City 4,
August 28, 1945.

Dear George,

Remember me?

You owe me a letter -- in fact,
I think you owe me two. But
it's all so long ago I'm not
sure. I hope you got the
packages of literature I sent
you last spring, though
I've no way of knowing.
And don't mind the whiff of
acid in these remarks. I
hope you're squirming -- yes,
I do.

The real occasion for this
is the enclosed clipping,
which you very likely know
all about, but which, in
case by any chance you
missed them, I thought it
important you should see.
It looks like a new trend
in American education, and
I trust it is. I thought at

over, of course, of Dad, for it is all so exactly what he wanted — an education that should prepare people for life (in so far as that is possible) and not just for earning a living. And God knows that with the world as it is at present we desperately need education that will ^{not} produce men who are experts in one field and profoundly ignorant of practically all others. One thinks inevitably of the great Engineer who managed to become President of the United States though he was an economic illiterate! And Dad used to mean even the men who became top scientists without knowing anything about human beings or human history. If we're going to deal with a world in which the atomic bomb has been let loose, we've simply got to have our good minds more broadly and less narrowly educated. The scientist has got to

have some other knowledge
to balance and complete
himself as a mature human
being. I remember how
often Dad used to shake
his head and say - "There
is no transfer". The idea
being, of course, that if a
good mind is to be a ma-
ture mind, it must be
educated specifically in
various fields of knowledge.

Anyhow, there seems no
better moment for such a
scheme to be tried. Man-
kind has, at last, reached
the unthinkable moment
when it has its last
chance. We can either make
this thing work or we can
perish - and there's no
other alternative. Either
this war is the last one or
the next one is - for after
that there'll be no world
left to fight for. And we'll
never make the grade unless
we have better educated
people - more completely
educated.

Almost the best thing about the whole scheme is that it is to extend to the secondary school level — so many will never get beyond that.

Well, I wonder if this will reach you or your log-cabin island or follow you somewhere else. Shouldn't you be coming back soon? Evidently your mother knows nothing of any prospective arrival as she's about to set out for Cleveland, to make Judy Ann's acquaintance. It's a good thing, I guess. I'm rather troubled about her state of mind, but won't go into it now. I hope when you do get back, I'll have a chance to see you and talk over family affairs. They certainly need your guiding hand!

And God knows the country needs men of your intellectual calibre. We've all got to get into the battle now — and those with the keenest and most perceptive

minds have the heaviest
responsibility. There's no
more time for isolationism
— political, economic,
intellectual, or just plain
human. "No man is an
island, intire unto himself."
The bell is tolling for all of
us — and perhaps especially
for people like you and me,
who have such splendid
heritages from our fathers —
men of the sort who are so
desperately needed, and whose
profoundly moral and hu-
mane outlook must some-
how be perpetuated in us.

Goodness, I meant to
write a nice note, and look
what came of it!

How is the botany? You
must have had time to do
a pretty good job. I wish
when you turn it over to the
Smithsonian, you'd take a
crack at their installation.
Gaud, what a mess the place
is! They manage to make the
most fascinating things dull,
no selection, no emphasis —
endless dreariness! Con

July 11, 1945

Dearest George,

I am in hopes this will reach you by July 19th for on that day we shall be especially close in remembering our celebrations together. I am thinking of you keeping busy and yet each morning I think, "So-day I may hear George's voice for I wonder if your fortnight may not come as a surfeit and you be whisked to this country in hurry. You know how glad I shall be to hold you close to my heart & and you need feel you can spend as much time here as you can spare. But if your fortnight is too short to me perhaps I can go to see you there. I'd like to go to Mauna now and perhaps I can do so soon. But I look forward to Cherrise for her and wonder if perhaps I ought not to plan to be with her there. And if she gets to Cleveland to see Judy Ann as I trust she will perhaps she will come here, too. I try to interpose peace the earth and love each day as best I can for I feel incapable of planning well for the future. As I pulled the few vines last Friday I felt downhearted for when I planted peas I felt certain you'd be here to eat some of them. We had Mrs. Joffrey here twice to enjoy them and I wish she was having your share. And we gave a mess to Dennis's cousins and had another friend with Mrs. Joffrey one time. Gardens are very backward and the summer has been cool so far.

Season will be a late one this fall. We have had
an early frost for the last three falls so perhaps we
have a late one coming. But that applies to our
little section alone. I write so seldom and

each time I forget to tell you that I brought a copy
of Clara Keightley's Pain for you last winter, the
last fall. It is the good edition which is not restorer
available and when I saw it at a cheap price I wanted
it for you. I'm sure you will have time to read of
gardens in fractions and then you will enjoy it.

Eleanor is having a very hard time. Her mother was
stricken a few days after she and Eleanor reached
Cayman in Paris effort to visit the doctor. He is
paralyzed on one side and from what Eleanor writes
in a sort of cold depression although her mind is
clear in a sense. Eleanor and a nurse took her
home several weeks ago but E. could not afford to keep
the nurse and now has a less expensive practical nurse.

Eleanor is still on leave from the Coast guard work she was
doing. Her mother's financial assets need not have
been as great as I thought. Care has been at Eleanor's
recently but I had no news of her for E. writes very little.
The roses have been lovely and we have given away as
many as possible. Miss Maygard waits a little but
is still much as usual so the roses have been a blessing
to her. Laura sends warm greetings and very love
over on it to you strong and full as always. May you
be happy well and strong and full of courage. - E. H.

4312 - 47^{1/2} Street,
Long Island City 4,
May 6, 1945.

Dear George,

Yesterday I took a chance and sent a parcel off to you, since I've had no word of your transfer. It represents the final 25¢ of your money, and if it doesn't reach you, I'll be responsible for that sum! I spent it on the pocket book memorial to F. D. R., which I think every American ought to have, and which I'm sure you'll want. It was got out with amazing speed, but at the same time is very well done. It begins with radio and press comment during that first tragic weekend and goes on to a brief biography, a chapter on his political philosophy (edited by Coughner, from Roosevelt's own speeches), and finally ends with the Jefferson Day speech, written one day before his death. Did you know that when the typescript was found on his desk, the memorable last two sentences had been added in his own hand? It gives them added significance as his last message to us, his people. I shall always believe that he knew - not to one day, but I'm sure he was aware that it would not be long. Had you heard that just two days before he

died he had himself driven to the top of one of the nearby mountains? He sat there alone for two hours, looking out over the world that he loved. And I'm certain that that was when he met and faced what was coming — horses looking out over the Promised Land. It's terribly moving, isn't it?

I also enclosed a copy of "The World", which has in it Oscar Walter's emotional but terribly touching tribute, and — more important — Thomas Mann's, which is noble and profound, as was to be expected. ~~It is~~ the tribute of one great man to another. I intended to clip them and send them in a letter, but it occurred to me that you might be interested to see the whole magazine, which has for some years been performing a valuable function, and of which this number about the San Francisco Conference is particularly stimulating.

Mr. Truman is doing pretty well, isn't he? I am more and more convinced of the wisdom of F. D. R.'s final choice of his successor. Wallace, much as I hate to admit it, for I admire him enormously, would not have done, for he'd have been too bitterly opposed in Congress, for reasons of personal animosity as much as anything. He would have wanted the right things, but I doubt he could ever have got them. This week came

what the Post said would be the first test of Tamm's liberalism — the question of the reappointment of Lillienthal to another 9 years as head of the TVA. Of course it was well known that F. D. R. would have re-appointed him, but every sort of pressure was being brought to bear on Tamm to appoint someone picked by the southern reactionaries who hate and fear the TVA and all that it means. Southern big business, Senator MacKellar and his gang, all sorts of reactionaries, have been after the President, ever since he took his oath of office — but on Wednesday he reappointed Lillienthal. He's doing all right! His other appointments have been good, too — such as a Federal Loan Administrator who would work well with Wallace and not ^{make} the separation of that agency from the Dept. of Commerce a matter that would cripple Wallace in his liberal administration of the job.

As one follows what happens at San Francisco, it's necessary to make an effort to keep one's faith, isn't it? The Argentina business was shocking, and very disturbing. So, for that matter, is Russia's behavior in the matter of

4312-47^{1/2} Street,
Long Island City 4,
April 24, 1945.

Dear George,

This is, first of all, to tell you that I sent off a parcel of books to you this morning. It should, of course, have gone before, immediately after I got your letter, which must be two weeks ago. But so much has happened to throw me off that I just couldn't get to it till today. If they never reach you, I shall consider myself financially responsible for the one bought with your money.

You sent me \$5.00 - which comes to \$6.50 at Macy's. The "Loon of Language" was \$3.75, the novel I enclosed today (the name, for some idiotic reason, escapes me - oh - "Tomorrow Will Sing") was \$2.50. In other words I've spent \$6.25, and still owe you a pocket book! I shall get one and send it when you tell me where. The check didn't go so far as last year's, since the first book was so expensive. I do hope you'll like "Tomorrow Will Sing", but I'm not sure. It seemed to me to put very well into words

human terms one of the world's
great current problems — the re-
habilitation of the fascist countries.
Tell me what you think of it. It's
not quite so good a novel as "A
Bell for Adam" but I think it
recognizes more completely the
nature of the problem.

I think it's wonderful that
you've been able to do all that
botanical work — to accomplish
something so creative, so construc-
tive, in this world of violence and
destruction, must be a profound
satisfaction to you. Obviously
it's going to be of great value
to others, as well, since it's being
taken so seriously by the Swith-
sonian. I hope you will be there
long enough to bring some sort
of completion to the task you've
set yourself. You make it all
sound fascinating — and incident-
ally, more beautiful than I had
dreamed.

But when you do finally have
to come back, I hope you will
not feel, as in one of your letters
you said you did, that you dread
it, that it is hard to face getting
back into the turmoil of life in
this country. Perhaps that was

only a passing mood, perhaps the terrible shock we've all sustained has dissipated it completely. Now like you are terribly needed here now - men of high intelligence and strong purpose. The greatest battle of all is still to be fought, and the men who understand this are desperately needed. We are born with a heavy responsibility to our fellow-men, and the greater our gifts, the greater that responsibility. We cannot evade it, and still be adult persons of integrity. It should, besides, bring us our deepest, our richest satisfactions. You remember Holmes' words: "I think it is required of a man that he should share the action and passion of his time at peril of being judged not to have lived." There is a profound truth embodied in that statement. You have the capacity to know and understand your time far better than most and you have as well, the firmness of will to do whatever job you really set yourself to. You must come back to be in the thick of the battle. You must use your gifts to splendid ends. The man whose powerful shoulders and great heart carried our burdens for us is gone, we've got to carry on

alone, and we must. We must, too, find joy and satisfaction in the doing of it, we must hold to that affirmative and positive attitude which he had, and which is so invariably fruitful. Neither your father nor mine ever turned aside from the battle; we are deeply obligated to do the same. And now the obligation is increased tenfold, for as Whitman said - on the deck our Captain lies, fallen cold and dead. It mustn't happen this time as it did that, with tragedy following in the wake of tragedy. And it's going to take every one of us to see that it doesn't.

This is not to belittle Mr. Tommas, who has had an appalling job handed to him, and who is doing very well. He knows as well as we do that he is leaving to wear shoes much too big for him, and he is going at it with humility, with integrity of purpose, and with great determination. He is no Andrew Johnson. His appointments, so far, have been good, the stand he has taken on such matters as Bretton Woods, is just as it should be, and now he is doing everything in his power to straighten out the wretched business of Poland.

Can anyone but F. O. R. do that? I don't know. But of this I grow increasingly sure — that the choice of Timmons was very deliberate on F. O. R.'s part. I think he was aware that he was quite possibly choosing his successor, and that the choice was made accordingly. How wise he was, as so almost invariably! Wallace would not have done, not now. He'd have had Congress at his throat, more eager to tear him to pieces than to consider the country's welfare.

Yes, I had heard all the family news — about Marge's mother, Eva's illness, etc. I had a long letter from Eva recently — a very pleasant one in which she seemed quite cheerful.

Your mother, I take it, will be moving into the apartment soon. It will be better, though not so much so as she thinks. Of course she is constantly looking forward to you coming, and equally of course, as you say, she'll have a reaction after it, so I don't know how much it will do her good. She is such a child, so incapable of living out.

side herself, either intellectually
or emotionally. One must be sorry
for her, but one can't admire her.
Her latest letter, written on the very
day the President was buried, never
mentioned him, but was entirely
about her own affairs, the smallest
of them, too. It shocked us. She
was living in the midst of world
tragedy and it had escaped her
mind. Of course it's pitiful to be
a child in an adult world, and
of course not all the fault is hers,
but some of it is. She has shirked
her fundamental responsibility, and
the retribution has been direct and
clear.

Well, my goodness, this was go-
ing to be just a note to tell you
the books were coming! It takes
me a long time to get started on
a letter, but when I start - boy,
what a spate I produce!

Con

4312 - 47^{1/2} Street,
Long Island City 4,
April 17, 1945.

Dear George,

I feel, somehow, that I should write to comfort you. I feel that you should write to comfort me, that all of us, all over the world, should try to comfort one another, for all of us have suffered a grievous loss, a loss that shall not be repaired while we live.

I find myself wishing that, for those three days, the days of mourning, you might have been here, or in some other big city, but not on your remote and lonely island, so that you might have shared in that strange and exalting experience. Can you imagine what it was like to see the New York Times without one line of advertising, to hear the radio for three days and four nights without commercials, without soap operas, without the funny men or the swing music? Can you imagine the great shops closed, their curtains drawn, their windows adorned only by black draped pictures of the President? America, for three days, forgot the

making of money — perhaps the
most sincere of tributes.

On Saturday, at the hour of the
funeral, I went to one of the many
memorial services. As we walked
toward the church, the sky, after
long hours of warm sunshine,
turned black over our heads,
the temperature dropped like a
plumbet. Darkness and cold de-
scended upon the world. Then, a
few moments after the service began,
lightning flashed through the
shadows of the church, an un-
imaginable peal of thunder battered
against our ears. For one awful mo-
ment, it seemed as if the whole uni-
verse were crashing into ruin above
that grave. Then the rain beat
down, and the whole world wept.
It was unbelievably dramatic, and
one could understand completely
how, in another age, men saw portents
in such things.

But what was most moving,
most overwhelming, in those days,
was to sit and listen — or to read
— to come to the realization that
that figure already towering among
the clouds, that death only crystallized
what had been in the minds and
hearts of men and women — even of
children — all over this mortal world.

There was the little Turkish shoe-
shine boy on the streets of Istanbul,
who looked up and said: "All the poor,
everywhere in the world, have lost
their fathers." And there was Mr. Clun-
chill, standing under the shattered
roof of St. Paul's, ~~rolling~~ ~~down~~ ~~his~~ ~~clubs~~, while the
great bells tolled overhead. An old
Jew, set free after nine years of honor
in a German concentration camp, in
the very hour of his joy, was told
the news. His face twisted, and he
said: "But he gave us hope." Mayor
La Guardia, in a choked voice, told the
city about the man who was his
friend; a little group of soldiers,
somewhere in Germany, gathered in
a box-car, because they had no
other church, and sang hymns together,
because they didn't know what
else to do. Somewhere else, just be-
hind the lines, a haggard, battle-
weary soldier dropped his rifle-butt
to the ground and said: "I feel as
if everything I'd been fighting for
was gone." And there was Eddie Cantor
in the comic, the funny man, saying:
"I guess I'm sentimental, but I think
he had the biggest heart in the
world, and he kept giving it away
till there wasn't any left for himself."
In Paris, as never before for any foreign
statesman, high mass was said in Notre

Done for him. In Moscow, as never before for any foreign statesman, the flags, heavily bordered in black, hung at half-mast. The great paid their splendid, formal tributes; the humble and oppressed, all over the globe, wept for his passing. I tell you, the world has taken a hero to its heart.

