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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.

Christmas - 1937.

My sweetest, dearest, darling -

I should
like to write you sheets &
sheets & sheets to-night to
tell you how I love you and
how happy you have made
me. I simply can't tell you
how sweet - how immeasur-
ably sweet - was the letter
that came this morning -
before I was out of bed, so
that it began my day,
and was the perfect be-
ginning. You did understand,
you do see and know
what I want, and you
can give it to me - more
than all that, you do
truly want to do all
those things. That's why
I love you, my precious, my

asking you to understand that
I feel — that your own pleas-
ure in any happy experience
is less pained if you can share
it with me. This is a lovely
world, my love, and there
is no deeper need of our
spirits than the longing for
closeness with another soul
— to stand between us
and that outer darkness
we feel pressing in so
close about us. I have
thought of you constantly
all day, and felt you
near to me — nearer than
you have been for long,
nearer than you were when
you were actually here
at Thalesgiving. But
not so near as you will
be in a few days when
I shall have this same
sense of spiritual close-
ness together with the

darling — because you can
+ will + do rise so to my
demands. Everything you
said was just right, and
made me glow with a
delicious feeling of warmth
+ security. I felt what I
so needed — safe and
cared for.

Last night — or early
this morning, really — when
I went to bed, I read
over again before I got in
bed the letter from you
that came yesterday —
from Clinton. And that was
a sweet one, too — in which
you said several times that
you wished I were here to
share this + that pleasure
with you. And I thought 'oo
myself that that letter was
assuriance that everything
would be all right because
you so clearly felt what I was

Thursday -
(23 Dec 37)

My dearest Darlingest,

I wish
I could think this would
get to you before Christmas,
but I suppose there is not
a chance, really. I've
just got your letter written
Monday - late this
afternoon. That explains
the silence - it was just
the slow Christmas mail.
(That gives you a good
opening, darling!). When
there was nothing this
morning, I was in a
panic - so much so that
I couldn't eat any
lunch! And now of course
my relief is so great that

volume earlier this week.
You are so beautifully,
so sweetly generous +
thoughtful + unselfish.
When you see - or even
think you see - what
will make me happy.
Once you see + understand
all I long to tell you, I
shall have everything
in the world I could
want. And that will
overbalance the budget
on my side, which
won't be so good, I think,
sweetest. I should prob-
ably handle all this
much better, more skil-
fully, more gracefully, if
I were in a less confused
+ difficult emotional
state myself. I've put-
ting too much of my burden

I feel like a new person -
which is swell + just
what I needed. So you
see what you accomplished
with one little scrap of
writing. But, sweetest,
I was so feverishly bored
by you going out + buy-
ing me another present
when the first failed, to
leave my lamb with
all your tasks + busy-
nesses - really you shouldn't
have - I'd have under-
stood perfectly + not minded
at all. But, that doesn't
mean I don't adore you
for doing it - you angel,
you lamb, you little
wooly duckling. It's just
a perfect illustration of
what I was building
on when I wrote that

on you, I expect, and you
will have to just be for-
giving & patient. Just
remember that I'm very
like you, really - which
is at bottom one of the
big reasons we are drawn
to each other - and that
will help you to under-
stand better & perhaps
not mind me so much!

And always, and
always, my love and
my sweet, I love you
, most especially &
tenderly on Christmas
day, if you don't mind
too much - good night
my sweet - L.

You're going out to dinner &
the Philharmonic to night -
otherwise I'd write more -

was too scared to write earlier in the day.

Wednesday -

(23 Dec 37)

George darling -

I am trying
not to be scared to death
at two days of total
silence. The first day I
managed to get over my
nerves by rereading
your Sunday letter with
its description of all that
had to be done the next
day. But the second day
has got me down. I
felt so certain that when
I got home this afternoon
I'd find something that
my heart went right
down into my shoes when
I didn't, & then it has

cheer and delight. But,
oh my dear, I am so
terribly low. It's an
awful struggle. This
business of keeping
you chin up, & if you
don't help me, I'll
never manage it -
never. Every day is a
year long.

I think I shall go
to the movies - I haven't
the time, but if I sit
here alone, I shall weep
& weep & that's no good.

I want you so much
— now — right here
— I need you so much,
so very, very much.

C,
If you haven't written to me

stayed ever since, I have
spent the last hour
trying to decide whether to
call Clinton or not, & finally
decided not, for fear
I'd get no answer -
which I should try to
persuade myself was
because you were all out
on a binge, but should
really be convinced it
was because you were
all lying on the road
somewhere in a pool of
blood. I warn you, if
nothing comes to-morrow
I shall wire you because
that's the absolute limit
of suspense I can get
through!

This is a small letter,
isn't it, calculated to

by the time you get this,
wire me at once - I'll
hold off till Friday! I'll
be at Sister's from noon
on - 325 East 17th so
send it there in her care.
Probably I'll hear from
you before then, but
I couldn't get through,
Xmas if I hadn't. It's
bad enough, already!

Tuesday -
{Dec 27}

Dearest Boy -

I'm down at
Siber's after a morning
spent in finishing up the
shipping. This won't be
much of a letter - I wrote
myself dry yesterday! Be-
sides, I haven't touched
my Xmas cards yet & they
must be done to-day. But
your jobs must be all done
& yourself off to Clinch -
how lovely!

I wonder now, of course,
if I made myself at all
clear last night - those ideas
are elusive. It took me
4 hours to get that all down
so you can see I did at
least try! I think love is
a more active state than
you know, wholly realized,

of being alone. I'll prob-
ably go home Christmas
night in time to listen
to the Toscanini concert!

When shall you get
here, darling? It seems
unbelievable that it's
only just over a week,
Oh, my dear, we shall
have a happy time together,
shant we? And, dearest,
you will think of me on
Christmas - & love me? I
do need it so much - &
need you - all the lovely
things you have to give
me.

I am so excited, so
consumed with anxiety
over whatever it is that
can't be sent, but must
be brought. I shall
love it, I know - just so

& that's the fault of your
training, not of your tempera-
ment. I think it is one of
the causes of your dissatis-
faction with life - that you
have not fully realized your
own possibilities in any
relat. outings. I think too
that perhaps I talk too
much about it - but I
keep hoping that it will
help you - & of course help
me, too. You are partly
at that point I was
interrupted & now I've
simply no idea what I
was going to say - But

I guess meaning much!
Did I tell you Sister
had invited me to come
down here the day before
Christmas & stay over
night? That will be so
lovely - I hated the idea

long as it isit white
wise!

Here comes my tea, &
now I must stop.

With my dearest love
to my dearest love -

C,

Monday -
(21 Dec 37)

My darling -

I'm afraid you're
not going to like this
letter, but I hope you will try
very hard to understand
it. I am not sure that I
shall say anything I've
not said before, but I
wonder increasingly if you
ever really absorb into
your mind the things I
say. The last serious letter
I wrote you didn't answer
- yes, I know why, and
I can understand that it
would have been difficult
to do it in the hospital &
that there has not been time
since, but I rather think
you were only too glad to
have an excuse for not
having to answer it. I

fect complete understand-
ing, nor - whatever you can
or cannot do about it - shall
I go around feeling sorry
for myself because I am a
"misunderstood woman".
Most people who see them-
selves in that light, wear
an air that they're not
appreciated! But you appre-
ciate me plenty - probably
too much. I know, too,
that I have had, all my
life, more understanding
and a richer sharing of
experience than is given
to most people. Perhaps I
have had my share, and
heaven knows I shall
feel no resentment if I have.
If you cannot give me
what I want, then you
cannot, but I do not
believe that that is true,
not at all. I believe also.

think, my dear, that you
turn away almost every
time from the attempt to
understand me as a sepa-
rate personality, outside of
yourself. I do not know
whether it is because you
do not wish to make the
effort, or because you
shrink from the amount of
self-surrender involved, but
certainly the fact is there.
And why don't I, accept
it & keep still about it?
Well, perhaps I should.
If I were my father I
should, I suppose, but I
am a less selfless person
than he, and I am on
the edge of my endurance.
I just can't take it, George,
and I think you've got
to try to do something
about it. It's not a job,
my dear, and I don't ex-

lately that you can make
me happier than to have
ever been in my life -
There have been many
moments when you have
come near it - and then
you have retreated into
yourself again. Not that I
should deny you the right
to retreat into yourself -
but only that when you
come out you should
come out more completely,
and that you should
recognize my right to have
your companionship (spirit-
ually) just as ~~you~~ recog-
nize your right to be by
yourself (spiritually).

What has brought it
all out now is this busi-
ness of Christmas and that
will serve as well as any-
thing to show you what
I mean. From the moment
the subject was first

mentioned, you have consist-
ently + incessantly repeated
how you hated it, how
you were made miserable
by the presents, given or
received, how thoroughly
repulsive the whole matter
is to you. You said you'd
rather have nothing given
to you, would be embar-
rassed by anything you
got, would rather give
the money to the poor, you
said you hated giving
presents + looked miserable
at the idea of giving me
one. Well, just as it
stands, all of that is
pretty ungracious. But
then look at it from
this point of view - I
love Christmas + all that
goes with it, including
the giving + receiving of
gifts. You knew that, for

Decides, we are too little
expressive - to set aside a
day, when by common im-
pulse, we drop our other con-
cerns, our worries, our
self-absorption, and turn to
each other, is a good thing.
It tightens the bonds, el-
evates, + heightens our
awareness of what we
are to each other. It is a
symbol, as are the gifts
that mark it, and, as
fallible + weak human
beings, we need those sym-
bols lifted occasionally be-
fore our eyes. The very
fact of the annual rep-
etition is good in itself - it
binds the years together
in one continuous series,
with that one vibrant +
powerful note repeated
regularly. There is, too,
the fact that it is one of
those experiences shared

I told you how I felt as
much as two years ago,
+ have told you many
times this year. But you
have not let that affect your
own point of view or show
- not only that, you have
not let it affect your ex-
pression of your own point
of view. I, know, I know,
how very different my
home was from yours and
that the harmony + love +
warmth with which I
was surrounded you have
not had. Christmas is pre-
eminently + above all other
days the day of the family,
the day when all those
things we mean to each
other + want for each other
find outer expression. It's
no good to say that that
should be true all the
year - it should, but it
isn't. For we're human. And

with vast numbers of
other people, and with
the past. It goes back
deep into our roots, and
it reaches forward. It is
one of the simple remind-
ers of our common human-
ity - not making the
great demand on us that
the big, fundamental common
experiences do - things like
birth & death - but draw-
ing us together in gentleness
& tenderness for one another,
reminding us of our common
need for affection as of
bulwarks against the strife
& miseries of the world in
which we must perforce
live. It is the day when
we can lose ourselves in
the group - first in the
family, then in humanity,
when we are free of the
burden of ourselves, because

we feel ourselves identified
with others, the day when
all out-going emotion is
disciplined & sweetened.
All this, my darling, and
all that it implies, I
was taught to feel about
Christmas. Perhaps it is
sentimental, I do not
know, nor do I care — it
makes for happiness. And
along with all that, there has
always been the sheer joy
& excitement — the secrets,
the surprises, the antici-
pation, the glittering, the
the greens — all those things
that are so rapturous
when you are a child, &
that when you are grown-
up, let you go back for
a bit to being a child —
sheltered & loved & safe.
You have no idea of how
pleasant it was, back in those
days when it was warm

than for me — she has a
stake in the future, and in
giving it all over again to
her child & her husband
she can feel intensely what
is dead as well as what
is behind. For me — it brings
a terribly heightened sense
of my aloneness — she is
generous in sharing with
me her home & her family,
& I can to some extent
lose my loneliness in that.
But not wholly, for I
must not let myself — it
is not fair to them. Oh you
see, my dearest, where this
leads? Yes, to you, I come.
After the difficulty and
pain of last Christmas, I
thought, this year, as it
approached, that now the
whole world was different,
I felt no longer alone, but
that I, too, had my stake
in the future, something to
build my life around. All

by my mother's radiant,
lovely spirit, and my
father's all-embracing
tenderness. When she died
it was at Christmas time,
that we were most heavily
aware that Dad was
giving heart & soul to pro-
serving the integrity of
the family, to seeing that
we should still have all
our needs satisfied. And now
that he is gone, we are
doing everything in our
power to pass on to Bob
some of the significance
of the season as it was
given to us — and to keep
it still sweet and beau-
tiful for ourselves. It is
not altogether easy, for the
incessant tearing at our
hearts of the memory of
the gentle spirit who gave
it both its gaiety and
its dignity we cannot
evade. For Sister it is easier

This, of course, is true, Christ-
mas or no Christmas, but the
expression of it in the form
of gifts, of Christmas feeling
in general was to be such
a heavenly release for my
so rigidly guarded emotions.
I wanted so terribly to
give & to be given to — not
just things — but the
whole lovely feeling of the
season, — the warmth,
the closeness, the security.
I was building up again, &
~~feeling~~ ^{feeling} forward, even though
I looked back over my
shoulder with infinite love.
And then from the first
word, I encountered only
resistance & resentment
from you. I tried to make
it easy for you — a pleasant
— by finding out what you
wanted or telling what
I'd like, or offering to shop
for Sister for you. I tried to

tell you how I felt. But you
were not interested - you
seemed able to think only of
your own dislikes - or to use
your own stranger word -
hatred. Every mention of it
in a letter brought that was-
table response ^{from you}. ^{How} ^{glor-}
giving presents, + I had
looked forward with such
delight to shopping for you.
I want to give + give to
you - to buy the whole
world + lay it at your feet
- it is bitter to me that
the symbols of that desire
are so few and so poor.
But to shop with the assur-
ance that you really never
get anything you really
want + that you hate
presents anyway makes
the symbols empty + mean-
ingless, makes me feel that
you do not want what I
have to give - for, my
darling, the attitude toward
life that makes Christmas
a happy + sweet thing is

last straw, and I burst
into tears, and have been
weeping off & on ever since.
My lovely indifferent
bubble was quite finally
destroyed, not because
you are ruthless, but be-
cause you do not look to
see what you tread upon,
how I can see that you
can legitimately say that
I ought to be as willing
to share your feelings as you
mine, which is true, but
always there must be some
choice, and it seems to me
that it is wiser and better,
unless each of us is to go
his own way (and though
we must inevitably do that
in some respects, it seems
to me it would be an infliction
a loss if we did not make a
great effort never to do it in
any major matter), that we
should take the road that
opens out, not the one that
leads to an ever narrowing
path. For a positive philosophy
is better than a negative one in

one of the things I leave to
you, and that you should
not want it would seem
to me a loss to us both.
You say you are afraid
of hurting me and I do
sincerely believe you -
and yet you seem to
make no slightest effort
to discover what things
hurt me - to look at me
as a person outside yourself,
who has feelings, desires,
thoughts, other than your
own. Perhaps it is not
possible for you to share
my own feeling about Christ-
mas (though that I shall
doubt till you have gen-
uinely tried), but certain-
ly it is possible for you to
refrain from the constant
reiteration of your own anti-
patetic feeling. Your letter
to-day with the triumphant
news that Miss Cummins, too,
hated Christmas, was just a

to rewards — for the Accident-
al, at least. Certainly that
is one of the most funda-
mental lessons of my father's
extraordinary life — that
the great soul is inclusive,
not exclusive. And, my
dearest, we must try to
live that way, you and I.

All my life I have
been certain of sympathy
& understanding — of a
quick response to every-
thing that interested &
concerned me, all my life
I have by instinct shared
experiences — for only so could
I fully savor it — and
always & unfailingly there
has been one person eager
and quick to please it with
me. The loss of that is not
only painful, but crippling.
The person who can heal
me is yourself, and you
seem unwilling to undertake
it — seem, for I do not
believe you are. I have made

every effort to share experience
with you, to give you sympathy
& understanding, but to, and
not to, enough, to keep on do-
ing that indefinitely unless I
get some of the same. I do not
want our relationship to be
merely the "hand-down" getting
along all right" — I want
it to leave all the sharp
sensitivity of two spirits in-
tensely responsive to each
other, for that we must be
intensely aware — both of our-
selves & of each other. You
must see me sharply defined
as something wholly outside
yourself, and you must treat
that self of mine with the same
gentleness, tenderness & respect
with which you treat my
body — which, is in itself
evidence enough that you
can do it, that it is in your
nature. Don't hit out at the
things I love any more than
you would hit out at my
body. You are by nature consid-
erate — if you will only make the
effort to get outside yourself.

You will not get this in time
for me to get an answer before
Xmas - I'm purposely not
sending it to Clayton, for fear
of upsetting you then. I want
you to take it seriously, but
not too seriously. It is
something we shall work
out together but if you will
try to understand what it
is that is troubling me,
that will be the only thing
that is important. It is, of
course, the same thing that
troubled me all along, but
you have never seen it clearly.
I'm afraid you see it only as
an opposition of wills, which
it is not. I can make you
happy - that I'm sure of - but
you must let me - you must
accept my gifts. And you can
give me heaven - if you want
to. You must surrender to
love. You worry for fear I'll
not be happy at giving
up N.Y. to live with you
which shows how unselfish
you really are - but you
will incessantly harp on

how you hate N.Y. - the
place which I love - till I
am utterly miserable from
your absolute refusal to make
the slightest effort to share
my feeling, or understand it.
And that's because you can't
get away from yourself +
your own unreasonable irri-
tations. It's true, I shall
not give it up, but I don't
hesitate to do it - don't you
think that since the major
victory is inevitably yours,
you might make the effort
to really understand why I
feel about it as I do + to
share somewhat in my
feeling + so to compensate
for what I shall lose? It
is not that you cannot, you
know, it is that you will
not.

And already, as you see,
I've gone farther than I
meant - I've been writing
this for hours, it's better for

us both, that it should be
said, though it is only
partially said — it all
goes on so that business,
not being able to pretend,
which is just part of the
same thing — your dislike
of pretense is more import-
ant to you than the wounds
you inflict on others through
refusing to do it. Get away
from yourself, get away,
get away. You'll not do
it overnight — but it can
be done — no one knows
better than I. You'll be far
bigger than I am the end.
But oh, my sweetheart, do
try to make me a little
happier now — you have the
power to do everything for
me. I am quite confident
that with this cleared away, we
shall be far happier together
next week than we were at
Thanksgiving. I shall think
you all day by Christmas, and
love you, and hold you dear
dead between my hands as I
kiss you, and I know that
I will do the same, won't you,

Sunday -

[19 Dec 30]

My dearest -

This continuous
birge is all very well,
but when it comes at
a time when there are
so many other things
that must be done,
it has to draw back!
The week before Christmas
is too crowded, anyway.
So now I'm writing to
you on the subway &
it will be illegible &
not worth reading,
anyhow, but I have
to write it. To-morrow
I shall take hours &
hours & write you sheets
& sheets, for here are
many things I want

the play for she glitters
as herself. She acts
as only those can who
are born to it, filling
the stage when she's
on it, using body,
hands, voice, as if they
were a collection of
musical instruments
each having different
things to do, but all
working together in
a perfect ensemble.
I could have seen
it right straight
over again just to
watch her. Originally
Osgood Perkins played

so talk to you about.
Well, yesterday I
saw "Susan + God"
which was disappoint-
ing as a play for it
was neither so sophisti-
cated nor so witty as
I had expected - it is,
as perhaps you know, a
~~play~~ at the Oxford
group + of course there's
a lot of good material
in that. But, whatever
the play was, Gertrude
Lawrence's performance
was dazzling - I kept
wishing you were here
to see it. She keeps
making you think
there's brilliance in

opposite her, but he
died just after it opened
— a great pity, for
between them they
must have been
incredible,

I must stop now,
my sweet — I love
you & love you —

C.

Friday -

{17 Dec 37}

Darling Angel -

Here are a couple of cards for you to write loving words on & then return to me, whenever you & I shall exchange them in gifts for Sister & Joan. All right, darling? I'd offer to do the rest of your shopping for you, if I thought I possibly could, but how I could ever select gifts for your mother, for instance, I cannot imagine. But if there's anything else I could do, let me know, dearest. One word

It was well done, though
not brilliantly — plenty
well enough to be wholly
convincing & from the
very beginning the inevi-
tability of the tragic end
hung over the characters
like a heavy cloud
— poor human creatures
caught in a hopeless
trap.

I'm going to be late for
my next date & must
run this instant. You
been wrapping Xmas
things & standing in
line in the P. O. I have
→ the most discreet item
was sent off. I'm
afraid my beautiful
bone will look like
a squashed spider by

of advice, angel, — don't
sign your Christmas cards
"George B. Van Llesach"
except to those with whom
you are on the very most
absolutely personal terms.
You don't mind my saying
so, do you, my love? It
was always such a slap
in the face for me, & I know
loads of others must have
felt that way — it just
is it now, darling, — it
is this day & age.

Well, I saw "Golden
Boy" last night & won-
dered often if I hadn't
better leave you & that for
you & me — it could
harm you, certainly,
to your heart's content,
& give a lunch — it's a
more important play.

the time - it reaches you
→ + give you an ex-
cuse for falling in, I
should be better off if
I got over this times
business.

Loads + loads
+ loads +
loads of

Love,

→

5
 Tuesday -
 [16 Dec 39]
 My darling, boy -
 I just couldn't
 make the grade yesterday
 - I'm ashamed, for it
 seems dreadful to not
 write to you simply be-
 cause I'm so madly busy
 having a good time. I
 started out at 11 to find
 I dragged myself out of
 bed half awake in order
 to get the absolute
 essentials done in time
 to be able to get off (train) &
 meet Riba's train. The
 rest of the day was ab-
 solutely unbroken dis-
 sipation - the kind of
 day I get just about
 once a year & get a
 corresponding load
 out of. The Commodore

cold spell collapsed
yesterday like a pinched
balloon - a great comfort
to me, for I do so hate to
cold.

I think you were very
cute about the doctors,
though I don't think for
a minute you'd ever have
wanted to be one. You
couldn't take it, sweetheart,
nervously or physically.
There's a lot more to it!
Draw chemistry, bacteriol-
ogy + zeal, as of course
you said yourself. It's a
dog's life except for the
successful specialist in a
big city. And as for the
zeal - of course it's the
greatest among medical
men - you don't really
think so. I imagine, but
it just seemed that way

for cocktails. The Biltmore
for lunch. Then "You Can't
Take It With You" after
that dinner at the Waldorf,
in the evening "The
Ghost of Yankee Doodle"
+ finishing off with drinks
at the Victoria Bar. I got
home at 1:30, meaning to
write you then, but just
couldn't believe it!

It was good to know
that you were out in the
world again + dealing
with it successfully. The
number of initials you
can think of for begin-
ning a post-card are
only equalled by the
number of times you can
think of that they don't
stand for! I hope the
weather is mild enough
to be comfortable - our

When you write, you'd
been listening to the young
ones here in the hospital -
still in the first glow of
their youthful enthusiasms
for a chosen profession, and
not yet leaving, had to
deal with the complex reality
of the world outside the
protection of the medical
school + the hospital - or
if they had, they'd only
just begun. Their idealism,
their inquiry, hasn't yet
been battered by the world,
and what's more - they
talk just about as any
group of young things who
scooped themselves with
single-minded force to any
arduous discipline. I've not
had 5 doctors in the family
without learning something
about them + I assure you
I've seen the same thing in
plenty of other groups. You
might read "Anatomist"

Tuesday -

[14 Dec 37]

Dearest Ben -

First, before I
forget, - will you please
let me know what the
Tuesday address is to be
for Christmas? In other
words, should I send a
card to Danbury or Clinton?
Next - will you write a
tender message - or rather,
two tender messages, for
me to enclose with the gifts
I'm getting for Sister & Joan
from you. I'll do the
shipping, & wrapping, but
I won't forget your name!

So you didn't go to the
president's party, eh, ad.
Well, well, and you want
to know how I'll deal with
your prejudice against dress
clothes? Well, I'll deal
with it all right - only

say something in your
letter to her about what
she has to give as a wife -
because it is essential to
the restoration of her self-
respect that she should feel
that you, who destroyed it
by discarding her (this is her
point of view) see things in
her that would make another
man happy. And all you
said in your letter, was
that she could leave (suppose
out) made you happy if
you'd been different, or words
to that effect - all that came
to her was a good kick in the
feels, for it dealt with her
capacity for giving happiness
less as if it were all or
nothing of the past & gone &
lost. For heaven's sake,
write now & straighten
that out. Tell her she had
no bad luck to pick you

not now, for there's no time.
But don't be so idiotic about
Mrs. Valentine - I don't like
to see you tumble into the
pitfall of that sort of reverse
snob business. Why shouldn't
she leave a formal party -
I've had plenty myself,
though I can easily see
I'll never have any more!

But now your wife - O
dear, O dear. Darling, I
wish and wish you'd
pay attention to the things
I say - perhaps you do
& just don't agree with
them - but I do get borne
out pretty well, you must
admit! Now I began
telling you months ago
that something must be
done to restore her self-
esteem & to make her go
out & get herself a man,
I told you you should

(Of course it was bad judgment, but never mind) who are a bit of a queer duck, but that, though you ~~are~~ were incapable by temperament of making the essential adjustments, a more usual sort of man (we won't say commonplace) would without question be very happy with her. This makes clear to her that you are out - but at the same time that you recognize her qualities - ~~un-~~ make one - two of them. Tell her you do not in the least think of her as unlovable, but only that it is impossible for you to love her as a woman. And someone has got to struggle with her so get her to drop the idea of you

quite finally + to have
definitely + consciously to
the search for another hus-
band. Give her that advice
yourself if you think best
— I think it had better
probably come from another
woman. And of course you see
when that lands you. Part-
ing, I meant it in dead
earnest back in October
when I begged ^{you} to tell her
whole business + ask her to
take a hand. Perhaps you've
not done it because you
thought best not, perhaps
only because you've post-
poned it. If by latter, stop
postponing it. My dear, if
your pity for her is genuine,
then it's up to you to do what
you can. The girl has no idea
of how to govern her own
life + no idea of how to deal
with men — my god, some-
one has got to tell her. Her
is this because I want her

to set you free, but because I'm
genuinely sorry for her. The little
waste of time in not going to
New last summer distresses me
deeply — a year is enormously im-
portant, the chances are slip-
ping away & they're not un-
erous enough for her to be able
to afford that. She must get her
legal freedom just as quickly
as possible & must force herself
to get her emotional freedom
at once — to accept her loss of
you as final & to see herself as
capable of attracting other
men. This is everything,
with her handicaps — it's
much easier in your twenties
than in your thirties unless
you're a highly perfected
technique.

There — I must stop, heave,
knows how I'll ever get
done what must be his
evening — I've been out
all day. Thanks God I'm
dehospitalized. Though I
expect it was on the whole
love for you. All my love —
C.

Monday -

[14 Dec 37]

My sweet Angel -

This has been
a hectic day - the last at
school before vacation +
you know what a lot of
things there always are
that must be cleared up.
Then I had a dinner ar-
rangement in Yorkers from
which I'm just returning
→ at 11:30 + this is my first
minute for writing to you.
Too bad, for to get his off
to-night, I must finish
it before we get into
the P. C. T. and that
(~~Sorry~~ - it's his lamp!)
doesn't give me time to
say half I want to. I've
been thinking about you
all day, wondering if you

But it troubles me, both
for her sake & for ours,
& I'm terribly sorry for her.
But more of that later.

How lovely that you
had so many visitors -
I like to hear about it
because it makes me
feel you are not having
too dismal & dreary a
time and also because I
like to be reminded how
fond people are of you. I
got a great kick out of
hearing that some of your
boys came - that's a
real tribute, you know.
The young, & especially
the young male, just
won't be bothered unless
they really want to.
After all, half the business
of the teacher depends on
his intelligence & knowledge

were back on the job, & how
you were standing it, poor
dear. The cold is perfectly
dear & severe for h.c. but
of course I know it won't
do much worse in Rochester
so I don't like to leave you
out in it - especially if it
is your first day out. You
were really angelic, you
know, to keep writing so
regularly & I'm really
astounded of my outburst
that first time.

I'm worried over the
letter you report from
your wife, but haven't
time to think it out now
- only don't answer it
till I have - I'll write
about it to-morrow. Of
course I'm not surprised
- were you? The other
attitude seems very free.

on his brain, but the
other half on his humanity,
& you should feel a thrill
of success at the visits of
those boys just as you
do from eating across a
difficult idea. There's a
subtle flattery in it that's
very good for the self-
esteem, isn't it?

I wish you needn't
start the job hunt again,
but I hope & pray that
there will be no such
problem a year from now.
As now time is - night -
now is - now.

Bless you, my sweet
C,

Drama revised enclosed from The Nation, Dec 30, by
you, good match on
"Embels' 50; mice and men"
and clip from NY Times, 12 Dec 30
My darling - (don't know why not)

After long &
elaborate debates with
myself I have decided
not to send this to the
hospital, leaving figured
that if you were allowed
out of bed on Thursday, the
chances are you'll be at
home by Monday. This
may be all wrong, but
I don't want to keep
on writing to the hospi-
tal after you're gone. I
even wondered a little
about my Friday letter,
not being sure it would
be delivered before Mon.
Goodness, you usually
have been bowled over by

with strong emphasis on the
theme of "nobody wants the
things she gets + I don't
want to get things I don't
want, nor do I want to
give unwanted things"
- & you looked both mis-
erable + resentful about
the whole business. So,
besought you to tell me
what you wanted + you
refused any information
whatsoever. So for that
side of the problem you
are responsible - if you
hate what you get, it's
your own fault + you've
got to put up with it. As for
the second half of
the question goes - you
asked me to send you
a list of 150 things I
wanted with a look that

that Christmas list, nor
need you say - it would have
been laid on you if it had
been lost. Do you think I
raise hell if I don't get the
particular things I mention?
Don't be silly! I don't know
just why you say you'd
never thought of getting me
a single one of the things
I mentioned, since it was
really a list of the stand-
ard things that all women
as love always + among
which most men select
their gifts to women, just
because they're so safe!
But as for why I sent
the list at all - that's
another matter. You remem-
ber the day we talked
about it + you gave voice
to a wail about Christ-
mas + presents in general

seemed to imply, it was the
only way I'd get anything!
This, in spite of my ex-
pressed desire to be sur-
prised! And now, to my
amazement, you seem
surprised by receiving
the list you asked for
& say you had a couple
of ideas of your own that
you "still" wanted to carry
out. Well, you silly
apple, that's just what
I should most love! I
sent the list only because
you asked for it & seemed
so appalled by the whole
business. Of course you're
to carry out your own
ideas & disregard any-
thing I said.

About sending you
things — am I to infer

that you want me to send
you one thing, to Cassachie
to keep the rest till you
come? You didn't quite
make yourself clear. I'm
telling Sister to keep hers
till you come, as they might
be question about why
I should do send you one
at all. Am I right on
these 2 points? I'd like
answers definitely, specif-
ically & promptly. I am
sorry that it embarrasses
you to receive presents, though
I had suspected it - it
never seems to please you
as it does most people!
But, my sweet, you
must get over it - we're
a present-giving family
& you'll have to get into
the way of receiving
them at every home &
at least simulating
delight in the process.

ever have, + your life should be lived with that in mind. You would never admit that love between man + woman would be complete without its physical aspect, which you would feel to be a rich expression of the spiritual closeness which is your bolizes. Well, don't fail to recognize that, though that involves your body instead of an object outside yourself, it is none the less, the material that you are admitting into inextricable oneness with the spiritual. On a smaller scale, the whole present business is the same thing - when you love, you want to give, to serve, to let yourself go out to the beloved. Presents are the

You'll get so you like it after a while, just as you do other manifestations of the warmth + affection of all satisfying relations. You really want all these things a great deal, though you've been slow to recognize or act upon that need in yourself. You see, we are bodies as well as spirits + we live in a material world therefore, to decline to take full advantage of the possible interweaving of the material + the incorporeal is to lose part of the joy of living. It's all very well if you think you're going to go on throughout eternity in a spirit world, but you know you're not - that the material one is all you'll

way in which that desire
expresses itself in material
form. This has nothing to do,
you must understand, with
66 money value. I never go into
a shop without seeing things
I want to get for you -
because you are always
in my mind and because
I want so terribly to give
you pleasure - every
kind - little bits & big
bits. To say that my
presence ~~is~~ an embarrassment
for you is to deprive me of the
pleasure of succeeding in
what I so much want
to do - in other words, it is
really to fail to give me a
spiritual gift which I
terribly wanted. Do you
see how inextricably the
two worlds are entangled?
You'll really love it after you
get in the way of it - it's
just one more thing to
make life full-bodied,

Friday -

[10 Dec 37]

My sweet land -

Your dear

letter of yesterday was very
reassuring & comforting.
You really are astonishing
in the way you take a
scolding - with never one
show of resentment - it
all goes to show big you
really are. I do admire you
so for it - I can't do it.

I'm sorry about the letter
- evidently you landed
hasn't forwarded them all.
It does seem dreadful that
if you must be sick away
from us, you shouldn't at
least get my letters - but you
know how & why it was -
everything was so indefinite.
There was one letter I do need an
answer to right away, so I
shall repeat the essentials.
Do you want me to send you

of time + money + try to enjoy it,
just because you know I shall
get a great kick out of it -
my first Christmas present from you.

So you thought you saved us
money by not selling me that
table you got for T.B. ? Oh, did! Do
you suppose I hadn't thought
of it? Why, I'd thought of
everything - except leprosy,
a charming idea which has
this instant occurred to us.
Are your finger-nails dropping
off? Of course, when my
reason began to reassert
itself, I realized, as you
must have, too, that the
pet no doctor but as
winter came near you, in-
dicated that there was
nothing serious the matter
with you. So, you see, my
squintiness is being restored.
But, sweetheart, don't
struggle too hard making
up lost time when you get
out.

Christmas things to be searched
heap than till you come? I ask
only because I do not want to
embarrass you. The things I've
got are either exciting or orig-
inal but they are inevitably
going to proclaim the intimacy
of our relationship, so if you
don't want that made public
obvious to you finally, let me
know - right away, if possible.
The other thing is - Sister is
getting you a present - I thought
you might like to know, in
case the idea had not entered
your head. Do you want me to
get something for you to give
her or do you want to do it your-
self? She'd like anything, pic-
nics, of course - or a book,
or stockings (9 1/2). Don't
spend more than a bit - it's
the gesture that pleases us,
you know. I sent you a list
of dozens of alternatives for
me is not to burden you, but
because you asked for it &
I hoped it would make it
easy. Spend a minimum - both

I'm glad your friends are
being attentive & keeping
you busy with calls —
though they all seem to be
anonymous except Steve
(them) ! It's one of the
major pleasures of being
sick, isn't it — having all
that attention? Do you get
prowers when you're a new
or is that a feminine prerog-
ative? How about calves, hot
jelly? Do you mind the other
people in the room? I should
hate that. I'm the fool god!

I saw "Madame Bovary"
the other night & was having
read the book (shocking!)
I wasn't troubled by its
differences from that & so
enjoyed it. It was beautiful
by produced — from which
I always get great satis-
faction — if my eye is as com-
pletely satisfied as that, I'm not
too busy about the rest.
You are a darling & a marvel
& I love you — C.

Thursday -

{9 Dec 39}

My sweet angel -

I am begin-
ning to feel less frantic -
partly because of your
yesterday's letter, which
brought me no fresh cause
for worry + besides sounded
like yourself. Then Hugh,
who has not worked
for 6 years in a hospital
in constant association
with doctors for nothing,
soothed me a lot by
telling me that all the
tests, X-rays, + what-
not are routine that
would be gone through
with anyone having a
cold + that the steam
proved nothing but that

with
love
my
dear
one
while
any
together

just dismiss it, for I said
things in it that seemed
so important & spent
some time trying to think
it out & say it so you'd
understand. I don't know
what you mean, you say
you understand so far as
it relates to me but not
your own part in it. Make
a note of that & tell me
later on when you can
sit down & think it out.

You won't forget to let
me know fairly soon
about the Christmas things?
I want to get the package
off early if you want it
sent.

I'm so terribly sorry
you had no letter from me
right away, but you'll
know by now from subseq-
uent ones why that was -
& I said nothing to go on but

there was some congestion
- he says there's often a
whole floor of them in the
main hospital! Of course
it was my imagination
that got on the loose - I
ought to have more con-
trol over it! I should
have if I were with you &
could have you under my
eyes & see the doctor my-
self - it's so easy then to
tell the difference between
a minor illness & a serious
one.

I'm so glad my last
Friday letter didn't up-
set you - of course it
was written before I knew
you were going to be sick
- & it did trouble me to
think I'd written it, for
I fear it would depress you.
Never mind it for now, don't
try to answer it till you
feel better - but don't

your
statement
that
you'd
be
out
on
Mon. + 'just possibly'
Tues. — I didn't want to
send a letter that wouldn't
arrive till you'd gone. I
hate leaving you sick in a
hospital out of my reach.
Now, wasn't I right when
I told you you should see
a doctor about your appendix
right here in N.Y. while you
had it? Now the next time, no
matter where you are, you
must find out what's wrong.
Remember you promised.
You see the enforced
rest is doing you good
just generally aside from
your disease. And, precious,
don't spoil what it does
for you by billings yourself
worrying to make up for
lost time when you get
home. I think it's very
lucky vacation comes so
soon, anyhow + though that
will leave some strains,

Wednesday -

<8 Dec 37>

Darling Angel -

I wish the weather would improve - there hasn't been a decent day since I got your letter about going to the hospital - which keeps my spirits down. If I could only hear from you that you were home again, I'd not mind the weather!

Well, I finished up my Christmas shopping yesterday, which is certainly something accomplished & adds a touch of cheer to the dismal weather. Yes, I've finished you - one more day in the dark, for night spend your hours in bed practicing pretending. Try it on the nurse as she holds your hand, when you

with a good deal of elaborate
gesture - fluently + unbroken-
ly with a rich, & rich,
accent - all perfectly audible
anywhere in the room! The
Miss. knew to her tongue
caught my attention + I
course of thought of the
Abbey Players - & after I'd
stared a good long time I
recognized her, sure enough,
as the exuberant + aggressive
widow of the "Playboy".
One of the others with her on
examination, proved to be
the girl who played the
feminine lead - I remember
none of their names.

Did you see the "Times" crit-
icism of "Time + the Playgod"?
I was interested because
it is about their best play
& this year they didn't do it
so well - partly because
Barry Fitzgerald is gone, but
partly, apparently, as it does
near with most of the other
things this year - they say to

get so you can fool her, try
it on the doctor - by the
time you get to me you'll
be expert and I shall be-
lieve every word you say
when you go into raptures
over those purple silk
Pyjamas.

There was one amusing
moment in the day that
made me wish for you. I
dropped into a Schraff's for
dinner, right in the middle of
the theatre district + just
after I sat down, 3 women
came in + sat down at
a table just across from
me - one of them quite big
& imposing. She was quite
stunningly, though not really
smartly, dressed in very
dramatic black with a
HUGE rhinestone pin made
in the shape of a rose, complete
with stem + leaves, glittering
on her massive bosom. Any-
how, you couldn't miss her.
Then she began to talk -

much on their reputation. It
needs freshening up - as a
performance, not a play.
Didn't you feel that the day
we went? The spoke of the
raggedness in the handling
of the pitch of the voices, the
fact that they needed
new positions, new movements.
The more I think of it, the
more I think that was one of
the reasons we liked the
second play better than the
first - it was fresh & had a
pursuer of detail in its tech-
nique that has got subbed
smooth in the old ones. I
kept feeling the day we were
there that there was no swap
to the direction, but I think
perhaps it was that there was
no swap to the way they were
executing the director's ideas.
What do you think?
And this, I guess, is all for
to-day.

Buckets of love to you, my
doubting - C.

Did I get the
name of the hospital Tuesday -
right - you wrote it & I'm sure - this
is just my solution & may be wrong!
My dearest darling -

[Dec 31]

At last

I have relief from the night-
mare of the last 24 hours.
Of course, you know how it
is when one has been badly
frightened - the first reac-
tion is ~~the~~ the requisite relief
& the second to be furious at
the person who frightened
you so! So now I'm just
good & mad at you - to
send me that extremely
vague & frightening letter,
ending it by saying you'd
write the next day & then
not do it - and don't
think you get forgiven
just because you "relaxed
completely from all duties"
- my god, how can you
regard the "three or four words"

all this means. I want to know what you mean when you say you wait for "allowed up" for some time" - does that mean, 3 days or 3 months? Haven't you asked them? Well, perhaps you've not, perhaps you prefer waiting till they tell you - I know lots of people do feel that way + my own feeling that nothing is no different to face as not knowing is certainly not universal. Don't ask if you don't want to, darling, but tell me everything you know the minute you know it, for I am so miserable. The letter itself eased my mind to some extent but only that - there was nothing in it but your physical con-

dition that would save me that terror in the chill light of "duty". Don't you know anything, yet, not anything? No I suppose you don't - perhaps you don't want to - you seem to resist my telling you. When I got back last night + found the mail box empty, I was desperate - + so I have continued till your letter came to-day + since then I have been weeping. And still you give me only partial comfort, for you tell me nothing but what they do to you - what difference does that make to me - I want to know what's the matter, I want to know what they say to you, what they're looking for, what

like or + one affectionate remark
which sounded a little as if it
were said because it would
be expected — and I know
perfectly well that people
don't write letters like that
unless they're pretty rich, +
as for you saying you're not
there because you're so un-
well — I just don't believe
it. I just don't believe any-
thing — you said you'd
be there till Mon. or Tues. at
the outside + now you
say you'll be there in def.
indef. — you see? How
can I believe what you
say to soothe me? Why
did you send me a Special
Delivery just to tell me of a
very minor visit to a hos-
pital from which you'd
be returned before I had
time to answer the letter?
The answer is, of course, that
you wouldn't — it was not

at all as minor as you pre-
tended. So please, please,
don't say, well me.

