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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.

I am not writing
 for a long time
 but I have
 a few lines
 to write
 to you
 before
 I go
 to
 bed
 tonight
 I am
 so
 tired
 that
 I
 can
 not
 write
 more
 than
 a
 few
 lines
 I
 hope
 you
 will
 be
 my
 last
 communication
 in
 writing
 for
 this
 year! Anything mailed
 later than now
 now I'm afraid would
 not reach you, and
 before that. I shan't leave
 a minute, as I am
 going to the Christmas
 doings at Joan's school.
 It is now after mid-
 night & I am just
 home from a excellent
 party at Sister's! Really
 my ambition, socially
 speaking, is to have
 parties like hers. They
 are simply grand. All

(21 Dec 35)

under the microscope, but
that is the only way near-
anatomical gesture that
was made during the
whole party. It was
really charming, & it
gives me so much sat-
isfaction to see a group
of people that can take
that test & take it so
well - who really have
nothing to hide & who
are under the influence
of alcohol, only better
company - not more
vulgar. Peter was here, &
Tim Stokes - Connie
couldn't come - a lot of
other people you don't
know - oh, I forgot,
- Mildred & Alice, whom
you do know, & the 2
men you will remember
meeting at their house
at Thanksgiving. Please

of us, of course, find our
inhibitions released by
alcohol, our self-conscience
ness pushed into the
background & what not.
And the secret of a
party ~~of this party~~ that
has quality is to get
a bunch of people who
really amount to some-
thing & then release
their inhibitions! The
result is simply swell
- everything that comes
out is so delightful.
I've been to so many
cocktail parties & the
results are so predictable
- the men get amorous,
the women get silly, &
everyone gets rowdy.
But not these people.
None. I was biased

were also a painter (not
leaves!), a newspaper man,
a psychiatrist, his fascinat-
ing & mist wife to whom
one could listen endlessly
both for the flavor of what
she has to say & for the
music of her speech - that
of the cultivated woman
from the North of Ireland
and so on & so forth -
I must stop, for I have to
get up early to-morrow &
I've worked hard all day,
so am tired.

How odd that the Twelfth
Xmas present didn't come
to us both. Even so per-
haps it wasn't meant for
us both! In that case, I
shall ask for a refund
on "All This or Heaven, No!"
I'm afraid belongings are
sent to Newcastle in this
family. But maybe it's
better than some we have.
I never heard of Susan -

Monday -

(20 Dec 58)

Dearest,

I think I forgot
yesterday to thank you for
sending me the Air Mail so
that I did hear from
you Sat. morning and so
was able to enjoy my
week-end!

Well, I'm about to leave
my last class, thank God.
I really am very tired
and it will be a relief
to have that pressure
removed. Most of my
Xmas jobs are done, too, so
I can go more slowly
these next days. I may
even get the windows
washed before you come!
I hope so; otherwise
you'll get the impression

do what he would have done
if I had not been so
generally sorry
I can't wait for
Xmas's end

me the time of the train
more definitely than be.
between 6:30 and 8:00.

I don't think you need
hold off on the tea, darling,
- it was just something
temporary that made it
affect you like that. W. or
all had that experience.
Besides, it's like getting
right back on the horse
as soon as you've been
thrown - you should
have had a small
glass or two!

We're having a snow-
storm, too, a disagree-
able one of the wet variety.
I had hoped it would
hold off for a while so
that your arrival will
not be delayed. When
snow is added to the
heavy Xmas travel, trains
can be literally hours

that there's a permanent
log in N.Y.

What do you want me
to do Saturday morning -
meet you, or have your
breakfast ready and let
you come straight out on
the subway by yourself? I
think the latter is what
would probably be most
pleasant for you so sup-
pose I leave it that I'll
wait for you at home, ex-
pecting you there about
 $\frac{1}{2}$ hour after your train gets
in. I'm not sure whether
you'll get this in time for
an answer to reach me on
Fri. in the normal course
of events - especially with
heavy Xmas mails, so if
you'd rather I met the
train, send me an Air
mail. I trust you'll
remember you've not told

take or especially if you get
 on a third section. Which
 makes it occur to me that
 you might give me a ring
 from the Q. C. when you
 get in, or, never mind,
 I'll just leave everything
 done but the coffee & leave
 that till you arrive so it'll
 be fresh. Goodness, I can't
 make myself really believe
 you're coming - it all
 seems as remote as it did
 3 months ago - something
 with no reality outside of
 my mind. Will it really
 happen?

I had a very sweet &
 regretful letter from Bess
 this morning about our not
 coming - I think she really
 wanted us. And, my dear, it
 enclosed a Xmas gift for us
 both - \$20., which I re-
 gard as very generous
 indeed. I think at this season
 of the year she is thinking

although still he never forgets that they're great poetry - nor does most of the rest of the cast. The pace is marvelously sustained - rapid enough to suit the breathless succession of dreadful events, but not too fast for dignity. And always a splendid sense of rhythm and a sort of spaciousness of movement and gesture that suit high tragedy. The most artificial part of the important events - was simply killing! Terribly skilful direction, you see. I could

fact, I'm glad I shall see it twice so close together - the second time will be better. It's astonishing to see how the audience is held - even after hours. Good old Shakespeare - he certainly knew his trade. And it seems to me that it was extremely skilfully directed & played to keep it from dragging or from being played in too monotonous a key so that you couldn't stand the tension. He seemed to me a really glorious Hamlet - he seems to do it without effort so that the words spring from the character and the vibrations

see it all again to-night.

Saw Charles Boyer in the afternoon in a very second-rate picture. As a matter of fact, I was rather pleased to see so poor a French picture - proving that Hollywood had no monopoly on the cheapening of the art. It was sentimental, silly, unconvincing and fairly trite. Of course he was good in he can't help it + at moments he almost made you believe the silly thing, just because his own work is so fine he can carry the whole burden of a scene by himself.

Well, my Christmas cards are done at last - what a job it was this

time, for they lead to the
marriage announcements,
too, in a lot of cases. I
wrote and wrote! The
only ones I think might
cross your list are the
Hoyes + Rowals. You were
included on the Hulburds'
Stuehlys' + Spooners'.
I assume you'll include
me to the Tweedys +
Webbs so I sent nothing
there.

As I went through my
check list, I found a
gent - name of George
Van Schaack - hasn't
sent me a card since
1935. I think I'll just
cut him off the list. That's
the way it is with these
men - always disappearing.

When was
the summer
time.
I
was
at
the
time
of
the
summer
time.

Somewhere in the middle
of this it stopped being
Saturday & became Sunday,
so this is all you get for
2 days contribution - but
I offer no apologies - I
do better than you, even
at this! Have you written
me when you'll arrive
on Sat.? This begins now,
to think of it is hours,
not days, now that there's
no longer even a week.
Glad you second cold was
nothing - & sorry you're so
harrassed by the exams. Yes, I
agree with you about them, but
find them at times a great help
- it's such a good way to
crack down on the lazy ones.
Katherine Mansfield was one of
the most gifted of all short story
writers in Eng. - a very brilliant
woman, was ill with t.b. for
years before her death. - but was
always, I guess, terribly difficult
to live with. - the artistic temper.

Friday-

(16 Dec 58)

Angel-

I'm afraid his will
be feeble - I am rushed
and have besides nothing to
talk about! Since I
wrote last evening, I have
done nothing but read
papers + clean my house -
or at least clean some
areas of it. Besides, there
is nothing in my head
about which to converse.

There, that suggests some-
thing to fill space with -
Joan, the other day, after
putting on paper one of
her "poems" was asked
by her mother when she'd
have time to think that up,

keeping up like Alice in
the Looking Glass - it
takes all the running I
can do to achieve that.
Of course part of my
trouble is that I can't
resist invitations, so
I get crowded. Now
tomorrow I should
stay at home every
minute till I meet
Riba at tea-time, but
Hal Littel + another
old Dobbs girl want
me to have lunch with
them + go to see Charles
Boyer in "L'Orage"
+ a new French play.
So I said I would, like
a winner!

and replied "Why, mummy,
there's something going on
in my head all the time."
Which is, I fear, another
her aunt can say for her-
self! I feel now as if I
were racing time - but
is, as if with sufficient
effort I might actually
beat it. Do you ever
feel that way, as if
time were not a fixed
element in the situation
but as if both you and
it were capable of speed
or slowness and all
you have to do is to just
go faster than it does?!
The trouble is, it's not
going faster - in fact,
I don't think it's really

Well, I've reached my
limit - in time & in
ideas, so this will be all
you get. A week from
to-day I'll not be
writing - hooray, hooray,
hooray!

I'm a little worried
because I had no letter
to-day after yesterday's
terribly brief one say-
ing you were feeling
worse again. I hope
there'll be one to-morrow
to ease my mind,
Dearest love, sweetie.

C.