How much of this was the real man, how much already legend? It doesn't matter. He has become a noble symbol, a rock to plant our feet upon in the midst of the swirling waters, and once our sorrowing is over, he will bring to innumerable human beings hope, courage and faith — three of the qualities that most distinguished himself. He has been much loved, now he will be worshipped.

And how does a man attain such a place in our modern, scientific, hard-boiled world? I think, more than anything else, through the depth and richness of his humanity. He was compassionate beyond words, yet his laughter came quickly and easily. He was infinitely patient with the stupidity, the blindness, the obstinacy of the people whom he served, yet his anger, once roused — by evil, by cruelty,

By inhumanity, was powerful and
scaring.

Perhaps you are right, and he
was not a modest man. I can think
of nothing less important. The pri-
vate life that seems to me one of
the finer virtues — perhaps indispen-
sable. But he had no private life
— that he gave to us a long time
ago. And he had one ~~larger~~ humil-
ity of knowing always that what
he served was greater than himself,
and of giving himself, without meas-
ure, even to the final price. And
the ends that he served were
noble ones, resting on a profoundly
moral basis — freedom, justice, peace
— all of those in their largest, rich-
est sense. We must judge him,
not by what he was not, but by
what he was. Nor have we the
right to deny him his humanity,
to demand that he be a god, with-
out fault. That he had them, I
know — in the terrible light that
beat upon him, they all showed,
as did the moles on his face in the
flash of the photographer's flash.
But when we looked at that face,
what we saw was its beauty, its
strength, its extraordinary sweetness
— perhaps even the dark shadows
under the gentle eyes, shadows that

marked the measure of his devotion
to his country, to all suffering
mankind. The dirty deals that
distressed you are all over; they
seem small indeed compared to
the services he has rendered us.
From the moment when that
beautiful voice sang out, telling
us we had nothing to fear but
fear itself, bringing hope and
courage once more into the hearts
of millions, to the final moment
when the failing hand set its
seal to the agreements at Yalta,
lifting for a brief instant the cur-
tain on a world governed by rea-
son and justice — through those
twelve years, holding such agony
as the world had never before
known, he has been our tower of
strength, his hand has upheld
us, his faith has made it possible
for us to endure. What more can
one ask of a human being? That
he be perfect? Oh no, he never
asked that of us. He took us, faults
and all, to his heart, and then he
asked big things of us. Some of
us hated him for it, some of us
who wanted all the big things
for ourselves, some of us simply
failed him, but one beautiful,

The wonderful thing is that most of us somehow, after our halting fashion, rose to his challenge, achieved what we had thought we could not, had our little share in his greatness, and all our days on earth, shall bless him because he believed in us.

Now it's all over, the days of our mourning have ended, the noble head, the all-embracing smile, have vanished forever from our sight, the golden voice has gone beyond our hearing, and the weary body rests at last under the soft spring earth in the rose-garden. "We shall not look upon his like again," - not you or I. But in generations to come, he will be born again in some mystical way, as Lincoln was born again in him, something that seems symbolized in the time and manner of his passing.

In the meantime, we must go on. His mantle, the hem of which we reached out to touch when he came among us, has fallen. It's too big - poor Mr. Truman can't bear it alone. It will take all of us, all of who loved him, all of us who knew what he was

They are so little they are comic, like
an elephant. F. D. P. would have thought
it was funny, too. There, I guess I've said my say.
Don't want for "that man".
will miss being contemptuous of an elephant.
it was funny, too.

while still he lived and spoke.
We are the ones who must build
the first great monument to him,
long before the marble one in Wash-
ington. And it will be a harder one
to build, at a vastly higher cost
in human effort. We shall do it
only if our will is as unflagging
as his, our courage as splendid,
our faith as boundless. And if we
do it, it will be only partly be-
cause we loved him, it will be
even more because the rent can
veil from the bright face of truth,
because he shared with us his
stupendous vision.

Don't you wonder these days if
General de Gaulle doesn't sometimes
bend his stiff neck in momentary
shame when he remembers that the
man who travelled halfway across
the world to give the last precious
ounce of his strength in the service of
mankind, asked him to cover the pal-
few miles to Algiers only to be refused
and told he could come to Paris or
go without seeing the lordly general?
Heaven's mind - history will straighten
it all out. The future will know who
were the great ones, and who were the
little ones. And some of them are so
little that the waters of time will close
over their heads without so much as a
ripple - like the members of the Union
League Club, who have taken in their
flags, because they will not fly them at

4312-47th Street,
Long Island City 4,
March 12, 1945.

Dear George,

I meant to send this off with the clippings, but was in a rush, so postponed it a few days. In the meantime, "Yankee From Olympus" has arrived, and I want to thank you for that. There are parts I want to reread — and I know several people who will be grateful for the loan of it. I shall forget that it's yours, and shall keep it only until you're able to give it a good home!

I'm wondering if your sending it means you're packing up to leave. I'm sure that care this way will get to you for ages, but I'm writing as soon as the book arrived in the hope that it will. I have some other books for you (the remainder of your \$5.00⁰⁰ and a few of my own) that are just waiting for further instructions.

I meant to put in some more clippings about Galta, but the envelope was getting too heavy — and anyhow, enough is enough. The trial is there without men. One need only know the facts, after all, — read the President's speech — and make your own comments. The achievement is

immense, and the degree to which
Roosevelt is responsible for it impressive
beyond words. He's a very great man,
George - I believe we've had no
greater - only Washington, Jefferson, and
Lincoln as great. I think we should
find satisfaction in knowing that we
saw it while he was alive and in
office, ~~not~~ in the full light of day,
before the mists of legend had begun
to gather 'round his head. Mark my
words, 75 years from now his name
will be spoken with awe by school
children, there'll be marble memorials
to him in Washington, in London - yes,
in Warsaw, too, and there'll be old
men who will speak of the time they
saw him riding through the streets
of New York as the great moment of
their lives. And all those little men,
the Roosevelt-haters, the timid and
corrupt and selfish ones, will be
gone and forgotten, no one will care
that they ever lived, few will really
believe that they ever lived, just as
now few believe it when you say
that Lincoln was as virulently hated.

We're living in tremendous times,
my dear, and to be part of them is
something only the intellectually or
spiritually lazy could be willing
to miss. Don't tell me about the
evil that is loose in the world - you
will aware of it - at times agonizingly

aware, but that a great ferment is stirring in the world one can no longer doubt. Humanity moves forward with the speed of a glacier or no, that's not the right figure, for that movement is always imperceptible, and with man kind the steps are far apart, followed by inertia, or backsliding, but visible. Am I wrong again? Yes, I think the glacier is perhaps right - that what we're seeing now began in the 18th century - here, in France, in England. One should be able to get up above history, as one can above the earth, so that one can see 200 years all in one piece. I've been making a wild and amateurish attempt to follow the course of political thinking over that period, and it's quite an experience - and one to bolster one's faith in less mainly. It's impossible not to recognize, in the long view (and no one with any pretence to intellectual honesty has the right to take any other) how, with all the powerful forces there are working against the men of good will, still they manage to push, shove, urge, drag, or in some way propel the world in the right direction.

At that point the train reached the G.C. - now it's the next day and I'm at home, rereading one of your letters

about the peace settlement. You say "I
hope I am over pessimistic" Well, you
were! Of course you know that your-
self, now - after Yalta. You didn't allow
for F. D. R - that was your trouble! He's
the one man in the world who can make
a bridge between Churchill, the Tory,
and Stalin, the Communist, the one man
in the world who can make them both
behave reasonably, both compromise.
Each of them, I am certain, loves his
country more than himself, but Roosevelt
loves mankind, and that gives
him a breadth of vision that they lack.
He is keenly aware that unless things
are right for the world, they will not
be right for America, and he has
the capacity of making others see
his vision - if they're big enough.
He knows that the essence of democ-
racy is compromise - ~~is~~ ^{is} getting ^{people} to
work together by concessions from all
sides, is making them see that no one
point of view can prevail wholly.
That's the way he's working at home
- the way Wilson was so tragically
unable to, because he couldn't com-
promise, he couldn't concede - neither
at home, nor in Paris. He knew what
was right, and that was what had
to be done. It didn't work - it
never does. The spiritual arrogance of
that point of view, the lack of respect
in it for one's opponents, will every

time course deadly antagonism, and will defeat your ends, no matter how noble. You cannot force people to be good, but you can believe them capable of it, which is quite another matter, for it admits the possibility that your way is not the only way, that it is not you alone who knows what is right. Then only will you have wisdom.

No, I don't mean to think the peace settlement will be perfectly wise, but I do mean to think we'll leave something incomparably better than we had in 1919, and that is all that we have a right to expect.

As for who should dominate whom — we and Britain western Europe, and Russia eastern Europe, as you suggest — the minute anybody dominates anybody, the minute you have spheres of influence, you have the makings of another war. But of course this you see now, as everyone — even Stalin — does since Yalta, which is why he has bashed down on his stand on Poland. So long as the big three sticks together, they can — not rule the world, but see that it rules itself — and that, and that only, will work.

I was interested to read what you said of your suspicions of de Gaulle. Frankly, I feel them, too. He is one of the incongruous ones, and while I do

not underestimate, nor minimize what
he has done for France, I am not sure
that he isn't a good deal interested,
too, in what he can do for de Gaulle!
His past history is not one to make
one confident of his understanding
of the political and economic real-
ities of the contemporary world, either,
nor has his recent behavior been.
He has renegged on some of his prom-
ises of economic reform, and I think
the way he sulked in his boat be-
cause he wasn't invited to Yalta,
and then refused to meet F. D. R. in
Algiers was inexcusable. How can he
demand that France be treated like
a great power? She simply isn't one,
nor ever will be again. That bus-
iness of carrying a clip on the
shoulder is, I'm afraid, a French
characteristic (don't repeat this to the
Threedys!) and it's a serious failing.
Also — on principle — I do not like
military men as heads of govern-
ment. I mistrust them, and perhaps
more in France than elsewhere. Re-
member how hapoleon rode in on the
coat-tails of the revolution, and re-
member how it worked out?
Pooh, I've got to stop this and
get to work! "These are the times that
try men's souls" — but how stimu-
lating that is! It is so important —
so desperately important — that we
understand, that we think, that we feel,
so that in the trial our souls shall
not be found wanting. Enough! Can

[Letter in your file to the ...]

4312-47^{1/2} Street,
Long Island City 4,
January 30, 1945.

Dear George,

I really have been doing a lousy job for you lately, — a few envelopes of clippings, and that's all. I could go into long and boring explanations of where my time has gone, but it seems silly to fill up space that way. I'm quite aware of the importance of writing frequently to service men, and I really do make a lot of effort to do it — only I think of those I do write to, you can't read the list because, in the first place, the others are miserable with homesickness which I remember well you said you never were, and in the second place the others are all in places where each day may be their last, which certainly makes any, for smallest thing one can do for them a pressing necessity.

Then there is this — which is your own fault! Your letters are invariably full of stimulating and provocative material. I can't just whip off an answer containing notes on the weather and what I did yesterday afternoon. It would, in the first place, be to neglect a tempting opportunity, and in the

second place, it would seem as if I
were not interested by what you said
— which I am — very much.

Well, aside from the letters, there
is that check for books, which I re-
ceived before Christmas. If you'd
seen Macy's book dept. three weeks
before Xmas you'd understand all
right why I waited till after! They
were 3 deep around every counter
— and of course the help was
pitifully inadequate. I knew you'd
have another package arriving
around then, anyhow. After the
Christmas business was over I
was in New London for two weeks,
then came back to plunge into
immense things here. So what
happened was that I finally got
the "Loom of Language" sent off
just before I got your letter say-
ing to send no more parcels! I'm
terribly sorry — hope it may
still arrive before you leave. I had
it sent direct from Macy's as my
guilty conscience wouldn't let me
keep it to look at myself but
made me feel it must go at
once. This probably proves one
should always ignore the dictates
of conscience! I trust you rea-
lized how expensive it was — ^{\$3.75}
— which makes a fair hole in the
check. I have some others
I've been saving for you, but
will hold them till I hear from
you. I also have theories about

The rest of the \$6.50 (\$5.00 plus 30% for Book Club) but will refrain from acting on Drew's bill & hear where you'll be next! Will the "Boon of Language" be forwarded all right?

How for your letters - or at least a beginning on Drew. Thanks for the clippings. You may not have access to the journals you want to read, but you evidently have an occasional windfall or something - the "New Statesman + Nation" is not to be sneezed at, & I thought the review of "There Shall be no light" excellent - dramatic criticism on a high level. The question of whether things of high artistic value should be preserved at the cost of human lives is one I've thought about a lot - one must these days - and I was glad to read the U. S. + U. S. remarks on the subject. I certainly got a shock from the picture of Exeter. Of course I knew roughly what had happened there, but seeing a familiar scene so strangely changed is very startling. I was relieved to see that the cathedral seems undamaged.

Clive Bell is always stimulating reading, and this time he played right into my hand as his discussion of "Portraits" answered to my satisfaction something you brought up in the letter in which

of 06 July 003) ...
...
Oh dear, how did I make a
slip like this - one whole
page wanted!

you enclosed the clipping - the question
of using fictional passages in biography
(apropos of "Gaulthier from Olympus").
To my mind it makes exactly the
difference between a photograph and
a portrait. The portrait fictionalizes,
too, and it does involve seeing the
subject through another personality,
which has obvious dangers, but if
it is well done, what you've got in
the end is both a finer work of art
and a more profound interpretation
of character. Somehow a spiritual
third dimension has been added to
the flat two of the canvas. If you
could have chosen between a good
photograph of your father and a
portrait of him by Rembrandt,
you'd never have hesitated, and
you'd leave now such a record of
him as does not exist. There would
be things in the painted face that
never were in the living one, for
the flesh would have become only
a veil. Facts would have been put
aside, minimized, changed in order
to show what the artist's under-
standing of the inner meaning of the
man is - and incidentally, to produce a
work of art. Of course I can see that
you may get a false impression this
way, but that danger exists the minute
you get away from the encyclopaedia,
the minute you get into biography as a
literary form. Even the writer who
sticks to the known facts has his

own prejudices about his subject, which can affect his picture of the person by the material he selects or omits, the emphasis he makes use of — the general and inevitable slant his own point of view gives to the facts. I'm inclined to believe, for instance, that you get as accurate an understanding of a great man (and possibly more so) from Thucydides' frankly fictionalized portrait of Pericles as from Boswell's strictly factual portrait of Johnson. Each in his own way contrives to give you his ^{own} understanding of the man.