I wish by goodness I'd
kept you here - now I can't
do anything, & waiting is
a miserable, miserable bus-
iness. Does Donald know
where you are? Who is there
to let me know if you get
really, desperately sick?

Of course I've been writing
to Canterbury Road - I don't
know how many letters
there will be there, but there
must be several, I was
afraid if I wrote to the
hospital it wouldn't arrive
before you left - now would
it have had you told me
the truth about when you
were leaving! You see
this is one of the things I
don't want you to pretend!
Let me know really how
long you'll be there, so I'll

those, I got ours for
"nice + nice" - which is
just as well, for it is a
success, believe it or not.
Besides, it was comforting
to get them - to convince
myself - or try to - that you
were all right & that every-
thing was going to go as
planned. I got them for the
night of the 30th - since
the 31st was New Year's Eve,
& the next night I thought
you'd want to go to bed
early, since you'd have been
up necessarily till after
midnight & the next was
Sun. & Mon. night, being
your last. I wanted you
to myself, or think you'd
much better come on Wed.
so as not to arrive & to be
the theater the same day.
Besides, you know, the longer
you stay, the more time

know how long to write
them - I don't want to
keep on after you've left so
that you have to pursue the
letters sent them as you did
the ones to the Y.M.C.A.!

Well, now to speak of
other things - Aunt Liljan
is coming next week or her
annual bridge to N.Y. -
a run of luck for Connie,
since she's picked as
playmate! She's taking me
to the theater 3 times - I
would have a 4th only I
already had a date - long!
luck, want it! So to-day
I walked the streets getting
tickets - quite a job, but
the reward is great, for
anyone who loves it as
much as I do. So I have
a glittering array to look
forward to next week,
in the process of getting

There'd be to just do nothing,
but loll about + talk + read,
which will be nice + useful.
Don't worry for fear I'll cram
your days full - I shant,
though there are one or two
things I'd love to do with
you if you feel like it - but
nothing need be done or
thought about that till you
come, which is in only a
bit over 3 weeks, I. V., I
try to think ahead to that,
I try to believe in it - I
need you so, I want you
so, I hate so for you to be
sick out of my reach.

Anyhow, you don't have
to worry about not healing
the rest of the world with
your warbles - damn that
war!

So for to-night, good-bye,
my darling - bless you -
C.

Monday -
[Dec 30]

My own sweet land -

Such a

state of mind as I am in -
 why didn't you tell me what
 you were going to the hospital
 for? Then I'd have had only
 one thing to worry about -
 as it is, my mind goes from
 one thing to another, round
 + round like a squirrel in
 a cage, till I am just wild.
 I simply don't know whether
 to believe what you said
 about being all right in a
 few days, + I am terrified. I
 keep remembering that a year
 ago Dad told Ben not to tell
 us what the matter was but
 just to say that it was
 nervous exhaustion. Of course
 she did tell us, but not until
 it was too late. You gave me
 so little to go on - I think
 over + over what ailments
 doctors do exasperating things
 to you for, + what ailments you
 have had perhaps for. Then

got, but you're damn well
got so pretentious! Certainly
the responsibility is yours, for
you gave me no help. Do
you want me to send my
small & unpleasant selections
to Exsackin or keep them
here till you come. I don't
want to embarrass you by
forcing you to publicly open
a box with gifts that suggest
intimacy - & having to say
from whom they come. It's
up to you, my love - just
let me know. Another point
- Sister is sending you some-
thing. Should you like me to
get something for her from
you - or should you prefer to
get her something yourself?
If you want me to, let me
know how much you want
me to spend - of course not
much. Then you said I
was to tell you 150 things
I wanted, so you could
get something for me that
I should like. Too bad, dar-
ling, since you have the whole

There is the cold - but on
throats they put ice - per-
haps do you down in your
chest - perhaps you have
pneumonia. My god, how
would I ever know if you
were really terrible, ill -
who would dare be to tell
me? I know ~~you~~ should
have made you stay in h. q.!
It's an awful day - perhaps
that's part of why I'm so
depressed & scared, but of
sea, I shall do it, a panic
if there's no word from you
when I get home tonight.

Well, I'll talk about
something, now cheerful - at
least it's more cheerful to
me, though depressing to you
- Christmas! I did some
of my shopping last week
& though I can't say I
did you up bows, at
least you were wearing
faintly beige! I don't
suppose you'll like what I

business no. But you'll have
to get broken in! Well, I'd
like gloves - plain pull-ons,
beige washable suede or doc-
skin, size 6 1/2, or (always
for any woman) underwear -
nighties, slips, or pants - my
size is 36 + 0, always wear
a neck slip. Another thing,
of course, that any woman
likes any time is jewelry. I
never wear black, + no shades
of blue but turquoise - other
wise you're a free hand. By
"jewelry" you will understand
that I mean the kind you
get at Macy's, not at Cartier's.
I also want a brown suede
handbag and "The Shopaholic
Diary" - a series of the other
Housman books of poetry. There
now that certainly covers 100
things + whatever turns up
will amaze me, I promise - and
delight me. I have perfect faith
in your taste. You are not to
spend more than a bit, say
on gloves or underwear - it's well
to suit the girl if they run

Sunday -

(6 Dec 37)

My precious boy -

What does
sympathy I must send you
- for both you mental &
your physical state. I really
know where to begin - but
since your special has just
come; it's the physical that
is uppermost in my mind.
I wish I might have known
ahead, so I could have
sent you a letter to the hos-
pital (at that point even my
pen burst in's tears!) but
this can't possibly reach
Rochester till tomorrow -
& I'm afraid in the after-
noon, at that, & you said
you'd probably leave on
Monday. So there is nothing
for me to do but write to
the usual place, and so

a relief to me to know
you've put yourself into
more expert hands than
you own. All the same, if
you really didn't want me
to worry - why didn't you
tell me what was the matter
with you + what all the
excruciating things he
did to you were for? Is it
your throat or your appendix
or something still different?
But my major worry is
that habit of leaning
holding nurses' hands. I
guess you'd better go home
today, after all. Certainly
you couldn't be seriously
entangled in two days -
not one of the stubborn, bar
Behaachs. But I've just
heard a queer tale of an
English girl whose fiancé
had to go to a hospital
+ emerged from it to

leave you deserted in your
hospital bed, though per-
haps you really need less
sympathy than when you're
subjected to the wear + tear
of daily living. At least
you said you were looking
forward to it! And it is
true that almost everyone
I know with hospital ex-
perience thinks it's swell
- just being waited on +
having no necessity for doing
anything but laziness -
reading, writing letters, do-
ing all the things there's
not enough time for. I
hope you'll stay till Tues-
day and get a real rest
out of it. As for worrying
about you, I am much
less so than when you're
at home doddling around
with your own ideas of
what's wrong with you +
what to do for it. It is

breaks his engagement,
because he'd fallen dead
in love with his nurse.
Good. I hope yours is 75
& severe & has such teeth
& a foul disposition. Any-
how, get what juice you
can out of it, against the
day when you'll leave only
me to hold your hand
when you spend 2 days
in bed. Oh dear, how I wish
I were here to do it now -
I'll bet I'd give you equal
a time in the ^{house} as
you'd have in the hospital.
Of course I shan't feel one
bit easy or happy till you
tell me what's the matter,
& that you're definitely all
right again.

Then there is that other
business, over, which I
feel the greatest distress
→ that someone beat you

on your research job, I know
you must feel bitterly dis-
appointed - somewhat as
the artist must feel when he
is prevented from complet-
ing the work he has
envisioned. You would have
derived great intellectual
satisfaction from doing it,
& I feel terribly that
you've been deprived of
it. Of course it is good
to know that you were on
the right track, isn't it?
Who was it at Rochester
that you'd spoken to
about it - the dean?
Anyhow, whoever it was,
be sure you make a
point of telling him that
someone else did it just
that that's why you dropped
it. And be certain to
tell him that your method
of attack had been right.

me - but at the same
time, I recognize that it's
a situation you've got to
deal with for yourself.

Now didn't I tell you
you should stay here last
week instead of going
back to Rochester? Then
you'd have been sick here
- much more fun for
everyone. I hope this
will get you into the habit
of consulting a doctor
about what ails you in-
stead of making up
your own mind about it!

There is a lot more I
want to say, but I've
already talked now time
than I really have + I
simply must stop, so as
to mail this in b. y.
I shall find so narrow
difficult, waiting to see

how don't forget this - you
must do it - really, darling.

About the whiskey - why
did you get Bourbon - that's
for people who do a lot of
drinking! And how did
you take it - with soda
or just water? Not straight,
I trust. If it's to make you
go to sleep, is hot water
is the sensible way.

Yes, I think you should
have been more communicative
with your mother -
though I don't blame you
one atom for not being -
she doesn't exactly make
it easy for you to confide in
her. I hate to have her
think that there is any-
thing secret or furtive
about you being here,
or any reason why you
cannot talk about me.
Of course it does worry

if there's any word from
you, + what it is.

With a heartfelt of love,
my sweet lamb -

Connie

search. Other than the this is just to make a little
stronger while we are waiting

by sweet lamb -
I think
I don't
I don't
I don't

Friday -
[4 Dec 39]

I sort of beat
you over the head again yest-
day, didn't I? Well, you're a
precious darling, just the same,
in spite of anything I say
about you. I think perhaps
it's hard on you - I also
think perhaps you're harder
on, though, in a different way
& that certainly at present
life is hard on us both,
so that we must not be
too surprised or grieved by
each other. We both have
very considerable emotional
needs & make correspondingly
heavy demands. That
is, in some ways, hard on
us both, but at the same
time it's absurd not to recog-
nize that in the end it will
make us far more satisfying
to each other & make for a more

to perceive what I want, it
hunts me + then after a while be-
gins to rattle a little + then
begin to fuss at you. Of course
that is far from admirable +
if I can't be stoical enough
to go without what I want
ask for, the only sensible
thing is to ask for it. I think
that everything will be
vastly easier when we
are living together, anyhow.
It is an intimate relation-
ship + we are forced at
present to live it distantly,
rather than intimately. Be-
sides, neither you nor I is
temperamentally suited
to living alone - we brood
too easily, become too
easily despondent and
discouraged, think too
much about ourselves.
The difference between us
is that I recognized all
that long ago, and consciously

closely, but relationship than
if either of us wanted less.

As I thought over what
I'd written you both last night
+ earlier in the week and
thought also of last week-end,
I decided that - so far as you
were concerned, the point is
that almost always you will
respond most generously +
tenderly to a definite demand
from me once I make clear to
you what I want + why I
want it - what you don't do
is to see the need before it is
pointed out to you, partly be-
cause of your inexperience in
dealing with people, partly be-
cause of your subjectivity.
On the other hand there is
myself - much of what I
want from you I do not
ask for or tell you of, partly
from pride, partly from a
determination to be stoical.
And that's all very well, but
the trouble is that too many
times, when you have failed,

ly + constantly make the effort not to be alone. If I must be alone physically, I try to find others to be with mentally - I write to you, or read, or do school work. The saddest thing is when I am forced to rely only on my thoughts - when my hands are busy on something, my mind need not concern itself with - + that happens a lot with anyone who has household work to do. All this is what you described as running away from myself - though I think that's not quite fair for it implies that I desire to face something I should. Perhaps I do - perhaps I am only deluding myself, but at least my intention is not to run, at all, but to turn my attention + my interest outward instead.

125 inward. I am not wholly
 successful, of course - if I
 were I should not be hurt
 by you or anyone - I should
 remain detached + inconve-
 nient. Wouldn't that be nice -
 nice for me + nice for you?
 Anyhow, I'm sure I succeed in
 making some sort of stab
 at it + that I am far
 happier for it than if I did
 not make the attempt.
 I think last week, and
 would have been better if
 I had asked more - and
 if you had tried more to
 see what I wanted. You
 seemed to be so absorbed
 in your own mood that
 you were quite indifferent
 to mine. I don't believe now
 that you were at all in-
 different - only unaware.
 I admit that my passionate
 desire to have you with me
 then had been largely selfish
 - I wanted you to help
 me through ^{you, attempt} and yet when
 you were there, not to have

I don't
 think
 any
 sense
 at
 all.
 You
 know
 what
 I
 feel
 about
 you
 +
 I
 don't
 think
 I
 will
 ever
 get
 over
 it.

you that I wanted them.
My darling, you must try to
be not only my lover which
you so beautifully are, but
a little bit my father as
well, for I need that very
deeply. I think it would
have been better for us
both if I had just put
my head on your shoulder
& cried my misery out.
But that I couldn't do.
I know that the worst of
sorrow must always
endure alone - but it is
like any other pain - having
ones hand held does not
lessen it one atom but it
does increase ones fortitude
in bearing it. To insist
that you should share my
grief would be absurd - no,
do I intend to pose as a poor
unhappy creature - I only
want you to remember that
that misery is my constant

any consciousness of what
the days meant to me. I
was in dread of being alone,
& yet you were rather
sharp with me about going
down. Yes, I know you
needed sleep & perhaps you
needed it more than I
needed the protection of
your companionship. But
I think it might have been
achieved more gently &
considerately. You never
said one word of comfort
or understanding during
all those days. I feel sure you
must have thought things
you did not say - you
could not have forgotten
why it was I wanted
you so much. But it
would have been good for us
both if you had said them.
As it was - it was from that
that I had those spoken
words - though it was from

companion, and that you have
it in your power to help &
strengthen me more than any
other living being. You have
a capacity for tenderness beyond
most men - and a gentleness
I have not often seen in those
of your turn, for I need them.

Don't let this letter
upset you, sweetheart -
there is no need. I know
that you love me, I know
too, that all this will work
itself out easily, when we
are always together. Did
I not need you now so much,
I should just let it all
ride till then. Dearest, I
will try to give you enough
to compensate for all I am
asking of you. And I think,
quite honestly, that in the
effort to understand me you
may lose yourself & be hardly
happier.

And that's a large dose of
the suspicious & related subjects
I'll drop it now for ages. I)

Thursday -
[36a37]

Darling -
- we
- are
- about
- 6
- was
- most
- with
- subjects
- love, in
- passion -

Your letter that came yesterday made me happy and proud, as does always the humility & gentleness with which you take criticism. It is true, as I said yesterday, that in the major matters you will never hurt me, but I also think that you hurt me unnecessarily often in the minor ones - the sort of thing that sometimes has a cumulative effect & that's not really desirable. I'm sure that the whole difficulty arises from your subjective outlook, and I think that that is more under the control of the mind & the will than those who have never tried one

such a delight
from thought
you were just
small
had
ball
to
of
with
subjects
love, in
passion -
I would be really grateful to me to see

attempt to lose yourself in
something outside. I think
you have little emotional
realization - brought plenty
of intellectual - of the misery
of others. Perhaps I am be-
ing unkind - but I think I
should be allowed myself
of unkindness. No! You see,
your letter to-day upset
me - & of course you've
no idea why! So it's not
fair of me to write like this,
is it - or perhaps it is -
perhaps it will be good for
you! I suppose really
this should all be done
when we're together, not
by letter. Then of course
what affects the things I
say leave. But it's easier
to think when I'm alone,
than when I'm with you -
so what?! Your impulses
are so often most beautifully
generous & loving & out-

likely to believe. I do feel
that you should try very
definitely & consciously to
forget yourself more, to get
away from yourself, free
of yourself. That you can
- at least to a great ex-
tent - I do not doubt, I
think it would be very
good for you to make a
really energetic effort to
understand me, my needs,
& my desires - not because
I am I, but because I
am the obvious person to
begin on, under the circum-
stances, and I think that
the effort in itself will
bring you some release.
Don't think I understan-
d the strain under
which you live - I am
all too aware of it, but
also I am aware that there
is no better refuge than an

gain, & you have really
 only to put in a little
 effort to follow them up.
 How are the marbles going?
 I found a game to-day,
 with dozens of little colored
 glass balls - 6 colors, about
 12 or 15 of each, & the balls
 about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter.
 Would it be any use?
 I'll dash right in & get it
 if it would, but I felt doubtful
 about numbers & size &
 quality - they cost only 1.00,
 so didn't get it to-day. What
 use steel balls for some pur-
 pose or other? I said some-
 thing to learn about it (don't
 worry - I'm not taking it to a
 soul otherwise & to her only be-
 cause of her professional interest
 & her absolute safety with a re-
 cord) & she is thrilled & said at
 once it would be a great feature
 in your cap, for every sane
 person is hoping for someone to
 give Dr. R. a good diff. She said
 you'd better hurry because there's
 been so much stir there'd be sure
 to be others working at it. Could

would it be any use?
 I'll dash right in & get it
 if it would, but I felt doubtful
 about numbers & size &
 quality - they cost only 1.00,
 so didn't get it to-day. What
 use steel balls for some pur-
 pose or other? I said some-
 thing to learn about it (don't
 worry - I'm not taking it to a
 soul otherwise & to her only be-
 cause of her professional interest
 & her absolute safety with a re-
 cord) & she is thrilled & said at
 once it would be a great feature
 in your cap, for every sane
 person is hoping for someone to
 give Dr. R. a good diff. She said
 you'd better hurry because there's
 been so much stir there'd be sure
 to be others working at it. Could

Wednesday -

[1 Dec 37]

My darling -

Here it is a week since I got on the train & found you there - & in some ways it seems like something that never happened. But in another 4 weeks you'll be with me again - 4 weeks from to-morrow, anyway, & I shall still hope that you'll relent & make it from to-day. Did you not ask you if you'd been a good boy in N.Y.? Did she make any reference to you coming here? I do wonder what goes on in her mind. How many more letters have you had from you wife & what was their tone? I still think you should write now & then. Don't talk about yourself to her, be very brief & make some remarks that will imply the possibility of

you indifferent - so - you
should write occasionally &
write a letter that shows con-
cern for her or at least interest
in her, but gives her no hope.
That can be easily enough
managed in our well-planned
sentences. You do understand,
don't you, my love? I think
she is emotionally unreliable,
& I think that her behaviour
is very much based on emoti-
onal impulses rather than
reason.

My sweet, I am still
warmed by that first beau-
tiful letter - still deeply
grateful. Did you say that
you were inarticulate? Oh
no, my dear, oh no, I didn't
deserve it either - but thank
heaven you are generous
enough to give to us beyond
my deserts. It is so lovely
to reassess, to know
that you do long for a future
in which we need not be

your separation. I do not think
this will give her any encourage-
ment, but will help to keep her
feathers smoothed. The idea that
you are bored with her way of thought
& quite indifferent to what
happens to her is one she might
easily get from your silence &
& might rouse her resentment
& then her vindictiveness.
She is not rational nor emotion-
ally stable so far as this
situation is concerned. Besides,
I am not sure that I blame
her so to feel that someone has
cast you aside & doesn't give
a damn might easily make
a woman feel that there's
no reason why she should
give a damn, what happened
to him & take the trouble to
give him his freedom. Of
course you do give a damn
- & would be greatly relieved
to know that he was happy.
And I think that somehow
he must be made conscious
of that & not allowed to think

together only in scraps of
 time, snatched from busy
 months, but when there will
 be the sweetness of com-
 panionship to warm all our
 days, to indelible every aspect
 of our lives.

I have been thinking of what
 you said about your fear of hurting
 me - my darling, you are fearing
 an unreality. Taxes, you do hurt me
 sometimes in minor matters - but
 in the major ones you never
 will & what else matters? You
 will never be unfair, not
 cruel, nor unjust, you will
 not seek to subordinate my
 personality to your own, nor
 even be ungenerous with me.
 I could go on with this &
 enumerate all the major
 virtues of the good husband.
 The point is that you have
 them and that you should
 realize that you have. I
 haven't lived this long
 without realizing that I
 shall be thankful all my

Tuesday -

30 Nov 37

my sweet, I love
dear
my dear
at it, I'm
at it, I'm

My own darling angel,
Just a
dear, ~~dear~~ letter as I have
just found in my box, I did
read + reread it, my sweet,
it warms my heart + fills
my soul with a lovely peace,
just as it does to be in your
arms. How you managed
it, I do not know, after all
that weary journey + no
+ night at all. That you
made the effort seems to me
a beautiful thing to have
done for me instead of
just writing a few lines
saying you were back
safely. I feel all the more
guilty for what was a
really horrid letter that I
wrote yesterday. Did I ever
say you were backless? Well,

this time, but that each time
we do, we pay for it in
sorrow. I shall never love
you enough, my darling,
because it is not possible
— not even if I love you
to the limit of my capacity.
And that makes me sad.
I want to love you so much
that I have no self, that
I am only an instrument
of happiness to you. And
that I cannot do — my
wretched self intrudes
constantly. I wanted to
give you infinite tenderness
& gentleness & warmth
those days — & I did not
do it because I remem-
bered myself & my own
private woes & desires, but
is my distress really be-
cause I failed you, but
because I failed my dar-
ling father. I was not the store

you'd just have to forgive
me, my precious, & be charit-
able & generous with me, &
try to understand me. It was
not — really not — meant for
caring criticism of you. Any-
how, I'm sure it's something
better dealt with when we're
together — & also when I am
myself in a more detached
mood. It was impossible
for me not to be depressed
those last days & certainly
my judgment was not at
its best. Besides, I was
rather badly frightened
about something that
turned out to be nothing,
so all in all, I am some-
what ashamed of myself.
It was this time I that
failed you, & it makes me
sad, though I know this,
& — that we are all human
& that we must all inevitably
fail those we love some of

He taught me to be, and
even though I am not myself
spiritually born to the people
as he was, I should at
least be able to believe out-
wardly, as if my impulses were
all as fine as they should be,
My temperament I cannot
help, but my actions & my
speech should be under rigid
control. Dearest, you will
leave to help me - I cannot
do it alone - my own
strength is not enough. And
I must do it, for then I can
give him some tiny scrap
of immortality.

How did you answer the
telegram, sweetheart? Yes, I
suppose it should be very
diplomatic, though I pray
loud & often that it will not be
necessary to go to any such
places! That all ruin, do we
of your sensational bit of
research! What about pro-
marbles? Could I do anything
about them? That is, is there
something I could do that

Monday -

(29 Nov 37)

Darlingest -

It makes me

sad to be writing to you
again - after all the days when
I did not need to. I love to
write to you, but I don't
need to - do you follow me?
If only it were so - right that
I should find you on my train!
However - there is this - already
nearly 24 hours has passed
of the time that must be
got through before we shall
be together again - and that
is, thank God, a very
measurable length of time that
it was after our last parting.
Besides, each large piece of
time that can be checked
off brings us that much
nearer the time when part-
ings would be only minor
& temporary.
How many permutations
& combinations? And did you

By large degree control, I know very well what I'm talking about, for I have over & over again recognized myself in you. My own misbeliefs in yours, and I know that anything I can do — and probably do better. I had an immeasurable advantage over you in having a remarkable degree of wisdom & understanding to guide me, that's all. You have a finer intelligence than I, & a stronger will — you can do anything I can, & more. Don't think I'm trying to "improve" you — or reform you — not at all — I have in mind only the object of making you happier. I don't think you begin to realize your capacities for happiness. The only capacities you've ever really gone about consciously developing are the intellectual ones. ☺

spend some time with Vincent Sheean as well? I should like to know what you think of that book when you get through. And you will write me about your assorted diseases?

Well, I have been thinking a lot since you left on the fascinating subject of what's wrong with you. And don't think for a minute that in anything I ever say to you on that topic, I see myself as speaking from some superior insight. I should certainly present a pretty silly picture if I did, for fundamentally what's wrong with you is what's wrong with us — you're too selfish, we, too do I think that that fundamental fact is anything we can either of us change — that's how we were born, & that's how we shall remain. But it's effects on ourselves & through ourselves on others, we can, to a surprising

course you realize perfectly well all that I'm laboriously digging out of my mind & putting down on paper for you - still, perhaps I'll add a few morals that will be enlightening, so I'll keep on. God, am I behaving like you wife? No, not quite, for I'm not one scrap angry. The reason all this comes up at this point is that you did not seem so happy these last days - also it's the direction in which I've led when I think of the various arguments we had while you were here. I think you find it very hard to be free of yourself - & what's more, I think you have never very seriously tried. This is not to be misunderstood as being an accusation of selfishness - that would be quite, quite

wrong, for you are a very
unselfish person - more so
than most. But I think that
your instantaneous reaction
to almost anything is to see
it through the glass of your
own personality, not objectively.
This, of course, is an anti-
social, not an intellectual re-
action. That's why you can't
pretend; that's why you're
irritated by stupidity, that's
why a lot of things. And
I am certain that you can
free yourself to some extent
of that load. I think one
can develop a technique
for getting outside oneself,
getting free of oneself. It
should not be difficult for
you, who are intelligent
& tenacious, for you have
known moments of self-
surrender & you can build
on those. It is really only a

which you've not yet
plumbed. I had a feeling
when I began this that
could say something
good + useful - but of
course it's not been. Still
I shall send it so that
you will get it to-morrow.

Anyhow, we're both
inclined to be too solemn
about all this sort of
thing. Don't take it too
seriously, sweetheart.

I love you + I wish
you + I wish + wish
this were a week ago,
course

matter of making up your
mind that you really want
it. And I still think that
there is in you an unconscious
resistance to it. I remember
my father's saying to me,
many years ago, that there
was a profound philosoph-
ical truth in one saying
that only by losing himself
should a man find himself.
And I know that that
is so - from my own ex-
perience.

Oh darling, this letter
is awful - I'm not in the
mood. Besides, it must
seem like criticism of you
which it is not. I do so
want you to be happy +
I do so firmly believe
that deep wells of happi-
ness still lie within you

Monday -
(22 Nov 38)
My dearest,
I seem to have
come 5! with assorted
papers & envelopes. Can
you bear it? I'll get
nothing written to-day
unless I do write up-
on the train, so I'll have
no false what I've got!
To-morrow I shall
write at all, for you'd
not get it before you
left - oh me, oh my!
I've got involved in
another frightful rush -

patron's & therefore more
conspicuous than in Larrea
(Hall)! So this morning I
made a deal for Acacia,
got some really luscious
material & the necessary
adjuncts (a flower, a
rhinestone belt) and
now I must get it
made between now &
to-morrow evening.

Now I'm on the subway
again - having reached
D. 7. just as I wrote by
above & been brought back
in to N. Y. in a kind friend's
car with not a minute
in between to write.
My darling, I was so

Maude called me yesterday
& invited me to a very
small concert to-morrow
- small from the social
point of view, what it will
be musically I do not
know, though it should
be good. It's small &
select - the audience, I
mean. I hauled out my
perennial evening gown,
put it on & looked myself
over, decided that all
things must come to an
end, & that the end of
that particular thing
had come - especially
when I was going to be
in a small & select

touched by what you said
about Dad in the letter I got
this morning. I didn't know
you felt that way - so
charming to know we
felt any lack in ourselves
to him. But still, it hurts too,
that you should, for we all
feel those we love to some extent
to feel that we did not work
the answer indeed. I remember
so well how terrible Dad felt
that, both after his death &
after Uncle Buck's. He wrote this
in a letter about Uncle Buck -
"How can we ever love ade-
quately those whom we love?
Perhaps only if we love them
always as if at any moment
we might lose them." It is
the answer, of course - & he
did it, though he would not
have said so. I love you, &

Sunday

(20-NOV-37)

Dearest Angel,

I shipped you again yesterday, but oh dear, it was such a hurried day! Some came to spend the week-end + we went to the Oval Table photography show which was a very large bite + exhausted us so we could barely make the bar of the Russian Tea Room after it! We also had a long, leisurely dinner + went to see Pealie Howard on altogether engaging movie (savouring your presence, sir) - all that occupied afternoon + evening with highballs + conversation after we got home. The morning had gone in marketing, getting the house clean, dressing, etc. So that was the day.

without seeing it fall in an
open grave. Oh, my dear,
it does make so great a
difference to know that this
week is going to bring
me something I want
terribly — to stand be-
tween me + my memories,
ho, I do not mean that I
want to forget — I don't
think I know just what
I mean — I know I don't
want to have to think it
out or analyze it now, but
I know that I am very
unhappy, and I want
you. I dreamed about him
again last night — one of
those intensely real, abso-
lutely believable dreams —
+ woke in tears that I
must be forced to return
to a world without him.

What a shame you
were invited to a concert
you couldn't enjoy! I can

you'd leave down all that +
five more things + written
me a letter besides, but I'm
so slow. Anyhow, you al-
ways skip at least one
day a week!

Oh, darling, I am so ter-
ribly grateful to you for
coming this week — I realize
now + now how hard it
would otherwise be. The
family festivals were al-
ways made so much of in
our life as a family that
Thanksgiving with the
home gone + the family broken
would be hard anyway,
— like Christmas + New Year
+ all the Birthdays. But to
lose all the other associat-
ions added makes it very
nearly unbearable. The
sudden cold + the snow
nearly finished me, I think
I shall never again see
the first snow of the year

imagine how you ~~felt~~ felt,
for I find myself in similar
situations all too often when,
in order to be courteous & appreci-
ative of something which was
supposed to be a treat, I have
to, in a sense, betray my
integrity. Of course I know
what the answer is, that is
- my integrity as a human
being is more important
than as an art critic, & when
the two come into conflict,
there's only one way out.
Isn't it an uncomfortable
feeling? I swear my predic-
ament is worse than yours
too, for it's my professional
integrity that I have to
sacrifice on the altar of
human sympathy! I only
I could reach that level
where my father lived,
where the self is a matter
of no importance, and it
makes not one atom of dif-

ference if you must allow
opinions to be ascribed to you,
of which you are ashamed.

As for the other adornment
I leave for your book-case,
— well, it sometimes is a
Baedeker — & sometimes a guide
— & sometimes neither one —
occasionally both. How well
that suit. I shouldn't be sur-
prised if you got it, either!

About the Bradlowa & you
little outburst — my dear,
you are the most insignificant
pimple of a positively rigid
rationality, and uncontrolled
ambition, so far as your
judgments are concerned.
No, it's not a job for me, but
for you. You can't let
yourself take one whole
area of human experience
& just blot it out because of a
personal prejudice. My love
my dear one, you must open
your mind & your heart, you
must hold out your hands

of which a virgin is a fitting
symbol, because there is
something so beautifully
young about it, such a
sense of awakening, life,
of eager reaching-out for
experience, of fearlessness,
and the idealism of youth un-
burdened by the cynicism of ma-
turity. To be unmoved by
the rapturous religious spirit
of the age is to be cold in-
deed — you've just never
let yourself see it or under-
stand it, you can't dismiss
a religion or a culture, be-
cause it had something of
evil in it — you'd find your-
self left in a barren world.
You've got to take it all, my
precious one, the good + the
bad. Dreadful things have
been done in the name of
Christianity, but so too, has
immeasurable good, to have
a full life + a full heart,
you must know the price

to life. And that means recog-
nizing always that there is un-
doubtedly some beauty, some
meaning, some dignity, in
every manifestation of the
human spirit that has held
the hearts of people for any
length of time. Don't ever
talk to me of people who
"think madonnas are beau-
tiful entirely from the
standpoint of art" — not
that there aren't such, but
they are half blind. My
madonna is a lovely, gracious
arrangement of lines and
forms, done with exquisite
restraint, + with a fine respect
for the peculiar qualities of
the sculptor's art. But that's
only half of why she en-
chants me — the other
half is that she stands as
a symbol + an embodiment
of a very lovely moment
in the history of the
human spirit — a moment

Madonna, along with the
figures from the Parthenon,
or those from the Medici
tombs — and thank whatever
gods there be that your heritage
includes them all — your
heritage, not as an American
or a Methodist, but as a
human being.

With which little heavily
I will close for the evening!

Oh no, one more thing — it
may be that Frédérique
Petrides will be on the train
Wed. night. I hope not, for
I want that first hour all
to myself. But I'm just
warning you! I shall be
there very casually as if
I'd just seen you last
week. You can talk to her
about how awful Thurbis
is — she'll agree.

I'm glad you got Peter's
radiation fixed — it couldn't
have been many days too
soon. All my love, my angel
daisies, — E.

Friday.

20th Nov 1957

Sweetest -

Before I start on anything else - did you get the letter all right about the arrangements for my visit? I can't remember now when I wrote it, so perhaps you've just not had time to tell me you'd got it - or perhaps you'd just not noticed that I asked you to tell me. It matters only because I suggested that in case something slipped so that we didn't meet at Dobbs we meet in the waiting-room at the g.c. near the magazine stand in stead of the information booth. This just because it might be a long wait & would be pleasant sitting. But I'm sure this is all a useless precaution & we'll meet at 9:12 on the train! And that in only 5 days & some hours!!!

found himself. Besides, he had
always interested me deeply
— caught — I from my father,
I suppose. At his best, he
was a great man "according
to the Anglo-Saxon tradition"
as Dad used to say — an
idealist, but not a revolutionist
any, a man of great dignity,
deep humanity & high intel-
ligence. One of my most
vivid memories of two weeks
of weeks in London with
Dad, was walking along
Whitehall with him one
morning & noticing as we
passed Downing St. a little
group of people standing
opposite no. 10. Dad was all
agoog & said "Let's go & see
what's happening — I can't
think of anyone I'd like better
to see than Ramsay MacDonald."
So we turned in & waited
with the slowly gathering crowd.
It's always exciting to see the
look at that quiet unpretentious
house with nothing to distinguish

So you don't have time to
read the newspapers? Probably,
because your idea of reading
the newspaper is reading —
— if you skimmed it like we
you wouldn't find it so hard.
I do it as I eat my breakfast
& emerge with no profound
knowledge of the affairs of
the world, but I do manage
to gather whether the Japanese
are retreating or advancing,
how many people were
executed in Russia yesterday,
& whether the silly old
Duke of Windsor is coming
or going. So I manage to
be not at all intelligent but
slightly conversant. Funny
you should mention Ramsay
MacDonald — I almost wrote
you about him — not because
I thought you didn't know, but
because I was moved by the
circumstances were sad
— & of course — it was im-
possible not to feel touched
by the heart-breaking situa-
tion in which that poor girl

with it from the one kept for
except the significant number,
& then to think that time &
again the fate of the world
has been settled there. It's
so British! Well, anyhow, ~~it~~
we were not disappointed, for
presently the door opened &
Ramsay himself stepped out,
bent-headed, in an ordinary business
suit, with a brief case under
his arm. He started across
the street to the Foreign Office
& of course the crowd cleared.
I must have squealed
myself, for something drew
his attention to me. Just
as he passed me - only a
few feet away - & he
turned & looked straight
at me, smiled most en-
gagingly & went on. The
next thing that happened
was a big luncheon with
the French flag on the
radiator, then one with
the Japanese, and when

of 11 from
of 10
of 9
of 8
of 7
of 6
of 5
of 4
of 3
of 2
of 1

one appeared with the
German flag, Dad suddenly
said "Why, Cochie, do you
realize what we're seeing?
This is the first time since
the war that Germans have
been officially received on
equal terms in conference
with their old enemies." And
so it was - a very feel-
ing moment, too, as we
stood there in that little
narrow London street, and
watched some of the quietest
men of our time go by us.
The trouble is, I was too
excited + so have almost
no distinct pictures in my
mind - the only one I
remember clearly was
Stressmann. And that's
what it is to wander up
Downing St. of a summer
day!

Since I began this I have
 been to school & come home
 & got your letter, with remarks
 about the train. The next
 local from Harris on after the
 8:48 is 9:34, reaching Dobbs
 at 9:56. But how would I
 know? I shouldn't have time to
 get on the 9:12, look it over, &
 get off if you weren't there. I
 have to leave the school by
 8:52 to be sure to get the 9:12,
 so you couldn't telephone if you
 missed the 8:48, unless by about
 2 min. You could, if you knew
 you were going to miss it as far
 back as Albany (like being on
 a 2:40 section in a blizzard.) Write
 me from there. There won't be
 time for you to get this & answer,
 it & me to answer again, so -
 you tell me in your answer, exactly
 what to expect & we'll regard
 that as final. The telephone would
 be Dobbs Ferry 2400 - the school ex-
 change - ask for the operator for me
 & tell her I'm Mrs. Burfield's
 room (that's true). A telegram
 would go to Strong House, the address
 of D. F. c/o Mrs. Burfield. If
 there are slips or mistakes, we

figuring out how to change
the size of hitting directions
without changing the propert-
ions.

Darling, in your remarks
about the movies I ~~do~~
detect a strong odor of
prejudice - & you so rational!
how take firm hold of your-
self & tear that out. Where the
prejudice came from, I do
not know, but lots of
people have it - & one char-
acteristic those people seem to
have in common is that they
regard that prejudice with
pride - they're definitely com-
placent about it! Now I don't
like to see you in any such
class - you are too reasonable.
The movies are like any other
stuff. But you'd hardly say
- buy & make me like
music - because of the
stuff that comes from his-
pan alley, nor - buy & make
me like painting - because of

a statement of fact.

No, darling, please don't be
a mouse in my apartment - I'd
practically as soon have a
cobra. Can't you arrange to be
a fly - or maybe a cockroach?
Anyhow, if you do, you'll have
a terrible disappointment. I
don't live at the light speed
you think - I'm too slow by
nature at everything I do. I
just leave a lot of important
things undone. I do not be-
lieve to do my work - neither
domestic nor academic -
with the conscientiousness that
you do. And that'd be pretty
tough on a perfectionist like
you. As for all the added duties
of marrying you, some of them
I shall just neglect as I do
my current ones, so you might
as well make up your
mind to that! Now if you
want to think about extra
duties, just contemplate the
ones you'd take on - such as
doing my income tax, and

the subway ads. I think, my love, you should endeavor to be a little more catholic. I think that your feeling about the movies is a feeling, not a considered judgment based on discriminating knowledge. And that's unworthy of you. Stop shutting things out + try letting more in. Does all this sound harsh? It wouldn't were you here, for I say with so much affection + so much admiration for what you are + can be. I don't mean to be sharp with you at all.

Of course Fitz could wait to Hollywood for the money - why not? The stage is a very precarious business - if you've any sense you salt away all you can while you can. So long as he doesn't cheapen the quality of what he does, he is not, as I suspect you think "prostituting" his art. "The cheapest bird of

Wednesday
(18 Nov 39)

Dearest Boy,

Here it is Wednesday
+ it actually is only one
week. It all seems unreal.
Does it do you? I think with
me it is a little because
all these plans so closely
parallel the one I made a
year ago - so many of the
same people, the same things
- even to meeting in the
Grand Central on Wed. night.
I remember so terribly vividly
the joyous anticipation of this
last week, and how its
letter and And that memory
with its fears haunt me now
so that I cannot quite be-
lieve that this time hope
will be fulfilled. Darling, I
know you are wedded busy this
week, but do you very best
write the p.c.s, will you, sweet!

& finding me satisfying just
as of an — complete with
inadequacies. But I'm still
not sure you know quite
what you're up against.
You say "I have I have
music, you have poetry,
painting —" etc. But
no, my dear, when you have
music, I have nothing
— there ain't no such
place in my mind! I'd never
know as much about any-
thing as you know about
music — unless just possibly
human beings — & that,
after all, is no parallel, as
it involves no knowledge
of forms & techniques. If
your fundamental idea of
wholly approve — that
we'll just send other more
rather than less exciting
because our minds are

I shall be so terrified if
there is a day with no word.
Even if you write nothing or
then — the address in your
handwriting will make me
feel secure. I shall know
you'll be driving, you
parents around & that will
worry me. I do hope,
dearest, you'll leave a
happy time with the rest
it will not be desired or
difficult. What sort of thing
shall you be doing with
them, aside from driving
around the country at 70
after dark, on the wrong side
of the road, in the rain?

Darling, I was so charmed
by all you said in answer
to what I had said of
my inadequacies of mind.
I love^{you} for saying, I love
you for taking time to
think it all out, I love
you most for wanting me

different, just as we do
because our bodies are
different, that is certainly
part of what makes this
whole matter of the relation
between a man + a woman
different + apart from
the relation of man to man.
The only thing that troubles
me is that my mind is
not merely different from
yours but of a lower
quality. I hate to think
of boring you or disappoint-
ing you. So you see what
you're confronted with!
Since I began this letter
I've been to school, had
dinner, seen "Amphitryon",
+ am now in the Times
Sq. station, waiting for a
train - ergo the pen is
The play was super, super
I wished & wished for you
So much brilliance - effort
of production, of performance,
like my chops at the

KRC

325 East 175th.
New York City
Nov. 18, 1937

Dear George,

Just a note to
assure you we are expecting
you and looking forward
to your visit. The bed is
(we hope) in working order
and you will be amazed
at the difference in the house
since last you saw it. We
really are enjoying it a great
deal and quite happy
in our new environment.
I can help the school

up and is always eager
for more.

Dear George
I HOPE YOU
WILL COME
TO SEE US
LOVE
FOR JOAN
OR ANGE
RED

Below is some of Joan's
handiwork!

Love
Katherine

Tuesday -

(17 Nov 37)

Darling, Angel -

First of all -
about next Wednesday - for
me, the way, is it really
next? Yes, unless I have
misread the time-table your
train should leave Rochester
at 2:35 + reach Harmon at
8:23. I looked it up very
carefully, too, + the only guess
thing it says is "Ex Sun"
which I assume means it
doesn't run on Sundays -
right? Maybe on Sun. you
have to walk. I hope it
won't be too jammed. The
local leaves Harmon at
8:48 - stops at Dobbs at 9:12.
Theoretically that local al-
ways waits for the Empire
State Express (your train)
at Harmon, even if it's
late, but of course things
sometimes go wrong at a
very crowded time like

Trials, but in some ways
better. We must go, but I
guess not till Christmas, for
one must apply ahead for
tickets. Are you saving
me New Year's like a good
boy?