Thursday -
(15 Dec 38)

Sweetheart,

I suspect I'm
going to waste some paper,
too - I'm just frantic with
the things to be done! Your
letter sounded disquitted
& definitely low - I hope
before you get this you'll
be on the up grade - phys-
ically & mentally! How
bad you could come back
at you, but I suppose
not surprising. I do hope
terribly you'll not arrive
here done in. This business
of leaving exams at
this point seems to me
very stupid - I didn't
know any colleges did
that - even most sec.

play that has ever been written, and the opportunity to see it whole it would be stupid to let you miss.

I'm glad you found Xmas cards - I was rather worried for fear you wouldn't. I'm sorry for must squeeze in the writing, but I find it always takes less time than I expect it will. Getting off presents does the opposite, however. I allowed an hour this morning for getting mine ready to mail. It took two, not counting the time spent in clearing up the welter of paper, ribbons, seals,

ordinary schools have mid-year now, in the east, anyhow.

I'm so glad you approve of Hamlet. The enclosed review may interest you. I was talking last night with Alice about it & she said she'd never seen a Hamlet to equal it - that all the foggy places are made clear, partly by the acting, partly by the directing, partly just the fact that at last you've really got all that Shakespeare had to say about his people and his situations. I think we shall enjoy it, sweetheart, and I wonder now why I ever hesitated in choosing. It is possibly the greatest

cards, etc. etc. I sliced
stiches of one sort & another
till I was nearly sick,
kept putting down the
knife where I couldn't
find it, lost a pair of
scissors completely -
but finally got done -
Drew stood in line inter-
minably in the P.O., but
was not annoyed, be-
cause I was so buoyed
up by my sense of accom-
plishment at leaving
them all done!

Then, I've used the whole
sheet after all - pretty
good for me!

Dearest love, sweetest
C.

Wednesday -

(19 Dec 38)

Sweetheart,

I guess after all
it's partly feeble-mindedness.
Here I am again on the
train with your letter still
in my bag instead of in
the postman's! This time
I came in to meet Reba
who arrived at 11:40
for her Xmas vacation.
I just made it! It's a
terrible hour to leave to get
in for. So then we had a
prolonged lunch - Sister
was here, too, & I went
up & put R. & her bags
into a taxi - then came
down to get my train
with my head so full of
all that we'd been talk-
ing about that I simply

I believe to be a Xmas card
from Donald, addressed
to us both. I have not
opened it - being among
those who persistently save
Xmas for Xmas, also be-
cause though it is addressed
to us both, it is of course
primarily yours.

To-morrow I shall get
off all the parcels, I trust,
and most of the cards.
Rika is coming for the
week-end so I can't count
on a terrible lot of time
free.

No, I heard none of the
Sunday concert but the
Schubert, which I could
have got along without
very well, nor that I
missed it, just felt that
my life would have pro-
ceeded perfectly satisfact-
only on its way without

never brought of the letter
- although you were one of
the things we'd been talk-
ing about, at that!

One more question - shall
you have any last things
you need to do for Xmas
Sat. afternoon? I'm asking
only because we were out
of getting the Xmas arrange-
ments organized. I expect
you'll be all done -
after all, you've not much
to do! But I thought I'd
better find out. Dad used
to leave his major shop-
ping till he got into p.
partly because of the
superior shops but
partly because he figured
everyone else would be
done by then! This I do not
recommend, however, for
one who is not a gambler.

To-day I received what

- it. # So you read the "Hound
of the Baskervilles" - I en-
joyed it - good for your
dualism. Perhaps eventually
you'll be converted. I've
always thought good
detective stories would
be up your alley - intricate
+ carefully thought out
puzzles which you are
given a fair chance to
solve, but a time limit,
as it were - that is,
you've got to get your
solution in before the
author tells you his. I'll
give you some of mine to
take back with you against
your next cold! Did you know
Willie Farjeon's brother
writes them?

Love & must write to
Bess + break it so hard that
we're not coming to Phila-
delphia. So good-bye for
so-long, my sweet + my dear-
C.

Tuesday -
(140438)

Dearest -

Before I forget it -
when do you reach here?
Do you know yet? And
when do you leave E.
Lansing? This, so I'll
know when to stop writ-
ing.

How quickly you knew
of your cold - and how
good to know that you did.
You certainly bring out
the best in Mrs. Tenison,
darling, is it because
you don't drink, or just
the charm of your well-
known personality? You
do seem to be pretty
overpowering with land
ladies. Anyhow, I'm glad

or dozen, but they're too
picked over - the best
ones at the low prices
are gone.

I'll send the card to
Helen - with all my own
European ones or the
Queen Mary's. - But
I don't dare send it to the
address you suggest -
it's too vague to say she
"is known" there. I know
French habits too well. I'll
send it to the Am. Exp. in
Betty's care & it will reach
her. Travel hotels have
a way of thinking they're
discharged their responsi-
bility if they just don't know
away mail for people who
aren't there - yes, even
when it's marked "faire
suivre, s. v. p.". The Amer-
ican Exp. is run on the
basis of vulgar American

you were looked after &
so able to stay in so much
of the time. It's so long
since I've been able to
stay in & baby a cold
that it seems to me the
height of luxury.

I don't know whether the
special Xmas rail rates
apply to pullmans, but I
know that both teachers
& girls going to Chicago
use dress, so it seems as
if they must - to some ex-
tent at least.

I wish you'd hold me to
get Xmas cards for you long
ago when I asked you -
I expect you were saving
me the trouble, but I'm
sure you'd never find
anything but terrible
ones there. I looked
to-day, thinking I'd
send you at least

efficiency - so unromantic
+ unindividual, but with
it's comforting aspects!
Sister + I saw "Pygmalion"
this morning - by early
afternoon when we came
out there was a bright packed
crowd all through the lobby
of the theatre + out onto the
sidewalks. I must say, it's
a neat answer to Hollywood
oft-repeated statement that
you have to produce pictures
on a low intellectual level
to get people to come. And
there was George Bernard
Shaw packing them in
for real wit + comedy on
a level that any intellect-
ual can only respect, act-
ed with restraint + skill
and oh, so truly funny!
Then when one goes just
down the street + finds
Shakespeare playing to
standing room only one
wonders if a fair section
of the public is not educated.

Saturday -

(12 Dec '38)

Dearest -

I'm so sorry about the cold - though not really surprised. Your throat operation will undoubtedly make them fewer, but you couldn't expect ^{to} have one - it's part of the human lot, like death & taxes - quite inescapable. And as for the "liquidus" - I don't believe in it - nor in any other cure. I think there are things that alleviate it & that's just about all. The damn thing has to run its course. If you can go to bed & stay for a day - or 2 days - or 3, I think you can make its course run faster, but that's about the only thing. I don't suppose

now 1:30, I really am
pretty well done in. Had
you been here, I suspect
the bitches would have
been turned over to you
after they left! God, what
a depressing sight that
was with me feeling
as if 5 more minutes on
my feet were every
bit I could endure!
We had some quite good
bridge, though.

But I must get to bed
- good night, my sweet -
more to-morrow. Do
you realize that - it's now
just 2 weeks?! >!>!
.....

Sunday -

Well, my angel, I'm not
doing so well for yester-
day as you deserve but
it is 12:30 & I have a lot

you're doing that, but should
like to think you were. I
know so well how mean you
feel, poor lamb,

So you made yourself
sick drinking beer & (hey)
laugh? beer, isn't it? & how
as mind, decline - it's a
pinning business & un-
diatable. I have been
sick after 2 cocktails +
tabac 5 followed by beer,
then lightballs, then more
beer without being one
abon sick. It was some-
thing to do with your
general condition.

Well, you won't get
but a scrap to-night.
I had home + 2 others
for dinner to-night +
what with the necessary
work involved + the fact
that I had the curse
+ the fact that it is

of work to do to-morrow.
The day turned out dif-
ferently from my expecta-
tions, for after last night
I slept late & had no
sooner got up than have
called & said she &
honey (the girl she was
staying with) wanted me
to meet them at a
photographic exhibit &
then come home with them
for lunch. So I went
the exhibit was mag-
nificent. I find it inter-
esting that the machine
has turned out to be a
creative artistic medium,
after all! It's interesting
also to see how some
men tend to draw nearer
& nearer to the manner
of other arts - notably
the etcher's, whereas others

Keep strictly within the
limits of their own med-
iums, which is of course, the
only right way, as it's
the only way ^{to} keep the
integrity of the art for its
own sake. It was an
international show & the
things came literally
from all over the world.
I think on the whole the
finest were English - inter-
esting, isn't it? They're
so poor at painting & the
allied arts, and yet
artistically speaking, I
don't think there was
anything from any other
country that quite
equalled the things
they did - honest photo-
graphy, no tricks, but
great sensitiveness for
such things as compo-

Maule leaves, was different.