As for the amount of space given to Holmes' ancestry and background — I can see the objection, but to me it was more satisfying that way, simply because I not only want to know what Holmes was but why he was as he was. How of us spring fully armed from the head of Iove — we are the product of what has gone before us, of what surrounds us. I feel that my understanding of Holmes (as apart from my knowledge about him) is greatly increased by the lengthy portrait of his father.

Goodness, I didn't intend to go on at such length — and don't think of this as an effort to prove you wrong. It's only an effort to justify myself in my estimate of the book. You were very nice about saying you enjoyed it, and I certainly wouldn't criticize your criticism of it. What is reading for if not to induce thought and discussion. How you can go ahead and defend your point of view! And of course I

feel mildly guilty for spending your good money on a book that didn't wholly meet your approval — though you were very tactful about trying to prevent from feeling so.

Let's talk about another great man whom you brought up in your last letter — Mr. Churchill. How might you are about him! He is "a noble warrior" — but when it comes to the peace — no! how there's a man whose ancestry + background must be taken into account in order to understand him. He's the descendant of the Duke of Marlborough, and a member of what he still thinks of as the British ruling class. He's 70 years old, and he can't change. He will remain a Tory and an imperialist, though he's far too intelligent never to compromise. But his aims will remain those of an eighteenth — or even seventeenth — century British aristocrat. Of course there is much to be said for him — in times of crisis he is magnificent because of the combination of high intelligence with a sense of public responsibility (characteristic of the best aristocrats) and a really selfless devotion to England. But there it ends. He has no real understanding of the 20th century world, of the revolutionary character of this war, of the inexorable movement of history away from his concept of the good society. He sees and suffers from the tragic situation of England — terribly impoverished, exhausted and mangled, hundreds of thousands of her young men dead — and he would, I am sure, quite willingly give his life to help her.

But his only solution of our problems is an old one, which has been proved over and over again unworkable. The people of England know that, and unless they're too war-weary, too physically and nervously worn out to enforce their will, he will go in the next general election.

I mustn't go on with this — there are too many other things crying for attention, though there are also lots of other things in your letters I want to talk about — and still shall at some later date — Walter Lippman, for instance, and the self-determination of nations, etc., etc.

Let me know when and where you move, so I can send off more books.

I saw your mother when she was here for the funeral. She called me up and told me she was staying at the Hotel Marcellus, which turned out to be the Hotel Marcellus, and without ^{exception} the most dismal and ever sordid spot you can imagine. I took her out to dinner in a blizzard & then we sat for hours in the cold, nasty, and dirty "lounge" of the Hotel Marcellus (sic) and talked. When you get back within range I'll fill you details of the conversation. There's no point in it till you're nearer Copacabana.

How I'm really stopping —

Con

November 14, 1944

Dear George,

I've just sent off a parcel of books, which I hope will reach you by Christmas, though it probably won't, and is a bit funny as a Xmas token, anyhow, as the major item is very second-hand - my contribution to the book club at school last year and very well worn, but I think you'll enjoy it, and it's nice and thick! "Storm" is a pig in a poke so far as I'm concerned - I've not read it myself - didn't have time to before I sent it off - but from what I'd heard about it from several enthusiastic readers it sounded like something you'd like, so when I saw it on a counter I picked it up to add to the others.

I stopped cutting out Dewey & Roosevelt speeches for you when I heard that they were being rebroadcast for the coming year in Italy & concluded that if that were true, you must be hearing them, too, I suppose you heard Election night broadcast, too, and were as thrilled and reassured as I by the results. What do you think of Ball as a possible successor to Willkie as a liberal Republican. He has been courageous in his stand against the reactionaries in his own party, certainly.

I have some tragic news for you - David Gillett was killed in action in Italy in September. It's a terrific blow for his parents, of course, and for everyone who knew him. So promising a life should not be cut off so young. The only compensation can be in the passionate determination of the rest of us to give the sacrifice meaning, to do something in our power to see to it that he died for something. Tommy is magnificent, though she suffers terribly. I remember Dad's saying once that it is the worst thing that can happen to you, and the older I grow, the more deeply I realize the truth of that. And she takes it with a dignity and nobility of spirit that are beyond words, because of her capacity for seeing life in proportion, ~~and~~ in the long view, and affirmatively. Her great strength has been used to keep herself in perspective. It is, in emotional terms, to keep herself in perspective. It is, in physical terms, to what losing an arm would be in physical terms. It looks, in a sense, but one is permanently crippled, and she is

because she recognizes her own unimportance
in the whole long history of sorrowing humanity.
It is most wonderful. It reminds me of Dad,
of course, who had that same ability for refus-
ing to regard himself as important or to suppose
it's the ultimate quality of spiritual maturity.
How he would have suffered for Tommy, too -
how he would have taken on the burden of her sorrow, and
how he would have been moved by her
own attitude.

How I must stop and take this out to
mail it - it's not an answer to yours - that
will have to wait.

Con

4312 - 47th Street,
Long Island City 4,
September 18, 1944.

Dear George,

This is really just to tell you that at last I've discharged my obligations to you! I only hope you've been too busy to need more reading material than you have, because I've certainly been slow, when I contemplate the number of months it's been since you sent the check. This is hardly for the most creditable reasons, either, since it's because I wanted to take advantage of your invitation to read what I bought before I sent it. Well, anyhow, I've just mailed upon Sinclair's "Presidential Agent" along with two pocket books. I believe I still owed you
\$2.75 - the Sinclair was
\$3.00 - the extra 25¢ is of

discriminating of you, it was,
two. Evidently you'd come
across some of his earlier
work, and read "Rain Forest"
or before only with his
juggly - wuggy, wicky-wicky
last landscape. You've
occasionally got - Evidently
very popular, very popular -
only painted, and water
in prior to his early work.
- You've said "wiggly" and
wagge, whereas he really
could produce beautifully
fluid, logically constructed
pictures, which seem on
very small canvases, but
considerable ground and
a very real dignity. You've
very rightly, I think, to
whereas the late ones
would give 2 cents for.
They're much finer in color,
two (the early ones, I mean),
and on a much bigger scale
in technical level - maybe
the last ones look like
performance arts.
How are politics in the
Australians? I don't know the
effect of the President's
visit to you part of the world,

course mainly a reform of
- whereas you like - "The
you at the very beginning
book, "Qualitative for the 20"
performance of a "jazz mod"
of so many books - etc.
I expect you'll enjoy Sin-
clair. Have you read any of
the earlier ones of the
series? There is a fiction & a
3rd of you or one out, so it
was a gamble. Some of my
best in that part of his life
can't wait for the next vol-
ume - it's been some time
since - so have you one. One
was of famous as the whole
series with him in Italy and
all the men in his outfit, you
the St. Cr. down, I practically
stand in line to get a record
at them. Very encouraging,
I think. One way or another,
they're getting some advanc-
ion in what lies behind the
wall in my're fighting - as you
will see when you read it.
It'll be interesting to hear
what you think of it.
The postcard books are of
course, pure advertisement.
Did I ever arrange what
you said about "Cord"? You

To Donald sticking to his Republican conviction? Had
to understand in a person as intelligent - particularly his year.

or wasn't there any? Do
the men seem aware of the
immense importance of this
election, and are they going
to make the effort to vote -
or try to vote? I don't feel
very worried over the out-
come - that is, I think it
can go only one way since
the Republicans kicked out
their goose that laid the
golden eggs, but I should
like the victory to be over-
whelming. I should like to
see the country make a
clear statement that it does
not want reaction and iso-
lationism, personified by a
little man, who parrots the
words put in his mouth by
the powers behind him. How
about the radio - can you
hear any of the campaign
speeches?

I think you were wise to
let them go ahead with selling
the house. This is the time to
do it, what with one thing &
another, & I think it will be a
relief to your mother to have it
off her mind, and it's certain-
ly better that the place
should be used and occupied.
I hate to think of it's running
down after all your father's
loving care. Con

The rest of your letter, some
other bits - all those laughing
bits about Russia (The Republic
Learns, etc. Do you have a good newspaper? Do you

June 5, 1944.

Dear George, I realize how many reading materials
are out + liberating in the prison.
inst. It augurs well for you, Gov.

I sent off another package to you
the end of last week with "Gambles from
Olympus" in it, and a couple of pocket books
- one purchased by you, the other one I may
own that had gone the rounds. I hope
you'll enjoy the former as much as I did.
By the time I'd finished it I had found
Holmes so charming, so fascinating, so with
a figure that I wept (literally) over his
death, and went around feeling sad for days.
Of course it was comforting to know that I could
reconstruct him simply by rereading the books! But
I also, however, felt a great lift of the spirit,
for he was an American - solidly American -
and it is good to know that men like that can
spring from our soil. Not that he was without
flaws, but I was reminded of what Frank
Kingdon says in his book on F. D. R. (this is par-
aphrase, not quotation) - that great men are
human beings, too, with their weaknesses and
their mistakes, just like lesser men, but the
difference lies in the extra something which
they have that the lesser men lack, just as
Everest is a mountain with all the character-
istics of other mountains, but with also the
extra feet which make it different from all
others. Well, anyhow - do let me know
what you think of it. I think it is a book
one would wish to keep, not just to contrib-
ute to the camp library. If you feel that way,
and don't want to be bothered with finding
space for it, put it back in its wrappings &
return it to me. I'd be only too glad to give
it classroom for the duration. There are several

quotations in it from his own writings, that I want to copy before I sent it off - and didn't - which I thought about as classic expressions of great truths as one could find. If it wouldn't be too much trouble, I wish you'd copy one or two for me. I think it should be circulated among the armed forces - and the war factories. You'll find it in the preface, as well as later on in the body of the book, and it has to do with taking one's part in the passion and the action of our time. It's only a sentence or two, and would not take long to write out. I want to learn it and be able to quote it.

Before I change the subject - were you aware (most people aren't) that a rider was attached to the Soldier's Vote bill to the effect that the government cannot send out to the armed forces any printed matter, regarded as containing controversial material? This is aimed particularly at the pocket size reprints of both contemporary & classic books which are being turned out by the million for the services. One of the men in charge of that job (especially concerned with the selection of books) spoke on WQXR the other day, and he mentioned as one they are not allowed to print: "Gauguin from Olympus". So you see you couldn't read it if it weren't sent to you by someone. I count it's an idiotic ruling since it is about for either publishers or individuals to send these books to the men, so they're not saved from pollution! Another book not permitted is Charles Beard's "The Republic" - good solid history in the form of Socratic dialogue - scholarly, intellectual, detached, and about as controversial as the Constitution, which is what it is discussing.

Well, now about the family, in particular Eva. I don't know what her condition is, as I saw her for only four days, saw some of what your mother refers to as "attacks",

and saw her ⁱⁿ suspicious circumstances, since I gave her an outlet for some of her tensions, ~~and~~ as she talked to me absolutely freely about your mother, to me also but Wilbur & his family came to the house & I was the only extra strain. Eva says I am no strain at all & I think this may be true, as she obviously needed someone to talk to who would understand her language. She does talk a great deal & while I don't doubt that that is because of nervous tension, it is no more excessive than the talk of plenty of normal people, though your mother makes a great to-do about it. In fact, she makes too much to-do all along the line - exaggerating all Eva's symptoms. The things she said to me about incidents I actually witnessed made me realize that. To go back to the talk - it has the self-absorption of the neurotic (a thing of which she is no more guilty than your mother, whereas her behavior is unselfish & your mother's is not), but that is a thing that she needs a psychiatrist to help her recover from, or at least a person is attracted by one, or a person aware of the dangers of self-absorption & with some knowledge of the technique for freeing oneself from it. The only "guess" thing that came up was her belief (which she said some tried to disabuse her of) that your father would meet her at the station when she arrived - not in spirit, you understand, but in the flesh. She says she knew as soon as she got off the train that of course he wouldn't - there was no emotional letdown. Personally, I don't think she did believe it. I think she wanted to believe she believed it. I am convinced that she is neurotic, not psychotic, & therefore, of course, not so much to be worried about. Incidentally, I think that old theory of mine about the Oedipus complex is a lot of nonsense. It's pretty old-fashioned psychiatry, too, is it - Freud, not Adler or Jung, & pretty early Freud, at that! I do not believe, though, that she'll ever be a well-adjusted

...and as an American
...I would leave
...of the summer
...as a
...in the
...and I read a
...of my
...of my
...of my
...of my

times as there is more than ever, isn't it? But I must quote to you one sentence from her letter - "I am more timid than I used to be owing to travelling conditions, & my great leis." I burst right out laughing all by myself at home. Don't you think it's awfully funny? How you father would have laughed!

I think it's quite wonderful that you dream about her so often. It is a form of communion with the dead that brings release and joy more than one would believe - even when we know in the dream that ^{they} have, like Eurydice, come back to us from the dead, and like her, will return whence they came. Then I think, it takes on something of the miraculous, then we really know the strength of the bonds of the spirit, which cannot & will not be torn, even while we recognize the irrevocable nature of the parting. What you have loved cannot be taken from you - nor, as an inevitable corollary of that, can the weight of your responsibility to the beloved dead ever be lifted from you. I wondered, as I watched your mother this spring, if it weren't perhaps true that a belief in immortality has a certain demoralizing effect, for then all one has to do is sit back and wait. But for you and me, who do not believe that we shall ever see or know him again - except in our own hearts, there is the knowledge that we must give him his immortality, that we must live in such a way that in this world, which is the only world we believe to exist, he will continue to live - in us - that because he can leave no other life we will be gentler, stronger, wiser, less selfish - all the things he was, so that he shall not perish wholly from the earth, so that it will not be as if he had never lived. Perhaps I'm wrong, but it certainly is true that your mother makes an effort to live, as he would have lived, and to let that make him less alive in the home he loved than out in the fields where you're

May 17, 1944.

Dear George,

Don't apologize for not writing sooner. As a matter of fact, I'd been intending (you know how it is) to write you again without waiting. We're beset with propaganda all the time about withing to the war in the services. The theory is that we write constantly, regardless of whether we're answered or not. You can't dial the Weather Bureau, without being firmly admonished to "write as a man in the service today." As a matter of fact, I think it's right, too, and mean to be conscientious about it. You men are baling or brating, while we sit comfortably at home - writing letters is a very small thing for us to do. Besides, writing to you is really no back, for your own letters are way neater than those of any other service man I know, at least,

former you paid for, the latter I
bought some time ago & it has
been the rounds of my friends,
so I now pass it on to the library.
I have also bought for you
"The Peacock Feather Murder"
by Carter Dickson, who is always
good, and "The Ministry of Fear"
by Graham Greene, who writes
what might be called "serious"
thrillers — that is, they are really
respected and read as psycholog-
ical studies, not just for the
plot. There were all 25 cents,
then I blew in \$3.00 on "Faubus
From Olympia" — a honey of a
biography of Justice Holmes. It
got such high critical acclaim
I felt pretty safe. It's half-way
through it and love it. Anyone
who knows Boston & Cambridge
can't help but enjoy it, I should
think, & besides, he is so im-
pressive, both as a personality &
as a mind. So — I've spent
\$3.75 so far. Another package
will go off soon. Incidentally,
enclosed some clippings I thought
you might enjoy.

and furnish the answers with
plenty of material. I suppose it's
a matter of breadth of interest —
you have plenty to talk about
even when you can't talk about
what you're doing, because you
can always talk about ~~about~~
what you're thinking. Most men
can't — or perhaps they simply
aren't thinking. Anyway, whether
I agree or disagree with what
you say, I am always stimulated
to think by it — as Virginia Wolf
would say, it explodes in the
mind.