I have a Gothic headband
from the Louvre - slightly
busted but really lovely.
Are you a good mender?
Then you shall have her
for your bookcase. I've got
something else for your
bookcase, too - not Gothic,
though. I almost sent it
to-day to your parents
as a shock, but decided to
repair them.

How for your wife's letter!
I don't see why you were
surprised - there were sev-
eral ways she might have
reacted to your letter, depend-
ing on her mood when it

Thanksgiving - trains like
the Empire run in 2 sections
+ what-not - don't let her
put you on the 2nd one! But
if you do get caught some-
how so that you don't make
that local, we'll meet at
the G.C., only why not
in the waiting-room - as
near as possible to the
magazine stand - it's easier
waiting on you than
for you feet! I always
get on the first car of the
train - but I guess that's
superfluous - once we're
on the same train I
guess we'll find each
other all right! I can't
believe it's all going to
come out like this - it's
too perfect - was really
isn't it?

Did you read about the
opening of the Baelis Collect?
Same sort of thing as the

came + on what she had expected. The various reactions were about equally possible. This was one of those I had thought of. You see, she had expected you to take her letters differently (at least this is my guess) — to be indignant, to argue, to accuse, + most especially, to leap to the defense of Donald + myself. She is easily self-deluded, you know, + she can take your silence as meaning a certain amount of agreement. The bare fact that you mentioned some of those things was very good indeed. — The red tags were kept in the drawer. She was feeling a little ashamed — both of the outburst of temper + of the confession about the letters + was immensely relieved really at receiving a reply that

ignored them — you didn't
put her on the defensive, and
of course you know that to
accept all blame for any-
thing is always disarming.
The child that persuaded her
later she didn't feel — partly
because it was so much
more comfortable than what
she had expected, & partly
because she is not very
sensitive. After all, she lived
with you for months not even
knowing she'd lost you.
You see, if you are diplo-
matic, everything is lovely.
So, for God's sake, keep it
up! I was greatly relieved
by all you quoted. Besides,
all diplomacy aside — even
if there were no end to be
gained — you have behaved
like a gentleman & a decent
human being. She is in a bad
spot & you are partly to blame.
Also you're the one who emerges

next time. You see, she must
feel that you do wish her well
& are not indifferent to what
happens to her, so long as she
sets you free. Show this by
answering her letter briefly
& almost entirely in friendly
comment about what she's
written you of herself. Don't
wait too long - it's sure
that that exasperates her, there
should be several soothing,
friendly letters before you
have to say - how love her,
when are you going to come
across with this divorce?
Tell her some bit of Rochester
news & devote about a
sentence to yourself - or maybe
two. Then she'll see you're
interested in her, but have
no desire to share your
thought & experience with
her. Now, darling, all this is
important - we've got a
good start & must spoil it.

from the mass emotionally
while, while she is broken-
or rather, crushed, you shall
be generous - & gentle. There's
nothing mysterious - not
unstable - in her being
"furiously angry at a little
just criticism & yet unmoved
by the emptiness" of your
letter. My dear, that criticism
pleased her on the raw. We
all cry out if we're 'albed
in a still open wound, but
she was probably expecting
more of the same. To her
surprise, she didn't get it.
Probably the chill of your
letter seemed only refresh-
ing! All the same, when
you write next, try to be
a little less frigid - it's
perfectly consistent with
the policy of giving her no
hope, & I expect she'll be
a bit quicker to sense your tone

Saturday -
Sweetest - [14 Nov 37]

I'm writing
this as I sit in Schaffers
waiting for my little
playmate. Imagine
me being early!

My sweet, I am a
bit annoyed at you -
yes, I am. Why? For
saying that the name
of Leane means nothing
to you. You make me
suspect that the reason
you didn't answer my
letters was that you just
didn't read them. Now,
darling - people are very
important to me & when
I tell you about any of
my friends - especially
so close a one as Leane
I expect you to remember

her - always her own way to make, & of late heavy financial responsibilities. She has been married for years but she & her husband have never been able to afford to live together. She has all the burdens & few of the joys of life but infinite courage. I think almost no one knows how terribly unhappy she is. She's a rather splendid person. Dad admired her enormously & was as well very fond of her.

Yes, Joan is too young for the Planetarium - if you want to take her to something, it's always the Zoo or the

even if you forget every thing else & be said to you for a month, I wrote you about her once this fall, quoted her to you later - & I remember talking to you about her once. So - remember it this time! She's my closest friend out at school & one of the finest people I know. She's a psychologist trained at the U. of Chi. & Columbia - highly intelligent & with the kind of intellectual integrity you have - it's not so common, either. She's lived the kind of life that's been a struggle against heavy financial odds always - with no money behind

1 that. Hist. Mus. — or the kids
2 politan. There are any
3 number of good things in
4 the galleries now, if you
5 want to do art shows.
6 On Hall St, the same as
7 Allen St, or are there two
8 such places? I haven't
9 you any bibelots among
10 your wedding presents.
11 We ought to be able to
12 scare up something you
13 know. I think generally
14 those Allen St things are
15 fairly expensive if they're
16 good or else in such
17 bad condition you have
18 to have them profession-
19 ally bought, etc. I
20 don't mean they're too ex-
21 pensive for what you get
22 but only that they're not
23 so cheap as people think
24 they are! Anyhow, with

Monday -
 (15 Nov 37)
 My dearest darling -
 I shipped
 you yesterday - I'm so sorry
 but I just got all tangled up
 + seemed to come out nowhere
 at all! I was going to write
 you after the party last night,
 but it was after 12 when I
 got home - very tired - + I
 knew I must get up at dawn
 + go like mad till 10:00 night
 - which I did! I'm on the
 brain now, feeling drained dry
 of all ideas, but wonderfully
 relaxed since, though there is
 much to be done in the im-
 mediate future, it need not be
 under such high pressure!
 Home + I settled down after
 dinner to - night in her room
 with a pot of coffee + our re-
 spective notes, papers, records
 etc. spread out around
 us. It was really rather
 fun, for we're both interested
 in the girls - as people + as
 minds - + we compared notes

if you're still colling, lies that
you ought to be spanked, for
the poor man a brutal treat
him like a lunatic being
even if he is an upper level
intellectual. You never answers
the questions to ask about
his, so I'm giving up on that.
Ain't you got no interest in
telling us about your friends?

Speaking of friends, I had
a long, long lunch with
the Hammetts the other day - the
first time I've seen her since
she got back from Reno.
I wish your wife could hear
all she had to say about
the place + the kind of time
she had there + the way
the friends she made - I'm sure
she'd go melting right out,
it's such a chance to give
her a bit of excitement + a
lot of new contacts - was
included. Harry is going to
be married again in the
spring + is as happy as a
lark. The man is everything
that the first one wasn't -

off + on, nearly always getting
the satisfaction of agreement,
I got through first, luckily,
since I've the long journey
home.

Darling - about the Abbey
Players - Barry Fitzgerald
has left them + gone to Holly-
wood, so though the company
does good, honest, workman-
like playing, there'll be no
glitter! We can go to see B.F.
in the movies, if you want to -
his first is just about to open.

No, I haven't any uncrack-
ers - but I was brought up to
believe that the two most de-
lectable nuts - the hickory +
the butternut - could be
cracked only with a hammer,
anyhow! There'll still be
plenty when you get here
- in fact, the more I eat
the more ~~the~~ there are. I
swear to time.

Well, well, I got a big
surprise when I found out
how Dr. Warszewski
spells his name. All the same,

loyal, warm-hearted, out-
going, sweet-natured; generous.
He will be absolutely faithful
[an idea that had never occurred
to her first husband], and
devoted, and invari-
ably considerate. She says he
spells her within an inch of
her life with his desire to
serve + to give — he other
was wholly selfish. She
had such lovely things he
gives her — jewelry of the
kind my father used to give
my mother — with taste +
distinction but not costly —
a diamond ring of a happy
set around with seed pearls
— a gift that has the signif-
icance of jewelry without
being extravagantly expensive.
Again — it seemed to us sweet
because he has no money +
must have gone without
something to himself to get
those things for her, but
the other one who could have
given her emeralds without
sacrifice, never gave her

love
to my
dear
dad

Friday -

(12/11/37)

dearest -

I meant last night to say something about what you said of your father & his response to your letter. I was awfully pleased about it, for I think every thing that draws you together with your family is that much to the good. You are probably right - up to a point - in thinking you were not giving him enough credit so far as your relation to him was concerned, but at the same time, I think you are perhaps confusing tolerance + sympathy with understanding. They're not the same thing, you know. His affection for you I doubt ~~at~~ doubt - his understanding of you I still do. Of course I may easily be

been inadequate. The only
time I ever saw him
brief + casual as it was. I
felt drawn to him. I suspect
that, like you, he has wanted
more of life than he ever got.
My passionate desire is that
by the time you reach his
age that will not be true
of you.

I was fascinated by your
letter about the piecemeal
concept. I love being ad-
mitted into your mind like
that. But I was also a
little frightened, for though
you let me into your mind
— you, after all, could admit
me only so far as I was
able to go, and here are
places in your mind where
I shall never be able to go.
And I am sometimes troubled
by the thought that that
is going to be a source of

wrong — I know nothing of
him or of the situation except
what you tell me. But I
cannot believe that if he
really understood you — and
matter has inarticulate or
unconsciousness he may be
— you wouldn't have known
— or long before now — that is
the sort of thing that in
long + close association
one feels. If that were true
you'd have been resting on
the same knowledge that
he would understand all but
spacing. Anyone who really
understood you would have
known what happened. And,
for that matter, anyone who
really appreciated you would
have been glad it happened.
This is not, my darling, to
belittle your father, who, I
have long suspected, is
like you. I think only that
his emotional education,
like his intellectual, has

request to you - that there
 will be many times when
 you will wish I were
 different. What you said
 about the concert was not
 intelligible to me for it
 was in more or less unives-
 al artistic terms - that is,
 it could be paralleled in
 the appreciation of any
 other artistic product. But
 that I'll ever be able to
 really follow you in an
 understanding + appreci-
 ation of "the most abstract
 of all the arts" I serious-
 ly doubt. I simply haven't
 got the mind. How - how
 do you like that prospect?
 How are the plans for
 breaking away on the
 famous Wednesday?
 I want to tell you more
 about last evening some-
 time. Magda made the account

former
 but it was
 suggested
 to the
 last summer
 as exaggerated
 you heard
 seem as

Thursday
 (12 Nov 39)

Darling, Angel -
 You're only
 going to get the nearest
 count to - night - I've
 had a perfectly usual
 day! Sister's leaving
 for a big party Sunday -
 very special, so I had
 to have a new dress.
 That's something I don't
 expect you to understand
 - it's a sort of fact of
 nature that you have
 to accept, I'd had one
 in the mill for quite a while
 working on it slowly

between now + then. I've
got to make that dress,
read a set of exams,
papers, make out my
marks, write comments
to hand in with the marks,
write another set of
comments (much more
difficult but fewer) about
the girls I've advised to -
analysing the poor things
from A to Z. - do my
regular work, go out
to lunch tomorrow
(the 2 1/2 hour kind of
lunch), out to dinner
the theatre Sat., + to
Toby's party on Sun.!

off + on so last night
I started speeding
up production. Then I
decided it was simply
awful + all a ghastly
mistake + I couldn't
possibly appear in that
side of an outfit. I
reached that conclusion
after fussing + fiddling
with it till 12:30 last
night. So this
morning I tore into
D.Y. I got a pattern,
got some new material
+ tore, home again, well,
I won't go into further
details but just say that

spent this evening
with the Paehs - a very
rich evening, mostly
with Magda for Walter
had to work. And that
suited me to a T for I
was not in the mood for
playing up to him &
she's simply one of the
grandest persons I
know. It's so late now
I'm just deliberately not
looking at the clock!
To-morrow I'll do
better for you, sweetest
darling.
I'm ashamed of using
this paper on you - A 20

Wednesday -

(10/2/37)

Dear sweet boy -

just got the tickets ^{9/10} for
the Abbey Players - for
the matinee on the 27th.
It's really more fun to go
to the theatre in the
evening, but for various
reasons I won't stop
to enumerate, the after-
noon worked out best
this time. The seats are
not simply marvellous -
but I guess we can sit
in them! The theatre is one
of the places where I work

never seen anything, abso-
lutely first class together.

We are going out to
Walden's - all of us -
Thanksgiving dinner. This
will be fun, for you'll
have the opportunity to
see the house, the food
will be marvellous - &
the company excellent.
It is appropriate that
she should ask us, for
she's been a close family
friend for many years. How
close you can judge when
I tell you that she was
one of the two outside of
the family to appear in
my father's will. ~~Still~~

late being poor, don't you?
You might be amused
to know that I had al-
ready thought about
travelling for that week-end
& had picked the Abbey
Players as the only thing
one would care to see
that one could possibly
get into. I was just
waiting for the announce-
ment of what they'd be
doing that week when
you wrote! Would it be
fun to go together? We've
not been since the spring
of you last year in Can-
bridge & we've never been
together in D. C. so we've

~~She was~~ She was
with us when he died, &
was an indispensable
help during the next
days. Of course the invi-
tation is not just a social
one but has the signifi-
cance that all this im-
plies. There are some
ways in which I should
have liked it to be just
the family. But there is
meaning in this, too. Any-
how, it's high time you &
she knew each other.

Friday evening
we're all going to have
dinner in N. C. together,
& heave is going to join

us. She has been a de-
voted + loyal friend to
me + has an unselfish
delight in the happiness
you have brought me
that does her great credit,
for there's little enough
happiness in her own life.
She has wanted so much
to meet you + I was afraid
we'd never manage it be-
cause you're here only in
vacations + there's
not - so this seems the
perfect opportunity. I
have to teach that after-
noon, so that dinner in
N.Y. is the logical thing,
anyhow. How should
you like to borrow my

all. With the new find.
son River Drive you can
get from the school to
57 $\frac{1}{2}$ St. in a half hour
- is it that amazing?
On the train, subway, etc.
it would take 1 hour
+ 1/4! All this is rather
premature, is it not? But,
dearest, I think so much
about it - it's impossible
not to - so this is just
putting down the things
that go round + round in
my head. The reality
will, I expect, be better
than the anticipation,
but it can't be worst!

car that afternoon + drive
me up to Dobbs Ferry?
Then, I can't leave you
behind. But of course
you may want to have
a nap or what - with the
low, Friday is my short
day + I shouldn't be
gone long. And I
suppose the weather may
be bad. It has been
so far so wonderful for
ages that a drive into
the country would be
a treat. To-day is
sunny + with the air as
soft as May. I don't
want to go indoors at

My dearest son -
I dreamed last night
that you + I were in London
- at Burberry's, buying
you a coat like Dad's.
Do you remember that coat?
He won it so much after
he'd got it, on that last
trip to England, that you
must have seen him in
it a thousand times. He
is wearing it now.
My dear, to-day is
Wednesday, - + in 2 weeks
it will be Wednesday
again - + oh, such a
Wednesday! Perhaps
you'll be sitting beside
me in this very train!

Tuesday -

Sweet Angel - (10 Nov 37)

I think per-
haps Dr. War - had
the right idea after all about
the history nuts. At least,
the shelling process is just
too, too wearing - + mad-
dening! I pound away
with a hammer in the
sink till the air is filled
with flying fragments.
Then I pick + pick on
such bits as have not
landed behind the stove
or under the table + when
I've finished every crumb
I can get I feel as if I'd
had nothing! Oh, sweet
one, how foul + ungrateful
this sounds! But it's not
really, for you see they're
delectable enough to keep
me pounding + picking -

leaps too 'ey (do you re-
alize how very cold that
letter was?) and that some
of the things you said she
might read into things you
didn't mean - or if you did,
you shouldn't say them!
Also you left out one thing
I thought rather a good
idea to put in. But, dear,
don't take his too hard -
perhaps I'll show you when
you're here, so you can be
even more cautious the next
time. But all the same, I
think you did very well,
my dear, considering how
you felt + how unaccustomed
you are to be circumspet
+ indirect.

O golly, did I make a
faux pas about the Breakers
vt? "Program music" -
my god, I can see where
that puts us. Well, I've
no pretensions to being a
sophisticated

The reward is equal to the
effort. All the same I wish
some Burbank would pro-
duce a soft-shelled chick-
ory nut.

Don't worry, my lamb
+ my pet about the illus-
ions I have about you, for
I haven't any. It's really
very realistic about you
+ not at all "due for a jolt"
or that sort. You're the
one that'll be getting
the jolt. But am I working
hard on disillusioning you?
I am not - It's just
hoping I'll get you
landed - sawed up - nailed
to the mast - before you find
out. And you'll never
have the nerve to fire a
second wife.

No, my love, I didn't
think you were too humble
in your letter to your wife
- I think you were per-

anyhow. And I will say
→ timidly, offering a slight
defense that there are other
Bachman symphonies I
like better (but will I say
what ones they are? Never!
→ but perhaps all Bachman
symphonies are programs
music + I'm just getting in
deeper + deeper!) — and
that — it's not me but that
makes me think B is
like Mr. Angelo.

Thanks for the merry bit
about the books — you didn't
say whether you wanted
it back — but just in
case — here it is.

Wasn't Dr. Warriner
another name that's easier?
After all, you seem to be
great buddies — I can't be-
lieve you call him all that
mouthful — + if you do, it's
time you stopped. You
didn't tell me why he left
permanently, I asked
you ages ago.

the reason I preferred
 Out of it
 jumping
 various
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I found waiting
 for me when I got home
 to-night! Oh, sweet one,
 you really do do a lot for
 me + don't think I fail to
 appreciate every word.
 I was a little amused
 by your comment on
 my irregular letters -
 that is, amused by the
 fact that you rather like
 the excitement of not
 knowing whether you'll
 get one or two - or none!

9-Nov-
 37

variety of mood, some-
times turbulent, some-
times serene, some-
times delicately ruffled
→ now glittering, now
threatening. And it's wrong!

I think your letter
to your wife was all
right, precious - in fact,
very good, considering
the self-consciousness &
caution & lack of spontaneity
with which you
had to write. There were
some things I'd have
had you change had
been at hand. I think
you don't always see the

It's so typical of the
difference between us -
I want the security &
stability of regularity,
& you the thrill of un-
certainty & variety. But
ever think I've failed to
notice the pattern in your
that fits into. I've
thought about it a lot, &
I know it's up to me to
see that you get the
things you want. What
I think is that you want
a love that is like the
ocean, with great depths
which are unchanging &
motionless, but with a
surface filled with infinite

implications of what you
say - but if you had
changed then I suppose
it would not have been
your letter & that would
have been bad. Just one
thing, I am going to say
as the next time you write
try to devise some
ending, that's not quite
so stiff & formal & therefore
so cold - it was a bit
of a slap in the face &
she needs to be soothed,
not slapped. After all,
whatever you are or aren't
to each other now you were
once on a footing of great

from wrong. Handed, too - one's

intimacy + you should be a little less like a dear old friend of his grandfathers.

I want, in being a horrible interfering, critical creature - but you do understand, don't you, that in this matter I'm fighting for myself as well as you - that my future is involved which gives me a right to tell you what I think you should do in a way that I realize I haven't if in some other matters. I must fight this battle for my happiness indirectly through you, but it is not wrong that I should fight it, do you think? Anyway,

The shouting - I cannot
say - I don't remember
that they did it here, &
I'm generally annoyed
by shouting. But I
think perhaps this is
another item to save
Pranksgiving which is
now so blessedly near.
If it weren't, I'd go
on with the discussion
for I want to pursue it
to its finish. I don't
quite understand as yet
just why it failed to
move you - I expect I'm
being stupid.

Of course the "This England"

you'll let me know
the result, for I'm sure
you'll get an answer.
And perhaps you can
answer that while
you're here so that I
can supervise!

I'm so disappointed
about Richard - my
dearling Richard. Of
course - it's all utter
nonsense about my
appreciation & yours -
in fact, the terms you
said about it - or her -
made me burst right
out laughing. I think
you are wrong in some
ways, though! About

speech is the greatest one
that you say did get
you - but there was any
number of others that did
us - "Come, let us sit
upon the ground & talk
of kings", for instance
& John of Gaunt's speech
to Bolingbroke when he went
into exile. And even more
the whole situation with
the sense of approaching
doom in the last half.
Oh well, give off again, you
see! No, it is going to
& talk about it with you.
Perhaps you'd better save
your pennies, any how, & see
the 1st class performances in
N.Y. - not the road con-

Sunday -

28 Nov 37

My dearest, sweetest, and
most adorable -

As a matter of
fact "dearest girl" was re-
freshing & charming. Oh
yes, it's definitely "love". I
think the point is that all
diminutives are really a
natural & easy expression
of affection - not of passion,
but of affection. And affec-
tion doesn't strike
twice all the time. Our
feelings for any person run
up & down the scale (yes,
I'm mixing my figures) and
the deeper the feelings - in
other words, the further they
have to go in one direction
- the greater the range. I
think a really complete
love is a sort of microcosm
of life itself - that it in-
cludes within it both affec-
tion & passion - includes,

to-day's special was manna
from heaven - total. un-
expected + such a good letter.

Possions, I hope you can
fix the Wed. classes so as to
get here that evening. The
train before the 3:55 is 2:35
getting here at 9:15. That
would be divine. The thing
for you to do would be to get
off at Harmon + take the
next local, which I'd get
on at Dobbs Ferry. Wouldn't
that be fine? You'd only have
25 minutes to wait - at
Harmon, I mean. You see, I've
worked it all up, so enchanted
with the idea! Do try to fix

it that way. As for your
sitting up all night, I
shall not like to that, so
you'd better fix the other.

Darling, I love you for not
wandering me to pay any-
thing - I should have felt
the keenest bit sorry if you'd
jumped at my offer. But

heart, mind + body, includes
ecstasy + despair, harmony
+ struggle. I think that
every pair of true lovers
are at once mother + son,
daughter + father, sister +
brother, wife + husband -
yes + mistress + lover, and
so I can call you "dear
boy" - feeling all tender +
maternal, but in the next
moment sit humbly at your
feet feeling that you are my
guide + my mentor + a genera-
tion older than I.

Sweetheart, you undirect-
mate your qualities as a
correspondent, just as you
do most of your other
qualities. Your letters are a
never-ending source of de-
light + thought. I know that
you sacrifice other things
to write them. It's too selfish
to urge you not to - I
love them so + need them
so + count on them so.

you must be reasonable about
- it, too. It's not practical for
us to be together in Rochester,
so you must always come to
me, which makes the distance
& expense very unequal &
though you've more money
coming in than I, you've also
debts to deal with & I have.
My only definite obligation is
\$300. to Exels. Coop. I'll
let you pay the straight rail
fare this time - but if it's
necessary for you to come by
night, I'll beg you to let me
pay for your berth & Pullman
fare - for it would spoil my
day to leave you arriving
sleepless, exhausted & with
frayed nerves - & I can't
have that day spoiled.
You'd have to spend hours
of it sleeping - & what fun
do you think that would
be for me? I'll try to be
"reasonable" about Sunday
night, though. It's not certain

you are! 6:35 seems to me
more than just a short time
before an 8:30 class, + you'd
have been in bed for 7 hours.
I strongly suspect that
there's a whiff of the finan-
cial about that decision, too,
how, be honest!

hey, the list of things we're
going to talk about when you're
here is accumulating - the
matter of next year's job, all
that business about the use
of madness in the too, too,
beautiful world, + now
Donald + Rochester.

I was terribly interested
by your account of the
dinner + Carlson. You do make
vivid + interesting the things
that cause you your intellec-
tual response. I love to listen
to all you tell.

I'm so eager to hear
what you thought of
"Richard" - did you re-
member all the things I
told you to look + listen for?

That's rather silly of me -
you can do you own looking
& listening. I think it was
just my deep desire, with
you in its fullness what to
we had been a rich expe-
rience. I wanted to say to you
- this & this & this moved
me, charmed me, uplifted
me - so that as you sat there
you might feel that I was
beside you, turning to you
for that response I am always
so certain of finding. To me
the play did furnish the tragic
catharsis + I cannot help
but know that though that
was partly Shakespeare, it
was also partly ~~Richard~~
+ Maurice Evans, Van Keitz,
+ the director whose name I've
stupidly forgotten - not to
mention the scene designer +
various + sundry others. I'm
so glad you had company -
• Experience shared is more
possessed". Tell me how the
letter to your wife went.

72 Front Street,

Friday -

[1937]

Dear Van,

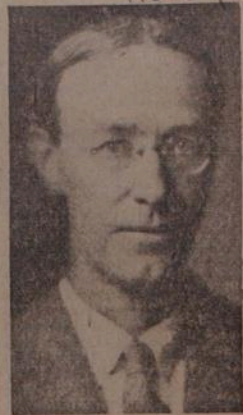
Plans A, B, C,

& D! How lovely to have
a beautifully ordered
mathematical mind!
But it does you no good
when dealing with a
woman - she's certain
to stir things all into
a stew again. So -
here's Plan E - I'm

heard a dragon (or is it
only lions that you
have to hear?) to
be let into the Harvard
yard - it'll be much
wiser to let you deal
with him (this is an
almost irresistible
opportunity to make
remarks about St.
George, but I will re-
frain). Don't bother to
answer this unless
you disagree - no, or
second thoughts, you'd
better for then I shall
be sure you got it
not the idea, but the

getting into Boston before
lunch and shall leave
the car at the motor
mart garage (Tash
says it's perfectly
safe so far as your
things are concerned)
so why don't you go
directly there from
your train - I'll meet
you there by 4:00 or
as soon after as you
get there. All this, of
course, is on the 20th,
I'm appalled at the
thought of leaving to

letter, but you needn't
waste time to be polite
for I know you must
be fantastically busy.
If I hear nothing
from you, I'll meet
you at the station
(Plan B, I think).
Thanks for the invitation
to dinner - of course
I should love it - if
you're not too exhausted
to be bothered. If you
don't like any of these
ideas, squash them - I'll
follow any orders you
issue. Constance



EDUCATOR OF ADULTS
Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, Head of
New Social Studies Centre

Had you seen this?

ADULT STUDY UNIT TO 'EDUCATE' A CITY

Centre Being Developed in San Francisco Is Designed to Reach General Public.

TO DISCUSS CURRENT LIFE

Growth of Civic Consciousness Is Aim of Organization Headed by Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn.

By CHARLOTTE SERBER.

Adults are to have their own school in San Francisco, under a plan being developed there by Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, formerly president of Amherst College and more recently head of the University of Wisconsin experimental college. The Adult Centre for Social Studies, as it is called, is to be more of a forum than a school, however, having been designed in the belief that grown-ups learn more painlessly through discussions than through formal lessons. It is to appeal both to the general public and to small groups.

The idea behind it was summed up by Dr. Alvin Johnson, director of the New School for Social Research in New York City, in a letter to Dr. Meiklejohn in regard to the project.

"We can't work our civilization," he said, "unless we develop greater intelligence, and it is a lazy evasion to pin all our hopes on the children and adolescents who are rarely likely to hold to intellectual interests after they graduate into a world in which such interests are neglected and despised. Adult education is a necessity, however difficult it is to get it under way, and to give it the start toward a development appropriate to the conditions of the adult, special institutions have to be founded."

Aid From Universities.

The presidents of the University of California and Stanford University have been cooperating in planning the venture—although it will have no official connection with any institution—and have offered lecturers and facilities. A building has been donated and a library fund raised.

"A centre for social studies could, I think," Dr. Meiklejohn said, be exceedingly valuable. First, there must be in San Francisco many people who, having "gone to work" without a higher education, have still the desire and capacity for genuine social study. In times like the present such persons are more numerous than usual and the zeal for study is more keen. I should like to see worked out a teaching plan which would acquaint such students with the field of current social studies and would train them to share in those studies by reading, by writing, and by discussion.

"Second, it is very desirable in all our great cities that the different groups which are studying our social life should be brought into closer contact and greater understanding with one another. It would be of immense benefit to all of us if, in this sense, a city could be brought to think as a whole rather than as a collection of scattered individuals and groups. Such a centre as is projected might undertake the task of exploring the intellectual activities of the city and of devising plans by which they could be brought into cooperation. We have come to the time, when, in all cities and communities, this attempt must be made."

The Dual Plan.

With these purposes in mind, the actual activities of the centre will be twofold. First, it will conduct—without tuition charges or "credits"—classes in which the members will develop their powers of dealing with the problems of human significance by serious study of contemporary America along lines of historic, economic, political, literary, artistic and philosophic inquiry. There will be no entrance requirements for the ability of the students. In this way the centre hopes to draw together

people of varied interests and habits of mind.

The subject-matter studied will be built around some central problems of contemporary civilization and will embrace opposing social and cultural theories, the old as well as the new. There will be very few lectures. Instead, the course of study will be based on the reading of significant books, which will be analyzed and dissected in round-table discussions, supplemented by individual tutorial guidance.

A small faculty will work with a limited number of students. It is hoped that the ratio of teachers to students will be one to twelve.

In the general plan of study a resemblance is seen to the method Dr. Meiklejohn inaugurated at the University of Wisconsin Experimental College in 1927. There a group of about 200 undergraduates, along with a faculty of eighteen members, were housed in one dormitory and worked together for two years of study. In the first year the students all studied the Athenian civilization of the fifth and fourth centuries B. C., and in the second year the common subject-matter was the life, thought and organization of modern America.

Method of Study.

Dr. Meiklejohn says of it that the attempt made was to reject completely the breaking of knowledge into parts, and rather to have the students understand the living of their times and other times as a whole.

The second phase of the work of the centre will be an effort to unite the varied intellectual and cultural activities of the city so that the community as a whole shall become aware of the conditions by which its life is determined and thus of the ends toward which its activities should be directed. Practically, this is to be done by an open forum consisting of lectures and discussions designed to attract the great mass of citizens.

In developing the project, Dr. Meiklejohn hopes to enlist "the cooperation of ministers, teachers, bankers, artists, labor leaders, social workers, and all those who in virtue of their training and capacity must assume responsibility for the guidance of public affairs."

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Saturday -

My eyes have
not felt any
today any
this is
the only
to be
support
as
parallel
between
line
the line
out
especially
But
under
to

Dear
i
slowly

from get.
is only a p.c. yest.
day. Ho. darling. This
is not a complaint
— but you don't want
me not to care, now
do you? Yesterday it
seemed very dismal
since I knew there'd
be nothing for the next
two days. But now,

eliminated 10 years.
people & conditions & am

low. Oh, my dear, it
is so wonderful to know
that whatever I wish
for, whatever I ask,
whatever I need - you
will meet me - at once,
unfailingly, perfectly.
What amazing good
fortune has been mine,
to have found you, to
have had you return
to me so soon after the
blow which it seemed
to me was so perma-
nently shattering. Why
should I be so fortunate
among women - why?

after all, whatever I
got yesterday would
be of the past, so I
don't suppose it really
matters whether it
was a p.c. or a real
letter. No, that's not
true - it always
matters - past, present
or to come. But God
heavens, I'm not going
to fill up 60 days
scrap with remarks
about the quantity
of your communica-
tions. The quality
remains constant, any-

But I will not ask -
there is no why to lost
me. I will take what
it has bestowed upon
me & be abjectly
grateful. Perhaps I
shall be able to give
enough to you - per-
haps, only perhaps -
to somewhere nearly
balance the increas-
able richness of what
I receive from you.

Dearest, you say
"how often got to get
myself feeling all wrong
again before I write!"

not at all, my love,
 - let her think, delicately
 & subtly, that you are
 wrong - but don't
 think so yourself! See
 yourself as the more
 mature of the two of
 you - the one, ^{who} is in
 control of the situation,
 the one who can be
 dispassionate enough to
 handle the other - the
 one who can see the
 situation from both
 angles - the one who is
 willing to concede point
 to the other just to make

are. Don't be too humble
— concede that you were
in fault to begin with,
but that's enough. If
you'll read carefully
what I said you'll
see there's no necessity for
feeling yourself "all
wrong" before you write.
The only thing you admit
is that the marriage
wouldn't have broken
if it hadn't been for you
— which from her point of
view makes you in the
wrong. But from your
in the right. Just be
sure you're not contro-
versial + answer none of
her attacks.

Things easier for every-
one. The one who is
without illusion about
himself or her + who
can be correspondingly
generous. Her vision is
still disturbed by emotions
— yours need not be.
Think of yourself as being
objective — as that
vision of you is "right"
or "wrong" — that there's
no right or wrong about
it. To her there must be,
for she is not yet suffi-
ciently emotionally mature
to see all around the
situation. But make
yourself see that you

Yes, darling, I did listen
to the Koch. Phil. & was
seized with an enchant-
ing idea as I listened to
the applause after the
symphony that I might
be listening to the actual
sound of your hands. But
it seems I wasn't! How-
ever - the next best is
to know that we listened
to the same thing at the
same time. That's one of
my favorite symphonies.
I like all right? I al-
ways feel a little self-
conscious at voicing my
of my musical preferences
to you! At least it's respectful
to like Beethoven! He always
seems to me to have done

Friday -

15 Nov 1957

Sweetheart.

Life grows more frantic every day - how I'm ever going to get done the things I've set myself to do before Thanksgiving leaves knows, but the adorable reward dangling before my eyes gets me over a lot of rocky ground.

And, speaking of rewards, just when are you coming. I ask partly because I love to know, but more because if you are going to travel by night, this is time too soon to get reservations. Travel is terribly heavy these days. And you must take no risks of having to sit up all night on a crowded, noisy train. You'd arrive too tired for the day to count as anything but an ordeal - & that would be a bitter disappointment to everyone. When does your Wed. afternoon class end?

is to leave you here the longest possible time, of course, but to leave means to force you to be ~~too~~ comfortable!

Tell Betty I send her my love + think she's most engaging to want to pull my ears - that's the way she ought to feel about getting you for Thanksgiving. And I don't to have such nice people want you so much.

Darling, how would you like to tell me the circumstances of Donald's leaving Rochester? I don't want to ask what you've no business to know but you referred to your conversation with Miss Cummins about it as if it were more or less common knowledge, + of course

There's a 3:55 train that gets here at 11:50 - that's late, of course, but you could go right to bed + sleep late the next morning. The night trains are 10:47 + 11:29 reaching here at 7:15 + 7:30 respectively. That makes your night short, but you could take a nap Wed. afternoon as preparation. Any day - if you must take a night train, get your berth now. Going back, you can leave Sun. afternoon at 4:20 + arrive at 11:21, but I'd hope you'd go by night + so give me that much more. There's an 11:45, getting here at 7:22 - or an 11:35, getting here at 6:30. Of course you should get that reservation at the same time as the other. You can do it by telephone, you know + then pick it up at your convenience. Remember I'm going to pay half. My object

your wife's reference to
it roused my curiosity.
I promise not to be "sickened".
You know which way my
prejudice would lie, anyhow!
I've no intention of being jealous
of Donald for I enjoy him too
much & don't want to be de-
prived of opportunities for
enjoyment! That doesn't
mean I'm incapable of the
pettinesses of jealousy, for I'm
not at all - I can be jealous
as hell. But I know that
Donald does not cut across
my path any more than I
across his. We occupy two
different positions in your life,
^{each of us,} & for from benefiting if the
other were to lose that position,
would suffer instead because
it would narrow your life
to lose either friend or lover,
& so make you a less richly
satisfying person. All of which
is a bit trite & I've said

Sunday -

[40061937]

Dearest Angel -

All day I've
been waiting, till it should
be time to write to you,
but when the time came
I suddenly couldn't write
— I feel as if I didn't
know what you really
want of me — I feel terribly
far away from you — I
feel frightened. It seems
an age since I've heard
from you — yes, I know,
I've been only two days
with no word — but,
darling, the days drag
so interminably. The

state, and I'd better stop.

With all my love -
Connie

Whole thing seems sud-
denly unreal to me.

Darling, it is true, isn't
it - all that has happened
to you and me?

Have you been to a
doctor yet?

Oh, my God, if I could
only be with you - I
shouldn't have to wonder
& wonder, & worry &
worry.

You do love me, don't
you? I haven't just
made it all up?

You see, there's no
sense in my going on
- I'm just in a terrible

My dearest darling
Tuesday
I'm very

[3 NOV 37]

I glad I asked you to send me
the letters - I feel in much
closer touch with the whole
situation now. You can
imagine how mad I was at
first, but Mrs. Quersady has
known it fully & has been
pondering them ever since.
She seems to me emotionally
unstable - the tone of the letters
varies from the rational to
the emotional & back again
- & she doesn't seem to
know when she's being
vehement. She is touching &
pathetic at times, my dear
- partly because that lack
of pride we've seen in her for
so long allows her to say
things most of us would
never say.

But, my love, you mustn't
take it all so seriously. She

something she likes better.
God knows if you love people
you love them for what they
are, not for what you may
be able to change them into.
But there's been too much
talk about what is love &
what is friendship. The
hell with all her analyses
— you're a friend & you're
a lover & you get a lot of
satisfaction out of them
both. As for her advice to
use your mind on yourself
I'd reverse it & tell you to
stop using it on yourself
— value yourself as you are
& forget about it.

Then there's all this maturity
& immaturity that she keeps
harping on. She fails to
see the distinction between
immaturity & inexperience
— after all, one's maturity
is not a matter of the quantity
of one's experience, but of
one's capacity to make use

was, for the most part, you
know, venting her spleen.
She was pretty angry &
though some of the time her
anger subsided & she be-
came reasonable, most of
what she said you should
pay just as much attention
to as you would to any
other outburst of temper.
She lashed out in every
direction in the hope that
some of her blows would
hit a tender spot. She
meant to hurt you & that
sort of thing one should pay
little attention to. When
people are saying things to
hurt they're not saying
things based on reasoned
judgment. Some of what
she said was, I suppose,
true, but so what?
What you are or are not is
not her responsibility, nor
do you owe her any effort
to change yourself into

of experience. But, my god,
I'm not going to argue with
her about whether you're
mature or not - she's no
opponent in that mood.
Besides, if we must bring
up the subject - I think
she'd better shut up about
maturity - she damned
well lives in a glass house.
Anyone who tries to deal
with a difficult situation by
making a reading of
someone else's letters is be-
having in the amoral fashion
of the child or the very young
adolescent who is willing
to do those things he knows
will be looked upon with
contempt by his elders,
since he can do them without
being caught. And if one were
tempted to let her off be-
cause she did it under an
abnormal emotional strain,
one is confronted by the fact
that the temptation to use

what she found out by that wholly unscrupulous method is irresistible to her. The emotionally adult, my dear, if they are ever guilty in mad moments of such aberrations as so overcome by shame at the spectacle of themselves that they'd never by one word admit what they'd done.

What do you think of what she said about Donald? Reasonable, was it, fair, understanding, sympathetic? Well then, use the same discount on what she says of you.

I don't think Donald is right in saying she'll never divorce you. I think she will, but I think you've got to be darned careful. It won't be because she's promised to — the covenant — on that one keeps promises is observed by the same people who don't read other

She really believes herself
when she tells you she wrote
that vicious letter about Donald
just because she so passionately
wants you to be happy &
fulfilled. To the extent to which
she is self-deluded we know, but
we'd never let her know we
know it. She thinks honestly
that she rails at Donald be-
cause he's bad for you, & of
course it is only because
she's furiously jealous of what
he does for you that she hesit
& so she must belittle him
to you. Were she mature (she!)
she'd very likely still be
jealous, but she'd know it
know that she hurt us one
but herself by such out-
breaks & shut up.

But it's time I shut up.
So I'll deal with your answer
to her & then retire from the
arena. Dearest, I do think
you'd better be just as prompt
as you possibly can. All this
stuff is going sour in her mind

people's letters unless they are
given to them. She will di-
vorce you because she wants
to for reasons of her own &
you must be sufficiently
conciliatory so that those
reasons remain stronger
than the desire to refuse you
a divorce which she knows
quite well is the most power-
ful weapon she has.

And now, at the danger of
doing a little harping my-
self, let me call you atten-
tion again to that self-portrait
she has always in her mind
& which comes out so
vividly in her letters. Do
you see how she shows
you herself as one dreadfully
mistreated, but still brave
and noble & devoted, un-
selfish soul? Don't think
she doesn't believe in the
picture herself, for of course
she does — she must, for
it is her defense & the refuge
of her injured self-esteem.

+ the sooner a slightly (at least) different mood is established, the less danger there is of a sudden impulse to strike the blow we're afraid of. Try to make yourself feel before you write that her letters were violent emotional outbursts + that you're under no obligation to pay much attention to them. But don't let her feel that! Be just as brief as you can - + for god's sake, play up to her! Don't mention the divorce at all - leave that to sinners - and don't mention us or Donald - make no attempt to defend either of us - nor of course should you make any reference to her reading of the letters. Just let the whole blooming business drop when she throws it. Don't argue with her at all, nor of course offer any advice about anything. Tell her you are touched by + grateful for her concern

for your growth + happiness
- that you think it very gener-
ous of her under the cir-
cumstances + that you read
carefully all she said. Tell
her that what she says of
her own increasing capacity
for getting some joy out of life
makes you admire her + feel
glad for her. Tell her, too,
that her letters, written to a
man who has let her down,
makes you feel strongly
that she has much to give
in devotion + helpfulness
to a man who would not be
like yourself, temperament-
ally unfitted to receive it.
That last bit is to make
sure that she doesn't mistake
your praise + gentleness for a
shred of hope, for she's look-
ing for that, my dear, still -
I can pick out the spots where
she shows it. Also, there's a
subtle flattery in the suggest-
ion that even you see in her
a woman who has something
to give to a man.

Thursday -

5/11/37

My own sweet boy,

lots of

"boy" - I hope you realize to the full what it implies! Oh, my god, as if every woman since the beginning of time hadn't called the man she loved "boy" at intervals. Really, that girl sometimes is a perfect doulsey, darling.