Well, I was dazzled by your S.D. letter to-day. Darby's post, if you knew the kind they give me, you'd think it worth the 10¢. Yes sure. I just gloated over his. I'm glad your cold is better - you see, I said next was the only thing that would really do you any good. You want to know what

it means when I say 'he gives up the dress party'. Well, it means 'he gives up the dress party'. How does one say it more clearly? I don't quite see why you're puzzled. You want me to please be prompt + fiscal - well, I thought I was just that!
DO NOT BRING DRESS

sition, total values, textures, etc. - and for using all that sort of thing ~~as~~ an integral relationship with the subject, so that form and content become one.

Well, then back we went for lunch - about 3 - which was really dinner - pork tenderloin, sweet potatoes, spiced, + a dessert, with some much too sweet sherry before - ugh! Then I was to be at Sister's at 6 for supper + to go to a movie. Well, her supper turned out to be dinner, + my dear, believe it or not we had pork tenderloin, sweet potatoes + spiced! The dessert,

CLOTHES - get it this time?

I must stop - I've got to go to bed - please don't think me
hippy about your money - but you can see the point. I want some
money to spend on you + me while you're here + think
it's right I should keep some for that.

About the further present for your mother - I've been doing accounts + I've spent over \$50. on Xmas - outside of your dress clothes - + to tell you the truth, I feel I've got to stop. How would you feel about leaving it at candlestick + getting her a house-coat when when we've got a little recovered financially? When is her birthday?

I must stop. It's one + I've got to go to bed. Please don't think me hippy about your money - but you can see the point. I want some money to spend on you + me while you're here + think it's right I should keep some for that.
loads + loads of love to my angel who writes me

Monday -

(12 Dec 38)

Angel -

Again I didn't get your letter mailed as I came through the station! Well, I had an extra stamp with me & so can send it air mail & all will be well. I got in a jam to-day because I slept through the alarm & had a perfectly mad morning trying to catch up, which I didn't do, of course. Anyhow, I just got the train.

I had a letter from your mother this morning - she's so terribly prompt in answering - it's most discouraging! I had got involved in a truck strike in Buffalo, leaving behind a new coat which was

knowing anything about
architecture - most of them.
Will she be unhappy because
she's not going home? Just
when will she go to Rich-
mond? Do you think I'd
better send her some little
thing to open on Xmas,
in case the shirt doesn't
come? I hesitate only be-
cause of her original re-
fusal of the shirt - since
she conceded that I don't
want to annoy her by
piling things up - especially
since I have the sweaters
up my sleeve! I expect
to get your father's shirts
T. b. - morn.

I guess I didn't tell
you that Sister + I saw
another French movie last
night - with Sacha
Guitry as principal and

sent out from the store,
but hadn't got any father
than that. It's maddening -
+ a little worrying for
can't be sure what will
happen to goods under
those circumstances.

I've sent off the order
for Eva's shirt - in ex-
siderable agony because I
couldn't decide which of
the colors available best
fit her description of
what she wanted, and
after all the argument I
do terribly want it to be
a success! I hope she'll
get some pleasure from
her trip - I should think
she might, in spite of the
job business on her mind.
Everyone I know who's
been to Williamsburg has
got a big kick out of it,
and that without really

almost sole actor - that is,
everyone else was a minor
character who appeared
only briefly. It was de-
lightful + a vivid con-
trast to "Grand Illusion"
or "Ballerina" - both of
which maintain a tone of
absolute reality + credibil-
ity, whereas this, being
pure comedy of a very gal-
lic variety, has a tone
of absolute unreality - not
an easy thing to achieve,
either - complete arti-
ficiality of plot + charac-
ters with never a false note.
It's not the same kind of
unreality as that which
comes from bad acting,
but depends on good acting
+ intelligent acting. It was
really excellently done. Two
I want to see "Pygmalion".
My dearest love, sweetest
C.

Thursday -

(90438)

Sweetest -

It is after 12

& I've made a day of
it, besides which I've
just got the cure, so
I really must go to
bed, and you'll only
get a scrap. Bless
your heart. I've been
with Hal Littel all
day, having an inter-

to see "Grand Illusion"
— my second time —
Din is inclined to think
— it's one answer to
your question whether
there can be a great
voire. I guess will
have to see it at Xmas.
Then we did out gal-
leries — several — with
ing very interesting, but
we kept being hope-
ful! Then dinner in a
French restaurant
(superb food) then to

eating, fascinating, etc.
time. My, she's a
charmer — & so gifted
— & so mature. Did I
tell you she was an
adopted child? I
wonder where she
hails from — there's
something more than
man can be account-
ed for by environ-
ment. Well, we had
an early — but long-
lunch at the Russian
Tea Room, then went

see "Ballerina" - a
summer - up to "Grand
of Illustro" for movie
honors, done by Jean
Benoit-Lévy who
did "La Traviata"
and I think better than
that - artistically more
mature. It's great
fun to do that sort of
thing with someone so
diplomatic & quick in his
reactions, so sensitive
& so intelligent. I feel
that it was a very
rich day. But I
wish it had been with

Friday -

(7 Dec 38)

Dearest -

I'm terribly sorry
I made you "furious". Though
I had suspected it from the
empty mail-box on Wed., I
don't think you would have
been if you had really under-
stood my letter. Perhaps you
did somewhat understand
it before you wrote to me
I got yesterday. It must be
true that my premise was
right, and you wish to treat
me with understanding. Well,
I evidently misunderstood
you, too, for you didn't mean
to command. It's sorry,
darling, & I can see that
that would grieve you. But
as I read your original
letter, it still sounds that
way, for you never once say
"if" - nor do you put any
plains in the form of a question.

didn't mean to leave the
Copenhagen dates to you - the
only thing I really cared
terribly about was not
parting from you here, for
idea of going on Thurs. + Fri.
+ Sat. seems fine, but
troubles me, since you wanted
to be there for New Year's +
since New Year's eve is the
celebrating time I thought
coming back on Sun. would
be all right. Do you see?
Anyhow, let me know what
you think - New Year's day
is Rika's birthday + I'd
thought of doing a little
something for her either
New Year's eve or that day -
not a real party - sort of way.
I don't want to take the
time from you for that.

Well, sweetie, afterward
I bought I got tickets for
Hamlet. It may be the only
chance you'll ever have
to see the whole play, though
it has been so successful
perhaps other producers

you simply send me the
schedule - and last year's
expenses had led me to ex-
pect you would object strongly
to change. Well, that was
not fair, I guess, for you are
different from last year and
you as far more considerate
of me. I could see that you'd
had a considerable struggle
with yourself to write as
sweetly and generously as
you did, and I am grateful
and touched. Do try to
feel, sweetheart, that I
did the same thing - that
is, began by being furious,
but wrote only after I'd
ceased to be - my letter was
a loving one. I suppose
you calling it a "stab in
the back" meant only that
it was unexpected - but you
should be careful of that
term, darling - it really
means not merely an unex-
pected but a dishonorable
act, which I'm certain you

will do the same thing. Any-
how, it is said to be a great
experience & I trust you will
enjoy it - surely you'll get
plenty of laughing! The
seats are well out of the dress
section so leave you evening
clothes behind. I started to
get tickets for "Oscar Wilde"
two - for just you & me, but
I didn't know if you'd want to. I
love to because I love to do
any kind of thing with you -
to take you, as it were, into
my world. But I don't want
to press you into it, so I didn't
get any tickets. If you'd like
to go, say so. Oh, I forgot to
say the Hamlet is for Wed.
night.

Darling, your letter really
was sweet - and generous -
and I do terribly appreci-
ate & love you for the effort
& know went into it. You, in-
deed I shall have a maximum
of pleasure while you're home,
I bless you.

Wednesday -

Dec 30

Darlingest -

no letter from you

to-day - I hope it doesn't mean anything! I always

feel depressed by it. But

I did ^{get} a very nice - and acquiescent - note from Eva

in the afternoon mail. I

feel quite triumphant -

not because I got what

I wanted, but because I

banked on the right thing

is the Van Schoedel clause.

Yes - given a chance, they

will be reasonable, bless

them. That's the difference

between them & those who

are only stubborn. That's

why your obstinacy can

also be strength, since it

can be controlled by reason.

I should also like

to add that Eva not only

accepted the shirt but

can see no reason for dis-
believing Tolstichus' articles
in the Times. A signed article
in America's leading news-
paper by a man living in
Berlin cannot be lies - for
he would never in the world
be allowed to stay there if
it were. Newspapers were
sent away from Ber-
lin - or Vienna - frequently
for sending "lies" to their
countries. ~~His~~ His articles
are moderate, objective & ob-
viously circumspet. He pleads
no case - he doesn't need to -
no intelligent American reader
needs anything more to under-
stand what goes on. But, if
you pro-German friends still
persist in believing that these
two are at least partly lies or
exaggeration - then is this -
you can believe only what
is said officially in public
speeches or in the official
press by Hitler, Goebbels, Goering

did it very graciously so
that I shall feel pleasure in
getting for her what she
wishes me feel she'll take
pleasure in receiving. I'll
say nothing about the
sweater now - but send
it along when I get it
done. O.K.?