Well, about the books. You're
quite right that the Macy Book
Club would be a nuisance at
long distance — I thought of it
myself after I wrote. And this
will amount to much the same
thing — except that you'll have to
gamble on what I get! Since
I buy them on my book-club
account, I've credited you with
\$6.50 — 30% is what they give me
you know. I sent off to you yes-
terday "The Box-Bow Incident"
and "A Coffin for Demetrius". The

I'll answer your letter properly very soon - as I don't have time to spare. I'm sorry about Eva. This is all there's time for now.

I think "The Ox-Bow Incident" is extremely good. I shall be eager to hear what you think. In spite of the fact that I saw the movie last year, I was spell-bound by the book. It makes one angry beyond words - and agonized. Coincidentally, I think the movie was, if anything, (be lieve it or not) better. The end is changed slightly - the letter is read aloud, and it tears you to pieces - and Davies remains a noble character. That I think artistically more sound. The fundamental conflict of the book is the ancient one between good and evil. That should remain to be and. Without that clearly felt & embodied - conflict the structure falls to pieces, the irony loses its bite. There must be someone through whose eyes we (feeling ourselves to be on the side of the angels) can continue to look. As the book stands, the ending seems to me weak & anti-climactic - quite convincing as ~~book~~, but losing force as art. I could go on at some length about art & reality & their relations to fundamental truth, but I won't! What do you think?

I'd otherwise have sent. I don't know how you'll like "The Ligonist". It's pretty dabby, I suppose, but I found it fascinating. I think she means Kildooey to be a microcosm of Newland, and just now we're all thinking a lot about Ireland, especially since the recent difficulties. Anyhow, read it or not, as you choose, I've passed it around here, and it's due to move on.

Why don't you ^{subscribe} to Macy's Book Club - or let me do it for you? It requires one purchase of only four books a year - & pocket books count. You could order books yourself by mail or I'd do it for you, & share in the price for the privilege of reading the books first before mailing! You remember that you get a 30% discount in the form of a certificate for the purchase of another book or books. I thought of it the other day when I got a copy of "That Man in the White House" - which I think everyone should read, but I simply can't part from my copy till next November! I'm going to use it for ammunition & reference during the coming months. It's not a biography, but a political document - really, I suppose, a campaign document - by Frank Kingdon, to whom I listen regularly on the radio. I think he ranks about with Loring - he is wise, humane, and in a restrained fashion impassioned when the issue is one of major importance, though not the way Johannes Steale is. Anyhow, I think the armed forces should be reading it. There's a paper-bound edition for \$1.00 - in the

same format as "Our World", which is a
little amusing.

This all brings me to your political
comments, which interested me greatly.
I'm glad you liked the President's speech.
It has got him in trouble, of course. He
is in trouble all the time now, due to that
reactionary Congress with which the
country saddled him, and what will
come of it, heaven knows. Certainly all
the forces of reaction in the country are
hell-bent to discredit & defeat him. They
are gathering momentum as the weeks go
by, and the viciousness of the attacks
increases. Even Mr. Willkie does not re-
main apart from the rabble-raising
sort of thing. Once more, as in 1940, he
begins to seem more concerned with dis-
crediting Roosevelt than in really offering
something specific and different him-
self. He seems to have a few ideas, which
he presents, and re-presents in slightly
different words (the habiton remarks that
he reminds them of Dorothy Parker's actress
who "was the queen of the auditions from
A to B") and for the rest he fills in with
a great spate of words, often draped around
illogical thought, and not infrequently
self-contradictory, if you take them to
pieces. P. M. leads an editorial "Our
Willkie and Two Worlds", which is very
real. He has just been shouting himself
hoarse again in the Wisconsin campaign,
& I'm beginning to suspect that hoarseness
as a political trick — an attempt to
make himself, ^{seem} just a simple, sincere
man of the people who feels so passionately

about all this that he can think of notating
so small as his own comfort - playing
up to the dull but contrast between his
widdle-wentery twang, his overworked vocal
cords, and F. D. R.'s beautiful diction &
controlled, Harvard voice. I can't believe
that a man of his intelligence is sitting in-
capable of learning to speak properly or
unaware that he does it.

Goodness, I didn't realize that I, had,
as you say, "arrived" because I enjoy
chamber music so much, but I'm de-
lighted to hear it. The feeling I got, as
I listened week after week, was that
by comparison the full orchestra was
like a person with a great deal of flesh
- the structure of bone and muscle
is too much overlaid. Perhaps this is
all wrong & will give me away as en-
joying chamber music for the wrong
reason! But it gives me the same sort
of satisfaction as painting based primar-
ily on draughtsmanship - like that of
Michelangelo, for instance.

This reminds me of a game I played
the other night in bed, when I couldn't go
to sleep. I was thinking of a very re-
markable photograph of Lincoln that's
just been reproduced. I was thinking
to myself that it was a face that should
have been painted by Rembrandt, and
then I went on to the faces of my con-
temporaries - the prominent ones, and
also ^{the} the ones I know - and picked
the perfect painter for each one! It was
lots of fun. F. D. R. was going to be done
by Titian, Churchill by Velasquez -
you, in case you're interested, by Holbein,

and your father, too. But my father by Raphael — and Sister by van der Weyden, Joan by Ghirlandajo. All a lot of nonsense, but you should have been here — it would be a good game for two, & you'd catch the feeling. I can't think of anyone that's right for El Greco, but there must be someone — fields went out a good fanatic, with a soul showing through his flesh, and a face not too linear, nor yet with much flesh — a face that will give the painter a chance to see the skull in it, and the artist a chance to see the spirit in it.

How I do rattle on — it's the time of night — well after midnight, I guess I'll stop, and go on tomorrow in a more prosaic mood.

Well, I spent most of last week in Coxsack as you've no doubt heard. I wanted to go once more before the house was given up, and am more than glad that I did. Things should have a conscious ending, not just stop. I am glad that I spent a few days in that house, knowing that I should not again. I have associations with it that I value enormously, and have been, in a way, very happy there. Not to have said good-bye to it would have been like not going to your father's funeral — an evasion of a complete emotional experience. I missed you father terribly — much more than in September. I suppose it's always like that — the completeness of such a loss one comes to only slowly. But even in that there is satisfaction. For if I missed him less I should feel an inad-

equacy in myself, in my realization of what he was, and in my own love for him, of which I should have to feel ashamed. Of course at best we are all inadequate in our relations with such a person - none of us gave him enough - neither you, nor I, nor, though it seems cruel to say so, least of all your mother, poor dear.

But enough of that. I'm very much concerned over the present solution of your mother's problem. God knows how she it's to be dealt with, but it seems dreadfully unfair to Wilbur's family - particularly Jessie, who has had more than her share of painful + difficult burdens, and little enough equipment with which to handle them, except for the patience + unselfishness of a saint. I'm not sure that more intelligence might not be of more use to her!

Sometimes I wonder, as a matter of fact, how much your mother's troubles come from lack of intelligence. I don't fail to recognize the emotional immaturity, but it is possible - I've seen it happen - for a person of high intelligence to so train + discipline the emotions as to acquire a maturity for which he was in a sense not equipped. He can learn to understand himself, to see himself - but she never has. She's not only emotionally subjective, but is incapable of intellectual objectivity, and so remains a lost, unhappy child in an adult world. I remember when the night you father shook his head, and said to me sadly: "She's a good woman, but she has no sense of humor." Having no sense of humor means having no sense of proportion, which means ultimately that you never see yourself in proportion. Your own form fills your horizon - gigantic + out of all correct perspective in relation to others. It's a

really devastating thing to say of a person,
how fortunate that all you children in-
herited your father's sense of humor! But he
was wrong about her, being a good
woman - she's only a good child. Her "good-
ness" consists, like that of a child, in following
a set of rules. She doesn't lie, or steal, or
drink, and so she feels righteous. But of
the real nature of the moral life she has no
conception, nor of the meaning and purpose
of morality - the relation of the individual to
society. Really she's not good at all, for she
is utterly self-absorbed, and she spreads un-
happiness about her, so that no one wants
to live with her. I know - the reasons for
it all you can find by going back to her
insecure + unstable childhood. She retreated
into immaturity and staidness because
for a while + in a way she got things
she wanted - people were pitying + tender
with her + that made her feel safe. But
that doesn't last - + now she's left with,
most of the time, no one but herself to
pity her - and self-pity is one of the most
ignoble of the sins. But perhaps only in-
telligence - + a sense of humor - can save
one of her temperament from it. So true we
are - right back where we started from!

I don't blame Virginia a bit - your
mother has been simply impossible - she
really has. I get this partly from what I
see, partly from a few (very few, for she's
very loyal, + very restrained in her criti-
cism) things Virginia has told me, partly
from Tessie, but mostly from Eva, who
talked with complete frankness.

Goodness, is this one of those letters one
isn't supposed to write to service men, be-
cause it discourages them? Well, of course
I wasn't thinking of it as a letter to a ser-

Somewhere in L. S. Sound,
August 11, 1943.

Dear George,

The above address indicates that I'm cruising on the Gillett schooner, along with seven other people - a marvelous experience.

I'm writing first to say that I'm aware that your \$5.00 worth of books have not all been sent. I fully intended to finish it all before I left home, but I judge from what your mother says that you're much busier now, and so perhaps you're not quidding you took over my slowness. Did you get the others all right? The two twenty-five centers I hadn't the nerve to insure, but the big package I did, and am still clinging to the insurance receipt.

While I was in New London I went over to mysis a couple of times to see Aunt Lillian, who has been terribly ill this year, and seems awfully frail now. We talked, as we always do, of books - "Yankee Iron Clydesdale" among others, and what with this and that the fact came up that I'd been sending books to you, to fill odd bits of time, and keep your mind in sweetly running order! She immediately said she'd send you some herself - books that had been given to her, and which were already finished with, so far as she was concerned, so she felt a good way to make

them more useful would be to pass them on to
you with the understanding that from you
they'd go on to still others.

I am reminded of the brother of one of my
best friends. He's in the A.F. 7. - went through
the African + Sicilian campaigns, + then the
Italian c. which of course still continues. He
writes home for books and books and books.
There's the usual quota of magazines, but the
rest are pretty much on the intellectual
side - the important novels, biographies, books
on the war. The interesting thing is that he's
running a sort of circulating library for
the men and officers of his outfit - has got
men reading who haven't read a book
since they left school, and now here they are,
reading things that are really intellectually
stimulating - that must, to some extent,
make them think, that will, at least, pre-
sent to them some of the major problems of
our day and our country as they appear to
the minds of serious and competent - often
brilliant - writers. There's bound to be edu-
cative value in the whole thing, perhaps
even, the reading habit will be established.
They (the books) are snapped up the minute
he's through with them. The Lytton Sinclair
series are so in demand he has to keep a
waiting list, so's to give everyone his turn
at them. All very encouraging, isn't it -
especially in an army like ours, where so
little is being done officially, by way of
education.

Aunt Lillian's last name - in case you
don't remember - is Miner - her address
7 Elm St., Hyattsville, Conn. And when you
write to thank her, I'm afraid I shall

have to admit to you that she knows nothing
of what has happened between you and me.
Naturally it is terribly humiliating to me to
have to tell you this, but I was just caught.
I intended that you should never know that
you had succeeded in breaking me. None of the
other disasters of my life have, and it makes
me rich that you should know you had
succeeded in destroying something in me that
I had prized infinitely. I was caught between
the devil and the deep blue sea, that's all, &
I had to admit it in so many words. Perhaps
you'd figured it out from what I said about
Arthur Sanders, ~~but~~ but I hoped you had
simply dismissed it from your mind, without
figuring out that it was you who had
made it impossible for me now to go to
Epte, again. It just grips me beyond
words as, but at the same time I realize
that I am thinking of you as you were some
years ago, when you really derived satisfac-
tion from humbling me. I know you've
changed a lot since then, that you are
more mature than you were - perhaps you
won't feel as I pictured, but it still grips
me just the same!

I'm glad you got hold of "Journey
Among Warriors" - what a fine book it is -
that beautiful, lucid, objective, logical
French mind, and the extraordinary facil-
ity of expression in a language not her
own. Yes, what she says of Russia is
most impressive, and yes, it makes one
ashamed of our claims from - though it
didn't take that to do it. However, one
must remember that it is the actual
presence of the enemy that makes war right

(both literally + in production + morale) as the
Russians leave. Remember how they sat back
while England went through her hell,
how they waited till they were lit their-
selves before they would lift a finger.
And as for their fighting as they do because
of their economic system - I'm very skepti-
cal. Men don't fight for economic systems,
but for ancient reasons, deeply rooted in the
fundamental instincts of the race - in the
last analysis for their lives, in the meaning
for honor (yes, really!), or just for what is
mine. Remember the British vanguard at
Dunkirk, fighting like demons, and absolutely
without hope - remember all England during
that year when she stood alone while all
the rest of the world said she was doomed,
while death rained from the skies, and
the bodies of her young men lay thick on
the sands of Africa. It wasn't for the
capitalist system that they fought like that,
and held like that, against the worst odds
anyone in this war has faced - but they
saved the world - quite literally. And look
at the Chinese - with one of the slowest ec-
onomic systems in the world, but how they
have fought - for years longer than anyone
else. All this is not to say anything
against the Russian economic system which
I heartily approve - but merely to say
that I think it's an irrelevance so far as
their fighting is concerned. Also, though I
very much hope that we shall ourselves have
a similar system eventually, I do not want
it accompanied by a similar political
system, for that shocks and repels me. I
want us to come to our socialism gradually.

and by legislative and democratic methods, so that our precious freedoms may not be lost. You remember Evie Lewis felt that way, too, profound as her admiration was for Russia. I do not want to live in a country where such books as hers cannot be printed, where they can be read only in secret, like bootleg liquor. You just been reading Herz-Koscha (sp.?) Fischer's book, you see, and are very aware of what it is like to live in a police state, to see your children growing up with slightly closed minds, to have people you love and profoundly admire shot down because they belong to the wrong political party. I want something like what Sweden has, what England is growing into it. This doesn't mean I am anti-Russian, nor that I believe she's going to try to Colchivize the world, or any such nonsense. I respect her deeply, feel we must continue to be on very friendly terms with her, must work with her, make concessions to her, and never - never - cease to be grateful for what she has done for us in these last three years, and at such hideous cost to herself.