So you call those "walnuts", do you? The

poets for us. I'm glad
you told me how you got
them - I like to see you
doing it! And I trust
you explained to Dr.
War - umm abt about
the shells. I used to
crack them on the beach
in front of a roaring
fire at 72 Front St. in
late winter afternoons
after I'd come in from
skating or coasting.
It all tastes in back
- just the taste in my
mouth. I do thank you,
darling.

I've a hoken for you, too,

very idea! They're hickory
nuts - yes, they are -
+ I adore them & find
them very demoralizing
for I cannot stop, once
started. There are 2
schools of thought about
hickory nuts - you shall
a white heap & then
quzzle, or you shall
eat simultaneously -
cumber by cumber. I
should like to belong to
the first school, but my
self-control can't make
the grade. How cute of
you to hunt up a tree
for me & then fill you

precious → not a sweetie.
+ I'm afraid you'll not like
it + think it's a nuisance
+ not want to use it → +
to be absolutely mean, I'm
going to save it + give it
to you in person + fill you
with embarrassment at
leaving to be vocally
enthusiastic over some-
thing you'd rather not
have. But I wanted you
to have it, so you have
to!

Thank you, sweetest,
for what you said
about the letter of Dad's
I sent you → + about

66
Daisy. A treasure every
word & love you more &
more for it.
Quite often you say
you're not heard from
me that day - + though
I think you must al-
ways get ^{the next} ^{had} ^{two}
day - or have ^{two}
day before. For I very
rarely miss a day -
still I wonder if you'd
not rather I systema-
tized the posting of the
letters so that you'd
get them regularly. I
know that to me the

an exit - I'm not go-
ing to take it - I'm going
to quit stubbornly and
you're damned well got
to take it! As a matter
of fact it's looking
much better than I'd
feared - in fact, I think
it's going to be definitely
good-looking - very
breezy + British. But
it's lighter in weight
than I'd intended + I'm
afraid a bit holey - so
the draught will come
in. However, wind, it'll do
for warmth, weather +
then I'll make you a ~~tee~~

regularity of yours is
a great boon - it is
another thing to rely
on - an added bit
to that sense of security
I so need + that you so
amply give me. Of course
my schedule is precis-
ely less regular than yours
so I can't write at
the same time, but I can mail
you regularly. I shall
you rather I did?
So I made you
nervous about the
sweater, did I? Well,
it's no use offering me

heavier one.

Darling, I'm so sorry
you had such a mis-
erable day yesterday -
the indifference of the young
to their opportunities or
obligations does get
awfully trying, as you
well know. You just have
to remember that they
are the young + be patient
with them.

I am simply dead tired
- having worked like a
dog all day doing back-
breaking jobs, so no more
for now - I'm going to fix
myself a lovely relaxing
drink, read a bit of "The

for the check, please pay
 you
 salt
 thing
 no little
 my dear
 really
 3 weeks
 was
 Wednesday -
 [11/11/37]

Precious darling -
 I laughed to
 myself as I read your letter
 of Monday + thought back
 to the letters from you wife
 + their urging that you be-
 come less narrow in your
 interests, less haughty in
 your attitude toward other
 human beings, more accept-
 ing + sympathetic, etc., etc.
 Then here is one letter one
 Miss Cummins, her wild
 crew of lumberjacks, Donald
 + Betty, the urbane so-
 phisticate with whom you
 dined in Lisbon - + just
 for good measure, brief
 mention of you communing
 with nature! Add to that
 that it is a long letter - +
 really - in 4 pages you have

+ meaningless as it was - it was you who insisted that it should end. Make your white letter, darling, as brief as is possible, justify nothing, make no attempt to answer her accusations, + keep the whole tone cool - as much so as is consistent with gentleness + appreciation. I think brevity is very important. She should feel that you've no desire to pour out your heart or analyse your mind to her, + the fact that you answer her only in the main + not at all in detail will make clear to her that you have no intention of entering upon an emotional, argumentative, wordy correspondence with her. All that you say will be considered, but the much that you do not say will make clear to her the state of your relationship. Do I make myself clear, dear one?

on wide assortment of human beings + human relations - in all of them + which you have a genuine interest. Oh well, it's silly to pay any attention to her, anyway.

Dearest, there is one more thing I thought of - I think it might be well in one brief sentence (this in your letter to your wife) to say that she is right in feeling that you are to blame for the fact that the marriage came to a disastrous end. I suggest this because - a. it is nothing more conciliatory than accepting all the blame b. she needs to be able to believe that you made a failure of marriage, not she; in order that she may believe in the possibility of a second successful marriage. Besides in a certain sense it is true, for she would leave you on with the marriage, unagreed

I hope you'd feel like writing
to Eva at this point. Your wife's
mention of this active conversation
dance makes me feel strongly
that you should. You see, Elis-
abeth (how I hate spelling that
name in that barbaric fashion)
has taken Eva into her confidence
& Eva has obviously responded
to that. I think it is splendid
that she should & that Elis-
abeth should keep her friend-
ship, but I do not want any
balancing of sides. Also I think
she must be a little hurt that
though your wife has confided
in her & asked for sympathy
you - her brother - have not. I
do, also think - it important
that she should not talk to
Elisabeth about either Donald or me -
especially me. She cannot be
neutral about us, we are both
symbols of her failure, she can
only be hurt by being reminded
of our closeness to you. It will
be a stumble, too & make for further
difficulties for us all. The whole

Monday -

(1 Nov 37)

Sweetheart -

Thanks for taking
time to send me p.c., so
that I got something today
- for I did need it. Rika
has been here for the week-end
& I feel desolate now she's
gone. Besides, Gus is a state
of rebellion & indignation over
things at school (you had
the feeling!) & have nothing
on hand at present but a
long stack of futile, stupid
meaningless jobs. Besides, Gus
worrying about your wife
(did you ever get the letter I
wrote on Thursday? I expected
an answer to it yesterday -
will you let us know at
once if you didn't get it?) and
on top of all that there is
my missing you - more &
more. I know but maybe I'd

you needed change more than
rest - though in a sense the
one is the other. You must have
had a heavenly time. I
feel a little selfish at taking
you from them for Thanksgiving
ing, but at the same time
I think it is rational that
I should, for they can see
you relatively often, and
though I do not underestimate
the delight that your presence
must bring them, I cannot
believe that it is quite so
acute as mine, and I know
that under the particular
circumstances my need of
you is greater than anyone's.

You sweeten my doubt,
and I afraid is going to be
a little disappointing. I
don't really think the yarn
is perfectly suited to a winter
wear. I was seduced by its
admirable qualities as you
have said - I shall plod
doggedly on & you'd have to

get so I missed you less
sharply, as the weeks went
by. but on the contrary, I
want you more every day.
It's all very well, this being
together in spirit - but it's
not enough, dear, it's not
enough. I want you here
where I get not only the
written assurance to what I
have to say, but where I
see your eyes light up with
eager, quick response, when
the fire & babe of mind & heart
is sharp & prompt, not trans-
mitted slowly over great
distances - and where I can
be held close and safe in
your arms, with your lips on
mine, sweet & warm. So
there you are, my dearest -
it's all very true, isn't it -
I love you, & I need you, &
I want you

Darling, I'm so glad you
went to Lisbon - I think

politely thank me & wear it,
then I shall get some more
less special you, & make you
a better sweater (use in time
for your 50th birthday. Oh
dear, isn't life going. Well,
there will be Thanksgiving,
anyhow - so late for much
wisery. And after that the
Christmas vacation will come,
and out of that you must
save me a big big piece to
make up for not being with
me on Christmas - and don't
even think it has been easy
for me to resign myself to
that without a murmur. I
might even establish a hold
on New Year. I can imagine
no more auspicious opening
for the New Year, God knows.
That's all for to-day, my
sweet and my dear - I
send you all my love -
Connie

I hope you went
to Clin. on 1st & got
yourself some peace - and some ex-
citement!

My dearest Boy, (Nov 37)

I am so
grateful for the S.D. that
came yesterday - I was
thoughtful of you and I bless
you as I do for all your other
innumerable thoughtfulnesses.
No, I had not received a par-
cel from you, but as soon
as I read your letter of
course I went into a frenzy
- the idea of losing something
you had sent me was more
than I could bear. So, as a
first move, I went down to
the Supt. to see if it had been
left here in my absence -
it had! How long it had
been there I do not know
but I hadn't the heart to
raise hell over it - the poor
man is always so sweet

that you said them with
tenderness + gentleness, I
could not help reflecting upon
how much appreciation +
understanding you are giving
to one who has not given
them to you, and my heart
swells with pride + joy in
your lovely sensitive
spirit. Although it takes a
specific stimulus to make
me feel that way - it
happens often - all of a
sudden + for no reason at
all.

Now, my sweet, I have
not all the week answered
your last Sunday's letter,
though I was every day
wanting + meaning to. It
is the fact about your
professional associations
& with both faculty +
students that I am con-
cerned about. Darling,
I wish you could take it

about doing things for me
& so overworked + under-
paid. Besides, I was so
thrilled to have it, I couldn't
sell anyone! My pet, you
were sweet to send it, + I
love it - all the contents -
material + spiritual. Just a
"token" indeed! It's a very
grand present - a lovely,
delectable, Octoberish present.
And such fun to get one -
right in the middle of no-
where at all - what we
always used to call at
home an un-birthday present.

Precious, I wish I knew
your father so that I might
copy out + send to him
the things you said
about him in your letter.
Perhaps it is not necessary
- perhaps you said that
to him, too, but I thought
they were very sweet +

little less heard. God knows
I don't blame you for feeling
as ~~you~~^{you} do. And besides, I know
it's your own high standards
& ideals that make you feel
as you do. For then of course
I know you. But I think
perhaps it is possible to temper
them a little with the smooth
edge of the imperfection of
humanity. I wish you could
— for your own peace of mind
— meet with surprise and
delight the fine mind when
you meet it instead of
with surprise and indignat-
ion the mediocre one. Most
minds, my dear one, are lazy
and inquisitive — you are not.
Being quite fair to them to
demand that they should
be otherwise, any more
than you would be were you
to ask them to do physical
tasks beyond their strength.
Remember that only the really
rare mind can emerge from

The sort of intellectual back-
ground those boys have had
into the life of reason. As for
the intellectual humility, you
say they have none of — that,
too, is rare indeed and is
almost never a characteristic
of the imaginative mind. None
of us has the right to ask
of any human being more
than he has to give. Oh,
dear! don't think I don't
know how depressing it all
is — it's one of the things
that makes the profession so
difficult. We must keep those
ideal standards forever vivid
in our minds & yet must be
forever compromising with
them. Imperfection, medioc-
rity, inadequacy, are the
rule, not the exception.
Of course the situation in
the department is utterly
maddening, nor do I blame
you for going wild over it.
I'm glad, too, that you have

Sweetheart, I'm putting in a letter that I have read over & over & some of which it seems to me you might, as I have, find strengthening & stimulating. I started to copy out the bits that were in- personal but pertinent to the whole business of teach- ing. Then I thought - no, this is for George, my George, and I'd like to just show the whole letter with him. It is so beautifully done & has, it seems to me, a sort of classic quality - with, as a letter from the old teacher to the young one, or from a father to a daughter, there is so much tenderness in it, so much warmth of feeling, and the admonitions are so gently given. If I could write to you as he did to me, then I might indeed be of service to you.

off to me about it - it re- lieves your mind & is perfectly safe! Of course I can see that you've every reason for wishing to get another job where there won't be those difficulties to contend with. And we'll do everything possible to get one, shall we, darling? But don't ex- pect too much, dearest - it is the sort of thing that one may run into anywhere & in most educational insti- tutions there is some of it. At Johns - it is the head-wit- ness for whom, intellectually, one can have almost no respect, but who is an abso- lute autocrat so that our work must be governed by his pale & inadequate stand- ards. The consequent ne- cessity for sacrific- ing one's intellectual integrity is very trying.

Since I cannot, I will pass on
this own wisdom. Not all of it
is relevant to the particular
situation but is to the profession
of teaching. The parts that are
merely personal serve to give
the letter its characteristic
quality — he could not write
a letter that was not in
some degree personal. The
things he says in my praise
you will know should be in
part checked off as the ex-
pression of parental pride &
therefore exaggerated, in part
regarded as the beautiful
beautiful way in which he
gave advice — that usually
unwanted gift. When you
have read it you will
return it? If we had him,
we could meet anything,
couldn't we, dear heart?
But I have you, and beyond
that I ask nothing more.
You said I never knew
the answer when it was any-
thing that involved quantity.

Friday -
 (29.0.037)
 Precious Angel
 What's all this
 about 3 weeks till Thanksgiving?
 When do they have Thanksgiving
 in Rochester, anyhow? You know
 folks we're conservative & still
 have it in the old-fashioned
 way on the last Thursday in
 November. Or maybe you've
 somehow got a week ahead
 of me in time & are already
 in next week. I can well be-
 lieve you certainly the least
 seemed to me to move at the
 normal pace here at all.
 Dearest - one more topic
 of your wife's present mood.
 I think this might well be the
 strategic moment for Eva to
 help out & have a go at smother-
 ing the inflated feathers & inflat-
 ing the deflated ego. Remember
 that even though you wife
 doesn't have enough pride to
 take this as most women
 would, she does have enough
 of course for her ego to have been
 wounded by you not wanting

I want to find out
 to Richard if I
 for you

sweetheart - to be able to be just ourselves. That's why we must be as intelligent + as skillful as we can now, so as to get it over in the least possible time.

Well, there's another point to be mentioned - your comparison of yourself to the electric transformer (my god, was it a transformer? any how - you know what I mean) because of your slow emotional response which you then describe as "emotional immaturity + instability" - something more to be fought. And, my darling, about that you are a goose. In the first place, you are too easily inclined to think of yourself in terms of conflict - stop thinking of all you've got to fight - take yourself as you are + put your attention + effort on other things. Certainly, this, is nothing to be fought - I can't see that it's either immature or unstable - it is, in fact, in many ways a good thing, + a form of

love. She must be assumed as to have good qualities + capacity for attraction - that was where your letter erred, + the mistake must be corrected, else she's likely to strike out. But, for heaven's sake, don't mention me or Donald even in writing to her + warn Eva to do the same. At best, it can only hurt + upset her, at the worst, it can anger her + make her vindictive. Eva evidently does not see this, as she wrote about the car + I think you'd better very definitely tell her so - it serves no good end + may do harm, certainly is upsetting + irritating. Be sure she doesn't know you're coming here for transcribing - this would be a very inopportune moment for her to visualize you as coming to me or to you as coming to me or so "frequently" as occasion. Oh dear, oh dear, isn't it horrid - leaving to "laundable" people + her diplomatic + unassuming + what not? It'll be a relief to have it all over, wait it,

straight. Of course it doesn't
manifest itself in all situations
anyhow, & it will less & less
as you grow emotionally
more free. So far as the
matter of your mother is con-
cerned, no wonder you are
emotionally reluctant to
hope it will pass, for I think
that what I suggested would
in the end be for the good of us
all & especially so for your
relation to her. Also I always
feel sorry for anyone in the
agony of suspense & I am sure
she must be - feeling about
me as she does & has. She
will hope against hope that
vishnu will win. She'd much
rather know the truth & be
able to recover. But I've
covered this ground a dozen
times - I'll leave it now.
I have perfect confidence in
you.

How sweet to think that
over all that space we
shared the experience of the
music last Sunday, tho I
didn't hear "Princess Ida" -

to name "To Juliet + Bachel - that night. When our

if you told me more, for I cannot get the bone of the letters which I feel to be very important. Besides, I don't altogether trust your judgment - I think you often misinterpret what she says. Oh, darling, that sounds so cruel - I hate saying anything like that to you. It is just that we must regard this as a problem to be solved & that therefore we've just got to be impersonal & cool in what we say to each other about it. I am well aware that this is the only sort of thing in the world that I know more about than you, but I think, in all modesty, that I can handle this better than you - partly because women generally can, partly because my background was very different from yours. I don't

fault. I'm not censuring you as a person at all, but only such action as you've recently taken in this matter. I think the whole situation is now rather dangerous & must be handled with great tact & delicacy - but quite definitely must be handled - this is no no-man's-land for laissez faire. I think your answer to her this time must be pretty prompt & pretty shrewd. I'm going to ask you if you'd be willing to send me her letters, you may censor them, if you like & delete what you think it quite unfair for me to read. But I think you need better advice than you can give yourself. I cannot tell you from what you told me or from what you might tell me

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I want to see the letters in order to rush to the defence of your self-esteem (though I should love to, but shouldn't regard it as a legitimate reason) but in order to give you some help in devising your answer. I think you need a doctor & I think you're a logical person. Your mother & sister neither of them understand the situation completely enough - as for Donald, the letter chiefly concerned with him would make it out toward & besides, I think a woman had better do it. I think I can be fair to her, dealing - but I think you must overcome any scruples you have, you have already read me into make bits from her letters - there is no difference in sending me the letters, and I repeat very strongly - this is getting dangerous when it reaches an emotional stage with anger & resentment

up your head and be proud of what you are

Wednesday -

Dearest Angel, (280c837)

How about another walk. - I have been thinking about your humility + trying to decide whether it's your chief fault or your chief virtue! Any slightest suggestion that you should be a different sort of person or act in a different sort of way inevitably produces an attack of object humility. Of course it's one of the things I love you for - you are intellectually + spiritually humble as is our father - but I think just for your own peace of mind you should try to get it a little under control + yourself a little in perspective. How you know that the disaster of your marriage was caused by ignorance - in each of you

for many years it is wholly
so because of the fact that
at the beginning, she is a per-
son of maturity & experience
& the child not a person at
all. It devolves upon her
entirely to settle what the
relationship shall be & how
to see that it becomes what
she wishes. Always she has
the advantage of those years,
if the relationship fails, it's
because she has failed. This
is sad, but true, & one of the
responsibilities one must recog-
nize. She had no opportunity
through the long years of your
childhood & adolescence to so
share your emotional life &
so strengthen you with her
understanding that it would
be impossible for you to
pass through an emotional
crisis without knowing her
instantly for love and under-
standing. This opportunity
she failed to use - it is she

who was ignorant of the
nature of the other, the nature
of him self & the nature of the
relationship. So stop going
into agonies when she talks
about your cruelties. I made
what I thought was a minor
suggestion which would
enrich our correspondence
& your contribution
to the growth of our rela-
tionship & your immediately
collapse is despair because
you have "failed" me.
Oh, darling, you must be
so humble.

And now you ask how I can
go on believing in & loving you
when I see that you have
been "blind to the most
fundamental duties of a
relationship". Good heavens,
darling, anyone would
think you'd done everything
short of matricide. You exag-
gerate so. How listen, my
sweet - the relationship
between mother & son is
primarily up to the mother -

who made herself an outsider,
not you who made her one.
I should not blame you one
atom if you declined to do
anything about it now. The
relationship can never be
a whole one - it's too late
for that, but I still believe
that behaving as if you felt
toward her as you would
have had her, not blind to
the most fundamental duties
of the relationship may help
to patch things quite a bit &
to make both of you happier.
You have a more ample spirit
than she. I think she would
be touched & that whatever
her immediate reaction, the
eventual result would be
good - she would feel that you
wanted her in your life - it
would make her more inclined
to be forgiving than if you per-
sisted in shutting her out.
And that's all there's time
or room for to-day so

emotional letter - the only one
I have ever had from her".
That's an accusation in it.
self - write & say to her,
"What business had you to
take an extremely inexperienced
man & marry him, without
feeling enough for him to
write him an intensely
emotional letter - is anger
the only feeling that touches
you deeply enough to find
expression?" Oh, dearest,
don't write that to her -
but write to her - Briefly
- essentially what you
said to me - the way the
letter made you feel, and
quite incidentally the fact
that you did not repeat
what she had written to
Donald & me. This will give
you an opportunity, my
dear, to give her a few
flowers - or perhaps just one
well-chosen one, such as

cut short. I spend too much
time writing to you - too
much, that is, for the adequate
performance of my various
tasks. I am behind, be-
hind, on everything & I
simply must get a little
less behind - not caught
up - heavens, I don't ex-
pect the fantastic, but just
a little less desperately in
the rear.

How just about you wife
- dear boy, don't baby it
so hard. You know all there
was to be said before -
you know just in how far
you are to blame for what
has happened and, in your
rational moments, you
know just in how far you
are not. You could write
her an emotional outburst,
too, you know, and file
accusation upon accusat-
ion. You say "an intensely

mentioning her generous &
touching offer to give you a
Reno divorce for a birthday gift
— or anything else you can
think of that makes her seem
noble & heroic. Will you think
this over carefully? I am not
sure that I'm right — merely
inclined to believe so. At
present being angry seems
to be having a good effect,
but it is an attitude to watch
carefully & in general concili-
ation is safer. Once she
gets good & mad she may
suddenly turn vindictive &
decide she'll hit back at
you by not giving you your
freedom. I don't like the
"usual cruelty" business —
description would be safer.
I think you'd better tell me
what she said — pretty
completely, for I think I'd
better know just what her
attitude is, just what she
blames you for. Darling, this
is all too important for pride

Darling, Angel

Monday -
[5 Oct 37]

That g.d. pen
has gone dry on me again
- after half a letter to Bass,
though I'd just filled it. Isn't
it maddening? When it doesn't
do that it spits ink. It was
terribly cheap & I suppose
this is what it deserves for
that sort of silly economy. I
guess you'd better give me a
poundain pen for Xmas. Oh
good, isn't it swell to be go-
ing to leave something dif-
ferent from you from a card
signed "George B. Van Schooth"
- no single word more?!

Well, my dear. I'm beginning
to see that what the telegram
meant was "I haven't
written to you for days & days
but it isn't because there's
anything wrong". Of course
I miss the solace of the
letters terribly, but the fact

of loss - bitter + irremediable.
But yesterday with the first
notes it was your face I saw
as I saw it the night I talked
to you about what the
music meant to me, with
your eyes full of tenderness
& compassion. You see dear
heart, you have come between
me & bitterness. It seemed
to me sad & terribly poignant
but the sting was gone,
because I felt my hand
in yours.

So true you are, sweet
heart - it was a lovely
moment, for I had not been
actively thinking of you -
just listening (though I
think you're always a
little in my mind, at the
very least, when I listen
to music) and all of a
sudden there you were -

remains that the only thing
I feel I really have any right
to demand is the assurance
that there's nothing wrong.
So it's all right, darling, & I
do thank you a lot for that.
Had I found an empty mail
box again this morning, with
out leaving, had the telephone
I really should have been
frightened.

Did you perchance, listen
to the Philharmonia yesterday?
They played the Beethoven
9th Symphony. Do you know
for the night when I told
you of the memories which
make the slow movement
such in sense personal signif-
icance to me? Of course you
do - it's not the sort of thing
you forget. I've heard it
really often this year - &
each ~~time~~ time it has
stabbed at my heart & over-
whelmed me with the same

like a miracle.

I dreamed of you last night, too - dreamed that we were married. And dreamed of my father - one of those strange dreams about the dead in which you know that they are the dead & yet in which the miracle of return has been granted them - of brief return - and we talked quite simply & naturally of that final parting, and of the rapture of reunion. I was feeling the most heavenly peace in my spirit - as if it were really + no dream, as if I had been granted the ineffable privilege.

With all my heart to
you, dearest -
C.

Sunday
(25 Oct 37)

Dearest darling-

It's late,
late, late — I went out
to dinner, then to a movie
then to a bar + had
a drink, scribbling a few
casual lines.

You were an angel to
send me telegrams —
though it was a bit am-
biguous. Does "no word
yesterday" mean you
had none from me, or I
had none from you, or
you sent none to me?
And does "letter to-mor-
row" mean you're
writing one to-morrow or

wanting melodrama, but
does that quite perfectly
— with restraint, gaiety,
charm, excitement, and
the necessary touch of
pathos. It was perfectly
directed, beautifully
photographed and very
well acted. Did you read
the book in your salad days?
Probably not — but the
story hinges on the ex-
traordinary resemblance
of two men, so that one
can take the place of the
other + get away with
it. Ronald Coleman took
the double part + it was
one of the ^{most} wonderful bits of
acting I've seen since do
(which is saying a lot, for
he does beautiful work
always). He managed to

that I'm getting one to-
morrow? Well, never mind
— there was a message, and
it was from you, and "all
his", and "son" are
not ambiguous, so what
ever happens or doesn't
happen to-morrow, I shall
not need to worry.

The movie was "The
Prisoner of Zenda" — have
you seen it? It's really
quite swell. So long
as Hollywood can pro-
duce that sort of thing,
Hollywood is O.K. with
me. It makes us pro-
fess of being anything
more profound than an
altogether engaging ro-

so characterize the men that
you were perfectly aware of 2
strikingly different personali-
ties in identical bodies.
You even began to doubt the
physical resemblance after a
while. And all this with-
out a trace of overstate-
ment or exaggeration. (Oh!)
I do love to see a bit of fine
acting - & in a way it's
more fun in the movies, since
my income & those of my
friends (most of them) pre-
vent ^{me} from sitting near
enough to a stage to
really watch every flicker
of an eyelash. Anyway,
drop into your neighborhood
theatre & see it!

I must stop, my love,
and say good night & kiss
you long - Connie

Dear -
 How big are
 your lips
 today?

Sunday -
 240037

I've just been re-
 reading your last Sunday's
 letter - all about the beau-
 tiful world + the race of
 madmen - it has bred -
 I can't resist answering
 back! Just let me point
 out that the world is often
 not beautiful - that it is
 always indifferent + often
 inimical - and at the
 same time let me point
 out to you that though I
 suppose you're right about
 the madmen, it has also
 bred a race of angels -
 though they don't so often
 get on the front page of the
 newspapers. I'll take the
 human race, thanks, and
 leave the beautiful world

no resentment at your disagreement with me, nor am I trying to urge you to do what you yourself think unwise. But I wonder a little if you understand perfectly what I was trying to say - or what I was thinking. I didn't mean, as you seem to think ^{that} she will not "come round" - of course she will. You say she meets events with greater strength than the heralding of events. Well, what I mean is that the event has already taken place, that something essential + vital in your life has already happened + you're leaving her to just guess at it, exactly as you did before. I think it is conceivable that your telling her about it might in itself help to make clear to her that this time - it is different. I think it is conceivable that she

to someone who has more faith in it than I. My love, that doesn't sound rude, does it? + shouldn't, for what it really means is I'd rather have you than a hundred golden days - though heaven knows I'd like some of the golden days. The weather is very depressing this month + not at all what we expect of October - for me, the beautiful world is very unreliable!

The reason why I was revealing the letter was to see again what you said about your mother. My dear, I still disagree. How I know, of course, that she is your mother + that you know her as I don't + that I have been for very little right to an opinion. Also, I feel

might be impressed by your
wondering to tell, as if you
were proud & happy about
it, in seeing that this is not
a repetition of the previous ex-
periences that this time you
expected 'happiness & therefore
expected your mother to be glad
for you. And if none of this is
true - still, it is a major
matter in your life & you are
putting your mother in the po-
sition of one who cannot be
held the major matters in her child-
ren's lives. You speak of
"uninvited reference to my plans"
- in theory the invitation of a
mother to her son is never closed
- there is no such thing as
uninvited reference. Or, my
sweet one, don't think I'm
trying to coerce you - you
knows I am aware that the
relationship in this case falls
under none of the usual rules
- I just wonder a little if it
wouldn't be better to treat it
as if it did. With the usual
relationship, it would be very
wounding to be put in the position

My darling -

Friday -
{2300837}

Bed at 2:30!

Why, my sweet, you would
do that. I just feel certain
you are being too concerned
tous about your work. Why,
even I think I'm pretty late
when I go to bed at 2:30 -
+ I don't leave to get up
at 7. Anyhow, I'm glad
you slept over, class or no
class.

A thought - "chok" was
quite clever - but I think
bae - ka - die is cheating,
on account of the accent.
Yes, I do!

I'm so glad you liked
"Tovarich". Though it's
too bad you couldn't hear
it was worth hearing,
I'm sure that you thought

Don't worry to write letters to me - I'll be here

immature + old + wise. They
don't like lightning, from
despair to rapture. They are
elusive + unpredictable +
are altogether absorbing,
not to say enchanting, to
watch from outside, but
if we had to live with
them we'd go mad. They
seem to have at times not
one atom of moral sense,
and then all of a sudden,
they'll make the most
fantastic sacrifices on
family, ethical grounds.

Speaking of Russians -
I've just finished "Europa
in Berlin" - not so good as
the first - he is too imitable,
his condemnation of modern
European culture too violent.
He loses the force of what
he has to say from his violence
with which he says it.
He has it in most violently for
what he calls (as many)

of me - for I did of you when
I saw it last spring. Too
bad we couldn't have seen
it together instead of each
seeing it separately + watch-
ing the other. You could
have heard her, too - there
aren't many of those old-fash-
ioned theatres left in
N. Y. Did you see Martha
Alba + John Halliday? Did
you know this was the first
time she'd played in Eng-
lish? Did pretty well, didn't
she? The last two or three
Picardello plays have been
written for her + around
her - quite a tribute, isn't
it? I thought both play-
wright + performers did
marvelously well with the
Russian temperament, so
remote from ours. They
seem by now childishly

others before him, of course, the
moral hypocrisy of England, he
has not only good to say for the
English, and then you find his
heroes through whose mouth
these diatribes are uttered, be-
lieving in the most perfectly
English fashion - turning, for
consolation & refuge in his
bitterness in exactly the di-
rection in which English
men have always bowed
down to an idealistic & romantic
love. The description of Julia's
feelings - or thoughts - at the
time of his reunion with her
after the 4 years of the war
had a vaguely reminiscent
sound - I laughed aloud when
I suddenly realized it was "The
Down Beach" in prose & modern
terms. "Ah, love, let us be
true to one another." I caught
you, Mr. Briffault, you can
call it moral hypocrisy or call
it moral idealism, but you
want just what all true
Englishmen want, after all!

best in the result, I promise
not to ask again, but just
to go ahead as best I can
after this is answered! Of
course I must admit, also,
that I'm not wholly disinter-
ested - I ^{don't} want to rip 'em
up & do it over!

I'm so sorry you got no
letter yesterday, but it wasn't
"so much social fluff" -
it's just that I write at
what I call "my time" &
that makes irregularity in
the time of mailing, so that
you some days get none,
and some two. I can
manage so it's more reg-
ular if you'd rather.

Dearest, I cannot be-
lieve you really gave 2
bad lectures in a day - I
think that they were only
a little less than perfect
& you, you know, & you know,
therefore are depressed in

where you want the bottom is
23". That seems reasonable
- now could you measure
around yourself from the spot
at the lower end of the 23"
& see whether it turns out to
be 29", 33" or 36"? You
speak of the "33" as being
3" below your waist - your
hips should be 6"-7" below
your waist! Do you mean
your actual waist - just
under the bottom ribs, or do
you mean the place where
the top of your pants comes?
Never mind - I just suggest
that as an explanation.
But it must be all right
if you measure at the bottom
of the 23" length at the back.
I promise not to ask you
again, dearest - I know this
is a nuisance, but it really
is, you know, for your own
benefit, so that you may
look your own thin, slender

your perfectionist soul.
Anyhow, I'm glad you
saw "Tovarich" which
I thought was altogether
charming & really witty
comedy. When you wrote
before that you'd passed
it up, I felt regretful.
I hope you see the main
figures of the N.Y. cast.
There were two very ex-
pert performances in it
by John Halliday (whose
work unfailingly delights
& satisfies me with its ex-
traordinary finish) & Maria
Abba. Did you get them
both? And the Commissar
was awfully good - his
name at the moment
eludes me.

Dearest, I don't really
think it was altogether
diplomatic to give you

a time + put in some of what
I suggested. Anyhow, you're
sweet lamb to report to me
so completely what you wrote.

How was the mathematical
dinner? The idea that if I was
married to you I could have
been there is the greatest in-
ducement yet to matrimony.
Altho God, for a potato war!

So you saved the sur-
prise for the end of the
letter? Well, you certainly
dead me in a ditch! I got
the letter late last night +
then didn't dare open it! So
I got undressed + all ready
for bed before I did. Then
as I read my heart sank
as page after page passed
with not a word about
it. Then I turned the
last one + there it was!
Darling, I was just limp
with joy + gratitude. You
got your dramatic effect, all

she will not be likely to be-
lieve as showing concern -
+ it will hurt her more than
from anyone else. Dear, I'm
afraid you're expecting her to
be rational + you mustn't,
this whole thing is an emo-
tional situation + has got
to be played out on those
terms - so far as you +
she are concerned. And now
you see I have been criticiz-
ing you! But the difference
is that you are rational +
that, besides, you take this
sort of thing better than
any human I know. Also
you will understand that my
own concern in this is so deep
that I cannot help taking a
hand. God knows I may be
wrong, myself, - but I think
you know very little about
women (which is not in any
sense a criticism - only a
comment) + that a little ad-
vice here + there is a good
thing! I think you'll have to
write again after not too long

sight! After a while Mrs.
 covered + went back + read
 the first part of the letter all
 over again with a calmer enough
 mind to really enjoy + un-
 derstand it. My dearest, I
 simply don't know how to
 thank you, nor how to ex-
 press to you adequately what
 you've done for me. It's like
 having curtains flung back
 so that sunshine floods
 into a shadowed room,
 now count forward instead
 of back + all sorts of things
 seem possible that didn't
 24 hours ago. I think what
 touched me most deeply
 was that you'd planned to
 do it all the time - that you'd
 known what I needed +
 had wanted to give it to me
 without asking. That is in
 itself a precious gift. I am
 reassured + strengthened
 immeasurably. I am richly
 secure in your love and
 understanding. I talked of it

I
 don't
 know
 how
 to
 say
 it
 but
 I
 think
 that
 you
 have
 done
 for
 me
 what
 I
 have
 never
 known
 before

Wednesday -
[200037]

My precious ducks,

This morning when I started off I said to my self that if I found a letter from you in my box I should leave it there & read it when I got back to night, for if it was an answer to my Sunday letter & if it said you were not coming, I shall be too terribly upset to deal adequately with my job! Fortunately there was none, so I was not subjected to the strain of leaving it behind me! Now I am writing on the brain going back so I don't know yet whether there was one this afternoon.

Now about the job - I suppose you must be right about the situation there. You're sure that you're

yet it is often what gets you
a job. Even if you got nothing
you'd have some good seed
by making a direct & vivid
impression. Dad once said
you'd find it easy to get a
job from anyone you talked
to because of your charm &
your appearance. Why not
try Williams, Amherst, Wes-
leyan - those being the obvious.
Of course you've got a good
chance to make the acquaint-
ance of the head of the de-
partment at Hamilton, for
you know someone at Haverford
- they going there to meeting
the head. Yes, I know -
the matter of time - you'd
have to manage it in spring
vacation - or at mid-year.
Christmas is too early, Dad
said. Take me with you &
we'll combine business
with pleasure.

How about that new
place you spoke of in Queens?
No, dearie. I am not trying

understanding it perfectly &
not being deceived by
something that is more super-
ficial than at first appears?
The only thing that leads me
to say that is that there are,
aren't there, men who've been
there a lot longer than you?
How did they manage it?

Anyhow, if it's a job that's
going to leave always a feel-
ing of insecurity about it, I
suppose the sooner you get
out the better, provided you
can find a reasonably good
move to make. If you can't
you'd better try to stay. I
still wonder if you know
how well off you are! Have
you thought of going around
to some of the small good
colleges in person - not by
letter? I remember Dad's
urging Jim Schodcraft to do
it. A personality does not
generally show in a letter &

to work you round into living
in the place you locate, though
I still don't think you know
what you're talking about.
Anyhow, one can live in the
country & work in N. Y. - even
more in Queens. And the ob-
vious advantages would be
that I could keep my job
& we could get completely
straightened out financially
with the minimum of difficulty.
Anyhow, it might be worth
investigating. How about N. Y.?
There's a man who teaches
here & lives in Dobbs Ferry
so I know you can do it
without really being in the
city at all. How many "Gover-
nments" do you belong to? That
was one of the things Dad said
was important - & going around
to meetings. I've heard him
say scores of times "get
yourself broad". And I've
seen it work, too.
We're almost to the G. L. T.
- I must stop.
With all the love in my heart
C.

Tuesday -

[200039]

my own darling,

How do you manage it? Every letter - every post-card you write is so exactly right, so exactly what I longed for. You are responsive, tender - altogether wonderful. It seems as if it had been as simple as just turning on a spigot. Your letters have the air of being more spontaneous + natural than those that you used to write. I hope that this is so, that they do not involve great effort + so take much time + energy. I am disappointed when it's a p.c. only for an always hungry for more, not because there is anything lacking in them that I could desire. And of course I don't really want you to write now when you are so hard pressed.

trying to have an indirect one.

I'm immensely pleased that you agree with me about Eva and shall be eager to hear what happens next.

Tell me more about Dr. Warschawski - where was he in Germany - the name is Polish, isn't it? And Jewish! What a find you must be for him! Of course you're saying you "can't give him much intellectual stimulation" is utter nonsense. What did you talk about with him?

I'm so glad you're going to see "Richard II". I'd give a lot to be there with you, but you must write me all you think precious, that I may share with you somewhat what was to me a thrilling experience. Giving up going to that with you in September was a real sacrifice. I do not know how much the cast will be changed for the road. But at least you will

find myself wondering if I shall ever be able to respond so quickly, so completely to anything you ask of me.

Your long letter of Sunday I found waiting for me last night to my delight. Evidently I wasn't quite brisk enough with my advice about what to say to your wife - you must have written me that you were going to write her at about the same time I was writing you about it - better report it to Duke! (I mean the University, not the Rowan) Still, even if you have written her, I think you should personally write her again, embodying something of what I suggested. Am I being irritating? It all matters so frightfully to me, dear, - I can't help it. I am prevented by circumstances from leaving any direct share in what's done or said, so I must ease myself by

leave Maurice Evans. Wabel
him like a hawk, darling - it
will repay you - every gesture, every
turn of the head is part of a
planned whole. Wabel, what he
does with the characters, building
up with his art on the foundat-
ions given him by the great
artist who wrote the play.
See how three-dimensional his
performance is, so that he may
become a person, not a type or a
symbol. Listen with all your
ears for the cadences of the
great speeches as they drop
from his lips - how he makes
them both music and expres-
sion of feeling. He never forgets
the poetry - nor does he forget
the speaking voice as an instru-
ment. Tolson of course has the
speech, of course, but he
is not the superb artist
that Richard is, so the words
neither sing as they should,
nor are you so deeply moved
as you can be by those words.
Tell me about the Boling-
broke. You kids did it here,

+ was gorgeous, making of
the character just what Shakespeare
poets must have intended, the
perfect foil for Richard & making
clear by his own successes the
reasons for Richard's failures.
See, too, how fine the staging
& the direction are - the
marvelous color, the beauty
of setting & costume - the
beautiful patterns of form &
movement in the arrange-
ment of the figures on the
stage, the skilful lighting.
See how striking & powerful
a summing up & final state-
ment are in the final curtain
scene - with the whole thing
made as vivid to the eye as
to the ear - the horizontal
black of the dead Richard,
the glittering vertical of
Bolingbroke so sharply
opposed. Watch Bolingbroke's
movements, listen to the things
he does with his voice.
Well, well, I'd no intention
at all of doing this. You see

doubtless saying "You're killing
me". You see, I loved it so - I
can't resist trying to make this
pleased experience as it might
have been had we seen it together.

There are other things I
want eventually to write
in answer to your last letter,
but I must not take more
time now - I am swamped
with postponed papers.

I am in an agony of sus-
pense till I hear from any
suggestion about Paulsgrove,
Dr. Dahlquist. I just don't see
how I can manage if you
don't come. Everything is
so much more difficult than
I had thought it would be,
I try & try - truly I do - but
I seem inadequate to the
situation in which I find
myself. I am ashamed, but
helpless. I made a mistake in
living alone this year - I thought
I could force myself to be strong
& I cannot. It is a pity, you
see. - I haven't enough
character. I am bitterly ashamed
But whatever I am of any
yours - not much of a gift, but

October 18, 1957.

My sweet one -

That was a very nice "morsel" I found in the mail box this morning after my usual week-end 2 day fast, which always leaves me ravenous. And it was a juicy, tender, sweet and flavoursome tid-bit with which I broke my fast. You began it by telling me of the great items it would contain, but I've not been able to find them!

I was delighted by your account of the successful pursuit into the lair of the "probable error" warty. I always find it thrilling to have a little glimpse like that into the workings of your beautiful mind. Not that I can

would, or were able to pass, so much to rest.

e

measurements. Now, there's
something I guess about how
you'd better have just measured
yourself + let it go at that
— checking up on the actual
sweater made everything
too queer. You measure your
own hips as 36 + say your
sweater is 28-29. How can
this be — you'd have to stretch
it to the breaking point. I
should think, to get it
around you. Is it, perhaps,
a waist length instead of
hip length sweaters. Other-
wise, there must be some-
thing wrong somewhere.
How would you like to
do that over? Poor dear —
he thought he had it all
done! Measure you, not the
old sweaters — & be sure
it's really 36. As for the
hips being wider than the
chest — that's all right.

flow — only stand outside +
gaze in open-minded. I love
to see your intellectual integrity
which I cannot hope to emu-
late but which leaves me
sitting at your feet looking
upward. I love, too, the satis-
faction you derive from know-
ing that you're doing your job
well. All these qualities of
your mind mean much to me.