About Germany - I'm
pro-German myself, but
that doesn't make me pro-
Nazi, and I'd like to think
it wouldn't make any Amer-
ican so. After all, with all
our many faults, what we
stand for as a nation, is a
set of ideals, principles,
standards, what you will,
essentially diametrically
opposed to those of the
Nazis. But that wasn't
what I was going to write
about, really. But about
this matter of what to be-
lieve. In the first place, I

or Ribbentrop, and still you
have enough to make you sick
at heart. I feel, like Thomas
Brown, that if we love Germany,
we must hate these men and
all their ways. And I do love
Germany. I recognize fully the
degree to which we are respon-
sible for her present condition,
as a result of our stupid
and merciless treatment of
her after the war. Part of the
blood of those pitiful hunted
Germans is on our souls. Wilson
forewarned disaster in 1919 + disas-
ter has come. Aldous Huxley
would say that evil begets
evil, and that until we are
willing to try counteracting it
with good, the circle will go
viciously on + on. But don't
ever think this is the real
Germany - this sadistic org
for I am very certain it is not.

Have you ever noticed of the
special Xmas round-trip rates
on the railroads? They cover
plenty of time for you to make
use of them. Everyone at Dallas
is. Did I tell you that dropped

7 Dec 38

First of all - do you
want "denized" accounts of
Xmas? I hope not! Just be-
cause I always just lump
it under "Xmas" in my
accounts of thought you
would - silly of me! I
respect every item is a
sacred unit to you - or
isn't it? Anyhow, I can
make a stab at it if you
do want it. So far you've
"way under the limit" you
gave me - maybe I'll
soak you a bigger share
on things for my family!
(This is a plac!) Anyhow,
I've not yet "done" Eva,
nor your father, I, after
that. I still come out, say,

(That is, the brightens) + feel
that I must (that sounds
horrid, for I love doing
it) make some slight
compensation for that -
especially since so much
of my income comes from
Dad who always said
w't that they had a
great deal at Xmas. I've
more or less arbitrarily
divided your money for
them - that is, the amount
you spend on each varies
according to the way the
gifts seem to work out best.
As it stands, you are giv-
ing Hugh about $\frac{3}{8}$ of a
bottle of very good Scotch
(don't worry - he's getting
the other $\frac{5}{8}$!), Rizka a
cigarette lighter, Sister
an evening bag, and
Joan the Howard Kyle Ring

under \$20. (I'm not sure I
shall) should you like
me to add something more
for your mother? If so, have
you any suggestions? A
pair of stockings? She
couldn't fail to use those!
This is absolutely up to you
- I don't think it neces-
sary - the candlesticks
are nice (yes, the word is
misused) + your financial
condition low, but I don't
want to spend less than
you feel right. I divided
everything for your friends
& relations in half, ^{including us} but
didn't do the same for
mine, because I am not
in debt + feel free to
spend more generously
than you should. Besides,
I'm better off than my family

for Drew (or most of it). I
also put you down for 90
cents on a bottle of Chellis
for Lind + Alice - this is not
really a Xmas present, but
an acknowledgment of in-
debtedness sent at Xmas.
That is, this will not be a
recurring item! I trust
all this much with your
approval. You will probably
be slightly taxed for Bass
also! The only expensive
item on the above list is
the book for Loan - \$2.50.
Perhaps you feel this too
much. Please be frank.
You pay a good deal more
for her than the others, not
because she is more val-
uable, but simply be-
cause books are expen-
sive, and of the things I
got for her, that seemed
to me the one you'd most

enjoy giving her. You're
giving Sister the bag because
it's the cheapest thing I
got her - Rika ditto - +
the whiskey because it's
all I'm getting her ex-
cept some insignificant
things, probably collected
at Woolworth's. Sister + I
"do" the 10¢ stores +
collect odds + ends just for
fun.

The reason it took longer
than I'd expected to get
E's address was that the
letter in which I asked for
it was the one that went
to Anala first! Anyhow, I
got it Thurs. - + leave
written though not received
a reply - she's probably
having a struggle between
reason + the Van Schaeck
stubbornness! I'm counting

blame her - no one's ever
taught her to be a gracious
receiver. But I notice your
learning, my pet!

I'm wondering how
you're going to like a
Rogers Xmas - a good deal,
I think - and hope. It's
not dazzling, you know -
we just like it - it's
the general feeling of hap-
piness and affection and
desire to please each other
- and just the togetherness
of the family. All that is
good & simple, fundamental
human satisfactions. The
old glamor that surround-
ed it in childhood has
never wholly left it -
just one of the lovely
things my parents gave me.
I'm thrilled that you're
getting home on Xmas eve
so that the air will be al-
ready full of dazzle - &

on her being like you - that
is, generally, reason wins in
the end! I'm sure that if you
had that vibration - & re-
alized that you'd ^{save} ~~save~~ no
money but make ^{extra} trouble -
you'd give in. There'd be nothing
to gain but you own
way - & you're too rational
to really want that! No, I
didn't put it to her so bold-
ly - in fact, much of that
I never put at all. What
I mean put about you. Your
Schaecker is that you
don't seem to realize at all
the pleasure of giving &
that to say to someone
that he must give
you such & such is gen-
erally to disappoint &
hurt him. We had thought
we'd found something to
please her a lot - she
shouldn't have let us
down like that. No, I don't

You will be the heavenly
elijah
The Tuesday present went
back ago, unaltered not to be
opened till Xmas. I thought I
told you. I send me the Xmas
card list as soon as you
can. I can't think of sending
anyone but the Hoggs that
would be on both yours &
mine! Should you like me
to send to the Danbury
Tuesdays simply because I
have some really nice
cards? Or anyone else that we
both know? How about the
tufts? That should go with-
in a week or less. Any-
how, remember, want you,
darling, to include my
name with yours when you
send to anyone who has
met me? I shall do vice
versa - as with Leona, for
instance. I thank you for
Dearest, thinking of me during the

Monday.

Darlingport,

[5 Dec 38]

Your package
for Joan arrived this
morning & Sister called
me up to ask if it were
supposed to be for Xmas,
& I told her I thought
not - your mention of it
had not sounded that
way. They had not given
it to her, not being
sure, as one is at this
time of year - but I
expect she has it by
now as Sister said
she'd give it to her as
soon as she got home
from school. I'm dy-
ing to know what's in

her mother will, both in
look & the way it stands
wear & tear. Joan stipulat-
ed the bill herself - with
the emphasis on the safety
pins! The other children
have theirs. So do the big
girls here - isn't it funny
- 6 or 16 c. or 36 - all
the same except in size.
I think it's delightful -
gives a classic quality to
them, as does their simpli-
city. Anyhow, I'm glad
Joan is such a feminine
little thing - it's an asset
as well as a delight.

Well, I must say that
you seem to be handling
your seminar with subtlety
& skill - dealing ^{successfully} not
only with ideas, but with
individuals. So you see,
suecic, if I object verbally

it. I am just starting on
a sweater for her birthday
to go with a Scotch (real
Scotch - safety pins,
prisque & everything -
straight from Edinburgh)
shirt I've got her for
Xmas. My, but I shall be
embarrassed if Eva doesn't
let ~~us~~ get her a shirt
considering what I paid
for I's! I'd love to get a
real bill for Eva, too, but
the cost of them in grow-
up sizes is really prohibi-
tive for us. A bill for a
6 year old is so ridicul-
ously small. I got im-
ported Scotch yarn for the
sweater, too - lovely & soft
& of course exactly right
in color as they use the
same dyes. Joan won't
know the difference, but

day, and, except that I don't

to your handling of me, it's only because I know you can avoid distressing or humiliabing me just as skilfully as you can be stupid young man, and because I'm sure you really want to handle the domestic situation as gently + tactfully as you do the professional one.

I shall think of you tomorrow in your next public appearance - I shall think with sympathy + pride, but with no understanding! I never heard of economics till you mentioned them this fall + as for "Perfect Intertemporal Market" - it sounds mystical, positively. You're not having visions yet, are you? That's all for to-

Sunday -

Previous -

(p. 38)

What an excitement to have a letter from you to-day! It's the first special you've sent me for weeks, so I got a great kick out of it.

I do hope my yesterday's letter got across all right in the spirit ⁱⁿ which it was written. The fact that you make no reference to yours in to-day's letter makes me feel pretty sure you didn't realize how it sounded and that makes me feel all the more that I was right to explain to

line that we have about
9 days to be together in a 6
month stretch, & that an
extra 24 hours would be
an immense boon to us. Of
course I don't know your
head & how he would take
that - though from what
you told me of your conversat-
ion with ~~him~~ ^{him} about me, I sus-
pect he'd take it like a
human being. I know if
you asked it at Estes
you'd get it, but if you
asked it at Dobbs you
wouldn't! Dad said
that was the difference be-
tween institutions run by
men & run by women
& women are better regard-
a rule as something that has
a value for its own sake.
I know if I'd been in an
institution run by men,
I'd have asked for the
Dobbs giving, & I

you how I felt. I don't
think that you want to be
arbitrary with me or dis-
courteous to me, so I
think you really, in the
long run, would prefer
to be told where you'd have
lots - or appeared to be.
It's a very unfortunate
way to handle a wom-
an - at least, one of any
spirit.