Then, I had no intention of going on at such length, but you know how it is when one gets started! Now I must go on deck, and enjoy the morning's sailing. You will be interested to hear that Bob is in Norway (or very likely, in the *De Trave* of you) and David is the front lines in Italy. Tommy is as cheerful and courageous as you would expect, though she suffers. Yes, I mistrust the Republicans, too,

but the poor fools picked such a hell of a
candidate that they'll lose the election.
Even Taft, who voted for Lauder (I), can't
swallow Mr. Dewey, and is actually
going to vote for F. D. R. at long last.
When the Republicans slapped down
Willkie + took on Dewey + Bricker, they
branded themselves as the party of re-
action + cooked their own goose as far
as Gov. T. is concerned. It's in the bag
for F. D. R. — so the hell with the
Republicans!

Now, I'm really stopping now. —

Car

625 Ocean Ave.
New London, Conn.,
July 3, 1943.

Dear George -

This is not an answer to your letter - I haven't time right now - though there's plenty in it to make good conversation.

But at the moment I'm concerned with plans. I was in Boston all this week and didn't expect to go back, but for reasons I'll not stop to explain I didn't finish with the dentist, and so have to go back. That being the case, I thought I'd plan it to be there when you are - especially since

If I couldn't make it —
on account? I just thought
that the more was added
in one letter, the simpler
it would be — all the
writing, books & paper
takes time & makes con-
fusion. On other words, just
send me a complete
calendar! I know it's
a nuisance to have to do
things in a hurry, but
I just can't see what
else to do at the moment.
I'll not stop for con-
versation at all, but
get this off.

Con

When is Eva's birthday?

You're about to be out of
Leavenworth where I'll
probably not see you again
for the duration. So would
you let me know when,
whether, & how long (if
you know) you're going to
be in Boston — & I'll
make my best effort to ap-
pear during that time.
Also what was the Boston
address? You say it's
the same, but I seem
to have forgotten all the
old one, so I guess you'll
have to send it to me
again. Mine, incidentally,
is the one at the head
of this letter — c/o P. D.
O'Shatt. Do you want to
ask a night when we
could have dinner together,
& tell me how to reach you

Monday -

(18 May 43)

Dear George,

Have I got the
right address on this? It's
what you had at the top of
your letter, but then you told
me the Beacon St. address,
and then you said "Write
to the above address". What
I want to know is - how
far above?!

I meant to get this off
sooner, but you know how
it is. Besides, I don't imag-
ine you're as awid for mail
as a lot are, since you're
either shut up in a
camp, or off in some re-
mote corner of the globe.
There's plenty to do + plenty
of people to see in Boston
for any spare time you may
have.

Well - just these are one or
two small matters I'd like
to bring up + get off my
mind. Did you leave time

Wish you could be kept on papers,
but I guess that was no long
ago you'd forgotten. I've dropped
them in the box for address &
address, no acknowledgment from
you yet & good to you. "I would
thank you" I do want to speak,
though. (But there's no burning
& when you send it, I would
you keep me a line, give as
you may remember, if you just
in when the paper on being
it's only by the grace of
god if I ever get it. "How's
did you like "Boswell's News";
It's there is one as import-
ant that the people could
help being fairly so, I
knowed it was on the
west part, extremely well
done.

One more item - what was
the appropriate date of
your father's obituary? I
thought it'd be of I could
find that letter you wrote
about it. It would be nice
for you to receive it. I don't
know when it is, but you
must send it to me, I'm
not in late. I wish to wish.
There, now for your letter,
I want to please that you

before you left Cambridge in
and, a trial, do get the
message for your father's grave,
you wish mentioned it &
though you came on didn't
just forget it & could be that
it was one of the things that
didn't get done. I, so, could
I'm just use the name &
address of the priest, so that
I could write for it, or
whatever would be more
suitable at this time of year,
I'd like to do it for November

Don't
Audrey being I - you remem-
ber, I mentioned to you in Ex-
eter, a slighting of sent you
from an article by Count
on the liberal arts education?
Did you find that exciting?
For you when you get back,
maybe I've sent to you
I mentioned it referred to
you or known, & answer. But
if you received it, may I please
it? I forgot all about it till I
mentioned it, & then I want
write!
Remember, by the way, for all
the books I've had written,
to refer with them in all that
I'm old, which must have
been useful, but of them old

were sent to Boston, which
you're already so fond of? Even
though you're so terribly
busy, you can manage to see
some of your friends, and
some of the places you enjoy.
Do keep me in touch with
your movements, I shall be in
Boston once or twice this
summer - though very likely
not when you are, you must
be near the end of your first
stretch already.

How does the navy stand
up under close scrutiny?
When I think over the naval
officers I've met (regular
navy, I mean) it makes me
shudder to think of a per-
son of your intellectual
calibre leaving to take
orders from them. They
are pompous, opinionated,
very much aware of their
own prestige, and definitely
conservative and reaction-
ary. That last is what
seems to me most serious,
for thousands of young &
impressionable minds are
going to be in their hands
for some years. And - but

is judging both from what I've seen and read - if what comes out of this war is the world they like and admire, then the whole dreadful business will have been a meaningless waste of slaughter & destruction. This is not to say that they are without virtue - certainly the ones I've met have been charming to me and their manners are lovely - for all I know they're exemplary sons & husbands. But that's not enough - it's nowhere near enough in this war of the worlds. Most of them are practically illiterate outside their own fields, too - and feel all the more manly for it. I have never either seen or heard of one who had any understanding of what this war was about.

It all reminds me of what James Middleton said in a Sunday Times article a while ago. He's been in Norway, Belgium, France, England & now N. Africa in these war years, and he says that among the forces of all those countries nowhere has he found such political immaturity, and deep ig-

But I'll probably come out but
will probably. But she does
it because it is true to be down
and she is fine obvious person, no
do to it. And so you know
spirit lives in her, right? It
upward? She may be very
much above in mind, but earth-
ly in spirit she is, wholly un-
true - and it's not too common;
you should all be sleep-
walked to her - do walk
the effort to pay her little
attention - she's so oppo-
sitive.

She said we a funeral of
man, having a little while ago,
he had called about train in
of a book + had had 2, 3
times, 3 covered him. I thought
it was very strange and I went to
get a woman and I went to
all that trouble. It was a
classroom and I was sitting
to do. And I feel we have
ions on the subject of her, I
remembered something I had
readly known a woman who
readly a woman's great delight
been a spiritualist. He said
of a part of spirit. He said
to her "Is that you myself and
is that to know yourself and
then to give yourself away?"
There he said, and he said
vegetation on a ground and
subject them out being, I wonder,

various of the course + mean-
ing of the work as he does
among them - of years + men,
Depressing, isn't it?

Well, maybe you can do
some missionary work, but
God, I don't want to be in
be ordered about by men who
winds you cannot defeat. But
maybe you can do
better than all this.

I had an awful nice
letter from Mr. D. I'm in
Virginia, I think you're very
fortunate in that situation,
the letter was very positive
- the letters, but what her
problems will be and her ar-
bitrariness of your method was
both adequate and kind.
The letters I will not be on
it was when you train was
there. He was, she says, "the
life of the party" which is
the way of describing that
left of the spirit we all
felt in his presence. Her
will improve to come to the
measure of her devotion to
him and her own efforts
of her work. The letters that
it will have plenty of dif-
ficulties + trials that will
not cause shame - that

What a good-awful address! What do all those letters
if Eva doesn't instinctively
know the second part of that
already. Of course she is in-
tense about it to an abnormal
degree - she tells you more often
how much she loves you than
well-balanced people do - but
still, it would seem that under
that exaggeration + intensity
there is a deep natural desire
to give herself away. This
maybe all nonsense but it's
an interesting speculation,
+ I've been wondering if it
had anything to do with the
fact that she's managed to
get as much better as she
has without any professional
psychiatric help.

I'm glad you came out
as well as you did at M. S. C.
I guess you definitely made an
impression there, and I'm sure
you can go back if you want
to. It's a good thing, all in
all, for it's an excellent re-
commendation, and there's
no telling what things will
be like after the war.

This seems to be the end of
the paper, and of a pretty dull
letter - I'll try to do better
next time, Con

your letter went
to Boston.
I
So glad
to
hear
about
you

4312-47^{1/2} Street -
Tuesday -
(24 March 43)

Dear George,

I meant to scribble you a line as soon as I got your letter, but the last weeks of school were hectic, so here it is - just to tell you not to feel you need prod the person who has Spencer's books. I'd never have mentioned it except that I thought it was lost & wanted to start tracing it. Certainly I'm in no rush to have it back - only if you leave to join the Navy, you might receive it first! I don't believe Spencer

or something quite different,
he would feel that his pro-
position must be read in the
perspective of Linnæus. The
reminds me of the stones
in that, though that's
trivially different from
wise. But there's both
profoundly moral people -
that is, they have a funda-
mentally moral attitude
towards their fellow-men,
by virtue of so not mean-
ing that they simply follow a
set of conventional, which
leaves nothing of them com-
to be themselves as moral,
Angels, I'd understand
to any so much, but it
does all interest us in-
tensely, for the longer he
was open, the more
I realize the importance
of these attitudes in at
least attempting to
create a world in which
nothing like this need
reappear again. And our

feels it just a matter of
feeling more serene that
is important but how
that serene is brought
by means of faith that to my
feels - including the
idea that - the thing of
primarily importance must
always be mankind. As
you say, his ideal is, of
like God's ideal is, of
suppose, that they get
along, so beautiful they, of
course you're right that
it's not a serene like at-
titude, but a Linnæus-
attitude, one "and you're
position one" and you're
sure you're right, too, in
thinking that Spencer
knows that. He's a pro-
foundly humane person,
and feels as deeply as any
one of his time the necessity
of producing some sort
of better world. I think he
was - whether serene or

increasingly sure that un-
less the humane and the
moral have a greater part
in post-war settlements than
ever before, it will happen
again. It's astonishing
how long it takes the
world to learn that inter-
national immorality just
plain doesn't work, but
is invariably paid for in
"blood, sweat, and tears".

There, that will do. I
thought since we'd been
talking about education
you'd be interested in the
enclosure. Perhaps you've
seen it - part of an article
by Couaut in the N.Y. Times
Magazine. I saved one
part I was interested in
as a teacher of the liberal
arts. Will you return
it? No hurry!

Have you accepted yet?
What's your draft status?
When of you age seem to be

clipping, all the time. How is the college behav-

S



Mr. George B. Van Schaack
626 M.A.C. Ave.
E. Lansing Mich.

4312 - 47^B St.

Long Island City

N.Y.

1832

February 24, 1943

Dear George -

Thanks for the long letter and the news. I wasn't much surprised, if at all. The news has been on your mind for some time, after all, and the work out there was getting pretty awful. Certainly there wasn't anything very enticing to keep you there, and certainly more and more people feel the necessity of being really in things. As a matter of fact, I was surprised at Christmas when you said you were going to stay where you were. This seems to me much more logical.

the case - I suppose he's
able to draft me, isn't he?
But of the same thing,
keep remembering his
system administration - I
knows which would
be much like Hitler's,
his attitude toward
England as I saw it
the summer I was there,
including his cheerful
confidence in the defeat
of England by Germany,
and the consequent
underlying of the world
in Germany. All that
begins with the question
of the he must feel
with Germany, should
have thought would
have made his delay
being in a position to
sell him so little for
more till in last few-
able moment. But of

You'll probably expect to
get on later - get a
very large and neat set
of it to be splendid for
physically, and another
ally, too, and perhaps
even intellectually. I don't
know the same he was
you saw, I've heard you
a number of sources that
the worst needs matters -
his own families. And he
be sure he let me know
what happens with it. I
don't see how the college
can possibly expect to
you leaving to go into
the service of your country
- unless you could
quit it, and I'm not
I think you would
more surprised at little
spring than yours. I can
see lots of reasons why

course what has been going on in his mind in the last two years is something I know nothing about and I suppose it is from that that his action springs.

It seems as if the training period were awfully long. When they now make Ensigns in 3 months why does it take more than a year to go the next step?

Of course I'm annoyed by their questions about me. It seems very much none of their business since I am not a financial liability of yours. If I were in a position to receive an allotment (or a widow's pension!) I can see that it was their business, but as it is definitely no. I shall be

very indignant and terribly
upset if they go to the
school, though I can
see no conceivable reason
why they should, and
shall hope that therefore
they will wait.

I'm delighted that your
father is going to the
Valley (I'm sure that's the
right spelling - Dad
went there at one time)
Clinic. I think it's prob-
ably as sound a place
as there is for diagnosis.
God knows they may
not be able to get at
the thing even there -
plenty of things seem
to baffle all doctors -
but at least it's as
good a chance as any,
and I'm sure it's
a wise move.

was certain by no means
for that. I am sure you
letter came I thought at
once it would be about
that & was glad to
read it probably for! But
since you don't even
mention it, it's obvious
it was not to you. Of
course it's not valuable
at all, but I am
interested in it both
for personal and for
impersonal reasons —
and there's a very
broadening little insight-
ion in the front to Dad.
So I should like to
see it, and wonder if
you'd mind doing a
little investigating of
around the office of your
department (I had no
other address for you to see

There's another matter
on my mind, too — I want
you & Peter's, Eddy with
in a few days after our
lunch together and to
judge you were just it.
I started several times
to write you a note and
only if you had, just be-
cause you need always
to be very prompt in
acknowledging things, I
want you, so I stopped
it. Credit arrived, but
I kept thinking that
you were probably too
richly busy and so had
no time to get around
to it, and I didn't
want you to think I
was just trying to
burden you in so sending
it over, since there

Persia, and China already. Not in quantity, I think!

If by any chance it's got
mislaid and tucked into
some corner. It's so small
it easily might have. I'd
be very grateful if you'd
~~rose~~ ~~around~~ for it and
drop me a line as to re-
sults. Then if you don't
find it — and I suppose
you probably won't — I
can start leaving it
traced. Fortunately I've
clung to the insurance
receipt. Sorry to bother
you, for I expect you're
practically busy.

Joe Jones is being
sent to the Alaskan
front to paint the war —
he + three others. Four
more go to Africa + four
each to two Pacific fronts.
They get a captain's pay.
Wonderful, isn't it? The
recognition of the artist's
function pleases me extra-
ordinarily. The same thing
is being done in England,

Wednesday -

My dear,

18 June 42

I really think that you owe me something by way of explanation about now. Something is very definitely wrong. The change in frequency of your letters & the very marked change in tone can't be purely accidental. Of course I have a theory — the question about Boston is not the only one you've left unanswered.

It seems to me incredible that you don't know that you are hurting me, frightening

longer would be my
policy; I'm really glad
all I can take. My last
Sister was done here
this year. Now, I'm afraid,
I've passed my capacity
for enduring pain.
If you remember please
I was unhappy but a sleep in
the face. That you should
wade and a decision -
one which would sit
all right with your
desires and pleasure.
but making even a
gesture of consulting
my wishes was never
being I could be -
like - I'm really couldn't
believe and I'm not
sure that I do yet. You
make no mention of the
possibility of my coming
out there while you are

me; and humiliating
me. It also seems
to me incredible that
you would believe as
you are if you really
know. Perhaps you will
indulge in that rather
serious thought process
that results in your
noting of my terrible
of me as I am & then
you it should be ig-
nored. God knows
what's going on in your
mind. I had thought
I'd not say all this
till you got here - it
should be talked over,
not dealt with by
letter. But I received
such a shock when I
got your letter last night
that I was dazed. And
it was seems to me
that to let it go any

doing a summer job.
Is this deliberate? I can't
really believe it. I am
terribly bewildered. It
doesn't seem possible that
I can have been as com-
pletely wrong about you
as your letter would
seem to indicate. I must
be misinterpreting some-
thing somehow. Certain-
ly anyone with your
moral standards would
not put money ahead
of everything else.
And yet the trip to
Boston (which I sug-
gested partly for the
pleasure of your com-
panionship — an item
which you never even
referred to) you bowed
down summarily for a

financial reason, though
Clausen knows it's not
expensive. And then you
suggest taking the quarter
part of our summer
away — to get more
money. This can't be
true. You are not a
materialist.