Don't ever think, my dear,
that because I keep writing
you in detail this + that that
you should do or say I have
any feeling of being a more ad-
equiate person than yourself. I
am in some ways more ex-
perienced — but in general I
am on a definitely lower level
than yourself. I say all these
things in the hope that I can
somehow make myself im-
portant + valuable to you —
+ a little in fear lest you
find that I am neither.
Thanks a lot for the

At yourself? Now please, dearrest, "sleep in upon time" ^{mean in my} ~~time~~

Of course, as you say, no one builds a sweater wider at the hips than above, but I suppose the point must be that hips must fit snugly, but the upper part is a little loose & soft. A woman's sweater is built straight from hips to arm pit & yet her hips are normally 3 inches larger than her chest - God knows plenty of us are more! So - nothing troubles me about your information except the discrepancy in the hip measure. God, I hope the thing will fit when it's done. It's simply got to be more successful than your wife ~~was~~ was or my pride will be shattered.

Are you being a little obstinate about doing something to make you sleep? At least have the whiskey on hand, to one really has energy to waste that way, or on less than most. Don't be a goose. How can you expect to feel well if you don't take care

Sunday -

18 Oct 37

Precious sweetheart,

Well, another

week has gone - for now since
you left me. But the figures
seem to have no relation to
the actual time, which seems
endless, looking in either
direction. The time when you
were with me seems not real,
nor the time when you shall
be with me - only these
draggings days between.

Now - here's something
on my mind - have
you written to your wife?
You must, sweet, even if I
have to leave just a p.c.
- or even two! You must
not be unresponsive or seem
indifferent, for that would
be far from diplomatic.
Tell her to begin with how
glad & relieved you are

birthday gift to you, that
you brought it generous + ho-
nor of her (disregard her
later retraction of the offer).
But that, even though you be-
lieved that both of you would
be relieved + happier to leave
the actual business of di-
vorce behind you, still
you felt that the job
which made it impossible
for her to act upon her
offer was so good for her world
that you could not regret it.

Oh, my god, how I go,
telling you how to write
your own letters. I know
you can do it, sweetest
— only I think perhaps a
woman is always just a
shade better at this kind
of diplomacy than a man
& so I make suggestions,
you do not resent it, do
you, my love? You see, I

that she has a job so that her
mind + her time are occupied.
But her feel that you were
really troubled by the thought
of her leaving so much time
to brood, + no chance to use
her training + her talents. Then
that would give you an
opening to speak of those
other talents which were what
you referred to in that "born
to be married" phrase. Try
to make her feel that you really
believe in her, that it is your-
self whom you consider inad-
equate in not having been able
to make the adjustments
& that you feel deeply concerned
about her having another op-
portunity to use what you
own limitations had not
enabled you to accept. Tell
her, for goodness' sake,
that you were much
troubled by her suggestion
that she go to New as a

want you to write with
some appearance of warmth
& get with nothing to raise
her hopes. So you write of
your interest in her welfare,
present & future, yet mention
the divorce as a settled matter.
You also play up to her drama-
tization & get put in her head
the idea of another marriage.
When she does divorce you
it will be primarily be-
cause ~~of~~ she wants to hunt
around for another man,
but this motive will be
disguised, very likely even
from herself, for she must
picture it as an act of
self-sacrificing heroism
on her part. How don't ^{you}
let yourself think of this
as duplicity. In the first
place, ~~at~~ the end you strive
for is going to benefit others
than yourself, is going to

untangle a miserable situation.
That would justify a little de-
placidity, anyhow. But to
accept the illusions people have
about themselves + treat
them with the same deference
as facts is, quite aside from
diplomacy, a humane + fairly
attitude. She hasn't, you know,
made much of a success of her
life + not being one of those
proud + courageous ~~spirits~~
who can strip their ~~spirits~~
of illusion + drama + go ahead,
a little bleakly, with the truth,
she turns for refuge to a picture
of herself which explains her
failures in terms of the faults of
others or of pure misfortune, so
making her a sort of tragic
heroine. It's her defense, my
darling - you should not
only leave it to her, but en-
courage her in it. If she can
see divorcing you as the climax
of her drama, with herself a
sort of Ophelia throwing herself
into the flames while her lover
sails away, she will not only

day. But otherwise, will you
please think it over? I know
you want home last year &
perhaps they definitely expect
you this year. No can I expect
your parents to recognize any
"rights" that I may have.
It would simply mean you dis-
regarding the fact that they
would disregard my claim.
And I know that would not
be easy - it's just a question
of who's going to do the dis-
garding! You could go so far
to explain to them why you
regard my need as greater
than theirs - but perhaps you
could not do this - even if
you did, they would not, I
suppose, understand. But you
would have made the gesture
of confidence in their under-
standing - or perhaps, of the
wish that all should be open
between you. But all this may
be wrong. It is, in any case,
anticipat. - perhaps you'll not
want to go through the difficul-

perform the blessed act of putting
you - and herself - free, but
she will as well derive from
the ideal itself a genuine emo-
tional satisfaction because it will
prove to her the truth of
the legend she has created
around herself - the married
& loving wife. Of course it's
possible that she may meet
another man in which case
the whole picture will be dis-
carded - though, even so,
she won't admit it. But
the end will be served, any-
how. Don't delay this,
dearest - even if you've
already written, write again
with some of this. It's all
so very important. You can't
just trust to luck. Please
tell me what you get by
way of answer!

How I'm going to precipitate
take something! What about
coming to N.Y. for thanks-
giving? Of course that's not
possible if you have only the

ties involved. My own side
of the question I hardly dare
risk letting myself talk
about. You know what the
anniversary is. Your being
here would mean that I need
not be defenseless against
the crowding, unbearable
memories. It is perhaps ab-
surd that anniversaries
should do that to me - the
actual facts do not alter,
but all the same, feeling
does intensify. I know I am
not rational about it, but
daring, you will not mind
this time - God help me,
I can do no other. I do not
want to be alone at all for
those days - and yet I do
not want to be with people
to whom there is no meaning
in the date. Dearest, I
shall need your love so
desperately - I mean that
in its original sense, not
simply "very much". @

course - it is true that there is
never a day without its ever-
sunning need of you, but this is
even more - I shall truly
need you to stand between me
and despair, to hold me so
close that you can make me
believe that my heart's desire
is ahead of me still. You
could be here for most of
4 days - I've never looked
up trains. I'd let you do
some work if you had to
- really I should. I'd
argue about it doing you
good to come if I thought
that would carry any
weight with you, but I know
it wouldn't. You conscience
will let you do it only if
it can make my need seem
vital. I know it's expen-
sive, but, sweet, I'd pay
half - not to be generous,
but because it's only right
that I should. And you
could save the rest by not
leaving to buy meals for 4
days! Now I'm going to leave you

to pieces by worrying about
this. I shall be heartbroken
if you don't come, but I'm not
going to have an emotional
crisis over it. I've said all
I'm going to about it & I shall
leave you about it. I think
you understand me now en-
ough to know just how much
& what this means to me, just
what my needs are. So the
rest is up to you. Be con-
siderate, dear one, if you
can - no, I don't mean that,
for that you'll be in any case,
whatever action you take.
Only will you decide as quickly
as you can, for I shall be
in an agony of suspense &
of alternating hope & fear.

Darling, I love you so
terribly much &
miss you so bitterly -
Louis

Saturday -

[160237]

Dearest darling,

I've decided to use up some of this lousy paper on you - I haven't the nerve to use it on anyone else + can't quite bear to crush it - or even write billets doux to the milkman on it. I bought it in an incautious moment because it looked so smart,

strain of teaching as
to impair your efficiency
— a little neglect here
& there will be only
profitable to your work.
I remember hearing Dad
say once to a young
teacher who was overwhelmed
by paper-reading "Try
throwing every ^{of} ~~the~~
set in the waste-basket
— I learned to do that
long ago". Well, that
same principle goes for
other aspects of the
work. Try not to be

but in the cold hard
light of day it looked
only cheap — oh dear!

Well, my sweet, I
am feeling distressed
by your last letter in
which you bewail the
pressure of your work.
I think you are too
conscientious. How do I
just deny that I think
it over carefully, for
you? Remember that
being too conscientious
adds so much to the

so troubled by being
only one jump ahead of
the class - every
teacher is that at one
time or another in his
career - or at many
times. Even if you get
caught once in a while
it'll not be serious
- take it a little easy,
my sweet lamb, for
mustn't stay up "every
night until twelve or
one o'clock" - at
least not unless you

make it up during the
day. Remember that the
two chief causes of
nervous breakdowns
are overwork & worry.
You are overworking - &
it won't do anyone any
good. Of course I know
that there are the vaca-
tions which most work-
ers do not have, but
all the same you must
watch yourself. I wish
and wish I were here
- I don't know what
I could really help
any, but I could make

time at all - boil
some water while you
study + then take 10 or
15 minutes to relax in
your most comfortable
chair, drink the tea +
eat a few crackers or
whatever + you'll find
yourself rested out of
proportion to the time
you've taken off - the
hot drink + the food are
reviving, you know.
Read while you do it,
unless you can just
make your mind a
blank, or fill it with

a damned good try!
At least you wouldn't
have to go out for your
meals + that would make
some difference. Darling,
do you eat sensibly?
Do you get any exercise?
Don't you dare tell me
you've no time - you've
got to have time for a
little. Where do you
work mostly - at home?
Do you ever stop for a
cup of tea in the middle
of the afternoon? It
would take you no

things wholly unrelat-
ed to your work or any
of your troubles - read-
ing is the safest!

There, I must stop
for to-day - I'll write
you a real letter to-
morrow. But please
take to heart all I've
said.

All my love, dear,
dear boy -

C.

Friday -

(1500837)

My darling -

Your postcards
are certainly ^{the most satis-}
factory ever ^{peamed}. They
don't last as long as a
letter, but they do manage
to be almost as heart-warm-
ing. And you think of your-
self as inexpressive? Oh,
you silly. Besides all this,
don't forget they always
save me from the misery
of being worried about
you.

By the way, there was
an article in the New Yorker
a while back about
WQXR, and it said among
other things, that if you
couldn't get it you should
consult your radio man, for

pronounced schizophrenia
as if it were spelled skits
-sk. I can't remember
now who it was that had
been my authority for the
other pronunciation except
that for some reason I'd
regarded him (or her) as
unquestionable. However,
I've noticed that Leon
says skits - . So you
were certainly right.
Though I suppose it's still
possible that there's an alter-
native pronunciation. And
apropos of our conversation
at that time, Leon also
says that dementia
praecox is a term no longer
used by the psychiatrists
& regarded as very unsci-
entific.

Don't think, sweetheart,
from those two letters about

in many cases, it was prob-
ably possible to get it by
making a "trifling adjust-
ment" which any radio
man could do. They didn't
say what the adjustment
was, but it might be worth
investigating. There's a
blight at present - there's
one station I have a lot
of trouble in tuning out,
I imagine hearing a ragat
symphony with an under-
current of the latest
dance music! They say
it probably needs new
tubes. I hope that's all.
Anyhow, if I can ever
stop writing you long
enough to investigate, I'll
get it straightened out.

And by the way - I
remember correcting you
last summer when you

your sister + your mother,
that I am trying to force
you into a course of action
your own judgment does not
accept. I'm only trying to
let you see it as I see it —
your action must flow from
your own comprehension of the
state of affairs. I feel most
strongly about your sister,
who must be leading a
somewhat inadequate life
+ so needs to feel herself useful
+ important + needed. She is
young enough to be still
flexible, too, which your mother
is not, and it is not impossible
that she (your sister) might
be helped to understand
some of the complexities of
the situation, to get some
intellectual as well as emot-
ional grasp on it.

I love you, dear heart —
ever + ever so
much — C.

Don't forget to sweat!
[1400027] Wednesday -
My sweet lamb -
I brought
paper to write you on the
train + then my pen ran
dry, so I shall send you a
messy pencil scrawl.
First of all, sweetheart,
I don't like at all your
staying awake till 3 be-
cause you get so nervous you
couldn't sleep. That you
must never, never let your-
self do. If you let in some-
thing be added to the other
drains on your nervous
strength, then I really shall
expect you to collapse. You
should have some drug on
hand. You can't get it with-
out a doctor's prescrip-
tion, which is a nuisance, but
don't you know someone who
could get you
some. You always get mine
in Epile. I get Phenobarbital

trying to show you the feel-
ing of an art for which you
have a natural gift.

I'm rather glad the history
fell through - you've enough
work as it is. I must admit
I was a bit surprised by
\$4. - even at Dobbs our rate
is only \$3. - among the very
rich. What he discovered I sold
they'll pay! But of course
most of us are not Ph.D.s.
Of course \$2, is ridiculous &
I'm glad you didn't consider
it.

I loved what you said
about your brother's marriage
- & about the subject in
general. I am always excited
and made joyful by your
unfailing response to my own
feelings about it. You, too,
want it to be not just
something that happens to

Because Dad used it - it's
not habit-forming, & is efficient.
You don't often need it, I know
& I hope that will always be
so, but you mustn't let it
happen once. Keep a bottle of
whiskey & take some slowly
in hot water - it's very re-
laxing. Staying up late once
in a while to do something
amusing is all right, but
it's not comparable at all -
strain to being awake late
in a state of over-wrought
nerves. Now - from this I ex-
pect an answer in the form
of a promise.

All that business about
analysing each other - you
say you're not going to analyse
me because you think I'm
just about right as I am.
Well, I think the same
about you. God knows I do
not want you different -
only happier. I'm merely

you, but something which
two people create together, which
becomes almost an entity in
itself, which lives and so
grows. To so many that
would seem only a burden.
To you, as to me, it is satis-
fying. It's things like that
that make us feel so safe
about us, darling. The major
adjustments we shall never
have to make, for we want
the same things of life. The
little adjustments are easily
enough made, but the big
ones are either impossible,
or the making of them leaves
you forever only half satis-
fied. And that is also why
the surrender of yourself to
me leaves you intact and
only deepens & intensifies what
you already are, so that
surrender and fulfillment
are the same experience,
I have, as you see, reached

Tuesday -

[120237]

My own darling -

There was one

more thing I meant to say to you last night though it's undoubtedly superfluous - don't forget yourself, in writing to your wife to keep in your mind all the time her picture of herself and to play up to it.

Thank God my letter went down all right - the one I wrote a week ago. If it helps you to see yourself somewhat more clearly, so much to be good. It should be true, shouldn't it, that once you see this clearly, dealing with it is relatively easy? I do want to be sure that you understand that, so far as I can see, my demands upon you - though they may sometimes be excessive & sometimes injudicious - are not in the same class as your mother's, since they never threaten

the world. I wish there had
been fewer compromises + more
frankness between you + your
mother this summer. She
recognizes, of course, the conflict
between herself + me, but she
still hopes to win. The sooner
she knows that she can't be
better it will be for her and
the sooner she will begin to
make the adjustments that
will be necessary. You're really
making it harder for her by
letting the sword dangle
over her head. God knows I
understand perfectly how
terribly hard this is on you,
+ if I thought that by
deferring you were going to
be happier yourself, I'd let
you be, no matter at what
cost to her. But I believe that
you will yourself experience a
deep relief if you cut the hair
+ let the sword drop - +
what's more, I believe that
after the first shock, so will
she. You see, don't you, that

the complete integration of your
self. What I ask of you leads
to fulfilment + richness of life.
That - you understand - is what
I intend + what I believe. Such
conflict as is forced upon you by
me is not interior but exterior
- that is, it is not between
two parts of yourself, but
really between me and
your mother. That is an un-
fortunate - even a tragic -
situation, but it is inevitable
- and so, my dear love, is its
outcome, as you have really
known for a long time. I
wish that it need not be by so
hard a path that you must
come to me. But I know in
my heart that that path you
must have travelled sooner
or later, whether to me or not,
because it leads to life - +
you are too sane not to know
you deep need of that, and the
fact that without it you are
not wholly doing your job in

None of this really affects me
↳ that I am thinking of it
entirely as a way of easing the
strained situation between
you & your mother. She knows,
after all, that there is much be-
tween you & me — by refusing
to say how much & what you
put the whole thing on the level
of those loves which must be
kept secret. She'll think it's
wicked, anyway, of course,
but at least she will know
that you are honest with
her & that the whole thing is
in your mind on an honorable
level — "your purpose
marriage". She'll blame
me, of course, but you will
be in a less equivocal position.
Now, dearest, don't dismiss
this without thinking it over
& and what's more, I want you
to tell me what your reactions
to it are. Of course we are
hardly in a situation that can
be published abroad & the
more secret the better on
the whole. But your mother is

Different.

Dealing. I was fascinated by your account of the dinner with Miss Cummins. You had told me before of that fantastic experience in Poland but not telling about what sort of person she was. Now that, my dear, is interesting & important - you used to tell us facts about people, now you tell me of their inner lives. You are growing both more expressive and more outgoing, I think. I love the very fact that she talked so freely to you - you have so much warmth & sweetness & understanding to give and it makes me so happy to see you giving it more & more easily. Oh, my dear, I must worry you soon, or you'll become so full & complete a person in yourself that you will no longer need another to complete you. Whereas I - oh, my god, when I think of what I need to make myself an adequate human being, and of how rich a source

not do! This brings me to the
matter of your place in the depart-
ment — you say you leave con-
tact with the younger men but
none with the older. My dear,
you should alter that. There is
no reason why you should not
have contact with the older
+ I think you definitely
should, both to be politic + to
increase your own understanding
of the point of view of the old +
new. You have to deal with it
+ the better you understand
it — + those who hold it, the
better for you. Don't let the depart-
ment be a divided camp — +
don't tell me there's nothing you
can do about it! There probably
isn't much but every thing bit
is to be good. I want you to
have that job next year, + there's
no reason why you can't —
certainly one of the 3 younger
men will stay on + you're in
a position of seniority. But
you've got to make a play
for it — you may be sure the
others will. Yes, darling, you
don't like this — nor do I blame

you are to draw upon — I
shall never be able to get on
without you, even though you
cease to need me.

This is getting away from
Miss Cummins whom you
have made vivid to me as a
personality. What a strange
various life! Is she satisfied
with what she has now? Does
she intend to stay in Rochester?
That friendship broken by
death was a little strange,
wasn't it — from what you
say of the other woman I
suppose it was an emotional
substitute for marriage —
those attractions between two
of the same sex not based
on community of interest +
temperament always are, I
suppose.

And about Donald — you'd
never told me any of this things
you give me hints of. Oh dear,
are his abilities unused, too —
another wasted talent? It
makes one sad again.

But anyway, I am by now
determined that yours shall

However, I do not believe that
if any likely candidate turned
up she wouldn't be only too
pleased. She wants to be married
& she must by now have about
realized that you are out. Well,
what she needs now is some-
one to say to her - gently,
tactfully, at some length,
& in some detail that she
is an unfortunate & mal-
treated creature who has had
a raw deal but who is as
you said "made for marriage"
(God, I can't write that
without putting it in
quotations!) and for whom
the same & happy course is
to accept the finality of
what has happened and
to go about finding another
husband as quickly as
possible - that is, making
a definite search - not just

they were, too - all full of
fascinating things and
warms with love & tender-
ness. I know I'll never
get them completely answered
to-night, but I'll start.

First of all - you mention
the topic of the divorce,
apropos of your lawyer's
remarks about the possibil-
ity of another man. Now
I've got a speech to make
and I expect an answer!
Also I want you to consider
what I have ^{to say} carefully &
I hope you'll feel like act-
ing upon ~~it~~ it. It is
true that your wife is not
interested in another man,
probably - because of her
tenacity & because of her
picture of herself as the faith-
ful but discarded wife to
which she will cling
until she gets a prettier
one to hang in its place.

hoping one will turn up.
The first step is that is ob-
viously to free herself from
her present bonds and make
herself as available. She should
be told that her position is
now one in which almost
no woman but the excessively
by alluring, or the excessively
rich will be approached by
any man with serious in-
tentions. She has a job,
she knows people, she should
be on the alert for all
possible contacts that will
bring her male friends.
She mustn't waste time
worrying about the milk
that is spilled + someone
should take her in hand,
get after her, make her
accept her loss + make
her look for the next step.
She should have insinuated
into her mind another

picture of herself as potential
 wife, mother, house-maker,
 while at the same time the
 present ^{picture} is not destroyed
 → just gently shoved into
 the background. She can
 even use it → there are lots of
 men to whom there's something
 appealing about a woman
 who's been badly treated -
 unloved & badly treated - by
 another man. But she should
 be leaving a desire for this
 + an interest in it aroused
 in her. Now all this of course
 is not simply because she
 will profit from leaving
 the desire for her freedom
 aroused, but also because
 you and I will. I cannot
 help feeling bitterly the
 waste + meaninglessness
 of the present situation,
 from which no one profits,
 two people suffer - and I
 really believe the third person

I am afraid to call it an idea of expressing...

→ it will be good for Eva.
It gives her an opportunity
to help others in dealing
with the difficult business
of diving — and nothing is
more rewarding, nothing
gives you a richer sense of
having justified your exist-
ence. It will necessitate
your laying bare your heart
to her to some extent at
least, but that I leave all
along, wanted you to do, I
want you to take her in,
to make her feel herself
necessary to you. We all
need not only to be loved,
but to be needed. Make her
see that she has an opportu-
nity to serve you to whom she
is bound by lifelong ties
and at the same time to
serve another person for
whom she feels affection +
pity. Bringing her in, gives
a part to play. It may be
that you cannot make her
wholly understand, but of

does, though she doesn't
altogether know it. How can
I believe that it is impossible
to make her see this — with
a little time and effort. Of
course that she will hold
out indefinitely, or do yet
for a minute believe — but
would be only empty cruelty,
of which few human beings
are really capable. I just
want her to be quick — for
her own sake + ours. How
what of getting at is
→ who is to go about try-
ing to get her to see all
this? Preferably not yourself
for reasons too obvious to
mention. What about Eva?
She is a woman — advantage
number 1, she has already
assumed an attitude of
sympathy for Elizabeth, who
trusts her — advantage
number 2. Of course to my
mind there is another
great advantage as well

Sunday -

[11 Oct 37]

My own darling -

Here it is Sunday night again - another week checked off. Isn't it amazing how long a thin week is if pulled out? I cannot believe that only three hours have gone since I saw you vanish around the corner that melancholy day. I'm ^(get at this point even my pen burst into tears) getting very discouraged, ^{frustrated} for ~~it~~ doesn't speed up at all - in fact, it seems to drag more & more slowly & I'm afraid it's simply going to stop altogether & I shall find myself permanently stuck at some point in October of the year of our Lord 1937 - like a

mad? Do you think I
really am putting straw
in my hair, as I threatened
to in my last? No, darling,
only vine leaves — & I'm
afraid I can't really
blame it on them for that
was hours ago at a very
dumb cocktail party, and
they're all withered now.
What it really is is this
— I'm feeling low, low,
low, and if I don't be
foolish, I'll be tearful &
frightfully emotional &
I've probably got you so
terrified you wait darn
false less than 3 hours
dealing elaborately &
completely with an
emotional outburst.
Maybe if I went to bed

fly in amber. If I must be
stuck at some point in time,
why couldn't it be, for in-
stance, the 15th of September?
But not at all — then the
hours were going at double
their normal pace and they
simply had to put in a lot
of extra days at the end
of the week to make it
spread it out over the re-
quired distance. Do you
remember those extra
days? I do, very well.
It kept being Saturday
for days & days. I'd
think — well, by now it
must be at least Wednes-
day, but no, when I
looked at the clock it
was still Saturday.
Do you think I'm going

it managed to get to sleep
the telephone would ring
& it would be you. It
did & it was last Sunday
- sort of an upsetting,
strange-sounding you,
but still you.

Just to reward yourself
for writing the p.c., instead
of just waiting till you
could write a letter - imagine
my state of mind had 3 days
with no word from you
instead of only 2 which
have practically reduced
me to a pulp.

Are you beginning to be-
lieve that one about my
being dependant? By
about to-morrow I think
my emotions will have to
be written about some more,
so watch out! But I've no
answer yet from my lengthy
effort, written nearly a week

at it
when I
wrote
it
I
was
so
tired
I
could
not
write
it
at
all
I
was
so
tired
I
could
not
write
it
at
all

Did you get that
AWFUL letter I wrote Friday -
last Sun. ? If so, ship it, forget it, cross
it off.

[10037]

My dearest dear -

Thanks a
million for the p.c., how
you see - you obviously had
time for a letter + if you'd
just written nothing, till
to-day, I'd have been
without word from you from
Thursday to Monday, since
practically always your
letters come in the afternoon
mail + there is none on
Saturdays. Good heavens,
by Monday morning I'd
have been counting my
purses + putting straw in
my hair. Now just see what
5 minutes to write a post-
card has done for me. Or
perhaps it took more than
5 minutes, counting extra for

to say you look specially
well yourself." And I just
managed not to chant -
" 'Tis love, 'tis love, that
makes the world go round,
but went on up the hill,
laughing to myself.
Then I encountered Mr.

Williams, who is a nice
middle-aged lady musician
from Harvard. He thinks I
think he's pretty fascinat-
ing & I just watch the performance
just to watch the performance
he puts on. This would be
malicious if anyone knew
what I was doing but my-
self, but as it is, it's just a
little job I leave with myself.
Besides, he's a conceited ass, &
fair game just between you &
me. Anyhow, we stopped
& went through the conven-
tional interchange of compliments,
and then he delivered him-
self of an imposing series of
judgments on the European set.

That torrent of frank-
or does that flow like melted
butter? Have I got my figures
in complete confusion? Well,
never mind, it's Friday and
I always leave to let down
after the heavy intellectual
strain of the week!

I had an amusing mo-
ment to-day when I ran
into one of my colleagues
for the first time this year.
I happen to know she's going
to be married at Christmas to
a man who's getting his divorce
then - but I'm not supposed
to know & she doesn't
know I do. I said "my
goodness, you're looking
well" - & couldn't resist
adding, with a wide-eyed &
innocent look - "in fact,
you really look as if you'd
had a very special
summer." Whereupon she
replied "well, I was just going

vation - and he knows
because he was there this
summer. In fact, he probably
divided his time between the
Palazzo Venezia + 10 Downing St.
I listened with my eyes pop-
ping + my mouth open, +
did he lay it up - my god!
Don't ever tell, darling -
this is between you + me, but
dear, he does invite it.
You should see him in eve-
ning clothes - he sort of
pops out of his collar + I
am certain he thinks he's
Apollo in person.

Then, do you still love
me after this display of
the felix in me? Or never use
it on you, my most dear,
- there is no opportunity, for
no flattery I might devise for
you could overstate the
truth.
How isn't this a nice letter?
All facts - not an emotion -

Wednesday -

[70037]

My dearest Love -

I have just this minute hung up the telephone after that all together rapturous three minutes. What an angel, what a darling you were, and how happy you made me. You see - all that business about failing me really was so much nonsense, wasn't it? Your voice was so lovely and warm, the things you said so sweet. Oh me, oh my - did you say you couldn't express emotion? Will you kindly note that it was I who was unable to adequately voice the wave of feeling that swept over me with

Oh well, never mind - I
said all this last night. I
said, too, what I believed
then & do even more after
the blessed sound of your
voice - that I have no
real doubt of your loving
me nor have had for some
time. I have I talk about
being afraid of losing you,
mean it quite literally &
physically - I mean I'm
afraid of death - not mine,
but yours. Of course that I
shall never lose.

Thanks for what you
said about my letters - that's
just what I wanted to hear.
I'd begun to wonder if
they bored you, since you
seemed never to respond to
them. Now I know they
don't, so it's all right.
But I never intended to
precipitate such a storm.

you closing words? Were
you not so overwhelmingly
humble you'd know that
it is just as often I who
fail as you.

Well, we've both been
terribly upset - and now
we're both over it. And I
think we should learn
something from it. For one
thing - what got each of
us in a panic was the thought
of losing one other - & of
losing love. After all, love is
like everything - if you are
terrified of losing it, it is
because you value it so
highly, but it is unlike
other possessions in that
the moment you cease to value
it it ceases to exist - or vice
versa. That is, if you did
not love me, you'd not be
so afraid of losing love, for
the emotion would have
ceased to seem desirable.

I just wanted you to get
the idea of making letters
a conversation, so that
we might in turn talk
with, not merely to each
other. Of course were you
less of an angel, less self-
depreciatory, you would
come back at me & say
that I must take my
share of this — that for
every time you write me
a letter of active response
to my emotional demands,
I should write you one
that made no such demand,
that left you in peace. And
dearest, that I'll do — for
it's only fair & right. After
all, there is no vision in
the one kind more than in
the other — I'm just over-
emotional — & very piggy.
That's why I wailed about
the notes — pure selfishness &

for dinner & why. You can
adequately deal with a reply
to that by asking me - if the
filet mignon was good & well
both leave a lovely nest for
the emotional temper.

I suppose we must be glad
your wife has the job and
now concentrate on getting
the thing through next
summer. You still do not
know on what grounds
she intends to sue - I
think perhaps you'd better.
Of course you must answer
her letters - now & then
& there will be your
opportunity for diplomacy
all right - to make her
feel you are friendly & in-
terested in her welfare, but
without letting her hope you
feel more, so that she will
act promptly about the
divorce. Oh well, you'll

possibly. I was not trying to
change, but to extend. I think
that both you and I think &
feel a good deal & I think that
the sharing of that inner expe-
rience (oh, this sounds hor-
ribly Oxford Groupish!)
can help a great deal to
lessen the strain of absence
& the loneliness. It makes
it possible for us to be intim-
ately together at a great
distance.

As for events - of course
they flow more easily &
quietly from the pen, of
course when you're in a
hurry that's the way to
write. I'd do ^{it} more myself if
I'd any sense, because
after all, I - the wonderful
I - can't just dash off 5
sheets about the emotional
any more than you can.
I'd much better dash off a
brief note about when I want

Dear heart - I love you
- and so do you -
which more + which I do
not know, nor I think,
do you really. And oh, it
was so heavenly to hear
your voice. I'd have called
you had you had your own
telephone - I thought of it

manage it all right, I'm
sure.

I'm so glad you had
Donald & Betty to lighten
your gloom over the week-end.
Too bad to leave the pictures
go, but only sensible. I can
see. I hope we'll want the
basin next year.

You say your wife made
some remarks about the
divorce - what was they?
Be sure to tell her you're
glad she has her job to occupy
her time & her mind, so that
she may know you feel con-
cern about her happiness.

Dear heart, I love you
- and so do you -
which more + which I do
not know, nor I think,
do you really. And oh, it
was so heavenly to hear
your voice. I'd have called
you had you had your own
telephone - I thought of it

October 7, 1937.

My precious dear -

Every day
- it seems a little funnier
→ all the to-do over
whether you love me or
not. What strange con-
fusions your mind can go
through! I'd just like you
to take a look into the
minds of most men in love,
so that you might compare
yourself with them & find
yourself as I know you to
be - loving more truly
than the ordinary man
ever can. "If my not
being able to live without
you means that I love
you" - my god, what
do you think it means
- "if" indeed! (Oh well,)

see there's nothing to be done
at present except to keep her
features smooth, + appeal to
her own good sense + decency.
Go easy + don't try to rush her.
But write to her, of course.
Later in the year I think
we'll have to try + get some
sort of definite statement
from her, on account of my
job, but for now there is no
need. If you were to have a
job anywhere around here,
I could simply keep mine
+ it would be very simple.
But of course I'm hoping
you'll stay where you are,
know that you have precedence
over the other young men
in the department + with
your strategic position, it
seems not at all impossible.
Play as skillful a game as
you can, my love. I am of
course entranced by the
picture of you as the link

don't care what you call it
— just keep on feeling whatever
it is and I'll leave all of life
that I want.

About the lawyer — I'm not
surprised — but of course dis-
appointed. Now just what do
you mean by "bound from
rearranging for well over a
year" — how long over is
well over — + a year from
when? According to your
brother-in-law's statement
she became a resident in
June. And didn't she once
say it would take a month
or two for litigation? I
can't quite believe that she
will be so deliberately unkind
— and unfair — as to refuse
to act promptly. It's what
all impossible, either, that
by then she'll be only too
glad herself to get the thing
over + done. Anyhow, I can

between the young & the old
— the man who can under-
stand & appreciate both. It's
a chance to make yourself
indispensable, to make your-
self valuable as a person, as
well as as a traveler. I think
it would be an awfully
good thing for your career
to stay on here for a while,
because you've a chance that
only luck could bring you.

As for England I'd really
give that up, for I hadn't
much hope you'd be free in
time & I shouldn't consider
going without you. There are
only two reasons why post-
poning it a year should
make any difference — Edith's
health is frail & she's old
which makes it not a certain
thing that she'd still be there
in a second summer — &
there is always the possibility
of war in Europe. Now it may

be altogether unlikely that
either of these eventualities
will occur, and we'll
simply go his next year in-
stead. And there are lots of
advantages in not trying
to go abroad + get married
+ move all at once. We'll
stay here this ^{summer} year + with
luck be able to spend
some of it openly + officially
together - anyway a lot of
it together in one way or
another. Perhaps you'll
make some sort of ditch
with me for the car for a
while. But that's all in the
vague future - I'm just
writing things as they come
into my head.
No, my duck, I'm not
unsettled by your news -
nothing can unsettle me now
more than superficially.
Of course I would wait for
you till dawn - but I think

think about it - then I remembered what it was and smiled to myself in the dark as I listened to your words again. It was like being able to reach out & touch you.

How was the bottle of wine - and what was it?

A letter yesterday - another to-day - and the telephone last night - such riches - you dear, you darling, you dear -

I love you and
love you -

I got a little frame for your picture to-day - not good enough, but so soft & light I can carry it around.

The waiting business is tough going for us both & it seems to me that we must bend every effort to getting those who are in control of the situation to make it as brief as they can be induced to do.

I think back to last night and the sound of your voice - and the things I said. Oh, my darling, what a big stupid you are to go into all these dithers about how inadequate you express your ambition - at least half the time you do it better than I - certainly you did last night. I was once in the middle of the night aware that some-thing sweet had happened to me & that I wanted to

Tell me when you get this in the send-
ing it special in October 5, 1937.
The hope it will reach you tomorrow &
going out in the pouring rain at midnight
to mail it - there, now go & feel unwell!
My precious, darling boy -

I found
your letter last night late
when I got home - & my
impulse was to sit right
down & answer it, but I didn't,
for, on second thought, it
seemed better to wait until
I'd thought it over, for there's
a lot in it that needs to be
answered - & carefully. The
reason I wanted to write at
once was to tell you to
calm down & not take it
all so hard. My little lamb,
there's nothing to get so
overwhelmed by.

Now - to get down to the
matter ~~in~~ hand - as I think
over your letter, I think
we'd better go back to
what this particular debate
was about & what lies at

but it is, in the first place,
quick + instinctive. I know
that you are not incapable of
self-surrender - of giving
yourself to an emotion, for
I have seen it catch you
unawares - plenty of times.
It is on that knowledge
that I built when I
asked it of you - think-
ing it would be a good
thing, for both of us if you
could give me what I
needed when I needed it.
But each time at the first
sign of a demand from me,
you have shrunk back,
only to be overcome afterward
by a feeling of guilt at having
"failed" me - a miserable
situation for us both. So
let's try to understand it.
You avoid a conscious self-
surrender, I believe, because
in the demand for it you
see - very likely not consciously

the bottom, if we can. Of
course you yourself have tried
to do that - you didn't
really answer what I had
written which was only a
matter of letters, but you
went off in a perfect frenzy,
which I had never in the
world intended to initiate,
about who loved whom, &
how much. Well, all right,
if that's what you want to
talk about, we will. Now
I'll tell you what I think
lies at the root of such
incidents as this which occur
at intervals in the course of
our relationship. You notice
that they occur always when
I ask you for something,
- not for just anything,
but for something that
involves an act of auth-
oritative self-surrender. That
you resist. You rationalize
your resistances, of course,

at all—a threat to the integrity of your personality. And why? Because during all those important years of your childhood + adolescence a constant demand for self-surrender was made upon you — + it was the surrender of the religious mystic, or even fanatic that you were to make. This imposed upon you a conflict between mind + heart, for both could not accept it. That must have been for long unconscious — you knew only that you were unhappy — but as you grew older you began to realize that an assault was being made upon the oneness of your self — that you could not go that way and remain whole. No, I suspect you never saw it just like that — you only knew that the surrender was

impossible. Then you imposed
upon yourself the miserable task
of outwardly compromising
while inwardly refusing to
compromise - this in a certain
sense belies the integrity
you had sought to preserve
& so not wholly resolving
the conflict, most of this, I
believe, has gone on without
any clear awareness of what
was happening within you
or what was its significance.
But it did a lot of damage.
You have inevitably erected
barriers against the whole
business of self-surrender
- you set your teeth & resist
if you see it. If it creeps up
on you & takes hold of you
without your knowing what
it is, you accept it joyfully
like every other human
being. Now, I think it's time
you took hold of this whole
thing & dragged it out into
the open. Look at it, my sweet,

My mind was caught at once
by the phrase - so very
significant - "something
to which I cannot live up".
All your life someone has
been trying to make you live
up to something - a demand
and you've not been able
to satisfy, so you think you
see it where it does not exist.
I don't ask you to live up
to anything, my darling -
only - a little gloriously -
give me something - + not a
very difficult thing either.
You're a way of translating
my demands into terms of
something momentous &
fundamental (of course because
you are afraid) when they
are in themselves compara-
tively simple. I ask you to
stay over one more night in
fact, I beg you, for immediate.
I see it as a demand for
self-surrender, a symbol of
something of immense im-
portance, & so a storm rises

carefully + thoughtfully - see
it for what it is - just a
bogey. Recognize that you've
been afraid of making yourself
know that. Only so can you
destroy the fear. It's not
really your mother you're afraid
of but only the miserable emo-
tional conflict she forces upon
you - the sense of leaving the
essential unity of your perso-
nality assaulted. You must
see that first - & then you must
go on to see that the surrender
is to love - not to me. But to
love - leaves that essential
integrity unassaulted - more
than that, it fortifies it, for
it makes possible the working
together of mind & heart to a
degree you have not yet
realized. It will be hard at
first, but it will come to you
with less difficulty than you
think, and it will make
of you in the end a free
man. Yes, my love, I am
very certain of this.

that fears at us both. If you had taken it simply for what it was - I needed you, I knew you could comfort & heal - you could have just said "Well, it's damned inconvenient, but I'll stay" - it would have been much less painful. But you see you saw it - whether consciously or not - the thing you're afraid of.

About none of this am I seriously troubled - you'll get over it all. Had I never seen you in moments of self-surrender, I might doubt it, but I've seen you in too many. Of the ultimate result I am quite certain.

All this business about do you love me or don't you is so much nonsense. Stop fretting yourself about it. Of course you love me. To what fantastic ideal you compare your feeling for me?

do not know, but I do know
that what you already feel
for me is rather more & better
than what most men call love.
You realize that there are heights
you have not yet attained &
so you underestimate what
you already have. What
do you expect, my love - the
whole of life is one gulp?
Stop doubting your love - I
did long ago - you only
torment yourself. Why do
you think you came back
to me - through hell and
high water? You had our
france, so find safety in some-
one who would not demand
of you any self-surrender -
but there was after all no
safety there. You needed the
self-surrender & you needed
me because you loved me.
Why do you think you were
so terribly depressed over
this whole matter, you big
silly? Because you love me &

too little. It's not a measurable quantity — you love me this way, I love you that.

If you're going to make anything out of love, you can't be lazy about it — nor refuse to accept its emotional responsibilities. But neither of those things do you do — on the contrary, you work too hard at it + magnify the responsibilities.

Of course you're emotionally undernourished — so are most people in the difference is that you know it + so feel inadequate. But that's silly — for here is the food on your table — you have only to eat. Put your mind on getting the nourishment, not on what the level of it has done to you.

And, my dear love, stop thinking so much about yourself. This is not an exhortation to be less self-ish.

want me + this seemed to you to threaten our love. You say that if you loved me you couldn't fail me — of course you could — are you a god that you never are? We all fail those we love at one time or another.

Do not mistake inarticulateness for lack of feeling, nor suspect, of the latter because you see in yourself the former. I do not believe, of course, that you are inarticulate — only reticent, + that chiefly because you have made yourself so. I think that with a definite + conscious effort, your expressions will come easily — you're nearer to it now than you think — you do much better than most men.

Stop regarding love quantitatively — don't talk — or think — about one person loving more or less than another — or enough or

for that you never are - but
one to try to get your nat-
urally subjective tempera-
ment a little better under
control. Stop thinking of
your own inadequacy (that
fiction of your too active
imagination) and think
instead of my need. Not
that I am more import-
ant than you - but that
you need to try to get
your thoughts focussed on
something outside yourself.
Never mind whether you're
adequate or not - let
that take care of itself while
you put your mind on what
it is that I want & exer-
cise your ingenuity to give
it to me. You can. You
can't have - countless
times. You talk about my
plight - which seems to
be that I am in love with
you. Then you write you

hands about being a sham
& failing me & just generally
work yourself up. And all
that perfectly good emotion gets
wasted on self-recrimination.
Try ~~not~~ putting that emotional
energy into something fruit-
ful — try, for instance, doing
what I asked, which was,
after all, only to answer my
letters.

Good heavens, I never im-
plied that you'd let me
down. I have at moments
felt that you did. But al-
ways I thought it over &
saw that you had merely
failed to understand what
I needed & wanted of you &
why. We therefore my present
tendency to be perhaps
over-explicit about my
desires. In any major
matter, you will never
fail me. You will merely
have to set to & learn the
somewhat complex paths

this much better could we
see each other often or was we
actually living together.