When you asked about
returning, did you really
ask - that is, did you
point out to him your
particular reason for want-
ing the extra day, and
definitely ask for it? It
does really seem dread-
ful for them to expect
you to cut the official 2
weeks to so few days,
under the circumstances.
I wish you'd put it to

you to Buffalo - & got it,
too. I'll bet!

I'm bursting to make
remarks about Germany,
but mustn't stop to-night
& it's nearly 12 & I still
have some papers to read.

It's all night with me
about the circulating bridge
& I hate it, too. We

are playing in practically
rigid formation! Haven't
I play against Gladyst
Hess & I think it's lobs

I'm that way - we're
getting to work so well
together. I don't see why

it's not like any other
skill - dancing or play-
ing tennis - if you do it
constantly with the same
person you do it so much
better and more pleasur-
ably. Now, I haven't asked

Friday -

(3 Dec 1938)

Sweetheart -

You're not going to get much to-day, for I have a crowded day plus 2 other letters that simply must be written. So I'll scribble off a few dull remarks and trust you will forgive me.

I did some more Xmas shopping yesterday - this time mostly for my family. I've not decided yet just which things you're going to give them! One thing I got for Joan was the first Howard Pyle King Arthur book - she may not be up to it yet, but I just couldn't wait any longer to get it

is good, that it keeps, both
in language & in general
tone, much of the quality
of the "Monte d'Artemis".
It makes Thompson's re-
telling of the ancient
legends seem silly and
empty - and yet that's
what they give school
children. Of course you
can't give them Malory
straight, but this
makes it digestible for
children, and yet
keeps some of the splen-
did beauty of the
original. And it's pretty
wholesome reading, I
think, having ^{been} brought
up on idealism - and
romantic idealism, at
that. It's astonishingly

for her! The minute I got
home with it I unwrapped
it & read such a
delicious leaf. How going
over all the really beau-
tiful picture and reading
bits here & there. How I
adored those books &
what glances & excited
ment they held for me. I
must have known them
nearly by heart. I remem-
ber so vividly the day
Dad came striding
down the little street
to our house with that
book under his arm, and
how I fell upon it, and
what a world of delight
it opened to me. Reading
it now as an adult &
after that long interval,
I can see that it really

how closely the behav-
ior of those men and
women conforms to our
current code - not our
current behaviors, neces-
sarily, which I expect
dears about the same
relation to our ideals of
behavior as it did in
the middle ages.

And that's all for to-
day - definitely all - I've
written too long, but can't
resist talking to you!

All my love to you,
sweet lamb -

C.

without effort. That was
not true of him as a
younger man — then there
was far more effort than
appeared. He had ^{learned} learned
the technique, as a sym-
phic learns a spiritual
technique, of living out-
side himself. That was
partly the fruit of those
long years of philosophical
training, which when done
by a very fine mind
under the guidance of
others as fine, does devel-
op faculties of both mind
& spirit that is most of
us lie dormant. He
used to talk to me of
how William James
had acquired this same
technique — a sort of
sublimation of the ego.
It's far more fruitful than

a mistake that you have
the keenest mind in the
department & it's alto-
gether likely, go around
giving the impression
that practically all the
big universities are con-
spiring for you! I'm sure
you seminar has made
its impression. Oh, I am
delighted — and proud
— and proud.

No, darling, I don't
think you're quite right
about Dad, nor do I
think this is prejudice
on my part. He really
had reached the degree
of spiritual maturity
where his outlook was
on the whole like ^{that} of
God — and ^{was so} essentially

My suspicion, though there
are many striking resemblances
between them. Dad is, this is really not the
illusion of my devotion -
it is the result of many
long conversations with
him in which he talked
at length of the whole
walk (no, not of himself
but of the outlook & manner
of living of the ^{best} philosopher)
and of my own observations
of him with my eyes grow-
ing keener as the years
went by, so that I began
to see what was not told.
I remember hearing you
say a little contemptu-
ously that philosophy
was mostly words - im-
plying that it was one of
the more fruitless of man's
intellectual activities. Well,
you probably didn't really
mean it - but if you had
lived with Dad you'd never

Wednesday -

30 Nov 1928

Darling,

What I want to know is - did you bid the ~~little~~ ^{little} slam, or merely make it on your original 4 bid? Yes, I know, if it's the latter, it's probably because your partner underbid, not you, so it's not much use my asking. As for me & my bridge - don't think I'm such a sily as to think I'll ever be in your class - I'm not even dreaming of playing as well as you, only of playing better than myself! I'll be good enough to be able to deal with most of the feminine bridge gatherings that I'll get involved in - and most of the mixed parties. Of course what would be for me would

understanding - not only
what I said, but more,
too.

Well, dearest, you are
getting in a rut, are you?
Oh dear! You mistook it
yourself, you know - really.
School teachers do it
too easily and have a
bad reputation as a class,
consequently! It's all
very well to be so con-
scientious about your mat-
ematics, but don't limit
your professional conscience
to that. You really should
read the papers - even if
only briefly & hastily.
This is a pretty important
historical moment, or
I'm much mistaken, and
not to be aware of what
goes on is to shut yourself
away from the powerful
currents of life - a thing
no person who is helping

be for us to find another
couple with whom we
could play fairly frequen-
tly. You get so that you
understand each others
game & play smoothly
together - then it's really
a pleasure - progressive
puzzles are so awful.

Thanks you, sweetheart,
for what you said about
my going back in my
mind to the past. You are
right, I am sure - it
is good that I should do
it - it would be dreadful
if my own life went on
undisturbed as if all that
dead news happened to
me, and believing, as I do
that only through those
who know and under-
stand him can he have
some measure of immor-
tality, it is essential
that I should devote
some time to my own
memories. Thanks you for

to educate the young has a right to do. Goodness, if the finest + best-trained minds all shut themselves away in the academic cloister, of course we'll be ruled by the ignorant + stupid. Not that I expect you to do anything, specially, — it is not you I mean, but only to know a little something + think a little something so that your mind may come to be felt in other less abstract fields than mathematics. You can do it, well as Dad did, if you want to. In the long run, if we walk on this principle, intelligence has some chance of bearing fruit in the cause of humanity — not just from one mind, but from the accumulated force of the many.

Sweetheart, have you sent me Leo's address? I figured I'd get it today or

Dear Joe, as always,
ever your father

29 NOV 1935

Christmas
Cheer





Friendliest wishes at **CHRISTMAS**

and happiness through

the **NEW YEAR**

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE TAILLON

Dear Georges
I hope you a
happy Christmas.

Card No. 31

all
Love from Joan Crighton.

9/ you sent the thing on spec.
or a note it Tuesday -
would be needed. The enclosed is
Well, duckie, as overflow of
Xmas spirit!

{29/11/1938} You only
get a smidge to-day -
too much else doing -
Xmas shopping, then
looking after Joan for a
bit while Sister shops
then dinner at the
Creightons, then "Victoria
Regina" with Sister +
after that probably a
drink somewhere. I
am bubbling with Xmas

azure background -
also angel voices singing
carols! I think it's
swell - the commercial
note is subordinated
to rather striking
artistic effects.

I got candlesticks
for your mother - rather
handsome - brass which
I thought most appro-
priate for that room, a
Mexican pottery vase for
Harold & Marge, 3 bath-
towel with washcloths
to match for Wilby &
Jessie, a silver chrys-

galy - the shops are
so festive and most
of them so charmingly
decorated - Lord &
Taylor's windows are
just huge golden
bells, swinging back
& forth & the sound of
the chime coming
out into the street -
no merchandise! I wish
the Simons' have
snow-white angels
with stylized organ
pipes against an

bracelet for Beanie, & the
book for Donald + Betty.
All of them reasonable, I
think, especially when
divided by two - I'll be
well within your limit.
Will you let me know
just as soon as you can
what to get for your
father? And I trust
you've already sent me
Cora's address. She's such
a goose!

Joan wants a bit of
space at the end of this.

All my love, dearest - C.

I hope you are having
Love Joan, a good time.

Monday -

[21 Nov 1932]

Precious -

I was much relieved to have a letter from you this morning written since you reached Cleveland. You make no mention of the storm or of bad roads - perhaps after all it didn't strike you, though it is hard to believe when one reads how extensive it was. Only "it" should be changed to "they" - we have now had two + more snow has fallen already than we had all last winter! It's been cold, too - that is, as our climate goes. Oh dear, how I hate it! I clump up +

Dobbs I've seen the Hud-
son frozen just once -
to that hardly south of
D. T. I imagine the
Normandie frozen into
its dock!

Well, darling, I'm glad
you found the meetings
so pleasant. I shuddered
at the thought of their being dismal
on top of such a dismal
Thanksgiving, but evidently
they weren't - and
the Thanksgiving not quite
so awful as I had
pictured it since you
didn't have to stand in
line half an hour, and
did have companionship
while you ate.