You can see how my
mind is working — I
see the obvious but my
belief in you fundamental
integrity makes me feel
that somehow I'm not
getting it right. So I
think perhaps you'd
better help me out.

Wait you please be
an angel and answer
this quickly instead of
waiting your usual time.
This is partly because
you are at present making

me very miserable + I'd
like that cut short. It
is also partly because
naturally all this affects
+ changes all my own
plans which must be
reorganized completely.
That you shouldn't
have thought of that
— you who always
plan things so care-
fully and are so bothered
by leaving plans upset
— is another thing I
find very difficult to
understand.

I have just heard
from school that the
change in the course is
to be abandoned + that
I will definitely leave
only one class — anything
to save money!

C.

Friday -

15 June 42

Darling -

Did you ever get a letter from Arthur inviting you - us - up to the country for the week-end of the 4th - including my birthday? He says he wrote it about 2 weeks ago & is wondering if you got it since he's had no answer. I said you'd never mentioned it so I didn't know, but it was a little surprising that you hadn't mentioned it & I thought maybe you'd never got it - though I must admit your letters are now so few & so brief almost anything might be left out.

What is the matter, any-

There also agreed with
your ideas. Now I'm sure
you don't mean that, but
you can't draw the logical
conclusion from your
words without arriving
at that point. It's not
very exact - or generally
so - but good - to be
for the real Germany?
anything else except for
these two laws no other
value. To eat the ordinary
small commonplace
German one being that to do
is to live for his family
rather than die for his
country's idea to fight
die - it's all to fight
conquering about this - this
was made to be said for
one thing and for another.
One of the most first
in world we agree
with this, it's a little
and about the words that

Now? Are you all? Has
anything you wrong?
can't believe you're talking
to about or picture me,
you seem to me pretty
intense about the gen-
erals - perhaps. It was
only a word. It's not
you don't really think
things like that. It's about
not wanting with the most
reputable with the most
strong ideas of Germany
also would not die for the
real Germany. That's
certainly an emotional
not an intellectual abstrac-
tion. Besides, it's in-
human - and very in-
practical! You sound a
little like me; in fact, as if
you'd prefer to die
there also would be
devised to regulate
the world, who would be

I feel better now that I
know that the English
feel sad, too!

Did I tell you I had
supper at the Desamis' last
Sunday and that Robert
had been doing a small
job for the F.B.I.? You
should have seen how to
hear - I simply can't get
enough details to make it
a good story.

I hoped Sister would
invite me to the country
this week-end - it's the
anniversary of Richa's
death & I particularly
didn't want to be alone
- but of course she
didn't, since I was there
2 weeks ago. So I'm
feeling pretty desolate. I
wish you were here.
Loads of love -
C.

Tuesday -

1st June 44

Swabia -

Prouder for the check
— especially the extra
\$1. — which I'd totally
forgotten about, so it
amounted to a present!

Do you ever listen
to Ed Linnow's report
from London Sunday
night? He's the best of
the foreign "correspon-
dents" (what do you
call them on the radio)
certainly. Anyhow, what
I was driving at was
that last Sun. he
said that there was
no jubilation in London
over the terrible
raids over Germany.
That was an enormous

is done in a spirit of
giving resignation to an
unhappy necessity, I can
accept it, but the
attitude so manifest
here of proud profound
dogmatism, and fer-
ribly discouraging in
its —

As that great Sikh
called me up to say
she was ill, and could
I come to do some
necessary shopping
with her, so I came
I did — and a number
of other things, too,
as this got put off,
was I don't know
what I was going to
bring in that matter,
As you know and was

comfort to me. God
knows if anyone does
right to delight in such
a revenge the soldier
have, but according to
his account, there is
more of the spirit of
brimstone or revenge
manifest. He said
"They are half-right after
from that side ~~of~~ it."
He also reported that
when he was talking to
one of the R. A. T. pilots
who'd been in the
Cologne raid and asked
him how he felt about
it, the reply was "Well,
it seemed rather a pity."
So, all in all, I feel
wonder better — so long
as that sort of thing

about when you're coming?
Is it really not till July?
You promised Sister a
birthday party, so can't
get to Boston next week
& that pushes it along
till almost the end of
the month. I don't want
to plan it too late to get
back after you've come if
you please me. You never
answered my question
as to whether you'd go
with me if I waited till
July. I'd so much rather
you would. We could have
fun - go to Exeter for a bit
perhaps. And you should
go to the dentist. And it
would all be so much
pleasanter. Anyhow, will
you let me know?
Loads of love -
C.

I've been thinking of
 writing you for a long
 time but I've been so
 busy that I couldn't
 find time. I'm sorry
 that I haven't written
 you more often. I'll
 try to do better in the
 future. I hope you're
 well and happy. I
 miss you very much.
 I'll write you again
 soon. I love you.
 Your affectionate
 father,

Saturday -
 I guess
 how nice to hear
 from you again! You
 don't say why the long
 silence, but anyhow, I
 guess I'll just answer
 your letters as they
 come instead of keep-
 ing to any regular
 schedule.
 We're leaving the
 first real summer
 week-end - warm &
 brilliant. I wish I
 had somewhere to be
 instead of alone in
 my apartment. Too bad
 the last week-end was
 not good weather when
 I got my infrequent

but heard by expressing
an opinion on — very mildly
Sara — which differed from
his. He alerted at me, he
told me ~~the~~ didn't know
what I was talking
about. He his mind was
being I said on other
matters — in other
words, he was damned
in talking.

This was — and he
+ Sister one up from
all alone — I am being
still with a friend that
was. I want you that
seems a knowing but
do look like that
do things? I am not
— I am sure that he
wondered how that he
father.
As he, he changed the
subject. Perhaps you've

invitation to the com-
pany. But at least I
don't get to regard
the world — and his being
to know, he was
simply impossible last
week — end. Of course
Sister had all sorts
of excuses for him but
he really was inexc-
usable — by the stan-
dard which we were
brought up to. God,
if she had to fall in
love, she couldn't
do with someone who
is it so second-rate?
I kept inquiring
my father from, and
it all made me feel
very sad. I brought
an explosion down on

right about Germany's
cracking under air raids
but I'm afraid it won't
work that way - it
never has any where else
- it has always just
made people angry &
stiffened their resistance.
Perhaps enough military
damage has been done
to make a difference, but
that, too, is doubtful in
the light of past ex-
perience. Hitler has ob-
viously not thought it
important enough to
bring any of the Luft-
waffe back from Russia
to meet it. And I am
worried about Russia.
Any day now hell will
be let loose there, and
can they hold? Perhaps
the United Nations will open
a 2nd front. Thomas Stalk

Curious comics are in di-
stinct - of Grey's letters &
to say they will to
minent danger

Wednesday -

(4/21/40)

Darling,

I'm feeling very low - partly just weather. I think - we've had 4 days of raw dampness with intermittent rain - you know what it's like. Your washcloth never dries. There's a clammy chill in the air, dark comes early, and our spirits go down! But that's only the last straw. The thing that's really getting me down is the war as it grows bloodier day by day. The raids over Germany are appalling - 20,000 helpless people destroyed in a night, 54,000 more hurt, many of them probably

just or word; but it's im-
possible not to keep be-
ing reminded that Edward
Gould's England, and of his
trud no good can come.
Mr. Clendinning Gould's
the House of Commons
that the report is valid
in Disbury has been in-
jected on the evening. My
de's mad - we're all
mad - to make one
difference but this in-
some sort of strength
and destruction. What
else could we do but
mad to get a mad-
man lead on Gould's
side would it be mad
against?

Have you read about
Greece - do you realize
that the Greeks are
sincerely threatened

letter lead. Of this un-
gabled as an evil neces-
sity it would be nothing
but anarchy - in the
press, in the conversation
of our friends - there
seems to be nothing but
a general delight, not
least a satisfied rage.
The one seems to think of
it in terms of human
and genius. It is like
judging an surgeon go-
ing about an operation
in a spirit of blood
lust, he becomes un-
derstanding. I begin to
wonder whether any-
thing will come out of
this war which could
work all the killing,
the bombing, the
destruction of a friend
values. Perhaps this is

with expectations? 20%
have died in the last
year, and at the present
rate another 60% will
be dead in the next year.
Of the 800,000 in Athens
only 100,000 are able to get
anything to eat except
from the Red Cross, and
no one has enough for the
maintenance of health.
What use is freedom
to a people already
dead?

I understand more
every day why my
father was so terribly
sad for the 4 years of the
last war, and I thank
God he didn't have to
see this.

Well, I guess that's
enough of this heavy
little epistle.

Bushels of love -
C.

I do with the least loads of love, precious -
I do not see any going more? What are the least loads of love, precious -

Monday -

2 June 42

I write -

I hope you'll forgive this - I suddenly find myself out of every-thing else.

The party at Mannheim's sounds a little odd - at least, I thought anyone who was ever here. Tommy Weismiller would be something he'd be too sophisticated to touch with tongue. I'm sure you would! However, of course he may have got into it inadvertently + he certainly is up your alley, so it's a good thing to take up his invitations. Who were the other guests at the Townes who read like high school students?

ideology on an assortment
of types. There was so much
consideration — all from
men related as usual —
and all about the ideas
of the Nazis. You see how
the individualist & man of
action thinks about it!
The religious leaders, the in-
tellectual, the religious
citizen — and why to
everyone of them this
own freedom to live life —
his own way was some-
thing not only essential
but giving a goal of them
sort of fundamental human
dignity which made the
Nazis always seem less
human — Besides that went
always another in spirit
and less visible in mind
from the way also was
true. You're certainly right
about the east — I don't
know when it's been
one quite so good. No one

You didn't tell anything
about who was there. I
guess your reading is a
good way to substantiate
partly things I don't think
I'd ever known the name
to try it! God knows the
one setting your people shows
concernation in good
amount to keep our own
way on anything but a
very moderate level. I
will every time I have
a good I should be more
concernous about provid-
ing some form of inter-
tainment.
Glad you liked the
readers — so well — and
I agree with you — it's on
the whole more intelligent.
I feel that as I thought it
was that what it really
came to was ~~the~~ a discus-
sion of the aspect of Nazi

was poor and all the major
 actors were better than
 good. Yes, I knew about
 Ambrose Wallbrook - he's been
 acting in England & this
 country for a number of
 years - generally on the
 stage - did Prince Albert
 in Housman's "Victoria Re-
 gina" both in London &
 here - with the same
 beautiful finish that he
 did the Katherin.
 I'm glad Eva seemed
 well - even though it may
 mean nothing - in the light
 of her remarks about the
 mother's day letter. Did I
 tell you Dr. Rennie is now
 head of Payne Whitney at
 the N.Y. Hospital?
 What did Mrs. Balint
 talk to you about? You've
 never mentioned it - most
 sinister!
 Hugh is safely in Nassau -
 will tell you about our week.

I want
 to
 see
 you
 sometime.

Friday -

27 MAY 40

Sweetie -

I seem to be as
much involved as I was
before school closed!
Yesterday I had thought
to get in an afternoon
work between going to
Joan's "commencement"
in the morning and
out to dinner with An-
drew in the evening.
But Sister asked me if
I'd have charge of Joan
for the afternoon. So we
went to the movies! I
meant to take her to
"Night Train" but the
program had been
changed to "Fantasia"
& she begged me to see
it that I gave in - oh, God,
what devotion! Seeing

First she examined yet, for
she seems to me a very
thorough person in her
long run - & she long
since is what she often
denies being in. It is so
glad to hear from her
I have been uninteresting
except for his little talk;
I'll get Charles to go all
for a walk, no more
higher to myself for a
change. And I never
yet know how to go
for a walk further than
across the meadow to
back.

Yes, I am in going to
the farm - I don't know
quite how soon. But I
could possibly start in
the coming with Sister
eventually unless she
desire, no objection, as
wheat was neglected &

It was in good order.
Our time - she was
So - had on her hair
or would remember to get
essential things to be
before going up to the
cemetery for the week.
and. I have to Charles
one visited - no, that's
inaccurate - Charles is
visited - I have in
subordinate. I had known
what it will be like.
I don't like & I really
to Charles is rather doubtful
by Sister's opinions but
ing. It will probably be
rather obvious & it is
marks. However, the water
looks very propitious &
the coming will be very
beneficial. So perhaps
it will be all right.
Yes, as you say, Sister
may find how it
seems to me very strange

no man in the house. Besides, Joan needs to be away from her mother that much of the year.

As for my job - don't get any exaggerated ideas - the very most of the job will be as much as I had this year - and an opportunity to change the course so it will be acceptable to the colleges. This will be a great satisfaction if it goes through, but it won't mean any more of a job than I have now. The catch is that neither will they be able to save the money as we they'd expected to - which may quash the whole thing as Miss Pierce is just depressed with the idea of saving money.

Thus, how ^{much} must such - You're going to be late getting a ^{total} of 1750. as it is. ^{total} of 1750, my pet. C.

Yes she for Ben - very
responsive. Sister went
around in the course of
conversation that at least
Hurd could get his will
made. I. immediately
asked what that was
& of course he explained
that on appeal Ben, Sister
initially explained that it
didn't mean he was go-
ing to die but that all
people who were married
did. I. He. She finally
relaxed. By the way,
you are expecting in
case of Sister's death. Tom
says "Does that mean
I'll leave to live with
George?"
Well, then I took Ben
over to class day at

one is by a rubber with
of the right telegram. But
of course none of that
was your fault & he was
very seriously pleased
that you should leave
anything of it!
He left at 2 pm.
last afternoon - saw all
day Sister, Tom, Louis
(yes) and me. He took
the 5:00 train - says
he likes - he likes when
he'd spend the night
so on by phone he
wonders - she his good
for by the Government.
Louis left + immediate.
By + Sister + I copied
with Tom. She was ab-
solutely. I was
into the car + got on
where drinks and gin-

school, which is a really
charming occasion, with
an out-door play (Alice
in Wonderland this year)
+ of course some ~~entertainment~~
ices. The day was perfect
- bright, warm, and
still, so that you could
hear perfectly + sit in
comfort + so that every-
thing looked lovely -
green + fresh + fragrant
- like the girls themselves.
I looked at the long line
of young things, in their
trailing white frocks,
with their arms full of
flowers, and thought
how touchingly fragile
they seemed to be sent
out into this ugly + un-
happy world we're hand-
ling as to them. So many
of the boys who should
marry them will die, +
their children will never be

Mon.