You were a dumb to call
me up — and why, incident-
ally, do you think you did
it? Because you love me,
you silly goose. You were
feeling terribly low + you
wanted us — nearer than
300 miles. And why were you
so low? Because you'd
worked yourself up into think-
ing maybe you didn't love
me. And why did that
depress you? Because you
want very much to love
me. And why do you want
to? Because you do, you
big silly. You get from love,
as I do, a sense of security,
a hold on life. You scare
yourself into thinking you've
lost it, but the very fear
shows that you have not.
You didn't tell me what

of the emotional life. As
yet, you see clearly only the
main roads. No, that's un-
fair, for there are moments
when you weave your way
through a maze of paths
with great skill — as if at
times you were blindfolded,
at times not. It's walking
on earth but a little time,
a little effort, a little thought.

It's all nonsense about
my spirit — which is not
really so fine as yours — but
we'll let that pass. I'm
not going to wear my
hands over my unworthi-
ness — I'm just going about
living with gratitude that I've
got better than I deserve.
And it's quite all right with
me — I want to get more
than I deserve — God knows
I'd be in a bad way if I
didn't.

I'd sell my soul to have
you nearer. We'd manage all

The telephone was your own.
I mean simply — should I
have to make a person to
person call or should I get
you on a station to station?

Now relax, my love,
take this all a bit easier
— think about it, yes,
but don't bear yourself to
pieces over it. Try to under-
stand yourself and — per-
haps even more important —
try to understand me, in
the hope that in that effort
you will love yourself — and
so most truly find yourself.
Everything's going to be all
right.

But before you start on the
understanding, for God's
sake, go & see that lawyer!
Give me a break, darling.

Write me as freely as you
can — & a little more than
you can!

Bless you, my dear love,
a thousand times — Connie

If I called that tel. no. would I
get you or your Friday -
landlady?

My dearest love -

[202837]

I am feeling
troubled now over my
last night's letter, least it
seem to mean something
other than I meant. I
don't want you, for instance,
to think that by my re-
marks about the differences
between your letters & mine,
I meant that I regarded
my sort as superior for
god knows I don't - nor
do I think that you should
take me for a model in
that or in anything else. I
love your letters just as they
are - I do not want to
suggest that you should
write in any other way than
the one you naturally do

going to ask you one more
thing. I get in such
distress over you when I
don't hear from you —
couldn't you just send me
a p.c. on the days when
you don't write a letter?
Darling, I know I'm a
miserable, + I know I'm
unreasonable, + I just
cannot help it. Between
Wed. morning + this evening
there was no letter from you,
+ you're no idea of my state
of mind. I can't be reason-
able, dear, + that's all there
is about it. I've lost so
much that I cannot be-
lieve that I shall keep
you — and all this afternoon
my mind was full of
automobile accidents +
every other known kind
of disaster. Why, I practice —

→ only that if you can, you
add a little something. I
find myself now thinking
letters to you as I go about
my business but then feeling
shy + self-conscious about
writing them because you
seem not interested in that
part of letters. I do not think
this is good → + so I wrote
as I did last night. If
there is any comparison to
be made between your
letters + mine, it's all in
your favor — my letters are,
as I will know, just an
emotional waltz, all full
of split infinitives. But,
dearest, this has all been
dammed up in me so long
→ I need so much to let
it out.

While we're on the
topic of letters, sweet, I'm

ally lead Rochester swept
away by a tornado. I
know I must ask you for
a letter every day - & that
it would be silly if I did,
for no letter that's written
because it's asked for is
desirable - but really,
sweetheart, a p.c. would
take almost no effort or
time. You could carry one
with you in your pocket &
write it between classes
or as you ate lunch or at
any other odd moments -
only a few words, really.
But then I'd know you
were safe.

I suspect, anyhow, that
you write more to please
me than yourself. That's
not a criticism - I think
it only makes your letters

I'm so glad you didn't blow yourself to more than \$14 worth of death. Put up with the inconvenience as best you can - I hope another year you'll have half an acre of death. I'm glad you're beginning to find your quarters pleasant - or at least tolerably so. I'm thrilled that you can get W & X R - though sur-

the sweater. Your remark in to-day's letter about being a wretch makes me realize that. You feel guilty at not leaving written more. When I don't write, I feel deprived, not guilty. For me it is to me a way of being with you. Even when I do write every day I don't say half I want to.

I'm so glad you didn't blow yourself to more than \$14 worth of death. Put up with the inconvenience as best you can - I hope another year you'll have half an acre of death. I'm glad you're beginning to find your quarters pleasant - or at least tolerably so. I'm thrilled that you can get W & X R - though sur-

time!

I'm so glad to hear all about the department meeting, & everything connected with your professional career is of immense interest to me, you know. I want a clear picture in my mind of the work, the department & you in them. I feel, as I told you before, that you have a small opportunity in the position you find yourself in. I know you'll make something of it. And how good that thing's going well in your relations with the "old friends & acquaintances". I feel so proud of your ability to fit yourself in both

prised - you're not supposed to be able to so far from NY!
You must have a very good radio. I've just discovered by accident that I can get it at both ends of the dial - on mine it's about 170 and about 63 - so if you don't get it on one try the other. I've presently had all the regular programs of recorded music - WNYC has a good one from 9 to 10 in the morning - can you get that? It repeats from 6 to 7 at night, generally. And I have 2 other parts I'll not even tell you about for they're 11:30-12:00 & 12:00-1:00 at night! I am enchanted with the idea of our listening to the same music at the same

professionally + personally,
The only thing you could ever
possibly need to be reminded
of is not to expect too much
of people.

How splendid that you
to leave Donald + Betty for
the week end! Oh dear, I do
enjoy them. It's only 2 weeks
+ it seems a thousand years
+ stretches on + on ahead of
us.

Darling, you must attend
to that matter of the lawyers.
Your wife's letters should be
answered - it's poor policy
to postpone ~~them~~ ^{it} + the letters
shouldn't be written if
you've seen a lawyer. I
can't write more now, but
really, dear, I think it's
very poor policy to let it
ride like this. This is all
a great deal too important
to treat as if it were like
getting a hair-cut! One

Dear to
them
business + of
as well
as this
is
will not
must

Thursday -

[100837]

My darling -

I should have written this yesterday, but I was all upset + in a stew for this reason + that, so I didn't. The chief reason for leaving was to warn you of plunging heavily on the desks. You spoke of having to buy a new one if you couldn't find a possible 2nd hand one, + referred to it as a sort of lifetime purchase - which of course it would be. But you see, among the Exeter things are 4 desks - 2 of them will come to me and besides, I've one of my own. That means will

used by schoolmasters for something like 100 years - it should go on. But don't set your heart on it - for I know Sister wants it for Hugh! That's why I don't want to raise the issue till everyone is calmer.

Don't feel you must rush the sweaters measurements - what ~~does~~ a week or two away or the other out of 5 years which is probably about how long it will be before the sweater is done! May I use my discretion about color or leave you a particular desire?

Don't forget your quarters are only temporary and their aesthetic imperfections needn't trouble you too much. It's only a few months out of a lifetime that you'll live there. But

leave 3 - it seems foolish to buy another. Of course I see the problem - you must leave one now. I've thought of sending you one of these, but they are all placed now in Sister's house & all in use for storage purposes. To take one away would be inconvenient then & also raise the matter of the division of the furniture whether or which things I want to do yet if it can be avoided - everybody's nerves are still too tangled. By all this I mean simply - don't spend any more than you can help on it & don't regard it as the deal you'll use all your life. I have my heart set on your leaving Dad's big one - it's been

The heat is another matter,
Do let us know how that
goes. I still feel troubled
about it.

Darling, 75 m.p.h. is not
safe - it worries me terribly
to have you ever do
such a thing. As matter, what
the road is - you could do
nothing to deal with an
emergency at that pace,
+ you're simply taking
chances on there being
no emergency - that
is just plain reckless +
I'm surprised at you -
besides, I'm terrified. It
won't do you any good
either just not to tell me
the next time you do it or
from now on or shall be
certain you're doing it
every time you go out-
side the city limits. I
wish, I wish, I wish you

wouldn't. It's not fair to me,
dearest, really it's not -
unless you're in the car, for if
you're going to be killed so
am I. Oh please, George.

I think what gave me
the biggest thrill in your
letter was what you said
about your teaching and
how happy you were to be
back at it. It makes me
happy to know you feel
that way - very happy,
for it's awfully important.
I do love you so much,
when you say things like
that. It made me happy, too,
to have you speak of the
pleasure of your old boys
in seeing you again - that's
50% of being a good
teacher - the capacity for
dealing with other minds
& personalities in such a

of what I thought. But you mustn't think of this as complaint - it is all because I want very much to have as complete understanding between us as is possible. There are things that I want from you which seem to me of great importance - possibly only because I have had them all my life - and I think you should know what things I want. That still leaves you free to refuse them to me if I may be wrong in thinking them important. I believe that you have led an on the whole emotionally inadequate life and that you greatly need a vital one, even at the cost of a certain amount of emotional stress + strain. I also believe that a some-

way as to leave an impression like that. It gives me deep satisfaction to know that you can do it. Of course I absolutely believe that you have it in you to be a great teacher - that you have the right qualities of mind + heart, qualities I am sure cannot be acquired - they are given or not given, but of course you must nourish and encourage them.

There - now I'm going to talk about me - or about you and me. When I wrote you last I was a bit peevish over your scanty notes. Well, I've thought a lot about it since - and had one letter from you, which has added further thought + I've decided to write you some

what complex emotional
relation will be more per-
manently interesting to you
than one simpler + less
demanding. I think a cer-
tain amount of stress +
strain you actually enjoy
+ find stimulating. This
does not mean I understand
the importance of
peace, serenity, + other
similar qualities — you
need those, too. But it
does mean that I am going
to say more to you + ask
more of you than I should
of most men because I
think — it always makes
one relationship feel — +
I think you want that.
But I do not know — I
am not so foolish as to be
certain in any matter. You
must tell me when +
where I err.
Last spring when you

were going through that pro-
longed ordeal I did my
very best to understand
your needs & to minister to
them. I saw quite clearly
that your need was immed-
iate, and I tried to make
no demands upon you, for I
didn't want to add to your
burdens. You said to me on
that fateful day last winter
"She cannot minister to my
spirit" - the words remain
in my mind for I thought at
once that that was the key
to the whole matter. It is
something that you must
have - and so, my love,
must I. Now it is you
turn - or perhaps both
our turns - but at any
rate, now I think it is fair
for me to insist that you
shall try to understand me.
Of course this was really
what was at issue that
night in Exeter when you
finally soothed me with the

my mind I would get him
off to you to-night, so I
will plod on!

Well, it all started over
this business of letters,
didn't it? Of course that
remarks of mine about
taking time out of my
pleasures + my sleep to
write to you was pretty
silly. It sort of irked me
that you could spend a
week - and enjoying yourself
+ find no time in it to write
to me - just because I
knew I should have found
the time. Well, that's no
credit to me + therefore
certainly no reasonable
ground for complaint. I
write to you for one reason
only - that I want to.
If I went on a week - and
binge + write to you on it
it would be because I
wanted to more than I
wanted to do whatever

dine + what was at
issue this fall when I re-
peatedly asked you for what
you repeatedly refused.
Neither time did you really
understand what it was I
wanted or needed until
at the end of the long
debate two weeks ago.
Then I think you were
really beginning to know
what it is all about. I
think you have for now to
give than you have ever
known how to give - I
think you are beautifully
generous, beautifully un-
selfish. I also think this
is a wonderfully disjointed,
incoherent letter + you'd
very likely make neither
head nor tail of it. I'm
very tired + I've just
got the curse + I'd be
better off in bed with a hot
drink, but I'd make up

other pleasant thing, there
was to do. So - check off
all I said in that connect-
ion. God knows it's more
fun to write to you than
to sleep. Of course it's al-
ways a disappointment
not to get a letter - but
that you would not write
otherwise, ~~and~~ would you?

But, sweetheart, what
does bother me is this -
I have fallen into the way
of laying bare my heart
to you - not incessantly,
I hope, but when I felt
the need - and I get no
response from it. You seem
to pay no attention. It
makes me feel as I should
if you were here and I
said these intimate things
to you, and you made no
answer whatever, but
went on to talk of what

you'd lead for lunch. It
would be a painful rebuff - it
would seem that you had
no interest in what happened
in my heart. Now this I
know is not true - I
know that if you were
here, it would not happen
like that - but it does
practically invariably in
letters, and each time it
inflicts a little sharp pain
which is by no means in-
ferable but which I think
you neither wish nor mean
to inflict. You see, I am,
now by self-discipline
over many years now by
instinct, a reticent per-
son. I do not easily
speak of what is in my
heart. I think it is import-
ant that I should for my
own emotional welfare -
and I think it is import-

in thought + feeling ^{than} ~~that~~
in the events of day-by-day
living. I think it is not
the easiest way for you to
write a letter, but I think
that perhaps it might be
a good idea if you tried to
see where it was that I
wrote you because I needed
you arms around me and
to give me some sort of
direct response. In your
last letter, for instance,
you said that it was im-
possible for you to answer
everything I'd written
because you were so far
behind - + that seemed
reasonable, but in the two
sheets that followed you
answered nothing of what
I'd written - and I think
you might have managed
a little something. One of
those letters I had written

out for the welfare of our
relationship that it should
be to you. To get no answer
to what I say cannot help
making me feel I'd better
have kept it to myself.
I've read over a lot of
your letters + thought
over the whole thing + I
think the point probably is
that you do not quite
know what to say or how
to deal with my howl,
so you simply say nothing.
Your letters are almost
entirely concerned with
events, not thoughts or
feelings - my own are
more likely to be the
other way. If I thought
you were simply that
kind of person, I'd keep
still, but I believe you,
too, are really more interested

in a moment of spiritual
travail, and my heart
longed for your reply - but
I got none whatever - not
even one little scribble -
for that or for anything. All
written you in these last
10 days of more emotion-
al import than the silb
silk. Dearest, I do not
believe that you are cold
to my needs, but all the
same, it is hard for me to
remain sure of that and
secure in that knowledge
unless you respond just a
little. You, too, are reticent,
and you are, besides, not
in the habit of dealing
with the emotions on
paper. I do not think you
are by nature inarticulate
at all - I think you are
merely not in the habit of

Being highly articulate
about the emotions, that
you can be. I have evidence,
you can write most beautiful
love letters. True, the auth-
or is your own and I am
here demanding that you
respond to an emotion not
your own. But I think
you can share mine to
some extent if you're
imaginative enough. — +
so respond. Do not think
that I am bored with the
news of your own daily
life — I love it — I love
to follow you about + see
you hunt for rooms, or
miss your classes. But it's
just not quite enough.
So write to me and say
— here is my heart and
you alone may see what
it is it — and to have

person speaking to you —
and the same thing works
best, I think, in letters.
You are very punctilious
about answering my things.
I ask you which are concerned
with facts, and I expect
you fail in the other respect
because you do not quite
know how ~~to~~ or what to
say. But, I repeat, I think
you should try. I want
to really share your life
— what goes on in your
mind & heart as well as
what goes on about you
— and I want you to
share mine in the same
way. Our only method of
adequately doing this is
through the medium of words
— not easy, perhaps, but
so rewarding, I am certain.

is answered only the
things that filled you
days — couldn't you just
at least say you sort of
like being the only one to
see into my heart? Maybe
you don't, but I think
you do. I think a cor-
respondence is most reward-
ing & most satisfying —
and adds most to the
growth of a relationship
— when it is like a
conversation. Of course
we all often write in haste
or with minds distracted
& don't do it very well
or very aptly, but I
think that in the long
run it's not too difficult
to regard each letter as
an answer to the one that
preceded it. You do not
ignore the remarks of a

We'll both live the happier
for it.

Oh, goodness, darling, do
I make you feel that loving
me is going to boil down
into one long wallow in
emotion? How revolting!
I'd not put a single
emotion in a letter for a
week - I'd make them
nice & make 'em just a
prosaic & broad & kind.

Dearest, you are sweet,
and you do give me much,
much, to feed my hungry
heart, just as you are -
all this is too much for
you, never mind.

It's horribly late & I
simply must stop, but
I love you awfully -

I'm sending this special to Connie
for the day of promise.

Tuesday -

{28 Sept 37}

Darling -

It is a relief
to know you're back
safe and sound - and
splendid to know you
had such a good
week - end. All the
same, I think you
might manage more
than a note once a
while. You haven't
written anything else
for a week - just
crumbs when I'm so
hungry. After all, I take
time out of my pleasures

were to write at all, which
you were - but oh, so
much sweeter if you'd
written more!

About the letters - I still
think the obvious place for
them to be is at the Y. M. C. A.,
which is where they were
addressed - Mr. P. O. might
have mislaid your instruct-
ions, but perhaps by word
the Y. has sent them back
to the P. O. & they've been
passed on to the next stage.
Do at least try at the
Y. M. C. A. instead of just
at the P. O. And let
me know what happens,
for I want to replace the
contents of one of them
if it's really lost.

I went straight from

and out of my night to
write to you - I do
think you might do as
much for me once in a
while - so true! Yes,
I am grateful, I know
- but you see, every
day I've said to my-
self - "This time I'll
get a letter" - and
to-day I'm nervous and
depressed and needed
it 'specially, so when
it was the shortest
one yet, I was so
disappointed I wept,
and so disappointed I
couldn't just ^{write} ~~write~~ a
merry, pleasant letter
about how sweet you

Monday.

59 Sep 0 375

Sweetheart -

No word from
you since Saturday - yes,
I know it's all right -
you've been too busy, but
I keep thinking of all
the climbing + all the
driving - and you say
Donald is a reckless
driver. Well, that's life,
is it? - you're outdoors
in direct relation to the
amount you love. Well,
I hope to-morrow will
bring me word that
all is well. (Too many
wells, aren't there?)

You say, borrow money
to pay for it. I don't approve
of that in general, but
this is like an operation -
next year you'd do as
well as this, you've got
to leave it when the
doctor says. And this, I
believe, is a case of
something that's important
for the mental health of
at least 3 people. If we
were all 10 years younger,
a year or two one way
or the other wouldn't matter
much - but we're not. I
feel that particularly for
her - the time element
is going to count in her
reconstruction. She's in
your best age for
leaving either husbands

You should see your
lovely Indian box - I've
polished it, and brought
out the rich play of color
and texture intended by
the artist who made
it. I even polished the
silver dime I keep in
it - do you remember
the dime?

I've been thinking
about the divorce & the
money question as raised
by your wife (none of her
business, either!). I do
think that it should
be disposed of as quickly
as possible for everyone's
sake. Therefore, it's im-
portant enough to, as

or jobs. I shouldn't be surprised if there's nothing to be done but accept the Wisconsin divorce, but if so (& I'm not yet sure), it should be made as certain as possible that it will be obtained. If you have to borrow money to see to thing through & eat and the year in a state to take on a wife, we can still be married & stay with our respective jobs, spending our vacations together - not ideal at all nor giving us all we need, but at least giving us the right to be together all the time we're free.

Dearest - I love you -

C

Saturday -

[26 Sep 37]

Dearest Sweetheart,

I am
still stewing about those
letters you didn't get! I
judge from your note to-day
that you told the P.O. to
hold them instead of send-
ing them to the Y. M. C. A.
— and they didn't. I still
think you'll probably find
them at the Y. M. C. A. —
I can't believe anyone
just threw them out. It
would certainly be the
first thing to buy. You
ask when I mailed them
— well, I wrote at night
— too late to go out & drop
them in a box, so they
were mailed the next

I am deeply grateful.
Now I wait eagerly for
news of you, week-end.
I've thought of you all
day and wondered what
your weather was, and if
you were leaving as perfect
a time as you should.
It's sweet of you to wish
I were there - so, my dear,
do I - terribly.

I am also eager to
hear how you like your
new quarters as you
settle in. I am troubled
by the excessively low
price - there must be
something wrong! I'm
so afraid it will be the
heat + you'll freeze. I
shall worry about you.

morning. That would be
one each on Mon., Tues.,
+ Wed. I think I mailed
them all here. Do let me
know what happens next.

You are sweet to have
written so pitifully in the
midst of all your turmoil
— there's been only one
day since you left
with no word from you,
and if you knew the
wounds + strength +
comfort that flow into
my heart when I open
the box and take out
something in your
writing, you would be
more than rewarded for
whatever effort it has
cost you. You're being
very generous, dear, and

But be lavish with the
electric heater, darling,
— promise? When there's
only one person, you can
keep pretty warm by
supplementing with that —
if it's a good one.

Darling, as the days
go on, I am more and
more glad that you
stayed the extra day
with me. I hope you're
not being affected the
opposite way! Since you
actually got off to climb
the day before you'd
originally expected, it
certainly didn't cost you
anything of that week-
end, and if it did
make the time before that

more pushed + hurried, I
can't believe it was bad
enough to have you wish
- or otherwise. I still feel that
there was something more
than practicality, pulling
you away from me - I
suppose the situation at
home. Otherwise I can't
believe you'd have fought
what I wanted so hard.
But even though I know
I subjected you to consid-
erable strain, & made
things difficult for you,
still I do not regret. I
think it was essential -
not just good, but really
essential - for our relation-
ship that you should
have put me first at that
point. You will not mis-
understand that, will you,
dearest? You see, I am

after — + finding, as one
more. I was really in some-
thing of a panic. I
reached out for you in
the dark + my hand
touched only the empty
air. Do you see something
of what I mean, sweetheart?
It was, in a sense, crucial
→ your decision to stay
with me. It wasn't my
dear one, that I had to
have my own way, nor
even that I wanted
24 hours more of you
(though I did, terribly)
but it was that I had
to have my sense of se-
curity restored. When
that had been done I
could bear to see you go,
painful as it was. You
must have seen, yourself,

passing through the darkest
shadow I've yet encountered
— and it was at its
worst in the weeks before
you came + my calls to
you for help had been
met by silence or refusal.
Yes, I know, dear, you
didn't know how desperate
they were, nor what you
could do — but the fact
remains that you not
only hurt me, but
frightened me. My sense
of security, which has
always been fragile, which
had been shattered a
year ago, crumbled again.
I had counted on you, +
you were not there. It
was like arriving in a
strange country, where
I was to be met and loved

that my mood was different
when you left on Saturday
than when you said you
were leaving on Friday.
I felt safe again, you see,
safe in your love. You were
not giving way to a whim,
but recognizing an absolutely
essential need. If you had
acted differently, sweetheart,
something would have been
gone that could never have
been quite restored. If I
had bowed to you in such a
crisis & been refused, I should
never have felt certain of
you again. But I was not
— although I had to fight
not to be. Another time I
think I should not have
to fight, for now you
understand. And so you
see, it is some when I
say that some of the things

my father gave me without
which it seemed to me I
could not live, I can find
in you. This sense of safety
& security is the chief of
them - without it I am
nothing, with it I can go
ahead & take what comes.
I know it's going to be
something of a strain
on you - but I am con-
vinced that the consequent
enriching of our relation
will balance that. You
say yourself that you
need to be needed -
well, my dear, I suspect
that no one has ever
needed you so much.
It's rather like having
diabetes - if you have
your insulin, you can be
a normal, useful person

into it the better - and I
really think it would be a
good thing if you said so
Eva - not for my sake,
but for yours - or ours, for
it would help along the
divorce. I'm sure she'd
be a good sport about it
if you put it up to her.
Darling, when you remem-
ber the damage that has
been done to you and us
by this fatal habit of
keeping still - I should
think you'd feel as I do
is that in the long run
fewer people are hurt by
a policy of speaking
out. If I were you, I'd
be more frank with my
family. When there is
some specific end to be
gained by secrecy, or

- without it you might
as well be dead for all
the use you are to your-
self or anyone else. Well,
you're my insulins!

I was a little amused by
the letter from your wife.
I think she's rationaliz-
ing, isn't she? She de-
cided she didn't want to
go to Reno after all so say-
she thought up a good
reason! Of course one could
easily be annoyed at her
remarks about the money
- it's not her business
if you choose to enter your
second marriage in debt.
I do think it was a bit
tactless of Eva to tell her
about the car - it doesn't
do anyone any good to put
things stirred up.
The less I am brought

course - it's better to keep
still, but I should think
there were many ends to be
gained by frankness, as
far as Eva is concerned.
Of course I do not know
her - & if you say I'm
wrong, then I am. But
it seems to me that
you're making a barrier
between yourself & some-
one who has been close to
you. I doubt if she'd love
really, understand, but I
think she'd be flattered
& pleased if you confided
in her more completely &
told her how much you
needed her on your side.
I do believe that she loves
you & that you're not giving
her all the prerogatives of
love. She needs to be needed,
just like all the rest of
us. But, dearest, I may be

Friday -

[25 Sept 1947]

My dearest, dearest Boy -

I was
terribly upset to get your
letter to-day with the news
that you'd had none from
me since the post. It seems
if you must have written
me one I never got, telling
me to send mine to the P.O.
— or perhaps you thought
you'd said that to me. But,
sweetest — all you told me
was to write to the G.M.C.A.
file further notice. And I
didn't get the further notice
till Wed. + had in the
meantime written 4 times to
the G.M.C.A. I feel terribly
that you didn't get them,
for I knew your days would

Clinton - did you get those? One of them had the information about the lawyer you're to go to. It seems to take you letters 2 days to get here. though last year it only took one. So I didn't get you here on till Wed. - was the Wed. one till to-day. But has sort of helped confuse things. The one with the Clinton address came only in time for me to mail a Wed. night letter here - & I'm afraid it didn't get there till you had left on your trip. But I'm sure Donald will send it on, so at least those 2 you'll get.

This one you'll probably not be able to read - I'm writing it on a god-awful

be difficult + weary + I wanted you to have a letter every day. Besides, I wanted to write to you - to console you - to console you. The letter had a small present in it - no, too small to be called a present - but anyhow, something I'd hunted up for you + wanted you to have - though, if you didn't get that I can duplicate it - the letters I can't + I wanted you to have them, too. You say you kept going to the P.O. for letters, so I suppose signals got crossed somehow. Anyway, do pop over to the U.M.C.A. + see if they've kept them for you. I don't remember whether I put any return address on. I also sent 2 letters to

train, coming back late
at night from Dobbs Ferry,
where I've done my first
day's work & spent the
evening with Lena. Did
I ever tell you about her?
I should have, if I haven't
for she's a grand person,
whose friend I am proud
to be, and one I want
you to know - just as I
want to share with you
everything important in
my life. She's had a
hard life, with few rewards,
but she's suddenly courage-
ous, and faces her rather
bleak future without a
whimper. Besides all that
character she's very intel-
ligent and a grand
companion. So - it was
surely to be with her again.

after 4 months, and I had
a good evening - as good
as it could be without
you - my blessing. Oh how
it's not yet a week since
we parted - will all the
weeks be as long as this
one?

Just a year ago to-day
I saw my father for the last
time - for it was not really
he that I saw on Thanks-
giving Day - nothing of
what I had so much
loved was still there -
the mind gone and even
the beauty of his body,
which was part of what
I loved. Everything that
was really he I saw for
the last time on the
24th of September. He

that incomparable smile,
which is also ^{in my} first
memory of him. Can you
see him darling, can you,
with your own memories
of him, see him standing
on that platform saying
his last good-bye bow?
I want so much that
you should see that.

So now the year is up
- it is another step on
the long road away from
him. Only yesterday I
could say - "I was
with him less than a
year ago". And presently
it will be Thanksgiving
- which last year we
were to have spent
all together in New York.

had on that silver gray
suit - do you remember it
- he always looked so
beautiful in it, and he
did that day. I never saw
him handsomer than in
that last glimpse from
the train window. He was
standing in the bright
sunlight, with it all
gleaming in those crisp
curls, his hand uplifted
(do you remember that so
characteristic gesture -
of greeting or farewell?)
his body with that
beautiful poise - it always
had - erect, but never
rigid, full of rhythm of
line and movement -
and his face illumined by

but which instead we
spent all together in Exeter
— the last day we were
ever all together. Yes, I
know, I know — there are
so many happy thanks-
givings ~~to~~ look back
upon, too — we were always
so happy and gay on
those family festivals, but
now the chain is broken,
and I must pay for what
I've had.

"The sad account of your
benumbed woman —
which I now pay as if
not paid before."

O! "dearest, this letter is
a bit doleful, is it? but
you will not mind — I
know to you alone, to you
alone I open my heart.
To no one else all day
have I spoken of that which

Dear my dearest -
Dear my mind.

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

23 Apr 1937

Wednesday - again!

Dearest -

You see I have to
write every few hours!
Well - not long after I'd
gone out to mail your letter
Pete called + I thought I'd
better write you what she
said at once, being as I've
no address in Rochester now
+ was afraid this wouldn't
get to Clinton before you
left for your Adirondack
unless I wrote it at once.
She said Bobie Remington
called her up last night
+ said he'd thought it
would be quieter since he
was coming to N.Y. rather

man writing back to Vir-
ginia. Lies of lies to figure it
all out, wasn't it? Anyhow
he said he'd go at once
to his brother (also a lawyer)
and talked it over with
him + that they'd both agreed
that the man for you to go
to is Clarence W. Gifford - a
member of the firm of Remington
& Remington, whose offices
are in the Lincoln Alliance
Bank Bldg. He said that
Mr. Gifford is not strictly a
divorce lawyer, but has
handled divorce cases very
successfully, knows the
divorce laws + just generally
knows his way about in that
sort of job. He's what they
call "a very sound man" -
so go to it, my pet. Tell him

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

You were sent to him by a
friend of John Remington's —
also explain that you're a
school-teacher + poor! Rick
says all the Remington boys
went to the U. of B. + she
was sure you'd be very
fairly treated about money.
Be as confidential as you
can — it's the sort of thing
in which a really personal
interest counts a lot. Get
his ^{personal} sympathies as well as his
professional on your side &
he'll accomplish wonders.

You're so sweet, + the
days are so long.

Good-night, my dear, my
dear — C.

Wednesday -

(22 Sept 38)

My Darling -

Your letter from the Hotel Cadillac came today - in the meantime I had sent four (4) (IV) letters to the Y. U. C. A. . Too bad, precious, but I knew no better - + I can't remember whether I put any return address on, so I guess you'd better gallop around + get them. Besides, I think all of them had something in that I really wanted to say!

I was glad to find your letter in my box this morning and to know you had arrived in Rochester all in one piece. Love to

you at Donald's + I'm not
going to send any more to
the void at Rochester.

We had a minor adventure
to-day - Sister + Joan and I
were having lunch together
in the tea-room when Joan
I dined last Thursday (or
was it last year Thurs.?)
+ presently became con-
scious that 2 men at
the next table were
gazing long at Joan + talk-
ing about her - obviously
with admiration. After a
while one of them to our
amazement, asked Sister
if she'd mind letting him
use Joan for a model for
some photographs! Sister
said she'd be flattered, so
we all marched over to
the studio! It's one of the
places where they do swanky
commercial photography -

know you're so in demand
among the widows, too -
but I shan't start
worrying a pile of divor-
ces yet after you - that
I shouldn't approve at all!
And now you're off for a
week-end of driving and
climbing - oh dear! oh,
dear, I don't quite mean
that, for I know you'll
have a heavenly time
and I do want you to.
But you will be careful, wait
you, sweet - don't drive
on the left, don't climb
precipices, etc., etc. And
Joan writes us all about
it. I shan't write again
after this till I have an
address. I'm afraid a
later letter would not reach

They give like the pictures
in Vogue. One of the men was
young + trying to get a job, so
the older one was giving him
a course of instruction +
they needed models. They
said they'd give Sister a
copy of the best one for his
trouble - which, if maybe
as good as they should be,
means a very special picture
for nothing. The older man
did several himself + he
was obviously an artist. It
was fascinating to watch
and listen. Then they
did Sister, too, and her
me. If it's any good, you
can leave it. But I don't
expect it to be, for I was
looking my worst - one of
the days when I hadn't
bothered to be kind on my
least because clothes.
My dearest love, sweetheart - E.

Tuesday

[22 Sep 839]

Sweetheart

A week ago
this very minute you and
I were walking up the
road through the woods
in the moonlight. Oh
dear, I wish it were now.
But there is one small bit
of comfort — one atom of
comfort — that now I
am a few days nearer
the time when we shall
be together again. Four of
the many weary days
between our last meeting
and our next I have
worked my way through.

Thank you, my sweet,
for the p.c. from Clinton.
I have now only to hear

But what I think you ought to find out is, what grounds she is going to sue, also what — in that state + on those grounds — are the probable results. That is to say, is it essentially certain that you will be freed when the case comes into court, + is it essentially certain that the case will come into court within the time she told you. You have a right, of course to know what to expect — and that fairly definitely. I've thought much these last days about the whole situation and still feel that you are not being treated really fairly, and certainly not with compassion. It seems to me that no one profits by the present arrange-

ment that you are safely in Rochester to feel a little less troubled about you. But, darling, it's only when I am with you that I can be at all sane about you. Anything might happen — and I so far away. So much that I love I've lost that, with my natural talent for being frightened, I live in daily fear of losing you. This is too good, too sweet, too altogether miraculous.

How about the divorce — of course if your wife really has a job for the year, I suppose there's nothing to be done, except wait till next summer — even if there were any thing to be done otherwise.

ment, and that - it does a
good deal of harm. Your
wife is forced to live in a
not altogether congenial
home when she wants to be
in D. C., and when she ought
to be free to look for a new
job and a new husband.
And as for you and me -
we're being subjected to
a heavy strain at a time
when both of us for differing
reasons need the exact
opposite rather badly. Just
from the point of view of your
health alone, it's bad
enough to be really brutal
- you need relief from all
strain except the inevitable
stresses of everyday
living. You need to be
living a life as phys-
ically normal as possible.

and to have always at your
back the stability and comfort
of a home. You need all this
more than most men — and
partly because of the very
strain to which your
wife subjected you last
year and even before
that. If the whole marriage
had been your mistake alone,
I should feel that bias was
justified, ~~if~~ ^{rightly} not weary, in
your suffering for it — but
of course we know it
wasn't, + she must know
it, too — and, if he looks
at it at all objectively,
so must her brother. As
for me — of course I can
hardly expect him to consider
me — but if he were really
fair, he would, wouldn't he?
That is, he would consider all

Sunday? It really is something rather 'special', I think. It is a great pity that he's not doing that all the time, & it seems to me to leave everything - it is excellent in design, both in the large and in detail. It's one of the most livable houses I've ever seen - comfortable, convenient & charming - besides all of which, it is simply remarkable for the money. It looks easily twice as expensive. It's a stupid waste of talent for him to be doing book-binding in a hospital for the insurance. How let's put together the first part & the second in

those directly concerned. Well, anyhow, you must find out more about where you stand - whether you are absolutely helpless, and what you have to expect, I must, of course, consider my side of it partly from the purely practical point of view - that is - the matter of keeping, or giving up my job will come up sooner or later. I say this not to worry you, dearest, but just so that you may have in mind the things you need to consider - and to have professional advice about.

Did I tell you I went out to see Hugh's house for Mildred & Alice -

and I want to see you and your darling -

This letter + indulge in a diatribe on the present organization of society, that ranks love below a set of tribal taboos, and talent below an aggressive and unscrupulous exploitation.

Never mind, I've heard the Beethoven 6th Symphony this evening. There's something society can't touch, and that will remain long after you and I, Hugh + Sister are under the sod. All the same, I'm not sure, it's not in the end, less important than some organization of society in which love may be fulfilled + talent used. No, one wouldn't say either is more important - they're all essential to a full + rich life. Anyhow - now

Monday -

{21 Sept 37}

Sweetheart -

Just a note to
go into his small box
for wrapping shaving
brushes et al. I didn't
feel at all certain
about size of pieces
so didn't cut it and
finish the edges for you.
I'm not sure they'll
travel anyway. If this is
not enough, please let
me know.

Dearest the moon is
full and shining in
my window and I feel

and thought of you and
what fun - it would be
to laugh together over Childs
suddenly going elegant &
sophisticated.

I bought myself a new
pocketbook to-day - a good
enough one to last two
years and I was going
to have my initials put
on it when I suddenly
thought what an ill omen
that would be - to
commit myself to the
same initials for two years
- so I said I'd changed
my mind and wouldn't
have initials which
rather surprised the
girl! Does that make a

lonely and sad - I want
you when the moon is
full (and when it's
new, and when it's
in between). Yes, I
know - there will be
other moons, but never
this one again. Every
day, every night that I
pass without you is just
that much gone out of
my life. Everything I
do and think is just
that much less signif-
icant for not being
shared with you. I
dropped in for tea to-day
in a new Childs, all
done in a very Bieder-
mayer sort of way -

Sunday -

{20 Sept 37}

Dearest Angel -

And what
an angel you were to write
me so quickly, & to send
it special! I was so relieved
to know you were safely at
home and glad it
didn't take you too
terribly long, though a
little troubled by your
speed. You will remember,
sweetest, what you, that
anything that happens
to you will do terrible
damage to me? I do
wish you might have had
a letter from me to-day,
but you said nothing
would get to you on
Sunday, so I sent it

the way you write. I should think you would find this stimulating, though of course there will be difficulties. The successful handling of personal relationships is an important part of every academic career, and here's a splendid chance to show what you ^{can do} in managing a delicate situation. I fully expect you to come out with flying colors. You can put yourself in a position to be a sort of ~~station~~ liaison officer between the old ones & the young ones. Your capacity for impartial & dispassionate

to Rochester, I took it out with me this morning, when I went to post letters with the Crepletons, but Hugh kept forgetting to stop near a mail box & I couldn't nag him, so it didn't get posted till this afternoon & may not be there to greet you as I want it to be.

I am pleased by the news from Rochester - glad you use the word "sympathy" in connection with the dean's letter - it would seem to indicate just the right attitude. Also I'm pleased by the department situation - it gives you a real opportunity, as you obviously realized from

judgment will stand
for in good stead. It's
just the sort of thing Dad
managed so superbly -
never antagonizing any
group, though never
bow-towing. I think
the secret is in treating
every man with deference
as a human being,
while making clear to
him as objectively and
reasonably as possible
wherein you differ with
him intellectually - also
listening respectfully &
with interest to what he
has to say. You're one
of those who can do
this sort of thing
because of the fundamen-
tal "sweet reasonableness"

of your mind. I know
you'll be irritated — any-
one would, but don't
ever show it, will you,
precious? No. Of course
I don't need to say
such things to you —
you know as well as
I how to deal with
this situation and are
quite skilful enough
to do it without any
advice. You see, I think
of all this in terms of the
future — I think, as I
told you the other night
that this is an important
year for you professionally
and I do want you to
make it a successful
one. Not that "success"
in the ordinary sense

with stupidity, you will
have more nearly resigned
yourself to the intellectual
shortcomings of your
students, your colleagues,
and the standards you
are bound to accept.
You will be more ready to
accept the inevitability
of compromise — intellect-
ual and personal — be-
cause that compromise is
your own life that it
was impossible for you to
make is no longer forced
upon you. Take full ad-
vantage, dearest, of the
charm of your personal-
ity — it's one of your assets
as a teacher. How never
mind the modesty —
you have it & you know

means anything to me —
but a certain amount
of it is necessary to the
self-respect and mental
well-being of us all. I
think you labored last
year under heavy handi-
caps and I'm extremely
glad that you've had
the opportunity of proving
to the same people that
you can do better. Not
that I think for a minute
you failed last year, or
were even poor, but
hardly that you can be
remarkable — and that
you couldn't have been
last year. So go to it,
my sweet, and show
them! I expect you will
find it easier to be patient

it - don't be afraid
to use it up to the hilt.
Go out to meet others -
your students or your
fellow teachers - and make
them conscious of what
I know is true - that
you're interested in them
as human beings. You
can be so ingratiating
(reminders of thought that
from the moment meet
you - it's not just love!)
and you should profit
from it. And start off
with a bang - make
everyone feel you're glad
to be back.

There - it's after 12, and
I must go on - bless
you, my darling, a
million times -
C.

Sept. 17th, 1937.

Dearest, dearestest -

It is only a matter of hours since you were with me - not yet a day, but need I say how very long it seems, how gray and dim life seems without you? No, this is not a cheering way to greet your return to Rochester, but, dearest, you don't really want me to be feeling all cheery and bright, do you? Don't ever think, though, sweetheart, that I am anything but profoundly

meant as much to you
as to me. Beyond and
above the sweetness of
being with you there is
what seems to me a
much closer understand-
ing between us - you
know me now as you
hadn't before, and
though I know quite
well that in some ways
this will add to your
own burdens - as it
already has, I fear - I
do honestly feel that
it will in the end make
a richer, better balanced
relationship than if I
had kept all my needs
and my miseries shut
up in my own heart.
I know that I was in a

grateful that I have you
to feel miserable without!
If I loved you less, I
should miss you less, but
oh, my dear, I do not
want to love you less.
The price of loving is
high - has high I have
learned in this last year
- but never, even at the
worst moments, have I
felt it was not worth
the cost, however heavy
that might be. And for
loving you I am paying
as I receive - not after
I have lost. So in my
loneliness and unhappiness
there is no bitter taste.
Dearest, I do hope
that these last days
have in some measure

sense unfair to you to
make it so difficult for
you to go when you
thought you should, and
I shall pay for that in
passionate regret for
anything I've added to
your weariness. But
though at moments that
will torment me — in
the long run, I shall be
glad, for what you gave
me these last few days,
including and especially
you staying with me
these last 24 hours
has healed the wound
left by your misunder-
standing of my needs
in these last weeks.
I had been so miserable
— trying to understand

myself why it was that
you would not recognize
nor respond to my calls
for help, trying to resign
to the possibility of having,
after all, to get along the
rest of my life without
anyone to lean upon, to
cling to — in other words,
to get along without one
of the most fundamental
needs of my spirit satisfied.
How that cloud has
vanished, and oh, my
dearling, if you knew what
you had done for me you
would not regret. I
know — even though
your days are more
harmed than they should
have — or would have
been. I bless you for it, I

worship you? The fear of some-
thing's happening to you is
the one that will most
haunt me.