Too bad about the
\$100. sweat - it is a
kick in the teeth, but
at least you knew it

down the icy hill in my
galoshes, bundling inside
my coat, with the wind
biting pieces out of my face
(coming down only - I re-
main intact going up) and
think how long it is till
spring. However, an edi-
torial in the Times this
morning suggests that you
better off than I might be.
It starts off by saying
that winters are not what
they used to be and that
that's a particularly appro-
priate statement for some-
one on that paper for the
idea of starting the Times
was first discussed by
two men as they walked
across the Hudson on the
ice from N. Y. to Man-
hattan! Fancy that!
Since I've been going to

was coming - it's not
out of the blue, and now
it's not ahead of you.
Next year you won't have
to pay me, unless she gets
you a bigger + better job!

I've wished for you so
often these last days -
partly just because I was
lonely + sad, partly be-
cause Thanksgiving is a
family occasion + our fam-
ily should be united,
partly just because I
wanted you to come +
tramp through the fresh
snow with me! The
days when it hasn't
stormed have been
regal clear and very
gorgeous to look at.

I hope that tomorrow
will bring a letter from
E. Lansing + I shall
know you are safely home.
My dearest love, Aunt
Lettie.

Sunday -

1911/12

Dearest -

I am late
again - been doing
papers ever since the
Brighton family left
at 8 o'clock - and
they (the papers) leave
you more slowly
than I anticipated.
I am quite a lot
disturbed about you,
and your trip to &
from Cleveland - the
weather has been bad
& the roads terrible.
Every time I pick up
the paper or hear on
the radio, fresh tales of

yes? Do travel comfortably, wait for? I don't want you to arrive exhausted for I do so want a happy Xmas for us all. How would you feel about your bringing your evening clothes? I'm dying to see you in dress - and we're thinking of having a theatre party (just the 4 of us) in good seats. This happens about once a year - or 18 months - so it's an occasion! I'd like to know how you feel, for I'm to get tickets for any good play for the holiday season. I must do it at once. I promise to pick one that will harrow you! When do you plan to go to Corsica?

accidents & great my eyes & or ears. I shall feel much better when I have at last heard that you are safely back in E. - dancing.

Darling, why don't you get one of those lamps for your office? I should think it would ease the strain on your eyes - it should - at least, in so far as proper lighting can.

Well, sweetie, I begin to feel that Xmas is near enough so I can begin looking forward to it. I judge you'll get here by 24th.

and for how long? When
must you go back? Does
has invited us to come to
Philadelphia either in the
Xmas or Easter vacation -
What is your preference? I
hate to take any time for
it, but see no way out.
We must just think of
it as something we're, in
a sense, doing for Dad. Of
course she's doing the
same. It will probably be
pleasant in many ways.
Can we fix it to be here
for Joan's birthday - the
31st? That is not essential,
but I'd like it if it fitted.
The only thing that must
be done at once is to fix a
precise date.

And that's all for tonight
except a kiss bilateral
each ear and one or two
beautiful words. C.

Saturday -

12.8-29 Nov 1925

Dearest darling -

My sense
of guilt is renewed, my
conscience bites me - and
not only my conscience
but my love for you. I
am ashamed that I
didn't write you a letter
for Thanksgiving, and I
don't quite understand
why I didn't, for such
occasions are important
to me. The picture of you
all alone standing in
line for your Thanksgiv-
ing dinner in a cafeteria
fills me with misery. And
Eva, bless her, wrote to
you, but your wife didn't.
That I thought of you
all day - + all the day
before + all the day after

a very silly refusal, for
if she thought about it,
instead of leaving only
an emotional reaction of
pride & generosity, she'd
know that we'd simply
go & spend the same
amount on something
else that would be more
trouble, so she's not
saved us any money,
but only made a little
trouble! Don't misunder-
stand me, dearest
I'm not criticizing her,
only pointing out how
unreasonable your intellect-
ual objections are. Will you,
in your very next com-
munication give me her
address - I thought I
had it, but don't seem
to - and I'll try a spot
of feminine wheedling,
perhaps futile, but I'm

+ wanted you terribly in
love, but in no way
compensates for my fail-
ure. Forgive me, darling,
please. You were so un-
amused - you didn't say
anything about thinking
I might have done better,
nor make any complaint
whatever. I was proud
of you, even though
so ashamed of myself.

I'm terribly distressed
by the news of Eva's ^{hbr}
for her and for you. I wish
I might somehow do
something - but of
course I can't.

As for the present - I
thought her refusal very
Van Schasechick! She
doesn't want to accept
so large a gift from me,
so she refuses. But it's

not going to give up my lovely idea without a brief struggle! I don't quite understand the stock size "10, long, for short women". What does the "long" mean? Are you sure that's what she said? If it were just 10 for short women I'd understand perfectly, but the addition of long bothers! Did she perchance say 10 inches long?

I have spent most of to-day reading papers - rather discouraging ones - the rest of it struggling with a letter to Bea so that she might have it to-morrow. It's fairly difficult to write, with things as strained as

They are between us, and
that I feel I must do it
— not really for her, but
for Dad. I try to detach
myself, to realize her as
a human being, wholly
apart from me, to whom
to-morrow is the anniver-
sary of the greatest dis-
aster of her life. But
then I keep obtruding the
memory of her way of
assuming that only she
has known the full
measure of sorrow —
part & parcel of her in-
evitable need of being the
central figure in any
drama. Oh, dear, I wish I
could be like God — above
all this sort of thing —
feel & sorrow only at her
pathos, not imitation
— and companions for

is, I must be content
to put them in front of
his picture.

I must also have
flowers sent to Efete
for the Tuftses - his.
Tufts died early this
week - poor old soul.
Yes, that touches me
little enough, so that I
can be compassionate
as he outlived his
dignity, outlived most
of the love he had been
given, outlived his use-
fulness. It's a sad spec-
tacle - all the sadder
because it is not uncom-
mon. No one will mourn
him deeply + the waters
of time will close over
him with scarcely a
ripple. Besides, his
figure has been part of
the background of my

her suffering, which I
know is genuine, though
different in its nature
from what I have been
accustomed to regard
as most profound + most
moving. My father would
have achieved all that
- quite without effort.
It recalls to my mind
a phrase that recurs
in my thoughts constant-
ly since a dear friend
wrote it of him - "so
godlike and so human".

How I shall go out
and mail this, then
buy some flowers. I
wish that I might go
with them to the cem-
etery in Efete - as he
always did on the
anniversary of my
mother's death, but as it

life as far back as I can
remember - the bond of
friendship between the
two families is of more
than 40 years standing.

9/ I did not pause
to think - and to feel
regret - I should feel
disloyal to my own past.

Duchie, I hope you
didn't think yesterday's
letter a criticism of your
letter - I only said
what I did, thinking it
might be helpful to ease
the burden a bit for you.
I love your letters as they
are - I reread them any
number of times and to-
day's sweet one renews
my sense of my own
amazing good fortune in
having you - so dear,
so loving, so uncomplai-
ning. Bless you, my dear

Tuesday
25 Nov 1893

Sweet Lamb -

Thanks for / 10

your charitable remarks
about the interest value of
my letters - yes, charit-
able is the word, for much
of the time I know perfect-
ly well that I do no better
than a prosaic account of
commonplace events, and
only charity could call
it interesting. But possibly
your judgment is warped
by your affections. I hope
so - I'd much rather
leave it that than charity!
I concede that I rise
later than you, but all
the same, I'll bet that
you spend more hours a
week sleeping than I do.
I think it comes more

but only to comment on
your remarks on the sub-
ject of our correspondence
since, you know I love
your letters as they are, I
think perhaps you your-
self might find it easier
if when you were stuck
for material, short of math-
ematical abstractions,
you tried expressing your
own reactions to some of
the opinions or feelings
or what not that I had
equally voice. You're
good at that in conver-
sation. At this point I
think again of an
opinion expressed by you
in a letter some two
weeks ago that I meant
to answer at some
length & never have yet
because I haven't had

natural to me to write
what I think and feel
about things than it does
to you, who depend more
upon 'outside events to
have material for a letter.
That was a habit I was
early trained to, being
brought up by parents
to whom the inner life
was of primary import-
ance, and who therefore
wanted from me news
of that. I was taught to
analyze & vocalize experi-
ences both so that I
might share it, and
more fully assimilate it.
I don't do it very well
itself, but I am sort of
conditioned to going at
it that way. This is
not meant to imply
criticism of your letters

time to think it out!
You can on occasion be
both provocative & stim-
ulating in expressing
your ideas, opinions, feelings
or what have you.

I will now relay to you
something, which is neither
opinion, nor feeling, but
just event - what's more
it's weather - fall back
present topics. But it's not
commonplace. Late last
night, in the midst of a
howling blizzard, with the
thermometer at 20 - we
had a thunderstorm!! It
was really rather eerie -
peal after peal of thunder
& brilliant blue-white
lightning illumining
the snow-covered world.
I certainly never saw
lightning on snow before.
These pictures you will
recognize without explanation.