36 May 42

Darling,

This cleaning paper was lent me by Joan to scribble a note while I sit + wait for Hugh + Sister to come home. They're at the Martins where Alex says he "wants to break a bottle over Hugh's head + launch him". The invitation was a last minute one + since I had already invited them to go to dinner with us Sister asked me if I'd stay on + take charge of Joan till they came back. Before dinner we had champagne in a bottle brought + shared by the Turners, and not worth drinking. It was

American "pink champagne" & tasted like a mixture of Coca Cola & soda water. God! It was all we could do to down it. They wanted to go home & get a second bottle, but we regretfully (sic) said we simply had to go! So off they went & then we went up to Perese Worthington Grant's & had a delicious dinner.

You should see Hugh's new clothes & everything including a white dinner jacket with midnight blue pants. He goes tomorrow afternoon & most luxuriously (all expenses paid) on a streamlined super train to Miami & the next day by

plane to Nassau. Just what
he is going to do they don't tell
him, but he had to sign a
contract to do anything he
was asked, including manual
labor — and he's listed as a
civil engineer — at a salary
which would amount to \$5000 a
year — if he had it a year!

Well, that's enough of that.
What about you? I hear so
little from you now that you're
spacing your letters so widely
& making them so short. Do
you intend to work this sum-
mer the same way you did last
— on your own — or do you in-
tend to take a regular course?
Do you still expect to get here

at the very end of June as you
said some time ago? I wish you'd
look around for quarters for next
fall before you come. Otherwise I
know you'll insist on going back
early to do it instead of waiting
till the last minute. I'd like to
know about when you're coming so
I can make some plans. I'm
thinking of going to Boston for the
dentist, though I'd much rather go
later with you if you would con-
sider it - and of course you should
go. We could find places to stay,
I'm sure, & it would be fun to be
there together. Also - Leon has
a summer job at a camp & I
have invited her to visit me for
a while in the time between

the closing of the school dormitory & the opening of the camp. She shouldn't have to pay any hotel bills & I want to do my share of offering her hospitality, but of course I don't want her visit to run over the time when you're coming.

I am trying out cheap meals — wait till you see the kind of meals you get! I'll dazzle you with something good the night you come to disarm you & then clamp down on you with steaks. I wish you were here this week to see the revival of "Night Train" — I thought of you when I saw it advertised & of how I watched it

last summer for it to reappear
just because I was dying for you
to see it — & here it is just
before you get back.

I was supposed to have
dinner with Arthur tonight
broke the date to take the
Creightons out. I regard it as
legitimate under the circum-
stances but I doubt he will.

Laurie is starting out by
taking Sister to see "Lady in
the Dark" Thurs. night. A
very good beginning, I must
say.

loads of love, Debbie -
C.

Friday -

(2 May 42)

Angel -

Hugh is leaving

Tuesday - I'm sorry
he won't be here till
you get back so you
could join us Mon. in
a farewell dinner - and
at the station on Tues.
Don't you think it
would be nice if you
sent him a telegram
for good-bye + good
luck? Perhaps you've
already written to
him or something.
But since you're with
going to be around
with the rest of the
family, I think he'd

views — Jim saying stem-
lately, but you're well
we're getting! I thought
the amount you & your
don't want to talk
about it. Jim was a
bit that way very ear-
ly. I had a beer in your
place — but maybe I
just wanted to talk
about things with you.

Well, I met my
girls for the last time
yesterday — showing
their long papers to
them, and saying good
bye. I cleaned out my
desk for the summer,
& then went down to
Alicia's for dinner. And
in the evening we both
went up to the library
to work on & to see what

we planned to do on
your thing at 9 o'clock.
I think we're a little
neared and that's
-gile we are otherwise
in a way. It's a big
break for a person as
sharply looked as that.
At present we're
going to do that. I
course — getting top-
ical clothes, a pocket-
size for yellow paper,
typoid, tables — and
a vaccination — and
getting things ready to
leave in the house in the
N.Y. & the house in the
country. Good luck.
I expect you to join in
Bain's party to you in
that performance in the

sort of bibliography I
could collect for Ken-
art, also to do some of
his end-of-the-year
library jobs. The dean,
you will be interested to
know, has enthusias-
tically approved my
plan for next year - the
headmistress has not
yet gone into it.

I'm going to Brooklyn
tonight to have dinner
with Till. How Arthur
reports as very down in
the dumps. God knows I
don't see how she could
be otherwise, though her
behavior in company
never for an instant be-
trays the fact.

Special love -
E.

For
times
I
am
dread
in
school
work.
I
am
dread
in
school
work.
I
am
dread
in
school
work.

Sweetie -

Wednesday -
20 May 42

I am disturbed
at having no word from
you since the one you
wrote last Thurs., that
means you didn't write
at all over the week,
and which is very un-
like you. I know you
had a full day Sat. but
you said nothing about
plans for Sun. - and
even if you'd shipped
the whole week and
written Mon., I should
have got it today. I
hope you're not sick -
or drafted! Of course I
have brought, too, of
love, and wondered if

course; I think it's a
bad thing for Linné-
Lasioulip with Sister;
It will make the bond
between her & Linné
much stronger - the
wife was so the more
to whom she will
turn for all the things
a woman wants &
more for, so she will
come to rest only with
Linné very attractive
but so she depends
on Linné. It really
displeases me terribly;
And I think it's an
unhappy background
for Linné's life; which
is very unfortunate.
The whole thing is al-
ready the subject for
going and I come with

confusing could leave
you some time. That
was what I had expected
since when I'd been
worried about you. P.S.
After it's getting but
you're being crowded for
time, but these days
everyone's in such a
state of tension & un-
certainly that it's very
to be prolonged. You
should leave soon
before I was in when
I got to Linné was 35
min. Late walking in
at the movie theater.
day!

Well, that's going to
happen - for 6 weeks, at
least - leaving early
next week. I feel very
much forward, I

be much more so with
Sister alone. But of course
they are in a spot with
no jobs for architects ex-
cept government ones and
all of those necessitating
his going to outlying
bases, etc. — where no
wives & children are allowed.
At least Nassau is better
than Trinidad!

I had dinner last night
with Tania Stout, Paul &
Arthur. Paul was the cook &
he is superb. Like most
men who cook at all (from
anything but necessity) he
has a lot of subtlety —
no "good plain cooking"
about it — like your ham-
burg. Perhaps you should
extend your talents to
other items! Arthur says
Emily says do you know
how much the heavy work
made teachers! The Stouts

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Monday -
 (19 May 40)

I've devoted the
 day almost in toto to
 paper reading - very
 wearing. But these
 long ones at the end
 of the year have inter-
 minable time. I did
 take out a couple of
 hours in the middle of
 the day to meet Sister
 at Bloomingdale's, do a
 couple of errands &
 have a drink, but
 otherwise only meals
 & necessary housework
 have interrupted my
 labors. Oh no - one
 more - most irritating
 - it's a black out.

as a hard job. I guess I'd
better get a flashlight.

There was "hanging"
after so long an interval;
we got so quickly we
particulated, and in
positions in our judg-
ment that the wires
we admired 5 or 6 years
ago suddenly seem
vaine. I suppose this
is really because of the
rapid rise in quality
of the art of the cinema.
Does "hanging"
stand up still?
And what did I see.
Galvin tells he's about
God, I'd never seen in a
shape, and I mean you.
People who make our
engagement with you to
tell he's about you-

It began just as I was
about at the end of
one paper and another
1/2 down - making.

But for the time the lights
could be put on again
of each paper all the
washed up and I'd been
making and each has
back and read the
whole paper over again.
It was a complete
dark night so I sit-
tably could see my
hand before my face &
just away from the
windows. The lamps
hang in the middle of
the time of each paper
over in plain, jumped
into the door way and
jumped my way to the
bedroom, where it
was read, given me up

self make me shudder.
Perhaps it's an old Hun-
garian custom - or is
she trying to psycho-
analyze you? I thought
I'd like her, but now
I'm not so sure.

How does what you
say about the draft
board affect you - do you
know? Do you know,
also, what Grove's
position is going to be? I'm
sure if you're taken you'll
be ~~set~~ set to teaching
math somewhere, and it
would be so much better
for you to be teaching
what you belong where
you belong - better for you
or the country. Besides,
you really need the vacat-
ions.

Hugh was given a B2
card without any question,
so they can get to the

country
of
H. - and
statements
that
indications
including
after
fully

(16 Aug 49)

Friday -
 Darling -
 Such a day as I
 have had - at least it feels
 that way, but I expect
 really only because I had
 to do so many different
 things, not because I got
 so much done.

I started out by getting
 up at dawn - after a
 session with Arthur till
 late last night - so as to
 get a report written for
 the dean on possible changes
 in my course next year
 which would make it
 acceptable to the colleges
 for advance credit. This
 is of course a scheme
 dear to my heart! I was
 thrilled when I got the
 suggestion - after years of

cleared for one
 at least + went
 done at least
 the work in

wife me - also to get in
town in time to see the
Glenville to buy a cake.
Then when I got to
school (putting the last
bundles on my report on
the train) I found myself
beside the little water from
various people all of
which could be done some
part of immediate answer
to when I went up to
my classroom 'Friday',
hoping to get 15 minutes
to refresh myself on the
game & girls out picking
Barn was a girl who had
been visiting and one
down & had to talk to
me!

Then two classes - the
last for the year - always
departing to me to enjoy
it! As this year for the
last two very good groups
- also making to respond.

and probably on my part
- so I wanted to do as
good - & convincing - if
as possible. The thing that
I had was to condense
my own words sufficiently
to make them possible for
with all the feeling & the
involvement of other
relatives, but I've done
could even wither death.
Angels of the - & that
return seems to be the
good. All other things are
we do it; the same as to
them, though, for the last
my last letter, which gives
me a sort of help
helping.

Well, our little bridge
house was planning to
leave all the year with a
piece of his memory, and
I had to get ready to
do one of the good to take

Wednesday -

(19 May 42)

Darling,

I don't know why you're so apologetic when you write on office stationery - there's nothing wrong with it. I don't even mind typewriting. My God, I even manage to read communications from Father without losing my head & if I can stand that paper I can stand ^{any} anything. Yours, ^{from me} is by comparison the height of social elegance from Tiffany's.

I'm glad your boy did so well at Mt. Pleasant, after all, you see you were making more in -

Downy. She was laughing,
of course! But I'm afraid
my table & her sup-
per - eat - he says.
Go down - put that on
your list. Did you see
that to see "The Garden"
or "Luisa" & "The Garden"
International Society - or
"The Paris" & "The
of art, but I'll send
them will be around
this summer & I'll
leave on return for
going again! "About
is" - do you know
about it? "The Paris"
modern "Luisa" -
and study painting,
to me at least. It was
written by a lawyer &
universally professors - at

position with your train-
ing from you realized.
I was quite depressed,
though. He was not
suffering, he was with
him, "The Paris" was so ad-
mirable! And he had
his production of a stage
that really runs out
and, at least, your
name as you describe
I'll, what about
some time of last
week that's worth
reporting? Letting
I was, I went to see
Elizabeth Borge's play.
I saw in "Paris Calling"
about the underground
palestine movement in
France - and pretty

The U. of Penn. - and all his
published writings, were
academic & legal. This
was discovered among
his papers after his sudden
death in an accident & was
never intended for publica-
tion. It seems to me very
remarkable & to be quite
possibly a worthy suc-
cessor to Sir Thomas More's
or Swift's creation of
imaginary worlds, with
their criticism of contem-
porary society and their
philosophical construc-
tion of an ideal society,
an ideal way of life. It
makes magnificent read-
ing in this troubled & in-
certain world & I'm proud
to have an American
taking a place in a great
tradition.

Got a p.c. from Donald & Love, my pet-
"Virginia" from
tent Works!

Monday -

Sweetie -

(12 May 48)

I apologize for the mess down below. How it happened, heaven knows, but I had this & your his morning's letter tucked into my bag side by side & your letter seems to have leaked! I've no idea why or how, but since I've nothing else with me to write on, I'd go ahead regardless.

Of course I was glad to get the information about your draft situation, such as it is. It seems to me - as I suppose it does to you that you'll stay right where you are, which is - or will be - a great relief to me - both for personal reasons and because I think it's the right & sane thing. 9/

were masses of dogwood,
and in several places
were columbines than I've
ever seen growing wild
so that there were great
splobules of color fruit,
not just a flower here &
there. Also more Indian-
pipe & forget me not & we saw
all together - and carpets
of blue violets - and
quantities of anemones,
fancy the soil is just right,
for I never saw wild
flowers growing in quite
such profusion. It had
poured all day Sat. -
after long drought - per-
haps that made a difference.
The trees were in full
leaf, but still the leaves
springy green. Also the
poison ivy flourished in the
same lush fashion as every-
thing else! Loads of love,
Francis - C.

Thurs.

(May 13)

Darling -

I must be
aging or something
- yesterday I was
collecting paper &
envelopes for my
usual train letters
when the telephone
rang - I answered
& it was Arthur who
as you can imagine
went on & on. I
don't listen but
make polite noises
till the operator says
"Another number please"
& he hangs up. Well,

It is - that sort of party
is smaller you want.

I know get a super
book for you - I don't
know what the an-
nouncements are in E.

Learning, but thought
I'd better get it while
I could - I don't

use it till you come
down, so I don't let
it slip.

I want a short version
proportioned broad cast from
Berlin last night - have
you ever discussed to me;

If not, you must. Some
of it is more or less sketch
I would never regard it as
some of it is perhaps
the most incredible
I don't want. On general
I have news to be put in

for the time that happens,
I don't know how to catch my
brain to arrange paper, so the
I was with envelopes,
attempts, for, but no
paper! Perhaps tomorrow
I'd believe a complete
combination.

troubles for the week,
which, what with one
thing & another, I was
glad to see - but I
think cutting for \$10. All
was a very good idea,
so don't give it a
thought.