To come to be literal
and prosaic — I've been
talking with Riba — she
says why don't you
call up her lawyer
friend, and save time?
His name is John Ransing-
ton (like the typewriter, in
case you can't read that!)
and he used to live on
Cobles (sp.?) Hill Drive (or
Road?) but has just moved
so you may have to get
the number from I forget,
9) you tell him you're the
friend of Marie McKeen's
that Virginia Williamson
wrote him about it will
identify you. The Ransington
law firm is in the telephone book

worship you for it how I
know that you are there
when I need you, that you
are as generous with your
strength as with everything
else. I feel more safe,
more secure, more confident
than at any time since
last November. I know that
that feeling will wane,
and will need the restora-
tion of your presence, so
that the months without
you will be increasingly
difficult, but at least I
have had these days and
I have permanently the
knowledge of their signif-
icance.

I shall worry about
you enormously, but
you will write often —
even if just a p. c.

is his father's + the son is
no longer a member so don't
try to get him there. He's
now connected with some
bank in a legal capacity, so
you'll probably have to get
him at home. Risa says
he got several people out
of very bad jams of the
personal relationship kind
& will be a very good person
to advise you, though he'll
probably not take you or
himself but send you to a
good divorce lawyer. I think
it should be done at once,
for I think (+ Risa + Sister
both agree with me on this)
that your wife's letter
~~also~~ with the suggestion
of going to Reno should
be answered - though
definitely not till you
know what you're doing
- or can do. Tell her.

Remember you're a poor
man and must manage
this at a moderate figure.
I don't know just how
this is gracefully done -
but you will. Don't worry
over the money. This is a
very vital matter and
must be dealt with as
quickly & smoothly as
possible. It is, after all,
a matter of your mental &
nervous health. We'll
manage the money all
right - I only mean
that lawyers, like
doctors, charge what
the traffic will bear, so
one comes to some sort
of financial understanding
at the beginning. I
think you'd better show
him that letter of ~~£~~ less

"What shall I say to
him?" He was very calm,
a little amused + told
me just how to answer
it - simply wonderful!

It's very late + I
must write now to-night
though. I meant to write
down in so many words
the reasons why it
seems to me right + fair
to everyone to push
this thing, if possible.
I've thought about it a
lot to-day + sort of got
things organized in
my mind. Anyhow, I'll
write again to-morrow
or the next day. You're
waiting. you call up
John Remington + get
started!

- or at least the part
about going to Paris. I
don't think that suggest-
ion should be allowed
to drop like a stone.
But how you should
answer it, I think
you'd better ask an ex-
pert - or even whether
you should. If you do
get a good lawyer you'll
find yourself feeling better
- they're wonderful - like
doctors - just take your
troubles + look them over
+ tell you what to do to
make them better. I re-
member a letter that just
had me completely
stopped + I took it to
Mr. Ball + handed it
over to him + said

My sweet, I bless you
a thousand times. I thank
you a thousand times
and I love you - not a
thousand times, but all
the time - you never
leave my mind.

Come back to me
soon -

C.

7 Elm Street,
Lynsic, Conn. -

Friday -

[11 Sept 37]

My Heart's Dearest -

This is
for your birthday - which
is from now on my day
of thanksgiving to "what-
ever gods there be" for
the concatenation of events
which brought you into
the world, and then into
my life. When I think
of what happened
thirty-four years ago and
what it means - and
will mean - to me, I
marvel at myself for
ever leaving the familiarity

which I decided not to send since you would be with me so soon after the day was over. Looked at in the light of what I feel for you, it seems so paltry and so out of scale. What I want is to rush out and get you the Encyclopaedia Britannica or something else big and splashy. I shall probably in the end be too embarrassed to give you what I've got.

And you that I've got through thanking you for being born, I must thank you for the dear letter that came this morning. Your letters are news to me because these days,

to think life unkind or my lot anything less than radiant. "For you are my share of life - you are the east and the west to me, and all the long ago and all that is before me."

I hope, my precious, that you will not spend another birthday away from me - I want to be there when you awaken, and there again when your eyes close at night - all in the silly hope that I might somehow enrich the day for you - just because for me it is so momentous an occasion.

I have a small and inadequate token for you

sweetheart - I read and
read them, and my heart
lifts every time I see
you writing on an envelope.
It was so heavenly to
have the letter this morn-
ing that I even sur-
vived the blow to my
hopes without too many
tears! Reluctantly I have
to admit that I see some
point in your arguments!
There's only one other
thing I have to suggest
which I suppose will be
promptly squelched, but
I have to make one
more effort. Could you
possibly pack up your card-
board boxes & leave them
to be sent to you as soon
as you have an address?
You could stay over one
more day in Cassel's

and come to N. Y. on Wed.
instead of Tues. to give
you one day extra you
say you must leave. I
should still be the gainer
by one day. I am being a
trouble to you? Yes, I
guess I am. All right -
skip it. Well then - how
about this - I do think
you should see the
Creightons, but I don't
think it is necessary to
come back & go through
with the original leave-
burger scheme - they'd
understand - and besides,
they are moving on
Wednesday, and Thursday
would really not be the
most convenient time
for you to cook in their

you time enough - or I'll
just refuse to get out of
the car and ^{shall} go right
back home with you! I
suppose this can't reach
you till Monday - in
fact, I shall be disturbed
if it does and all my
birthday remarks arrive
on the wrong day. So I'm
afraid you'll have to
answer by wire, so that
I may be sure you've
got the letter and so that
I may know about Tues-
day noon. I know this
plan will make it slow-
er getting started, but
will lengthen the trip at
the other end by more
than it will lose at this.

mansion. I suspect they'd
really rather leave us
social entanglements
right then. So - would
this work - on Tuesday
you go from the ferry to
the Schrafft's on Madison
at 5:30 where we'll all
meet you for lunch at
12:00. Then we'll not
have to get back Thurs-
day afternoon. The fact,
why can't you, instead
of getting me back to
N.Y., start for home on
Friday, dump me in Al-
bany early Saturday
morning to return by
train + get back to
Coxsackie that way? how
don't say it won't give

7 Elm Street,
Mystic, Conn.,
Tuesday -

19 Sept 2015

My dearest dear -

I am so
sorry I worried you, though
a little amused, too, to see
you getting into the dithers
you think are silly - or
at least irrational - when
I get into them! Also, I
think I am pleased, for I
want to be so important
to you that you can be a
bit irrational about me.
But also I am ashamed, -
I was brought up to be a
stoic, and I haven't done
so well at it. I should,
in the first place, not have

so big and important that
my mind retreated from
the emotional demand,
and so - and so - but it's
no good talking more
about - + now. What I
must do, I think, is to
talk to you presently
more about myself - not
because I've a passion for
talking about myself, but
because these are things
about me that you do not
see or know and yet
which are so fundamental
in me that you must.
You're not going to leave me
making bitter & disappoint-
ing discoveries about me
when it is again too late.
All this may seem irrele-
vant, but it's not -
the nature of my present
ordeal springs directly

told you how I felt a week
ago, and in the second
place I should have made
myself write. Both these
things I could have
accomplished - and would
have had I been truly
my father's daughter. But
I wanted your sympathy
to wrap around me - warm
and sweet - and so I
told you. Besides, the effort,
both physical + mental,
necessary to overcome my
deep exhaustion and write
seemed at the time so
great as to be quite in-
commensurate with the
value of the results. I
honestly didn't think you'd
worry - and I could
think of nothing to write
a letter about except things

from my character, which
you overestimate and do
not wholly understand.
The catch is that I can't
keep up the bluff with any-
one I live with - other-
wise, I'd simply keep on
trying to fool you!

Anyhow, you mustn't
worry about my physical
state - I'm a terribly
healthy person. But I am
also nervous and high
strung - not the way you
are, but the way my father
was, though of course I
haven't got myself under
the perfect control he had.
And, George, no one except
the phlegmatic person, could
go through the severe
nervous strains of those last
weeks without its leaving
physical effects. You see

That's nothing on earth to
worry about. Presently I
shall readjust myself, and
already I feel better phys-
ically.

I didn't answer your
letter yesterday, because
I'd already written the
night before and knew
you'd have the letter, and
yesterday was very hectic
— there was a lot that
had to be done, and I
soon quite unable to push
myself so everything takes
an interminable time. I
didn't get off till 2½
hours after I'd planned,
and the driving was
terrible — lots of traffic
nearly all the way, so
I was all done in again

low, and I do need you
so terribly — not just as
I always need you, but
more desperately. This is
in the nature of an emerg-
ency, sweetheart, and
I've got to gather strength
and courage to get
through the weary months
ahead. Please don't cut
me short with 3 days
— please. I know
you're troubled about
what your family will
think, but dearest, I
think that now that is
not so important as
other things. I am deal-
ing with a major catas-
trophe — the person who
has always come to me,
always been with me when

by the time I get here. But
I slept 10 hours which
is simply phenomenal for
me, and feel renewed.

How it is, thank God,
only a few days more be-
fore I am with you — and
in your arms I shall find
peace and comfort. Darling,
where shall we go? If
only the weather holds
— if only we might have
such dazzling, golden
days as this, and such
glittering nights — as good
as champagne. I hope you
have considered seriously
and carefully staying on
with me till you have to
go to Rochester. ^{It is sure}
you could figure out the
baggage problem some.

I was hurt is forever out
of my reach - and my
heart turns to you. I
realize that this presses
upon you a conflict -
inward if not outward
- and I thought a long
time before I decided to
ask you so definitely
and so strongly for those
extra days. I do honestly
think it is right - both for
now and for our future
relationship. There won't
be time for you to answer
this here, but I'll expect
a letter in L. I. C. when I
get back on Monday. You'll
tell me what time your
train gets into S. Y. ? Supposing
I don't meet you, but have
lunch ready for you, so we
can get off promptly right
after it. All my love, dearest -

Thursday -
[7 Sep 37]

My dearest love -

I am so
sorry that you were
worried, though I really
didn't think you would
be since I wrote you on
Thursday. I want to be
forgiven for not having
written - I hope I'll never
be so bad again, darling,
but truly, you would
forgive me if you knew
how I felt. I'm not go-
ing to harrow you with
details - there's no point
in it, but sweetheart, I

full of all that I most
needed. I love you for
your generous spirit,
my dearest. Wo, dear, you
are right - it is not a
substitute for what I
have lost that I expect
you to be - nor want you
to be. Each human relat.
ionship is unique and
irreplaceable, and I am
content that it should
be so. Sometimes I want
to tell you more, but now
I have neither the time
nor the emotional energy
- I am so tired. But
all the time I love
you and I lean upon
you. You give us strength,

couldn't write - I couldn't
do anything. I wasn't
in the least worried
about myself, for I knew
it was only nervous
reaction, and that
presently it would begin
to pass - and I am
feeling much better already
so you mustn't give it
a thought. But in the
meantime things have
piled up that had to
be done before I could
leave for Mystic, and
I'm too tired to be even
as efficient as usual, so
I'm sort of in dithers
over that!

Sweetheart, your letters
were so beautiful - so

darling, you restore my
spirit.

About next week - I'd
love to go off alone with
you. The only thing that
makes me hesitate is
that if the weather were
bad, do you think it
would be gloomy + depres-
sing? But then, if the
weather went sour, we
could turn around and
come back, couldn't we?
Where do you want to go?
Dearest, couldn't you send
send your things to
Rochester, and so not
have to go home again,
and so be with me
until you have to leave
for Rochester? Certainly
it's "duty" that's balking

you back home, I think
you might set up
against it your "duty"
to me. That's a low
trick, is it not? But I
think so often you can
persuade yourself to do
what you want to do
only if you see it as ~~an~~
moral obligation also!
And truly, my darling -
you are terribly needed
here - never so much
before, and I think it
is true and fair to say,
that just now my
need of you is greater
than any there can be
at home. Please, dearest,
don't just dismiss this,

off to-gather. I think ~~it~~
I'd better not meet you,
so as to use the time
getting ready to get
started promptly.

Sister is still here -
4313 - 47th St. - but will
probably be at the new
address sometime this
week-end - 325 E. 17 St.
N.Y.C.

My dearest love to you,
sweet one, and my
heart's gratitude -

e

But think it over carefully,
Write me at Mystic, Conn.,
c/o Miss Lillian Weiner, 7
Elm St. - or leave to
send you this already? I
go to-morrow + return
Monday - leaving per-
haps before mail
arrives Mon. morning,
so don't send a Sun-
day letter there. I think
you'd better let me
know what you plan
to do as soon as possible,
so I may let Sister
know. Let me know
just when to expect you
on Tuesday. I may
meet you train, may
not. If we're going to go

Thursday -

< 2 Sept 373

My Dearest Boy -

I am so grateful for your dear letters - most especially for the one that was here last night when I arrived. I have many, many things that I want to say to you, but I cannot write now. I am profoundly exhausted - more than ever in my life before. Last night by the time I finally got

have been very heavily
taxed. I've not slept
more than a short time
any night for 10 days,
and the night is Babar
for only an hour. That
sort of gets you down,
especially when during
your waking hours you
have to keep your self
control somehow. This
is all to be read and
forgotten - they are
physical facts of no
importance except for
the moment.

Of the other side of
the fence - the intangibles
I shall tell you some-
thing sometime. It is

to Sister's. I thought
I'd never be able to get
any further - I was
trembling all over,
the room was reeling
about me, and my
heart was going twice
its normal pace. This
is not to distress you
nor meant for a wail
about what a poor
creature I am - I
just want you to
know that my failing
to write you adequately
has some reason.
Don't let it worry you
at all - it's nothing
wrong with me but
the "Rogers nerves", which

now that I know he
is dead, darling, - not
in November. It seems
like the end of the
world.

I mustn't write now
- I get terrible fits of
crying and can't stop.
But remember this -
you are my hold on life
- the light in my dark-
ness. What you said of
our future together is
what makes a future
seem, after all, to be
longed for.

I love you -
C.

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

28 Aug 39

Saturday -

Darlingest,

I am absolutely
terrified - there has been
no word from you since
Wednesday, and it is
impossible for me to be-
lieve that you would
leave me now so long
without a letter unless
something were seriously
wrong with you. I don't
know where to send this
- whether you are still
in Danbury or have
gone home as you planned.
If you are ill, I suppose
you are more likely to be

Remember
of Love
Dear
Times.
noon.

in Danbury but still - I,
never mind. This will be
certain to reach you some
how, but will you please
answer it the minute you
get it or have someone
do it for you? Don't try to
spare me by not telling
me anything - it's not
knowing that is so awful.
All my love, dearest -
Constance

P.S. If you're not sick
you'll have some difficulty
in making you peace
with me! But - as I said
at the beginning - that you
would desert me so I
cannot believe so I am sure
something is badly
wrong + it is vital to me
to know what + how.

Darling - I'm sending you tickets to
take you to Rich and the as soon as
I hear how long you'll be
in N.Y. Don't say you don't
want to.
72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

Thursday -
[25 Aug 37]

Dearest Angel -

And you are an
angel to write me the
beautiful letter that came
yesterday + which I have
read + reread. It is a
sort of reminder that I
have a present + even a
future in these days when
only the past has reality.
I wish you had been here
these last days - not for
my sake only; but for
your own. We've been going
through all the old family
things - in particular papers,
letters, etc., and really,
darling, it's as if we had
had the past laid open to us.

look washed + tired. Glad you thought "lost horizon" was
funny! Yes, it was John Bascom.

lose us — the lives of our
parents, of their friends,
of their times — so many,
many things we'd never
known, so many others that
we'd know only as
children know them —
without understanding.
I feel as if I had lived
many lives in these last
days. It is impossible
to keep all these things
— everything practically
was burned except the
family letters and a few
others that seemed very
special — an autograph
letter from Royce, a note
from Münsterberg inviting
Dad to a philosophical
party at his house — etc.,
etc. I wish you might
have been here as we
read — so much was in
them to illumine my

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

father's life — and mother's
— and Uncle Bush's. There
were a series of extra-
ordinary letters from him
which made vivid and
explicit the remarkable
character of that friend-
ship — springing directly
from the remarkable
character of the two men
involved. But anyhow,
there are still some that
are saved to go through
later — perhaps when you're
in N. Y. in Sept. There
are all his account books
— I guess since college,
and they're like a diary
in themselves — if with
the imagination you add
color + life to the simple
statements — such things.

I haven't answered
 them & wanted to - but they're
 letters + more upstairs + they
 for instance as the expenses
 on his wedding day + on the
 day of my birth. But I
 mustn't go on - there's no
 time and besides, only alone
 + into real leisure could
 I speak with anything
 like adequacy of all that
 fills my mind now.
 I leave here the morning
 of the 31st, spend that
 night at the Hotel Lincoln -
 since at Boston (where the
 cocktail lounge will have
 a special glamour from the
 memory of your presence!)
 with Rita - bless her generous
 heart! Then back to 4312-
 47^{1/2} St. on Sept. 1st. So
 make a note of the address!
 From the 8th till the day be-
 fore you come I shall be
 at 7 Elm St., Mystic, Conn. -
 of Miss Lilian B. Miner.
 All my love - darling pet -
 Constance

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

[24 May 1937]

Tuesday -

My darling -

Bless you and
bless you for the lovely
long letter to-day - I
wanted it badly - but
haven't an instant to
answer it.

I'm distressed about
your brother-in-law's
attitude - but think you
should definitely have
legal advice. Wait till
you get to N. Y. though.
For I have 2 sources of
information from which
I can learn of good
divorce lawyers, which

is what you need - this
is no place for the general
practitioner. I wish you
might have talked to
my own.

Dearest, how long can
you stay in N. Y.? Please
till the last possible moment
- that is the rock
towards which I direct
my course through these
troubled waters,

My dearest, dearest love -

Constance

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

21 Aug 1937

Saturday -

Darling Angel -

If you only knew how grateful I was for the Special! I was absolutely in the depths last night - in fact, I wrote you a very wailing letter, but fortunately thought better of it and tore it up instead of mailing it. But I counted on a letter from you in the morning mail, and when there was none, I was melancholy overwhelmed me! But before I'd made up my mind between a pistol & the river, the doorbell rang & your letter came! Blessings showered upon you - did you feel them? Darling, this is something you ought to be thinking about seriously - I get very dependant and I suppose demanding. I don't suppose of either,

but I never seem able to
keep those tendencies under
control - except in spells.
How do you like the prospect
of a lifetime of that? Think
well, my dear, for me, I
just had to leave that
letter to keep my equilib-
rium. I might, if it had
not come, have merely gone
about in gloom, but I might
have written + complained.
And remember that a letter
is just a small matter - I
should take its arrival or
non-arrival perfectly
philosophically. How low
do you like this revelation
of my character?

As for the weather - Oh my,
Oh my! It got hotter and
hotter + finally broke the
record in Boston for 67 years!
The thermometers outside
Dorothy's window yesterday
registered 100 - in the
shade, too. Of course we are

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

talks about anything else. —
I'm getting pretty bored with
it & think its high time
we all shut up about the
weather.

Bess's sister May is here, and
May is a fool — at times an
amusing one, also generally
a good-natured one, but
always an intensely nervous
& highly emotional one. This
has its tiring moments. It
will all be funny in a while,
of course. I wish I had a
dictaphone for her conversat-
ion — no, not conversation,
for it is a solo performance.
She asks you 5 questions &
never pauses for an instant to
^{let you} answer even one of them. It's
a remarkable performance,
really. She tells a story
gorgeously — due largely to
a sublime disregard of fact.
It's annoying when you have

to listen to a story about
yourself that hasn't an atom
of truth in it, but when it's
about someone else, it's very
funny!

Sue & Bess are going off
to-morrow, thank fortune
probably for 5 days. A
beautiful silence will settle
on the house, and we
shall live on our own
schedule & in our own way.
This will be a help, though
at best it's going to be a
lonely & miserable business.
I shall wish for you day
& night. My letters will
be more of a nuisance
than a pleasure to you, for
my stoicism seems not
equal to the present strain.
I only I might be going
from here to be with you
for the rest of my life, in-
stead of back to my
lonely apartment, doubly
lonely now that Sister will

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Exeter, New Hampshire

be so far away, instead of
almost in the same house.

Oh dear, this letter is
burning out almost as bad
as the one I tore up. Darling,
I'm terribly sorry, but I
just can't seem to help
it. All my self-control is
used up in getting through
five days here. That seems
like a pretty small supply,
doesn't it?

Write to me, dearest, as
often as you can without
its being a burden — tell
me about yourself in detail
so that I shall forget my
own self — and tell me
that you love me, so that
I may draw from that
new strength to add to my
meagre supply. After all, in
another 10 days I shall be

gone - but that in itself is
not an end to be desired,
even though much of the
strain will be ended by
that. You see I have reached
an emotional impasse. I
reason with myself to no
avail. Doesn't that make
you ashamed of me?

Oh, about Dabney - you
were sweet to suggest I stop
there, even without your being
there - but I think I'd better
not. The time is very uncer-
tain, and what's more, I shall
be in a terrible state of mind
- I'd much rather see no one
but Pika, who understands &
loves in spite of everything. If
you was there, I'd stop, because
it would be heavenly to see you
- without you, I'd better not.
It will be much better to
go to Clinch together, and if
you discard that plan, I think
you're pretty silly! Goodness,
can't I ride a few hundred
miles in the same car with
you without compromising you?
My dearest love, sweetheart -
Constance

Did I remember to tell you
that I love you?

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

August 19, 1937

Dearest, Darlingest -

I feel so
terribly dismal and lonely
without you. Of course I
knew that the good part of
the summer would be behind
us as soon as you got on
that train, but that doesn't
seem to make it any
better! Darling, I am so
grateful to you for being
here so much this summer.
Sometime perhaps I shall
tell you what it has been
like, except for you and
Patsy - though perhaps I
shall manage to be re-
strained enough not to.
Anyhow - for now - leave it at

This — I have travelled a
hard road these last two
months, and the knowledge
that in the dark I could
reach out my hand to
you with the certainty that
it would be held, close
and warm, has given
me a strength that I
should not have had
alone. And this last week and
you were so sweet and so
dear. It didn't make it any
easier to let you go, but
it did make every thing
much easier while you were
here. Sometime I shall tell
you in considerable detail
what an angel you are &
why & how. How I can't
— of you as always, but
pressed for time. Things
are crowding in on us
here, of course — only
another 10 days — it is

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

unbelievable, and yet
looks ahead like a
mountainous wall. I do
not see just how I can
do it, but of course that's
nonsense. For one always
does. But I mustn't talk
about it any more —
no, there's one thing I
leave to say now —
how I loved you for burn-
ing twice to look back
at the house. I suppose
in that act is the essence
of why I love you — not why
I am interested in you, or
why I enjoy you, but why
I love you. The qualities of
heart and spirit that
made you do that are the
things that are essential
to me. You have the ea-

passion, my darling, to
unusual depths & richness
of feeling, and that was one
of the things I knew from
the beginning.

How my time is gone, and
I must take this to the
train. I could not write
yesterday, of course, and
it is, though incredibly —
only 2 days since you left.
I got to Taffrey & back all
in one piece, and Tom
was an angel — no bother
at all. Last night I stood
in my window and looked
across the moonlit meadow
to the woods & the mountain,
wishing for you. And I did
I wish for you in the middle of
the night when there was a
bear trying to get in. Tommy
discourages this bear — thinks
it was probably a mouse. Maybe
I'd had someone in the
stone bed. I should have
thought it was a mouse.
— to Donald & Betty — yours —
self — Connie

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

(11 July 1954)

Wednesday -

My dearest darling,

We had a big day - one letter from you at 10 this morning and another at 2:30!

Wo, sweetheart, I do not want to go to Boston or Bryn. but I've got to, damn it. You see, it's like this - Tuesday I am taking Joan for a visit to the Thomases in Taffrey - long promised, and really impossible to shift. So I can't go to the dentist on Tuesday. I might wait till the end of the week, it would seem, but I think I'd better not, for on Sunday I lost most of 2 teeth, and aside from the discomfort, I do not

know how much and what
will have to be done, so that
I don't dare wait till the end
of the one week Dr. Warner
will be here before we leave.
All this is so that you may
understand that only what
seems like necessarily would
make me take time from
one of your days to go to
Boston. Perhaps you'd feel
like driving down with me,
although I must admit I
could in no respect blame
you if you preferred not to.

Yes, darling, I got back
all right from Andover
and went down + back
again in the evening - not
really much driving, but it
always seems a lot when
you do the same trip twice
in one day, doesn't it? I was
awfully bored with that
road by the time of my

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

second when!

Darling, I am hardly the
one to blame you for your
outburst on the point of
view of society towards the
rights of lovers. But let
me just remind you of one
consoling fact - with this -
and not so awfully much,
either - you will be free of
those bonds which so ink
you + which have been im-
posed upon you by the
social group. Had you
lived 100 years ago, being
yourself from one marriage
and contracting another, would
have been simply out of the
realm of possibility. True,
the situation is far from
ideal now, but imperfect as
it is, the opportunity of the
individual for happiness is

vastly greater than it
was. And you and I are very
fortunate to have been born
late enough to work through
wisery to joy, instead of having
to spend a lifetime with
our bad mistakes. Have
you read the "Topsyke Saga"?
If not, I guess I shall
have to read it to you -
particularly "The Year of
Prophecy". Oh, sweetheart,
what fun I shall have,
sharing all my favorite
books with you - and all
my favorite places, and
pictures, and people, and
everything else!

About the bequest - I've
had another thought, which
I'm sure must be right -
it was "Modern Love" - yes?
Good-bye until day after
to-morrow, my little lamb -
Constance

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

10 Aug 1937

Tuesday

My darling,

I feel uneasy
about you — principally, I
think, because in this
weather I feel uneasy
about everyone and every-
thing — also partly be-
cause I am always slight-
ly uneasy about you when
you're not right under
my eye. But I try to be
reasonable — and to remem-
ber that Friday is only three
days off. Couldn't you
come on an earlier train,
dear? If you came on the
11:14 we'd leave the after-
noon.

By the way, we have to
go to the Hubbards Sat. eve.

for some sort of supper
party. Darling, we'll just
have to take one evening
and go off by ourselves in
the car — out of reach.
I've got to leave some
chances to really talk
with you. Last week-end
was not so good, was it?
I mean we hardly saw
each other away from all
the hordes of others. I don't
mean it was anything but
sweet to have you here.

Oh — Bess is not to be
here Fri. night — staying
in Boston — so that's why
you weren't invited to drink
up. I may be able to get
down for you, but I'm afraid
you'd better not count on
it — in fact, you'd better
count the other way. But I
shall drive you down on
Mon. Sweetheart, you will
send the 2nd heavy bag

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

by express, wait for ^{to} carry anything more than you absolutely need is a waste of strength you can well better put to other uses. It worries me to have you do it. That's the way you will get things he makes with you.

Our big excitement for the day has been the thunder storm in which the Olive house was struck! Apropos of our Sunday conversation, the bolt went in on the radio wire in Olive's room, which promptly burst into flames. The fire didn't get beyond that room before it was extinguished, but everything in the room was ruined - a very fine old rug, and some beautiful antique furniture. It's all insured, but of

course that sort of thing
is in a sense 'irreplaceable'.
It's a great pity - and of
course gave them a terrible
fright. They were alone
- two women, one old and
one lame, but they didn't
lose their heads, and the
fire department was quick,
so it's all right.

I must stop now - there
are guests coming. Anyhow,
this is a very poor letter -
but I am distraught by
this and that. But I
didn't want another day to
go by without my telling you
how I miss you, how
eagerly I awaited your
return.

With a heartfelt of love,
Sweet one -

Constance

You couldn't stay till
Tuesday, could you?

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

2 Aug 1957

Monday -

Sweetheart -

Here I sit on the porch in the sun with Rita reading me bits from the Oxford Book as she comes across them - so I may be incoherent. We have, for instance, in the middle of this sentence, paused for a discussion of "On Doves Beach" as a nearly perfect expression of why fidelity in marriage is a good thing! You should have been here - I kept thinking of our discussion the night before you left.

And how was your weekend, dearest? I imagine it was very satisfactory, and I want to hear all about it. Morris must be a simply swell host - you'd be so delightfully safe from boredom.

Riba and I drove to Lynn
on Friday for the day to see
one of the Farmington teachers
— it was fun to have the car
and be able to do it. He's
a very entertaining person
& about Bess's age, and
you'd think he 15 years
younger. Then there are two
sisters of whom the same
thing is true — that is, that
they seem 15 years younger
than they are — and really,
the combination is some-
thing marvelous — they're
all so vital, so good-looking,
so full of zest for living.
I wonder if it's a gift or an
achievement — I should like
to approach my sixties that
way.

Last night we went to
"Captains Courageous" and
Lonesby compels me to take
my hat off to Hollywood after
all. I simply don't see how
it could have been better.
That Bartholomew child
really is in audibly good. He
managed not only to be

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Exeter, New Hampshire

sweet and touching, but to
be absolutely is sufferable, too
→ and to put the two
things together into a par-
tially credible character. Of
course the directing has a
lot to do with it, but it
takes damn good material
for the director to work with
to produce results like that.
If you liked "David Copper-
field" you'd be crazy about
this → it's unad better as
a whole work of art.

About Wednesday → will
you meet us for lunch? There
isn't time for you to answer
this except by telephone, so
you'll just have to meet us
Oremore when + when can
we meet? You can go back to
work in the afternoon if you
have to → I'll promise not
to raise hell. I think I'll
go either to the B.M. F.A. or
Jogg. Anyhow, your evening is

wine, is it? As for meeting
us - Riba is taking me 2
o'clock for D. Y. (D. S. time)
- at Back Bay as it's easier
to drive to than S. Station.
So we're lunching at the
Bonnswick - outdoors unless
it rains - my party. Meet
us in the outdoor restaurant
(I forgot its name) at 12:30
or as soon thereafter as we
get there! We're aiming for
that hour so's to have
time enough for a pleasant
lunch. If it rains, meet
us in the lobby - still the
Bonnswick. If you really
can't meet us for lunch, tel-
ephone me tomorrow evening
& tell me where & when we
can meet for dinner. I'll re-
pay you - I should have got
this thought out in time for
you to answer by mail.
Since I began this I've been
interrupted by everything unex-
pected - it's a mess of a letter but
it's 10:30 now & I must stop
as to mail it. Good night, dear
I heart - Constance

Can you come for
the week-end?

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

[29 July 39]

Thursday -

Dearest darling -

Give us time at
all, but I'm afraid if I don't
write to-night, you'll not get
it before the week-end, & may-
be by that time you'll have
left the Tweedys' & - well,
you can see the point. I wish
now even though terribly
briefly. Sweetheart, is it only
two days since I saw you?
It seems so unreal longer.
Yes, I know - it will be only
a few more days till we are
together again - and yet
I do not like to wish away
any of the hours of this
last summer. I am terribly
tween two longings.

I wonder what sort of
place you've found to live in

how you are, whom you are
 seeing, what doing. I know
 only of your first two hours
 in Cambridge & a lot have
 gone by since then.
 For me — I have wanted
 you here to show all that
 I have done — which has
 not been so much, but
 still quite pleasant. Some
 people who are rather special
 and whom you must meet
 — were here yesterday, but
 everyone would sense their
 quality, but you would. We've
 been out on the bicycles — lots
 & I — we've read a lot of
 "Emma", we've been swim-
 ming, etc. etc. Cornelia
 Schoolcraft came & finished
 her painting — I was in a
 quandary for it was not
 much good. I can lie about
 practically anything, but that!
 Now we're off for the State
 of Maine — so good night, my
 dearest love — if only, only
 you were here —
 Constance

I would
 like to
 see you
 very
 much
 I would
 like to
 see you
 very
 much
 I would
 like to
 see you
 very
 much

July, 28, 1937

Sweet Angel -

What a grand surprise to get a letter from you this morning - I never dreamed I should. But was I thrilled? Of course I got back all night - I don't drive on the left hand side of the road! In fact, I was here by quarter to six, so I could have come upstairs with you after all. I'm getting onto all the little ways of the Plymouth by now, so I'm really enjoying driving it, and you've no idea what pleasure I get from having a car again that is - at least for now - mine. You were a sweet

ical pictures at their best
(which I suppose always
means Alexander Korda) have
a sense of period which
Hollywood cannot achieve,
apparently. The story is just
romantic melodrama, but
that's perfectly respectable
if it's done from the point of
view of the artist, & this was.
And oh, darling, the man
who played the hero looked
just one scrap like you,
and made love just like
you (didn't I tell you you
had a technique that
gave the impression of
long experience) — and it
nearly finished me. There
was some lovely music
— at least I thought
so — 16th century — 15th
century English songs —
wistful, plaintive, minor
melodies, sung to the
accompaniment of a lute.

laurel to do it for me —
much sweeter than I
deserve. But you're sweeter
than I deserve, my love,
and I'd better not call
your attention to it too
often, or you'll begin to
realize it yourself.

I did wish for you last
evening at the movies —
your presence adds self to
every pleasure. Besides, I
think you'd have enjoyed
it. The movies are among
the arts, you know, and
when you see something
like "Five Days in England"
which takes full advantage
of the peculiar qualities of
the medium, you can't
help getting a real satis-
faction from it. Photography
& acting were of equal
quality, not to mention
direction, costuming, setting,
etc., etc., the English histor-

— just slender threads of
song that still vibrate in my
mind. Watch for an oppor-
tunity to see it, darling -
it might pop up at some
place like the Fine Arts.
Why it came here I can't
imagine. The picture that
was ~~to~~ compared was
gassed on, and left.

It is crazy to hear of the
lunch with Morris + what
he had to say in answer to
your bomb. Are you begin-
ning to not mind yet? I'll
bet your friends are really
only too pleased.

How did you like the
Hobson - and how is
everything going?

There was a man here
for tea to-day who had
some clothes or nearly
swatched right off him
because they'd have been
so exactly right for you!
Just wait - I'll get you
some in England.

Buckets and buckets of
love, my sweet - Constance

Friday -

[16 July 37]

My precious -

I've just been talking to Jack & Rebecca & it seems they'd understood you were going to visit them next week. So we talked it all over & they want you so much it really seems the best thing for you to do. They say they can't leave you later - and of course the main point is, anyway, that this is a sort of reestablishing of an old and - I'm sure - valued relationship, so I think it's important that if they want you, you should go. I like it, for I wanted you here, but that's a bit silly, for you'll be so near, and can spend most of your time with me one way or another. I'm sure it's the right thing for

bridge unless there's something
I can't dodge here.

And now, precious. I
must write more - you
understand that of pass you
over to the Stoggs with reluc-
tance? But you'll come to
us later & be here, at least
this time, anyhow.

All my love - and the
such anticipations - only
3 days more - !

Constance

you to do - & you'll probably
be more comfortable, too, but
oh, my dear! Anyhow, come
straight here, ^{to that 201} on Tues. You
can get here in time for
supper? But we know. You
can leave supper here and
go down there in the eve-
ning. Jack said "Of
course he can come and go
just as he chooses" which
I took to mean that you're
free to do what you want
with us. Oh, angel, you
should be here now -
such a night - moon and
stars (yes, planets, too) and
air like velvet.

Jack asked me to drop
you a note to let you know
I had resigned you to them
(more or less) so here it is.
He said you said you'd be
here till the 23^d - hooray.
I'll drive you back to Cam.

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

(15 July 1939)

Tuesday -

Sweetest Angel -

Have I really
got only a week to go? But
goodness, how long that can
be!

Thanks for the swell
Sp. Del. letter from which I
got a great laugh. Everything
about the car sounds wonder-
ful, though I don't know
why I should be so much
concerned - it's you that'll
give it the heavy wear. Any-
how, we'll get some out of
it together this summer, shall
we? And I hope lots more
afterwards, too.

I'm thrilled at the prospect
of seeing Donald + Betty -
the luncheon party sounds
perfect. I'm eager to hear what

Tack & Rebecca have to say
after they've heard from you.

I look at your picture & read
your letters - and still you seem
like something I can't quite
believe. You are real, aren't you,
sweetheart - and you're coming
- and I shall be in your
arms again, and hear your
voice?

Wednesday -

At that point a friend came
to call and we settled down
with a tray of glasses, whiskey,
soda & ice! That lasted till
12 - & by then Rita & I were
so hungry, I went & scrounged
some eggs! So you can see
I didn't get an letter ^{written}.
And here it is 24 hours later
- no, worse, for it's after eleven
- the Hoppers have just been
here and gone. How I'm
going to add a few words
and then mail this. I wish
I needn't wait until Tuesday

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

for you - it doesn't seem so
near as it should. I'm afraid
I'm getting to be very boring
- I either want you or a
letter from you all the time!

To-day was Dad's birth-
day - Boss is away, but
Riba + Joan + I went to
the florists - and each of us
picked out something. You
should have seen Joan - she
was so cunning - she said
she knew just which flowers
Grandy would like + all the way
to the cemetery she clutched
them firmly in her little hot
hand. The picture of her little
figure, so golden in the sun-
light, so absorbed, kneeling
in front of that lovely,
serene classic stone, arrang-
ing flowers for her grandfather,
was altogether sweet - and
terribly touching. She made

we read out the names and dates, looking very grave, and then said "how slow we again which one is Grandy's name." I'm so determined that she shall remember — and I think she will. Of course that's why I took her, and this morning I told her I was going to — and why. We talked about the last year's birthday and about him. Then this afternoon when we'd just left the florist's, she suddenly divined that she'd been Virginia (her little mouse) & gone up there herself earlier in the afternoon. She'd been there only once before — when we were here in the spring — but she found the way & found the grave without any help. I was really amazed. When I said "How did you remember where it was?" she replied "Of course I remembered, because it was Grandy. We aren't going to forget any-

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

thing about him." Don't you
think it's all doing pretty
well for five and a half?

But I must go on
— Rita's waiting for me +
it's very late.

You'll let me know
about when to expect you on
Tuesday? And how long you
can stay?

Good-night, dearest, and
be careful on the drive —
please. You know I'll be
nervous about you all day.

So much love to you,
Sweetheart —
Constance

July 15, 1937.

Darlingest -

I'm waiting in
haste, but want you to
get something in answer
to your letter to-day.

About the divorce - this
is when you should re-
peat to your wife the gist
of what I wrote you a
couple of weeks ago - the
reasons why for her own
sake, a speedy & final
divorce is essential. She
has not, I judge, much
worldly wisdom, or she
would already have known
these things. Also she would
know that it was better for
her to accept your offer that
she go to Reno, not you.
However, since you have
done the chivalrous thing

with mine → if your wife
had any knowledge of life
& of the world she should
realize that - it was essential
for her that she should be
free quietly - for essent-
ially the same reasons as
already given you. I think
any woman would say the
same - that is, any
woman who knew her way
about!

Has she any reason
for thinking she'll get a
teaching job in Sept. or
merely a hope? It seems
terribly improbable if she
has none now. In that
case, of course, she could
go to Reno in the fall.
When does her summer
job end? Six weeks is
not a very long time, you
know.

This is all from her
point of view, now from

in making the offer, it is her
own responsibility if she
declines. She should realize
that this makes her the
"guilty party" → that so-
ciety being as it is, that,
under some circumstances,
would carry a stigma &
be a drawback, however,
it may never come up -
after it doesn't. Of course
in actuality it makes no
difference whatever who
divorces who. It has cer-
tainly never made any
difference to me one way
or the other.

But the main thing is
that the divorce should go
through quietly, whichever
way, & she's just being a
little fool if she doesn't
know that. I asked Marie
what she thought, without
telling her what I did -
& her reaction was identical.

yours — It is certain it
would be good for your
peace of mind to have the
whole thing settled, over,
done with, cleared up, —
and the sooner the better.
Practically, of course, it
doesn't affect you as it does
her — neither is looking
for a job, nor is looking
for a wife. It's a man's
world, you know. But of
course I must sooner
or later mention myself
to my dear, I don't know
what to say for I fear
to force an issue. As
I look back over the
last months, it seems
to me that everything
has moved steadily in
one direction, that only
one end is possible. But
I may be wrong. Suppos-
ing, just for the sake of

a complete consideration
of every aspect of the
case, we assume that
you and I are going to
marry. Certainly we
couldn't in the fall, for
you live in a conservative
middle western academic
community & you can't
leave with one wife in
June + return with another
in September - in a larger
community or a different
profession you might - &
one would know or care.
But it's an important
year for you academically
& you must do nothing
to jeopardize it. On the
other hand, there is this -
I must go to England next
summer - not just because
I want to, but for personal
reasons I'll go into when I
see you. If I'm going to
marry you, I couldn't go

evening certainty of the
promise. I have now been
true with you.

If your mother does
specifically come to my
share in the mess - you
must make clear to her
(in so far as you can) that
there has from the begin-
ning been something
vital between you + me
→ that both of us definit-
ly discarded it, but that
it had more vitality than
we allowed for. I do not,
for your sake, wish her
to think of you as having
been seduced by a desig-
ning divorcée, nor yet
to picture you as one who
simply runs from woman
to woman. I don't care
what she thinks of me
except in so far as it

with, out you. And in that
case it would be necessary
for you to be free before
summer.

Does all this sound
as cool + detached as I
try to make it? But
how can I be cool +
detached about it? Any-
how, you'll be ^{here} 5
more days → than we
can talk it all over.

In the meantime I
shall await eagerly
further news → both as
to the divorce, + as to
your mother. Has the con-
versation been resumed?
You seem to have handled
quite perfectly the problem
in any round.

Thanks, my sweet,
for your description of
the pines in the sunset
glow, filled with the

affects you.

So that's that - I
must stop.

Until Tuesday, my
sweet and my darling,
- only until Tuesday -

So much love to you

Constance

Risa sends her love
- Joan is in bed or she
would. She asks regular-
ly how long it is until
you come.