Thanks giving -
 Dear sweet Angel -
 (25 Nov 1938) I was so
 terribly grateful for the
 letter that awaited me
 when I got home late
 last night. It was the
 proof of what I said
 in my letter to you -
 that you were holding
 out both hands to me
 just as I knew you
 would. It was so
 darling of you to write
 me a special letter for
 Thanks giving. I am
 ashamed that I did
 not for you. It was
 partly the confusion

The area is covered by grass for wild geese in the

The turkey simply under-
mined my determination
not to overeat, for once.
That took the edge off one
of the most meltingly
delectable mince pies I
can conceive of. The wine
was Liebfraumilch - which
I've not tasted since I
was in Germany, and had
forgotten quite how fine
and rare its flavor is, in
spite of its being so famous
a wine. We'll have some
sometime soon when you're
here. We spent the after-
noon recovering from
dinner, and finally
drove back around
7:30. The weather by
then was awful. It had
been cold + raw all
day - winter had come.

and crowding of the
early days of this week,
partly, I think, that I
unconsciously put off
thinking of Thanksgiving
until I must, for then
I must live through
those days again.

We went out to hill-
dred's for the day, as you
will remember our doing
last year. It was a
quiet rather than gay
occasion, but I don't
mean really sad, though
I think perhaps we were
all somewhat oppressed
by memory - more, for
some reason, than
last year. The dinner
was superb as you
will easily believe.

upon us all of a sudden,
and by night was out-
out vindictive, for by
then there was a wild
sleet storm + the drive
home was awful for poor
though with an icy surface
+ the windshield coated
with ice. He tried to keep
a peep-hole clear, but
even that was almost
hopeless. Perhaps that's
one reason why I feel
low - the weather, I mean,
not the windshield! The
wind howls, the sleet
beats against the win-
dow, the thermometer
drops. If you were here,
I should feel cozy and
sheltered with the mis-
erical elements shut out-
side, but now I feel
alone - cut off from you
by the violence of the

Wednesday -

(24th 1936)

Sweetheart -

Do you remember.

Over a year ago to-night, they
know, it was a year ago in
the sense of being the night
before Thanksgiving. How
terribly I wish it were being
repeated to-night, and
that you were here beside
me in the train, I feel very
lonely, for I cannot help
remembering two years ago
to-night when we left the
Pennsylvania Station at
3 in the morning for that
last journey home. To it
was not the last one, was
it, but it feels that way,
and in a sense which
you will understand, it

right when Tach came in,
looking white and stricken
as he laid that afternoon
(you knew he was one of
those to carry the body to
the grave, didn't you?)
and asked if he could
do something for us. I
knew that in this inartic-
ulate British way, he
was heartbroken and that
he yearned passionately to
find some expression, &
some outlet for his really
profound feeling. But I
couldn't think of a thing
for him to do, though I
washed my brains. Fi-
nally I said "it would be
grand if he could carry
in a little wood. Well, I
thought he'd bring in
the whole woodpile before
we could stop him. He
filled all the wood boxes
or baskets & then began

was. I wish I need not go
home alone to-night. It
has turned suddenly cold,
too, just as it did that
year. Do you remember? No,
of course not - why should
you - you knew no reason
for making those days.
But so it was - the tem-
perature dropped steadily
as if the whole world
turned cold as that sun
set. There was snow the
day we buried him, so
that the barked flowers
around the grave turned
the more richly against
the white. And that night
it dropped to almost
zero and we built a
great covering line around
which we sat close together
trying to keep the warmth
in our bodies, trying to
revive a little warmth in
our hearts. That was the

piling it on the floor! It
was both funny + terribly
touching.

Well, this is rather a sad
letter, isn't it, darling? But
you do not mind? I shall
not apologize for casting
a shadow as you say, for
you will know that I
have felt I could freely
turn to you in a moment
of need, and that I can
find strength + comfort in
the knowledge that though
the loss is irreplaceable as
it is irrevocable, there is
again someone who will
give to me of his own
strength, who will love me
and cherish me and
bear me company in this
lonely world.

I love you, my dear
one, and I wish terribly
that you were here -

C.

Tuesday -
 (5.11.53 / 132)
 This will be less than I
 might wish, both in qual-
 ity and quantity, for
 the day turned out to be
 different from what I'd
 expected. Sister called
 us up this morning to
 say Joan was in bed
 with her cold + that she
 (S.) had an appoint-
 ment for a permanent
 + what-not and would
 come + stay with
 Joan, so I did, of
 course, + the whole
 afternoon + early
 evening was devoted

invited me to stay to
dinner - which I had
earned by that time - &
I promptly accepted,
so you see the day was
shot to pieces so far as
my original plans were
concerned - among
them being a less than
hasty letter to my
sweet lamb, for I want
to write a long slow one
& feel that I'm really talk-
ing with you. To-morrow
will not be the day either.
I've two envelopes to do, &
I've promised here to
do one for her in N. Y.
Besides, I've a couple
of hours - or more - of
work to do on a dress
I must wear to bidder's
for Bonaparte's. And

to entertain the invalid,
who was a bit on the
fractious side, but
wanted not a dull
moment. I played
dozens of games, read
aloud by the mile, pre-
pared snacks, did
arithmetic - yes, I mean
it - the entertainment
value of 7 plus two, or
5 take away 3 is some-
thing I'll bet you
never thought of. I
stopped at a 10¢ store
on the way & got a set
of Chinese checkers, for-
tunately, so that there
was at least a new
game. Well, when Sister
finally got back she

There is school - + Bridges
in the evening! how do I
see large areas of laid me
ahead of me - my biggest
set of papers for the term
comes in to-morrow - +
there is still Christmas - +
always thousands of letters
- + get more + more behind
that doesn't mean thanks
to you, sweetheart - they're
not really letters, they are
just + being married, if you
see what I mean - they
are your share of my days,
not politeness nor even
friendliness.

Glad you approve of my
idea for E. - if you've not
yet written her, tell her they
specify 7 lips are to be used
used 8 is. below the wrist
- perhaps even if you have,
you'd better drop her a
p. c. The samples have
come + are really stup-

Monday -
Sweetheart,

You're going
to be skipped to night
- sorry, but I couldn't
seem to help it. I'm
afraid my letters this
week-end have all
been definitely second
rate, and I am sorry.
I really have devoted
the last 3 days to
Gene, + God knows
+ she needs anything I
or anyone can do for
her. She's much of the
time pretty wretched
physically, and most

to bed, but she was determined. We started off to look at a sale of suits we'd seen advertised - but found nothing she wanted + could afford. That's always wearing for a woman. Then we went down to Klein's where we met Sister + went through that mill to get a dress for Leone. It certainly takes it out of you, but she had to get as cheap as that & the only alternative was to make one, which she simply has not the energy for. We finally

of the time nervously. I don't know how she could be otherwise - everything is so hopeless. She overdoes all the time in an attempt to fill her mind + her days, then collapses. She's always been so brisk + energetic + now she just drags around. You know how slow of an ear - well, it's a dynamo compared to her. It's really terribly boring, + terribly worrying - I don't see what it's all coming to.

Well - for to-day. We got up too early considering the time we went

persuaded her to get on
we liked immensely. She
is pretty sure she's going
to finish it's cheap +
dearable but I don't
think she would if
she saw it or someone
else. Taylor, it did leave
her somewhat depressed
at the idea of leaving
to buy in such a place.
Then we got ~~the~~ ourselves
some lunch + she felt
somewhat cheered!
Then she + I went back
to D. F. together + she wanted
to do bridge problems on
the train - I hadn't the
heart to say I would be
wrote to you, so that was
that. Then school - dinner
+ an evening of bridge
with the usual 13, the
late train home + by my
surprise a friend of

Sunday -

[21 Nov 1938]

Well, sweetheart, I thought
I'd never get to this - no
not literally never - I
merely mean that every
piece of time I counted
on for it all day kept
evaporating before I
reached it. But at last
here I am and it's only
11:45 which is doing
pretty well. Leone is
sitting beside me writing
to Carl, so I am not
being ungracious even.

To go back to where
I left you yesterday -
we were at Sister's for
a cup of tea (literally -
no food) and then on for

I went to see "I Married
An Angel" which we
both thought not quite
up to what we'd ex-
pected of it, though it
had some charming
and some very inter-
esting moments. There
was some excellent
dancing - mostly ballet,
some delightful music
of the opera buffa type,
& some very lovely
pictures to look at. The
central attraction is quite
delicious - a man who
does liberally marry an
angel and then has all
sorts of difficulties be-
cause she keeps on
behaving as they do
in heaven - doing such
things, for instance, as

cokebails. Leone was dead
tired so she lay flat on
Joan's bed for about an
hour and a half. By
that time she felt
somewhat recovered
- and considerably so
after a couple of drinks!
She & Sister and I went
to dinner together in the
little French place on Ex-
ington where I went
the night of the horse-
show. Did I tell you
about it? Really good
food, though of course
not dazzling - for 75¢
- appetizer, soup, main
course, salad (delicious)
& dessert. Fortunately
though I drove us there so
we didn't get wet
again. Then Leone &

invariably telling the
truth!