So sorry you got in -
related with well our
unstable party,
things, I am not sur-
prised at you finding

related with well our
unstable party,
things, I am not sur-
prised at you finding

are being betrayed and
led to the slaughter by
the Jew Roosevelt & by
"those grinning murderers"
the British. He explained
about the ~~lies~~ ^{lies} we are told
— how Roosevelt & his
Jewish pals Morgenthau,
Tosca, Harter, etc. are really
putting these billions in
their own pockets, not
into armaments — nothing
is going to Russia — we're
only burning out 40 bombs
a month, not the 500 T.D.H.
says. He (T.D.H.) is plan-
ning to rule the entire
world from Washington &
Palestine. The great Amer-
ican hero McArthur (said
in a tone of scathing contempt)
ran away & left his men
— how can we hope for any-
thing from leaders who
desert in the face of danger.
Oh God, there's the doable
— company for dinner —
roads of love — c.

thing for him to remember
Abraham Lincoln's message
about getting the people to
go for mind control that
shall gobble, usefulness
within, & the 'American
mind' on is the shall
transfer it on the new
idea read it, also call
it speak with so fast
on accept had right
line & the for some
did & the for - I just
think a did - that had
a party when this came
for the mind - and? I
planned it - 2 weeks had
so as to get just the
people I wanted & asked
the Publishers to know
how to use all the
forms till 2 days before
the party that he was
getting, then he could
filled them. He's spoiled,
I mean, as all the others

Years: "Over the last two
years I've been in
London and moved in
higher political circles
where there was a strong
association of the young
problem & what was for the
time about - the kind of
vision being, 'the quiet
' a right number of officials
as saying - otherwise
spending - and making
peace. But in capital
was one that Alvin
on the same level as
I was right at 3) but
before - the said that
Russians were coming,
because they were planning
to be and when he was
his head soldiers!!!
They, within, one flowing
with, meant that if
only make for the
amount - it will be decided
at night or after a good

are. They're in so much de-
mand socially they can be
made + get away with it.
However, I must say that
he was very nice about it.
Then Bridgetine called
me Sat. to say Pete
was sick + Sun. - She
before the party to say she
was! So it melted down
to Laurie, Sister, Hugh +
Charley, whom I'd invited
at a practically insulting
by last minute. It was
all rather a fizzle - the
Cruz, Elton were $\frac{3}{4}$ of as
low life (coming from the
country) Charley drank
too much. (He's been to a
cocktail party first), and
Laurie talked too much.
Sister's invariable echoing
of him + backing him
up - especially against
Hugh - was so obvious
that both Alice and
Charley said something

about it afterwards. Oh dear, I wish Alice

Monday -
#m4981
Darling -
I left my pen Co.
lined today, so you'd
have to do the best you can
with this rather pallid medi-
um. As a matter of fact, I
left behind this morning
all the things I should
have brought + brought all
the things I should have
left! The day was hot, the
weather bureau said thun-
der showers + wind cool,
so I started out just after
a thunder shower in a wool
suit + umbrella - leaving
behind, in my determination
to remember the umbrella,
my pen + some important
notes. Then it came off
clear + again hot, so I
drip - + drag around the
umbrella, which keeps off
you're only from the
skies!

right in with what you
say - we about him when
you began talking the court
I found a certain amount
of persons only a strong
nature can survive. I
cannot be interested in its
possibilities - I feel on you -
what happens about the
course you are taking &
do you think you might
be asked to look papers
I - you want to?
I probably get invited
to the court - for
week - well! The weather
was like Time & we were
outdoors nearly every
minute. I could walk
was wonderful - and I
enjoyed the country both
during - in that exquisite
delicate stage -
he please to put a
piece with over the
country side the day -

well, I seem in capable of
writing anything about the
subject that would save
I - I am very much your
at least not as I want
it. I still think that
I - in fact I have another
that I may have with me
that the progress paper
from the out of my paper
that one really. On the other
hand I think there
might be some of the
idea of how a very long
young lawyer from the firm
the law being law right
can be more easily washed
I - I may look young?
I that you are present
lower end of the mountain
- an unimpaired dilated point
like that was - I am all
to every of the outside
the thing of the outside
is pitiful. I know - & I

wood was out, the like
near enough to it to be
fragrant, & the grass
like emerald. The flaw
— for me only, of course
— was having, of which I
am really getting tired,
of his only keep still!
Some of his ideas I agree
with, of course, but they are
set & inflexible a pat-
tern as those of any hard-
boiled conservative. He has
no intellectual curiosity or
flexibility, so far as I can
see & he is fundamentally
not a human person, which
is essential to me — & really
is to Sister, whom she's
not hypocrisized.

I forget the Balins were
Catholic when I decided
they were Jews! Of course
does happen in Europe but
I imagine not frequently.
I guess I'll stop drawing
conclusions from suspects!
Certainly I'd hate to have
anyone draw them about

Friday -

(May 42)

Darling -

I'm so sorry about my Wed. letter. I had a date at the theatre with Sister that night - for a play at 8:30 on W. 52 St. - got into the G.C. at 8:31. So I was in the subway, thinking I'd mail you letter after the play. And ever since I've been carrying it around & always thinking of it at impossible moments - such as in the subway. If I write a letter at home I put it in my bureau for mailing. If I write one on the train I mail it going through the G.C. Anything outside this routine I seem incapable of dealing with!

Well, I had a big heart last night - & thought of you often. Every year in cherry blossom time Clark writes his cards from Buffalo.

published by Robinson
was. Of course there were
lots of other things, but
I don't know so I don't
The magnolias were chiefly
on the main, but others
were not, however
and, however, several,
apple trees, the quantity
of the dogwood, or lot of
things (many varieties of
were seen) and of course
many things, I think
I can't say, I'm glad
I would give me only a
Latin name & say that
no common one, I think
none & I don't care to
acquire one; there was a
large white one with great
bluffs of petals, varicose,
a small garden, a Japanese
garden (a kind of reminder
that the Japanese are not
just a race of people,
double crystals, but also
a race with such a sense

to be some down to the
from a tree you do in fact
we, too. At this point I
should like to remark that
she is very intelligent &
referring to the English &
Latin words has had much
more, of course, but was
so much so asked to be
collected, it was a
dear, very long - I think
running to summer time.
parade. And more than
I can see and a show -
from trees are unbelievable
I should like to see the
the branches and with
the weight they are
coming with about 1/4 of
a mile - Ten are available
in a kind of pine, I think
I should like to see the black
flowers to see if they
are things, some I think
are, after all. One of the
ants, said they're a much
better down than the small

of ordered beauty, as has
never been quite equalled
by any other), and of
course pools, brooks &
fountains. At just this
time of year of course it
was a major treat to
spend several hours in
such a spot. Afterwards
we had dinner - anti-
climax as it was not very
good!

Good you saw "Carni-
val in Flanders" - it's one
of the most important of the
French films, I think, &
pretty perfect in every
way. There are no really
risqué scenes - only con-
versation, & that of course
much more subtle than
an American's idea of
what is risqué! Anyhow,
there's plenty in it to en-
joy, no matter how you
get it. Bushels of love -
C.

Wednesday -

(1 May 42)

Darling -

Thanks for the information about the summer, such as it was! Really what I wanted to know was whether we were to be in the city or not, so as to plan for summer clothes, the only thing that needs to be gone into well ahead. Your second letter suggesting the possibility of the summer in E. Lansing throws me off. So do let me know as soon as you know anything further. Why don't you find out about your draft number? Of course I think you'll be foolish - & even impatient - if you don't try to get deferred. They'll not put you into combat

concrete when it - very
solidly you would - but
the strain would be so-
men. It is for any man
you will + only the young
one do it necessarily,
but do it regard time as
and in itself - whereas
a comparison, if any-
thing, in our it's
really easier to go to
the comfortable than the
un-comfortable one,
because the emotional
reason of feeling you're
valley fighting for some-
thing of the the most.
I would strain of indolent-
ment to some extent.
Through of course I can
see when they want
only for younger men
I must for possibly they
and reason, after all this
of course of course are they

service, anyway, because
of you age is so you would
be happy to have your
life, and you are so real-
able where you are. The
only thing that would
be good for you would
be physical regimen.
I wish you get you after
no being, + English make,
you improve your posture,
but what it would do
to you nerves of don't
know - the living in it
around all the time, with
more for in short a pri-
mary, the increase and
wisdom to being pushed
around. They were able
one in many ways you
inventions, the lack of
recognition for the mind
the ugliness of the
turn things, of don't
mean to say you

You hesitate to ask for anything.

I'm delighted to hear of the Walmers daughter - I suppose they wanted a girl. Did they get the name from the Duchess of Kent? I think it's a very silly name for an American child in E. Lansing, though it's very lovely for a Greek princess. Well but they don't pronounce it properly either, or are I maliquing them. Anyhow, this is nothing against them - it's a matter of taste, not of character, nor even intelligence. But I'll bet she'll feel a fool when she's an adolescent! words of love, duchess -

Monday -
(27 Apr 42)

I seem to have pulled a bone! When I said Mr. Balint showed his nose I meant he looked like a Jew! I don't think you'd ever said anything to make us think so, but the minute I looked at the picture I said to myself "That's why they left Hungary". But from your surprised remarks about his looking as if looking Hungarian, I judge that he's not a Jew at all + apologize - though I didn't, of course, mean it at all as a derogatory comment. ~~at all~~ I still think his picture looks too pale. though he may not, and he's soft + rather luscious

reflections and reflections
on of you for an artist
and. Release's for her;
with the exception of her
work, very much the
quality of a work of art
rather than one of nature.
All the places are im-
proved into a journal +
perfectly proportioned
relationships to each
other, and all the lines
form a pattern of some-
what nature and art-
istic, but with beauty.
It's a pace for the
straightness in the self-
you, not the painter.
That is drawing the
world & nature made of;
You live in the world
around the artist's. It's
like no more to get
in the world myself. It

beauty has a kind of the
same, too. Certainly
with the same looks on
them of love - the
language of love, with
that; it is a very
again;
Angels, I agree with
you about the type of
beauty. Regarding it
objectively + kind of
satisfying up to a point,
but after that only the
two much close to each
which is the delicate
up to a point. They per-
manent pleasure to the
eye Release does much
better, as you say - all
of which is probably an-
ticipatory and some
from the past that both
is greater time to form -
no, not quite that, I think,
but rather a certain aim-

only Sister would invite
me to the country! Don't
be so sweeping about
spring beauties - they're
in some parts of New
England & N.Y., anyhow,
for we used to get them
at home, and last
spring Till & I picked
a bunch for the table in
the woods up behind
Antonia's.

I hope you'll teach me
for summer this summer
- I'd like to know ^{how} a
game for two, to play
with Tom. She's dying
to learn to play bridge,
but of course that takes
2 others, & we haven't
got them. So let me
write down or memorize
the rules.

How was the largest
controlled write man can

Sweeney -

Friday -

(24 April)

You ask about Hugh
& Sister - he has been in
& out of another job, which
should have been good
for 6 months, but it turned
out to be a job run by 2
factions & he got hired
by the wrong one! So,
without his knowing, he
was edged him out. Of
course one can do that
with Hugh, for he's too
gentle to fight. But it
was certainly a lovely
example of injustice and
neanness. Now he's out for
some sort of war job -
with army, navy, or air
corps. I think there's
little doubt that he'll
get one, though how
good or how pleasant

judgment; either, I don't
of course, of our leaders,
But our values so much
more so like, his ideas
was so much of the spirit
in our spirit, it's + we're
so steadily self-approval.
I was thinking for the
long - I like I should
have had a job - I like
I'd be dead with the
for which our country
has, & was refusing to
be occupied, we might still
is a good one. It's one of
the things we're working
on systems - to give
us a first class
education + then ex-
pect them to spend the
rest of their days work-
ing + coping - unless
I'd work which, we're
only give hands, of course
they get into the world,
restless + rebellious, +

there's no holding. The
way I have a commission
in the engineering corps
of one of the major, we
simply be a civilian
engineer attached to the
service. I got a good
thing, it is that I had
the forward training,
where you get more or
less from in any
other world. I had in
the country.
As for America - that's
as hard as ever. As in
the old, we go to the
country for work and
instead of it, and
apends a longer number
of evenings at home
I'm sure, I'd like to do. I like
more than I do. I like
is just disappointed by
him, which I never
understand + wonder for me to
understand. That's it

are meant for a man looking
for a thrill. Perhaps the higher
education of women would
be such a good idea, after
all! Maybe that has
something to do with your
mother's profound discon-
tent. Maybe she's just
been horribly bored all
her life, + tried to get
her thrill, not by going
after another man, but by
over-emotionalizing her
relation with her children.
Was the Walmer baby
gone yet? I expect it'll
be very good for Tommy!
I never heard of "Heart
of the Empire" - apparant-
ly very naive of me, from
what you say of it. Perhaps
it went by some other
name here. On the other
hand, I don't remember
reading or hearing of any
technical movie in
England. Perhaps it's just

has to be educational - institutional

Wednesday -
(22 Apr 1942)

Dad's -

So I didn't tell

you about the wedding -

well, I did, as you suggest,

leave a small time. The

wedding itself was very

simple, informal & charming.

There weren't more

than 12 or 15 people there.

There were no real decorations,

but great vases of

daffodils & Forsythia. Hal

looked heavenly, of course.

She carried a most original

& beautiful of bouquet of

dogwood, wore a dress the

color of the heart of the

dogwood & the whole effect

was like a Japanese joint

- all line, composition & flat

color. You'd have liked

it! Well dinner self arranged

quicker and occasionally better
(in stead of excited) than
I've ever seen her. There was
all audience during the
ceremony and all steam
and flowers afterwards.
Dr. Johns. Little was as
happy, but — pleased
with help, with the officers
for a guide + a room +
immediately allowed to leave
had further finding shell.
I'm — on at least what
they opinion's trial, friends
will be stabilizer!
The reception was long,
but wonderful to remain
informal because there was
no seating line but
there were would have
been in it moved about
among the guests in the
most sort + natural
fashion — and with much
frictions. People felt
themselves welcomed +

the powers as do. Had
given my + a set in this
room playing, minding,
and something the
hand. Before it was time
for the ceremony. I had
really very pleased about
the whole thing, for the
atmosphere of the day
was so wonderful right
as full of steam and
peace and deep feeling.
I'll was driving, he-
weld, ordering, and so
happy that his heart
went out to everyone,
and the whole company
was full in low light,
the dining room, so they
should be. The two great
gentleness and atmosphere
of spirit is as his. The
work would say, for
living kind — also studied
ideas would. Had was more

warded, which is the
crucial of social behavior.
My parents could always
achieve that, too, & I can
remember Dad's telling me
that that was the meaning
of social life & the essence
of civilization - treating
everyone (particularly
guests!) as if he were a
person of value & a source
of pleasure to yourself. I
think both Hal & Helene
had a social training un-
usual for their generation
- Hal because of the char-
acter of his parents & per-
haps because they are older
than those of most of their
generation, and Helene because
her background is Euro-
pean & far more rigid &
strict in its social stan-
dards. Anyhow, they both
handled that occasion to
perfection. And the food
was simply delicious

4.21.42

Dear Con:

Kind if I stick my neck out and give you a little information which you may not want? -----

I don't know where George stands in the draft, what his physical condition is or anything of that sort. After all, why should I? Hence the neck sticking out.

Anyhow, in certain esoteric dealings I'm now engaged in with the Navy, I had the opportunity today to scan its confidential lists of job qualifications for which it is seeking officer material to fill. One of the categories is "J. Ground School Instructors (Cognitive Aero)".

I inquired more specifically about this and learned that mathematics teachers with college certificates would be definitely considered as there is a shortage of men capable of teaching navigation, gunnery and aerodynamics at the naval aviation ground schools. While Navy makes no promise of commissioning in any particular rank I gathered, quite unofficially, that if George were acceptable it is most probable he would be commissioned a lieutenant (senior grade), a rank which is the equivalent of an army captain. The pay and allowances would be about \$3400 a year. A man applying would ordinarily have to have vision corrected to 20/20 both eyes but in exceptional cases this would be waived.

Don't thank me as a matter of form. Probably until I die I shall go around sticking my neck out, seeking rainbows, and doing other fool things (like being in love shall we say or enjoying sunsets) that no right-minded middle-aged burgher should.

Sincerely,

Arthur

I simply read no idea how you'd feel about this, though I'd guess it was not your meat & best pretty vague & Arthurish but

... I don't know where George stands in the draft, what his physical condition is or anything of that sort. After all, why should I? Hence the neck sticking out.