Sunday -

[12 July 37]

My sweetest dear -

It's ages
since I've heard from you
— even since Thursday -
imagine! You are all right,
aren't you? And you didn't
read maps going back
from Albany over the road?
Not over railroad trains?

I've been hectic — for
one thing I'm in charge of
the young — very time con-
suming! It seems to me that
I've been washing & ironing
practically steadily since
Sister left. Then Friday
I spent in Boston — also.
Lately red hot — seeing
assorted dentists & oculist.
I had a beautiful dream
about you under the anes-
thetic when I had my teeth
out (isn't it grand to have
women all over the country

is slowly helping her to realize the truth of some of the things that have been said. However, perhaps by now she's written taking it all back! Be careful about the matter of lawyers - I remember how ^{my} Dad was 3 years ^{ago} + how insistent he was that a man should be chosen who was not only experienced in divorce cases, but could deal tactfully with delicate human situations. There is almost certain to be some controversy - maybe a lot - neither you nor she know anything about the whole business & you'll need good advice. Also come to some sort of financial understanding ^{about the costs of the divorce} before you finally put the case in anyone's hands. You will have to depend upon her sense of justice & fair play to save you from financial obligations ^{whereby}. I miss my guess if her family don't

dreaming about you?) but couldn't remember it when it came to. I spent the next half hour spitting blood + trying to think of it, but in vain - perhaps I never had it - perhaps I just dreamed of had it. Anyhow, I've decided I'm not commonplace after all - the book turned out to have 3 roots - the man who took it out was simply fascinated. I hope you respect for me rises accordingly.

One more point about the car - I'm going to tell Bess you've lent me your car till Sept. & this is a deviation from the truth as you will observe. But I can't say, as you will admit that I've bought it until Sept. because she makes it difficult to see her. I can explain more when I see you.

I'm so glad your wife seems willing to concede the divorce. Perhaps distance

feel that you should assume
them. Of course that's one of
the reasons I've been worried
over her not getting a job.

But so soon we can
talk of all this — or is it
soon? It seems far more
than 2 weeks since we
parted in that dismal
railroad station. I am
getting impatient, my
love. But how heavenly
it will be to not only
have you here on the
20th but then to have
you within 50 miles again
— and not just for one
week this time, thank
heaven.

Have a heavenly time
in Danbury, my darling
— stay as long as you
can.

With so much love to
you —
Constance

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

Dearest

There's time for
only a word + two blobs!
I'm on the way to the Hogges!
If you'd called 5 min.
later I'd not have been
here. It was sweet to
hear you - bless you, bless
you. I couldn't say
what I wanted because
Bess was sitting right
there! This is all excla-
mation points - well,
that's how I feel after
hearing your voice!!!
Here's your money,
darling + I'll be
expecting to see you
the 18th - you'll let

we know definitely?

Bess leaves the 11th or
12th & Marie comes the
12th or 13th.

good night, sweet
heart -

Constance

[Faint, mostly illegible handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

+

July 6, 1937.

My darling -

I am so grateful
— so terribly grateful for
the beautiful birthday
letter. I've no time now
to answer — my day has
been so full of what
people have been doing
for me — and now there's
just time for about three
words — what three would
you like? All right, you
can have three!

And, do you know — this
morning came your letter
from Casanova — two
wonderful ones all in one
day — and that my birth-
day — you sweet, sweet

perfect letter from father
to daughter. All day I have
brought of him - just
behind everything else
he has been there. To night
when I take him to the
station I shall go to
the cemetery - alone, be-
cause no one can share
with me what I feel.
All the really profound
experiences are essentially
solitary, aren't they? I
shall not even tell any-
one but you that I've
been. Don't think this is
mournful, for that I do
not feel. Since I cannot
believe that anything
else survives when the
body perishes, then the
place where their bodies
rest has a certain precious

thing. The long one from
home made me feel secure
and happy about you and
that was a wonderful
birth day present just by
itself. But more ever I
 treasure the love, the
understanding, the kind-
ness - all the lovely
spirit that is you put
down in words. Sweet-
heart, I do thank you
so very, very much.

Did I ever tell you
that my mother died on
this day? No, that does
not make me sad - it
only makes the day more
significant. Sometime I
must show you a birth-
day letter Dad wrote
me a number of years ago
- there is something quite
classic about it - the

quality for me, and I
find strength and solace
in going there. Besides,
never, since that day,
nineteen years ago, has
my darling father failed
to go to that grave on
this night - now I must
go for him. There must be
no breaks. Does all this
seem over - emotional and
a little absurd? No, I
think it will not be so
- and to no one else
shall I say it.

Good-night, my dear
love, good-night -

Constance

Has anything
been said about Monday -
the frequent letters
from Esther? Do you
Sweetheart. ^{want me to tell her}
^{before you get}
^{home?}

[5 July 37]
You were such a
lamb to write me the
special - first for the thrill
of getting the letter, and
then for the reassurance of
knowing I'd not been
imposing upon your avail-
ability. I had qualms about
sending off the check before
that night for you to do
what you didn't want to.
Then there's a kind reason
why I was glad to have
the letter and that was
to know that things were
going so well at home.
Dearest, I'm not sure there
may not yet be some
order to be gone through
- I can't quite feel cer-
tain that they'll let it
pass with never a word

I'd leave the case as with
a sufficient justification.
So - if you are coming to
Cambridge the week-end of
the 18th? Don't bring it next
week (the 11th) but on your
way to C. If, however, you
have to stay on in Cox-
sackis longer, perhaps you'd
better bring it next week-
end - or as soon after as
is convenient for you. It's
to be the following week-
end (the 18th) do please
come as early in the week-
end as you can, so as to
stay here till you have to
get to work on Monday.
I'll hope it will be the 18th.
If your father is to have
the operation (and I do
hope greatly for everyone's
sake that he need not) so
that you'll be coming
earlier - don't plan to
stay one night only - that
would be too demoralizing.

spoken, but at any rate,
I feel very secure now
as to any really disas-
trous (for anyone) out-
come. How will you believe
me this next time when I
say your fears are exag-
gerated? This is not an
"I told you so", darling -
I just want you to get
in the habit of believing
me when I tell you that
though life is a sorrowful
& difficult business, it's not
so appalling as you are
so quick to expect.

Well - as to the car - I
think everything sounds
swell and you are a pre-
cious lamb to do it all. I
think it would really be
dilly for you to come all
the way here next Sat.
I just to believe it if you're
coming the next week
anyhow - it's a waste of
time, energy & money for
which the few extra days

Does this make any sense?
I expect you can figure
out the main ideas, any-
how.

And to think that in
either one week or two
I shall leave you with
me again — I hope it will
be one so you'll be here
sooner, but I hope more
that it will be two be-
cause that will really
mean that things are
much better for everyone.
I wait eagerly for news
word from you about
yourself. It seems that you
have cause for infinite
gratitude to Eva. I want
very much to know what
she has to tell you.

And now they're waiting
for me to go to the movies
and I must stop.

I send you my dear
love — now and always —
Constance

Thursday -

4 July 1937

My dearest, Dearest Boy,

I was so terribly grateful to you for writing, at once when you read the letter from home. Not to know what is happening to you - hurts me so - even when it is unhappy news you send me. Of course I am distressed by what you write of how your mother is taking things, though not yet unduly worried. Remember this is only the beginning, when she recognizes the finality of the whole situation for she will take it because she has to - just as we all do when we are confronted by the inevitable and the inevitable. Now will she be, as you suggested, "destroyed" - strong characters do not break under

you know must be done,
and yet always to be
gentle and loving. The
courage with which you
bore your feet toward
leaves when it would be
so much easier not to fill
me with pride in you. I
have no fears as to the
ultimate outcome. Keep
your eyes on that, my
sweet one, and look
above the present.

Last night after every-
one else was in bed I set
up reading some old letters
from Dad - written to his
parents in the nineties. Some
of them were at the time
when he was in some-
what your situation - when
his abandonment of his
religious faith threatened
to make a break between
them. You were in my thought
every instant as I read,
and it was as if what I

strain. Resentment, resistance,
bitterness, misery - all these
may last for some time,
but not destruction. No,
my dear, you do not do
her wrong when you
suggest it. Whether it is God
that supports us or some-
thing else, all of us draw
strength from some source
and can bear what we
have to bear. Only the
weakening collapse -
and your mother is not
that. It is you, my sweet
dear, who will suffer most
for it is you who are
most sensitive and you will
carry the burden of inflicting
the injury. I dread it for
you because I cannot
bear that you should be
hurt, but not for any
other reason. I have
absolute faith in your
strength to undergo the
 ordeal, to keep fast to what

you know must be done,
and yet always to be
gentle and loving. The
courage with which you
turn your feet toward
leaves when it would be
so much easier not to fill
me with pride in you. I
have no fears as to the
ultimate outcome. Keep
your eyes on that, my
sweet one, and look
above the present.

Last night after every-
one else was in bed I sat
up reading some old letters
from Dad - written to his
parents in the trenches. Some
of them were at the time
when he was in some-
what your situation - when
his abandonment of his
religious faith threatened
to make a break between
them. You were in my thought
every instant as I read,
and it was as if what I

strain. Resentment, resistance,
bitterness, misery - all these
may last for some time,
but not destruction. No,
my dear, you do not do
her honor when you
suggest it. Whether it is God
that supports us or some-
thing else, all of us draw
strength from some source
and can bear what we
have to bear. Only the
weakening collapse -
and your mother is not
that. It is you, my sweet
dear, who will suffer most
for it is you who are
most sensitive and you will
carry the burden of inflicting
the injury. I dread it for
you because I cannot
bear that you should be
hurt, but not for any
other reason. I have
absolute faith in your
strength to undergo the
orded, to keep fast to what

had so passionately wanted
in these last months had
come to pass - that you and
he and I should talk
together of this unhappy
business with which you
were forced to deal. He, too,
had been forced, in order to
keep his own integrity, to
tell his parents that he
must live in a different
world from theirs, and it
was as if, for you and me,
he had written down these
things as he felt and saw
them. He was so much like
you, my darling - even
when he broke away from
the precepts instilled into
him from birth, it was
from the highest idealism
- it was because he must
follow the truth as he saw
it, because he must preserve
the integrity of his own
spirit because he saw so
clearly that to follow their
path in order to save them

4 July 1937

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pain was in the end to be untrue to his ideals because it was untrue to himself. There was in what he wrote, that some combination of strength + gentleness that there was in his character as I knew him so much later. One letter in particular I should like to read to you sometime - written to his mother who had evidently overheard a controversy between him + his father. It contained a statement of his own point of view, of his deep unhappiness, of his love for her, and an analysis of his father that came as near to being ruthless as my darling father could ever have been. He was 22 when he wrote it and there was in it the wisdom of half a century. He loved deeply, but he saw clearly + his purpose was firm. He knew that even love could not be served by the sacrifice of the truth, as he saw it. For his father he felt something of very like contempt because he

had used his strength mainly
to force his will upon others,
because he had been brought
hard + intolerant, because he
had brought more misery than
joy to those lives he had
battered. Though he had always
been a righteous man. How
like him self at 68 he was
at 22! Those were the sins
that were intolerable to his
gentle, compassionate, tender
spirit. But to come back
to you + the bearing of all
this on your problem - the
thing that got him through,
as I put together the whole
thing after I'd finished
reading, was the absolute
firmness of purpose. There
was no yielding, even. He
chose his own path, from
the highest motives. Then
he followed it, without fuss,
without argument, just quietly
going his own way, yet
maintaining his loyalty to
them. This bit from one
letter to his father is typical
- the rest of the letter has
all the air of a natural,

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Exeter, New Hampshire

easy letter from son to
father, filled with casual, un-
important things — and in
the middle of it this quiet
but perfectly definite paragraph.
"In answer to the main
part of your last letter, it is
best, I think, for me to say
little. It is impossible for you
to understand how I think
and feel about such things,
if it were not, I believe you
would be much less troubled
on account of me." Read
that + ponder it in your heart,
dear. It brought strongly to
my mind the things you said
to your mother a week ago.
Profit from it is that you
take the same stand —
don't talk to them — let
them talk to you. They must
accept you as you are or
lose you. Faced quite clearly
with those alternatives, there
is only one thing they can,
in the end, do.
There was among the letters

from Dad, one long one
from my mother in answer,
evidently to one my grand-
mother had written her, beg-
ging her to use her influence
with him to bring him back
to his path of righteousness.
And that, too, was a remark-
able letter, for its revelation
of her character, and of the
nature of her love for him.
I understand now better than
ever before why that marriage
was one of the great ones,
why something in him died
when she did. There were
profound needs of his spirit
to which she ministered, there
were some things in him that
could not have lived without
her.

I read and reread until
my tears quite blinded me
— tears shed partly for you,
whom I love, and who
must now live through
your own conflict, — partly
for that old sorrow, though
now all those whom it hurt
are in their graves. If there
were any lingering doubt
of the rightness of the way

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you have chosen, it would
be gone, had you read with
me. When you see the immense
value and beauty of his life
and realize that from the
beginning, he knew that he
must live it in his own
way, even if he hurt others
before, you realize that
that must be a right prin-
ciple by which to live.
It all helped me, just as
he has always helped me,
for it confirmed what I
had felt & said myself
about you & to you. You are,
my dearest, following the
only possible road for a
man like yourself - or like
my father - who is guided
by the balanced combination
of principle & intelligence.
So, my darling, hold on! Don't
make a single compromise
& don't discuss any more here

you can possibly help - it
won't do them any good. An
absolutely rigid firmness is
the thing which will soonest
convince them of futility &
that is what will spare
them most in the end. Prob-
ably both they & Elisabeth's
parents will beg you to
wait for some specified
length of time - a year,
two years or what leave
you. If you were ^{both} 10 years
younger it might be worth
conceding. But you are
not, & both of you have
wasted already more time
than you had to spare.
This is, of course, what I
that I wrote you on Sun-
day fits in. I hope you're
taking that to heart!
As for the letter to you
wife - I didn't really

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think its promptness would
prevent her taking back
what she said, but I did
think the psychology would
be good - if you jumped
instantly at her offer of
release it would be a bit in
the teeth & that, my pet, is
the only way, I fear, that
this can be managed. I've
thought of another line
possibly worth trying - a
somewhat brutal account of
the history of your feeling for
her or have you tried
that already? Including the
fact that she rather bamboozled
you into marrying her? This
is harsh but might have some
effect & it has the virtue of
not destroying her picture
of herself which the method
of pointing out to her that she
doesn't love you does do, &

Therefore rouses her most violent
opposition. Somewhere she
must leave a bit of pride -
it's part of the equipment
of every normal human -
& if she can see that she's
laughing or to a man who doesn't
want her & never wanted her
very much, that little bit of
pride might assert itself &
bring her to let go. Do it
delicately, take most of the blame,
& yet make clear to her that
you did it in all innocence,
thinking you could make it
work. But don't do it so
delicately that it won't hurt
or that it will contain one
crumb of hope. Then if that
doesn't work, we'll think
of something else. Give her
no affection & never yield
on inch any more than with
your parents. You have been
too tender-hearted with her for
her own good. Of course
it's one of the reasons why
I love you, all the same!

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It's not, of course, a thing
that's arguable at all. If it
were a matter of quarrels,
of infidelity, of money, of
any of the common causes of
marital difficulties, it might
be in some compromise
might be reached. But it is
a matter as fundamental to
your continued existence as the
nourishment of your body -
for your spirit, too, has certain
definite requirements - it must
be fed + ~~water~~ some
elements in the diet of your
soul are absolutely vital just
as are some in the diet of
your body. She cannot supply
them because she simply
hasn't them. If I have learned
anything from life, it is this
- that the capacity of each
individual to give is essentially
a constant quantity - it cannot
be changed by an effort of the

will, nothing can be done
about it - said. Or as can give
only what he has to give
- if that is not enough, then
starvation must follow. This
is as inexorable as any law
of the nourishment of the body.
You have discovered this &
accepted it - she as yet
will not. But she's got to. There
are plenty of men whose natures
are simple, whose spiritual
needs are few - she'd better
start looking for one, and
leave that infinitely complex
& delicate mechanism which
is your soul to more skillful
hands than hers.

About the Hopes - don't
you want me to tell her?
I can do it in some ways
better than you, since I
can speak more freely than
you decently could.

To return to the situation
in Loxsachie - don't say

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anything about me, of course,
unless you are asked, but I
still feel, after considerable
further thought on the subject
that the time has come to
stop "shielding" them &
that from now on everything
must be open & honest. There's
no sense in forcing truths
down their throats, but any
questions should be answered
quite frankly. It's always
easier in the long run to take
everything in one great gulp
than to have a series of
miserable doses! They've forced
now to reconstruct their
picture of you, their attitude
toward you, their relations
with you - let them rebuild
the whole structure at once
instead of getting it half
done & then leaving it
battered down again. I
think you should make it
clear that you intend divorce

as soon as possible + that
you intend to remarry (or
whether it be to me or not,
that you must do + must
definitely plan to do, for
your need of it is deep +
real) — + that you intend
to marry whom you choose.

There, you see I go on +
on whether I'm of any use
or not. At least it proves to
you how much I think of
you, how terribly concerned
I am about you, how desperately
I want to help you, to
somehow stand between
you + these things that
must hurt you. I wish
you need not go through it
so much alone. Do tell
me what Eva's attitude is
— I know she loves you
+ is loyal, I know she
wants to help you, but I
sometimes wonder if she
really understands you.
Has she yet accepted this

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situations for what it is?

My sweet, you will write me what you can & when you can? I will try not to be demanding.

I am so grateful for the dear things you wrote at the end of your letter - you're a very satisfactory lover, dearest, when you let yourself go. At night when I am in bed, and the light is out, I close my eyes and am back again in the still, moonlit night, listening to your dear voice saying those absurd and beautiful things - and when you've said them all - oh yes, I have to hear them all, so eager and for every word - then you are silent but I see your flawless profile against the silvered

water until you arms tighten
about me, and my eyes close
under your kisses. Come soon,
darling, come soon.

Constance

P.S. Just to bring you
down to earth - I'm wavering
a bit about the car. But
I'll wait till I hear from
you to make up my mind
finally one way or the other.

Excuse the change in paper
- I discovered mine was all
gone but that one sheet. I
hope I've not worn you out
with this inuense volume.

Saturday -

(3 July 1957)

My sweet Angel -

I've decided

I couldn't marry you, anyhow
— at least, I couldn't
live with you — for then I
shouldn't get letters from
you, and it's too grand
getting letters from you!

I got back late yester-
day from Boston, feeling
lowish + thinking solemnly
that I couldn't possibly
get a letter from you —
and there was one! I was
positively dazzled. You do
make me feel as if I were
with you, and I do love
that. How you ever man-
aged to snatch a minute
to write in all the turmoil
of those days, I don't
know — but bless you for
doing it. I hope that in

oculist + the dentist -
that does make a car a
definite convenience. But I
still say with absolute
firmness that it will dis-
tress me deeply to leave
you do it because you
can't refuse me. So - take
that to heart - a check is
easily torn up - there's
nothing ^{of} imperative
about my sending it. But
since you mention look-
ing for a car on Tue. or
Wed. I thought I'd
send it.

The idea of seeing you
next Saturday quickens
my pulse - I shan't count
on it yet, but do, my
goodness, I shan't be able
not to think of it.

The house is full of
guests - I've sneaked off
to scribble this, but I
must go back & not write

Coxsackie there will at least
be rest for your body, even
though tumult in your
soul - and I hope so
terribly there'll not be
too much of that. Hold
fast to what you know
to be the truth & let the
waters sweep over you.
You're safe, my darling,
I know - perfectly safe.

As for the car! Your
letter sounded less as if
you had reservations. Per-
haps I misread it - per-
haps not. Anyhow, I de-
cided to send the check,
on the sole condition - &
the absolute condition -
that you do nothing you
do not want to do or
think it wise to do. In
the course of yesterday's
trip to Babar I discovered
I'm going to leave to go
back & forth a lot to the

half - or a tent - of what
I want to do.

Perhaps I should warn
you - I'm going to Boston
Friday to have a look out
- it will be marvelous
to have you just over
the top of the hill - but
I may not be at my
best on Saturday. How
would you like me look-
ing as if I had a
potato in my mouth?

Sister says to tell you
to practice bicycle riding!
We're quite sold on it!

I must stop, precious,
- it's hard - the way it's
hard to say good-bye
to you. You are so sweet,
so sweet, and I do
love you -

Constance

Thursday -

[June 1937]

My darling -

Just to get
business off my mind
first - of course you'd
better come the 20th, it
would be absurd to come
here + go back + then
come back to Cambridge.
And of course you must
be at home for Eva's
birthday. So I shall
now be looking forward
quite definitely to the 20th
and even though I wish
it were sooner, it is
suave to know that it
will be then. Was the
money I sent you enough?
I was in such a dither
over your call - plus
the restraint imposed
upon me by Bess's pres-
ence - that when I'd hung

wholly emotional, not rational - Rebecca's coming from her old background of British provincial prejudice which is always her instinctive first reaction to any "situation" - and which will always in one end vanish before her warmth of nature. She'll come 'round - in fact, she is coming 'round for I saw her again to-day and have I talked to her!?! I've probably not been fair to Elizabeth - but there's no reason why I should be in she's out + it's you + May that count. Rebecca will never really understand in she's too subjective + you're too complex. Her only way of dealing with such a situation is to see it in her own way - which is highly colored -

up I wasn't in the least certain what you'd said. How long can you stay?

Well, I told the Hoggess last night + thank God I did - it was unlucky better to have someone do it who could talk freely + unimpeded by jealousy! I had a good opening at one point in the conversation so I just took my little bowl, put in the middle of the floor + set it off. Then I waited, sniffing the air like a dog to see what Rebecca's "Oh!" + Jack's "So that so?" followed by silence from both really meant. I decided that for the moment R. was anti + J. was pro and so it turned out to be. Both reactions, of course, were

one person must be wholly
wrong, the other wholly right.
I am not being unfair, in
my longer sense, for in the
end she will have a more
accurate conception of the
pattern of this whole affair
than if I gave it to her
in clear, dispassionate form.
She'll be all right by the
time you get her.

As for Jack - he was
simply sweet - his reactions,
too, arise from prejudice,
but that prejudice is
the one created by his
great loyalty + affection.
I think I have never
known anyone who more
completely exemplified the
virtue of loyalty, and the
depth + unswerving con-
stancy of his affection is
something to marvel at.
Wofline - you can do well
even after that. He under-

stood well that I did not
say a, & vice versa, for
one thing I know that he
has been hurt though he
would never say so, but
what has seemed to him
for a year a desire on your
part to be less close a
friend. I think you he
feels better - not because he
really understands - but be-
cause he is quick to think
it was your wife's fault. I
told them that she had been
jealous of Donald & would
have liked to destroy the
closeness of that relation-
ship. I deliberately chose
to tell that because I knew
it would shock them more
than any number of things.
Jack jumped at it like a
shot & was obviously immeasurably
relieved at the idea that
she might have wished to
come between you & any close
friend. Darling, you will
write to him now, won't

was - " Tell him I love
him, tell him I'll stand
by him, tell him I've
missed him " - + a hor-
sional other things. I was
terribly touched. So do
write, sweetheart, - as
warmly as you can. There's
no need for explanations -
I've said everything
that need be said, but
if he knows that I under-
stood what he could not
say + that I have told
you of it + that it warms
your heart, as I'm sure it
does + that you are his
loyal friend, as I'm sure
you are - it will make
him very happy + you'll
be repaid a thousandfold.
I told him, too, not the
contents of your letter to
your family, but its pur-
port, + that now every-
thing was open between
you + that from now on

you, at once? He is so in-
articulate, but he loves
so deeply + he needs so
much more love than he
gets. I think you'd hurt
him + I think this is a
wonderful opportunity to
show him how fond of
him you really are. Certain-
ly no one will stand by
you better - through thick
+ thin. Rebecca said to-
day - " Of course I wish
I wouldn't hear one word
against Van " - + that's
exactly it. He walked
out with us to the car
last night - quite silent,
though I knew there was
something he wanted
to say. After I'd got in -
+ even started the engine,
he managed to overcome
his restraint enough to
say " I hope Van will
come up this summer -
tell him so." And what
that meant, my precious,

you would take your own
road with the independance
& freedom which are your
right. That pleased him
greatly for he believes, as do
Donald & I, that it is the
only way to a happy &
useful life for you.

Well - as to things in
Coxsackie - how much
better they are than you'd
expected, aren't they, dear?
And how relieved I am!
For though I'd never be-
lieved that they'd be as
bad as you thought -
still I couldn't help catch-
ing some of your apprehen-
sion & being afraid they'd
be pretty bad. I think
it's swell they're not half-
ing - it would be so
jubilant & so painful &
wouldn't make them feel
any better since - it couldn't
alter anything. Of course
they think you're a naughty
child - they'll never concede

your unaided - that sort of
parent never does - & there
are many, many of them.
It will not occur to them
to try to understand -
only to judge & if you're
wrong in their eyes to feel
ashamed even though
they'll not cease to love
you. They cannot make the
parent-child relationship
one that grows with the
child - it is still exactly
as it was when you were
born. This is a great pity
- for them more than for
you - but it's far too
late for it to alter. They
can neither concede you the
right to be right on the
basis of your own judgment,
nor can they relinquish the
feeling of being responsible
& accountable for your be-
haviour. Then, too, of course
they are not "of the world"
& the whole matter assumes
exaggerated proportions in

silly, which she will never understand. I suppose it's a great wonder + a cause for great rejoicing that you have found that you cannot blossom in that soil + have searched - ~~not~~ partly blindly + partly intelligently - until you've found those things you do need.

Of course you fairly didn't understand you letters - I didn't think they would + I was sure, too - it would hurt them. But I saw no way to avoid either. You had done the best you possibly could. And some of it - some of its general gist, they must have understood - just as some of the affection so genuinely + clearly voiced they must have felt. These will counteract the mis-understanding, + the pain in so

their minds. That array of problems you cite as trouble in 7 men all seems a little absurd in 1937 + the U. S. A. Thank God - it's not England, that's all! Anyhow, there'll never be complete liaison + understanding between you + your family, but there is at least now honesty + affection. I want to know when they begin talking about me - to you or to Eva - for it seems as if they must soon - the letters are pretty obvious for I've written you damn near every day.

However did such a peace bloom from that soil? Even Eva who is evidently most nearly like you is so chiefly because she is intelligent + ~~not~~ of your generation, not because she has your great complexity +

far as it is possible for
you to do it. Darling, you've
been a good son, and had
they a deeper understanding
of life + of the human heart
they would feel only pride in
you. But then - if they had
- you'd never have found
yourself in his jam for he'd
never have left you so ignorant
- so all I say means
nothing!

Dearest, I must stop -
there's no time for all this - I
should have been writing
to Donald in answer to his
so good letter - + to others -
but I want to write to you!

Don't ever again say
you'll be bored with you say-
ing you want me with
you - that's just not the
kind of thing that bores
me!

Now I must write home
about business + what not.

My dearest love to you -
Constance

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

[June 1937]

Thursday -

George, you were so sweet
to write to me later that in
the middle of the night instead
of going instantly to bed,
you're so terribly satisfactory,
my little angel. And in the
middle of the night, dead tired
as you must have been -
still you managed to write
me a letter as tender, as
beautiful, as any you ever have.
You are wonderful.

Of course I expect it would
be better not to write you
again so soon - but per-
haps one of the letters you'll
get before it's seen. Any-
how, I considered putting it
in a different envelope &
having B's address it, but
I thought no - if we're going

to be honest, we're going to
be honest! So how do you go!
Now it's the car — the reason
for this immediate answer to
your letter. I am disturbed by
you saying "I couldn't refuse
you" — the implication be-
ing that you would really
prefer to refuse me. And
right now, before this goes any
further, I want to know what
your reservations are. So
will you please, my darling,
tell me — quite honestly?
The reasons I want it you
already know, in the main.
I want to have this last
summer as comfortable &
as pleasant as possible which
certainly involves not asking
for the car too often. Now
that simply means a certain
limitation of our activities,
which is obviously not ideal.
It's pleasant to be able to
go swimming, or out for
dinner, or this or that — it's

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always pleasant in the
country to have a car, but
heaven knows it's not
essential. We should get
along all right. If Bass
takes it as she plans to
Savallette the end of next
week, I should be here
alone for a while + with
Mavis for a while + then it
would be pleasant - but
again not essential. I'd
like to think I'd reached
a point where I couldn't
get along without one. It
would be convenient for re-
turning to N. Y. + at one or
two other times for travel -
but I've done very well
on trains for 3 years. There
is one other thing that had
been on my mind from the
beginning, - I could drive
down to Cambridge, ^{where Miss Rose} + we'd
have it to go out in, how
that's the whole story from my

point of view - so tell me yours.
You can see that all of this is
a matter of pure pleasure and
you must not let it overtake.
once any reasons of your own
oppose it. Of course I'll pay
for the insurance, nothing
about this must, in any case,
be one penny of expense to
you. I pay for my own
luxuries. As for any difficulty
in leaving it in your name
I don't understand. You
buy a car with all the
usual formalities (the source
of the money can hardly
concern either the dealer,
the law or anyone else)
and then it's yours. If
you choose to lend it to
someone, that's your own
affair. But this sounds as
if I were trying to argue ^{you}
into doing it, and I'm not
not one bit.
There is one other catch -
Sister & Hugh will probably

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How did you
do. I wish
I could drive
up with
you when
you visit
Sister up
with
me.

Have to go back on the 7th after
all + you certainly couldn't
manage it in time to drive
down with them. Of course I
should pay any railway
fare, but even so — there is
the trouble. The more I think
of it, the worse it seems. I've
no right to ask it of you +
just letting the cheaper price
for the car make up for it.
And I will not ask anything
of you that will make life
any harder for you than it is
now. So come clean, dearest!
There is one other possibility
— that you might ^{instead of now} drive it on
before you come to Cambridge.
This might dispose of your
reservations — but that's only
a guess, since I don't know
what they are. Now, precious,
please, please, please do what
you want. You've got to tell
me what you want + why just
as frankly as I have.
And here's a whole letter, just

full of business, when I could
so easily fill me with much
more important things, I think
of you incessantly & of course
with anxiety, as in my imag-
ination I follow you into your
ordeal. I have absolute
faith in you - but I love
you & I wish so terribly that
I could shield you from hurt.
I am glad your mother wrote
- even if there was no answer
in it to your letter. The very fact
that she wrote is significant
& very. Every day I shall hope
for word of how things go when
you get there - and it all
matters to me more than 1000
cars.

I send you no check for fear
it seems that I do not mean
what I've said. I'm not going
to send you one unless I'm sure
it's all right for you.

And so good-night, my
dear, my dear - good-night
and sweet, sweet dreams -

Constance

Will you just
drop me a p.c. on Sunday evening -
let me know if you
got this all right?
Sweet Angel - [28 June 1937]

It's not yet
twenty-four hours since I
saw the last of you from
the train window and
turned back to our little
cubby hole and the rather
thin consolation of being
with you in my thoughts.
Anyhow, I thought a great
many things which I
shall eventually have to
write, but for only a few of
which I have time now.
First of all, my darling -
we were much too solemn
last evening. It is easy
for me when I am with
you to catch your mood
and I did last night. But
I was wrong - + you were

about is the actual business
of the divorce. And quite
aside from the fact that I
feel very strongly that it
would be better for you
that it should be cleared
up at once, I think it
is very important for
your wife. She is present-
ed with a problem of re-
building that you are not,
for she has to tear down
& begin again - you are
only freed of an unwelcome
load. She has got to
recognize the fact of
this and got to begin
at once to reconstruct.
Whether or not you are the
one who is to blame (I don't
know what I think about
that) you are the cause of
her unhappiness & probably
the person most capable of
convincing her of the utility
of struggle & the necessity of

wrong - & probably you
don't know what I'm
talking about, but I do,
and it's all right -
everything's all right -
including you - quite, quite
all right. I know now
many things that I didn't
ten days ago - or at least
that I felt vague about
& only half knew. I am
not worried, dear - you
needn't have told me not
to be - not about the
big things. About the little
things - the details - I worry
because I care for you &
it is important to me that
things should go well with
you. But no more about
the fundamentals - you are
safe - safer, I think, than
you yourself yet know.
Of the details, the one I've
been thinking, perhaps most

rehabilitation. So there you
are, poor lamb - I think
you'll have to do and say
whatever is necessary.
You see, it's like this -
she has now two alterna-
tives - remarriage or a job.
Of course the former is much
the better for her - but for
either she is at present in
an anomalous position -
"neither maid, wife, nor
widow"! A woman living
separated from her hus-
band is regarded by men
as somewhat suspect &
as certainly not wishing
marriage, whereas a
woman divorced is not only
obviously free, but has
a certain added je-ne-
sais-quoi which neither
the unmarried girl nor the
widow has. I know this
partly from experience, partly
from what men have told

me, it (divorce) can be
an asset with men, — separ-
ation is only a handicap.
And in the matter of a job,
the latter is also true —
the minute you apply for a
job with a Mrs. before you
have you are asked if you
are living with your hus-
band & if not whether you
are divorced or separated. A
separation may be final; it
may be temporary — it is
always likely to indicate
an unsettled state of affairs —
& of mind & emotions. That
is a great handicap, partic-
ularly for a teacher who
must be ready to deal with
other personalities, not absorbed
in the problems of her own.
George, she simply must
be in a definite clean-cut,
settled state as soon as
possible. I think you should

got it to waste. True, it's something of a farce, but so, as I have discovered, are all others. It's just another sop to society. Since it has to be gone through, the quicker the better.

I trust you, my sweet lamb, not to misunderstand any of this — neither what I say nor my motives in saying it. I think that you will be as your conscience tells her life is straightened out & it is for your peace of mind that I am primarily concerned — at the same time it is impossible not to feel a certain amount of sex loyalty. She's another woman & she's in a bad spot — I'd be much happier myself to see her out of it.

do everything to get her to start for Reno as soon as she's through with this job. She'll find it difficult if not impossible to get either husband or job till that's all behind her. If she were in another profession — a more head-boiled one — it might be different. If she were the sort of femme fatale who can all ways find large numbers of suitors under all circumstances it might also be different. But as it is she'd better be about it. Reno's best because it's quietest — unless you prefer mess. Don't waste her good time fooling around with one of my kind that takes a year or two. She hasn't

Monday -

28 June 1975

Sweetmeat -

I wrote you
last night + after long
debate with myself, sent
it to Henry Hall - so if
you've not got it yet,
buzz around + hunt it
up. Maybe you'll not
get this either, but
I'm sending it special
in the hope that that
will attract enough
attention to the address,
so see that it gets to you!
Also because I do want
you to get it promptly.
This is really on business.

thought it over + finally
evolved this scheme —
which involves you! I'd
like to buy a car, use
it all summer + sell it
in September. Now how
would you like to buy
it in September? Now
know that — how would
you like to buy it
now — that is, I'd pay
for it, but you'd pick
out the car, so that
it should be what
you want essentially
+ so that it could be
registered in N.Y. + would
not have to be re-registered
in Sept. You could make
the purchase in your own
name with my money.

Sister + I have been
thinking over summer
plans — what things we
wanted to do while we're
here etc., etc., and the
great problem is a car.
You see, as long as Dad
lived, the car belonged
to the family, now it
belongs to Bess very
definitely. To ask for
the use of it is to ask
a favor — every time.
This is awkward + un-
comfortable + will end
in our simply not
having it except now +
then. And of course it's
much pleasanter to have
a car — for going swim-
ming, for instance, I

And you could pay me
for it either in Sept. or
whenever you easily could.
I wouldn't press you for
the money! Also I'd rather
you picked it out as I
know absolutely nothing
about cars + don't want
the responsibility of
choosing a car some-
one else is going to
have pay for repairs on.
I'd give you a handsome
reduction on what I
pay for it. Of course
the difficulty would be
getting it to me, but we
could probably manage
somehow - possibly
meet at some half-way
point. Or - if you could
drive it up before the

11? # You could be
driven back to N.Y. or
Danbury, or any other
intermediate point by
truck that week-end.
You might have to sleep
on a couch here but
there'd be some bed for
you. Is this all fantastic?
It seems sensible when
you just put it like this
→ I want a car quite
a lot for the next two
months → or two and a
half → you must leave
ours after that. It seems
as if the two fitted. I
know it's asking you to
take a lot of trouble,
but I'll make that up
to you in the amount I

There'll be no possibility
of getting about unless I
have my own. But all
this must be subject to
your wishes. I know you've
another car on your hands
at present & would prob-
ably have to get that
returned first. If you
should undertake the
task for me & should
need to communicate with
me in a hurry ^{at any time}
meaning telephone or
telegram, keep account
of what you spend & I'll
~~settle~~ settle with you. I can send
you a check for the pur-
chase price at a moment's
notice.

There's one more thing
I want to say - don't
get yourself all doped up

deduct when I ^{sell} it to
you! If you buy it, there'll
be no bother about
transfer, etc. aside from
the other things I've
already mentioned.

The price I leave to you
for you know what you'd
want to pay. I'd like
a Chevrolet with a front
& back seat, but I
don't really care - as
Sister says - anything
on 4 wheels that will go.
I'd also like to have it
before the 11th ^{or} if possible
as after that I'm going
to be alone here for a
while & Bess will have
her car with her, so

for September.

And there's one more,
too, my darling, that's
been running through
my head since I wrote
you last night -

"But if the while I think
on thee, dear friend -
All loves are restored,
and sorrows end."

Constance

Monday -

[21 June 1937]

Dearest Boy,

How good
you are to take so
much time & trouble
to look after us - we're
immensely grateful and
feel guilty, too. I think
perhaps women are more
unpleasant than they're
worth. But I mustn't
stop for a discussion
of the relations between
the sexes!

What we want is
to go on Friday night.

when we can get at
least a bedroom. The
tickets are 2 1/2 - that
is, I. pays half for.

Is this at all clear?

I trust so.

We'd like to come to
Rochester in the late
afternoon, but I. to bed
after supper in your
apartment (I mean -
after supper but I. to
bed in your apt.) &
then get the train at
11:00.

I'm glad the letter
home is done. I'm feel-
ing much relieved
about everything -

If a compartment has
a little settee or what
do you besides the
2 benches, which could
serve as bed for Joan
we want that - as
one who sleeps with
I. will sleep. ^{of these}
are only the 2 benches ^{in the compart.},
then we'll have a bed-
room, & save the money.
All this is if you can
get the compartment for
Fri. - if you can't
get it, get the bed-
room, if you can't get
either, proceed in the
same fashion for Sat. &
so on till there's a night

and so glad we'll
be together to-morrow.
Bless you. my darling,
— take good care of
yourself — darling —
Constance

We're leaving
Sat. or Sun. for Monday -
western U. S. - not Exeter!

Darling - (14 June 57)

Take that all
back about feeling a fool
over the telephone call -
take it back at once!
It was such a sweet
impulse, and it pleased
me so, and you were
not inarticulate, and
there was no strain
in talking to you.
Perhaps I was inade-
quate in my response
- lay it to the sur-
prise. But for yourself
- you gave me a
gift that pleased me

girls till mid-afternoon,
to stay in Danbury longer,
or to see someone else
or do something else in
D.C. till around 4. We
could all meet for tea
& come out here together
afterwards. The luncheon
engagement could not be
avoided, as I'll explain
when I see you, and
there's no sense in in-
cluding ^{you} as it is a female
affair of 3 old friends & the
conversation will all be
very personal. So - will
you drop me a line so
I'll be sure to get it
Wed. morning (the mail
is very early here so it
would have to be mailed

carefully - I don't
want you to take it
away again by saying
you feel a fool for
leaving home it!

I hope you got off
to Danbury this morn-
ing & since you may
not have got my
letter before you left
I'm writing, this is
great haste. Sister & I
have a date for lunch
on Wed. at 1:00. I'll
get here at 11:30 - you
can come out & arrive
before we leave. On
the other hand, you
may prefer, since you'll
be deserted by the Rogers

Saturday -
(12 June 37)

Dearest Boy,

This is naughty
but the leastest scribble
- I'm all involved in
this & that - trying to
get things mostly
done before you come,
so that we can be
uninterrupted!

You were so sweet
to telephone me - it's
so terribly exciting.
The connection was
perfect & you simply
were right there in
the room - though only

& if I'm not there - go
+ telephone to be sure
there's no slip or to get
further instructions - if
I don't answer, call
Sister (Stedwell 4-1096).
If you're coming by
car, better telephone
from D.C. before you come
out. I shall expect to
hear something more
definite from you, any-
how, before long.

Are you going back to
Rochester afterwards? We
may be going straight
from here to Albion, in-
stead of Epeter. At any
rate, we're going there
sometime that week.

to be snatched 300
miles away by the dick
of the receiver - most
dantalyzing!

By the time you
get word to me when
you're coming, there'll
probably not be time to
get an answer to you,
since no word has come
from you yet. So -

I've an engagement
for lunch on Wed. - 4 or
into the afternoon, but
barring the unexpected,
could meet you any time
after, say, four. Supposing
I say that you should
look for me at the train,

I've thought + thought
about you this week, won-
dering + wondering how
you felt, going back in
my mind to the sound
of your voice over the wire
→ a very reassuring
sound, bless you. I dreamed
about you last night +
you said you'd decided
you were in love with
your wife after all!

Thursday night we're
going on a bender with
Sister + Hugh - I hope you
don't mind - I'll ex-
plain when you get here.
So don't be too tired, I
I'll not let you go to
bed at 9 on Wed, either!

With so much love -
but why talk about that
or any thing unless I can
really talk to you soon?
Constance