To-day the other two of
our bridge fours drove in
from Dobbs Ferry and
we played all the afternoon.
Then had a meal, and
played a couple of hours
or so more afterwards.
That filled the day, what
with the time I spent
this morning making
preparations and the
time I've now spent
clearing up.

So here I am, ready
for bed - Leone has fin-
ished her letter & is now
reading "The Nation" but
I know she should go to
bed. She's making a very
slow recovery from her
operation.

Saturday -

(20 Nov 1932)

Suebia -

Jim at Sister's with
Leone who is spending
the week-end with us &
am snatching a few
minutes to write while
the other talk. It's a
beastly day - drizzling
rain, which is horrid
for Leone who needs the
refreshment & stimulus
of a gay week-end in
the city, whereas now
every move means
getting wet and soggy.

and do, what a pattern
is your hat! I expect
you'll have long
bundles of feathers in
it before long.

That reminds me of a
swell story, there was
an ostrich convention
and one ostrich got
there so late that
everyone else had
arrived ~~the~~ and were
all standing around
with their heads in
the sand. He walked
in, looked around &
said "Well, where is
everybody?" Isn't
that witty?

We went to lunch at
the Russian tea-^{room} &
then to a photographic
exhibit at Western Union
↳ some beautiful things
too. What an art that
has developed into!

Well, sweetheart,
how proud I am of
your performance at the
Samiras - not just of
what you did, but of
your capacity for leader-
ship, for summing up
a situation and then
figuring out to handle
it. It's certain it's all
going to be a big success

Toan wants me to tell
you she has a cold
and sends you her love.
Her material life comes
first, you see, her emot-
ions second - that's
what it is to be 6.

I repudiate your re-
marks of some time
ago calling me an "old
Democrat" - I'm not -
was a Republican either,
so there! I vote for men,
not for parties. I approve
of Wilson, but thought
Dewey no man for his
job - we do I think elect
the president, in spite of
your going prophesy!
Buckets of love to you,
my angel - C.

one up for around \$100,000)
Seriously, though - you
can get them here in
Woolworth's for 25¢. You
can also get a consider-
ably better quality one
string that won't break
so soon in the depart-
ment stores for anything
from \$1.00 up. The longest
of the 3 strands should
be 20 in. or thereabouts -
shorter is too short. I
always like topazes in
any form (including arti-
ficial form!), I always
like perfume, I should
like some Housman
poems or "All This and
Heaven Too" or a good

Did you say you wanted
to know what I wanted
for Xmas. Well, I did
suggest to you that you
might give me the jewelry
I got from Roy - bracelet,
clips & ear-rings - it
came to \$3.80 altogether.
But I shouldn't blame
you if you preferred to
select something your-
self - It's not sure I'd
let you pick yourself a
present & simply send
me the bill, certainly!
I should, if you want
other suggestions, very
much like a 3 strand
necklace of pearls (Christ-
mas, of course - you
should be able to pick

detective story! Is that
enough to choose from?
Oh, also a pair of pinkish
shears. If you choose to
give me the Chinese things,
you could throw in some
Woodworth pearls just for a
parcel to open on Xmas -
or any other little thing
from Woodworth's - except
perfume - that has to be
better!

Don't bother over my cold
- Oh no! I do lose your
sympathy + am pleased w/
and by your concern. But
I have very few + what's
more, I'm a skeptic about
cures or preventative + I
feel such a misery if I failed
myself, when I have so
few. I'm exposed to them all
the time - any fever is in -
but I get them only

Friday -

(19 Nov 1938)

Well, sweetheart, I do
thank you for sending
the second letter with the
first & so soothing me be-
fore you upset me! It was
dear & tactful & thoughtful
& loving. So all is serene
and peaceful and I do
love you.

As for the information,
it is all complete and I
thank you. I shall now feel
comfortable about going
ahead since you're giving
me enough tips so that I
shant' make any ser-
ious errors in cost or
choice. I think the
sum you mentioned was

expect more than very
modest Xmas gifts from us.

I judge you heard what, when
you wrote, had my suggest-
ion of the shirt for Eva, but
I trust you will think it
a good one, for I like it
better the more I think of
it. If you do, you'll bear
prompt as possible about
asking her to send me
those measurements, write
you - & urge her to be
prompt. All because in
place like that is always
crowded with Xmas orders
& I do want to get it in
time. Ash has also to
let me know what size
sweater she wears. I
hope the shirt will get
here in time for me to
make it in yours before
I send it off - & possibly
even get the sweater

ample. True, there will be
some additions to your list
this year, but on the other
hand, I shall be taking
half the cost of some of the
old list - or all of it, so I
think you'll come out the
same. You know I agree
with you about the allot-
ment - most of it should
go to Eva & your parents. I
let you spend more on me
than on some simply be-
cause it seems to me right
for husband and wife, not
because it is I - you
understand? I wish
things were different for
us both and that we
could give more splendid-
ly, but they aren't - way-
one knows they're not.
We can't afford
the luxury of a home to-
gether, surely, so we shall

I started before Xmas. Of course you're right to send her the \$10. — I should do the same, that is, I should give her \$10. — or that much in something else — I'm not sure I'd give — to be her to give away again!

What a heavenly time Donald must be having! Those names ring such melodious bells in my mind as, Kant, St. Michel, Lais, Contances, Chartres, etc, etc, etc, etc! I want to show you Chartres — now — to-day — I want to see you stand in that vast, shadowed interior + lift ~~up~~ your eyes to those great suspended sheets of jewels that are the windows. I want you

anyhow — in Chartres — in the island city

send something, & had suggested omitting them only because in general it seems to be the custom among the less prosperous that travel abroad automatically includes a moratorium on gifts - at least so it has been with our family & close friends. But of course it is a bit disused. What would you think of "All This & Heaven Too"? I have enormous respect for Rachel Field - through her main novel one of the finest things I'd read in recent years. You have no address except the Amer-Exp.

money into Eva & your parents. I'll get busy on perusing recent book reviews with Donald & Betty in mind. I don't know about whether they're dutiable in France or not - in some countries they are, you know, such as Italy & the U.S.A. - but you speak so confidently that I suppose you've sent them there before. Also, since a book always has its price printed on the jacket, it's not so embarrassing to leave the customs bag or it so a book is a good idea. I quite see why you feel it would be well to

in Paris, how far? Too
bad, for they'd have to be
notified, send postage,
etc. before they get it, but
of course they don't know
yet where they're going
to be.

how distant - about Evan-
g'or had an idea. There's a
place in Vietnam - one of
the "native industries"
places - where they make
beautiful woollens +
not only sell the fabrics
by mail, but will make
up tailored shirts to
order, + to measure. The
price is ridiculously small
for a custom-made shirt
of such nice material -
\$ 5.95. What would you

think of that? Then I could
buy her a sweater to go
with it. And we could dabble
along other blouses, sweat-
ers, jackets etc. at
other times. One canning
endless changes on such
a base. A skirt like that
with a Brooks sweater com-
prises a "classic" costume
— one, in other words, which
never goes out of style, is
always in good taste for
any workaday occasion.

The very swash get
their tweeds in Scotland
& their sweaters at Brooks
in London. The slightly
less swash get theirs
at Peck & Peck or Aber-
crombie — the humble
make their own. But I ques-
tion the swartheness & it is

combined with warmth + practicality - nothing takes head wear better. But she'll have to know, for I'll have to send her waist measure, hip meas. + skirt length. So it wouldn't be a real surprise. However, color, material + cut would be. The sweaters I couldn't get done for Xmas - too much else to be done between now + then. If you approve of this idea will you write to her at once + let her send me the above measurements + any preferences she has as to color (or I'll make it a surprise if you prefer) so I can order it at once to be sure to have it for Xmas. Several people at school have been getting them, so I've really seen them + know they're a good buy.

That's all for to-day - it's after 12 + I must be bed. Darling, even if I do scold, even if I get mad, even if anything, always + always I love you.

you, could feel that you were remembering, into me, took all the sting out of the memory so that though it is sad, it is beautiful, too, which is as it should be. I do not want to forget - life would lose meaning & dignity if experience based on the major emotions melted "like snow upon the desert's face".

Speaking of memories, I was enchanted by yours of the first armistice day. I put together what you wrote into the pictures I'd seen of the boys you were with & I felt as if I were with you, bless you. Yes, I was at Walkley & my memories too are vivid. I was awakened that morning by the blowing whistles &

thinking is that it would be such fun if I were here & could hear about it bit off the quibble. I wish even more I could hear you do it, but of course I realize that would not have been possible even had I been there. But I should as like to see you in operation, & to see the admiration & respect of the crew. I'm really awfully proud of you leading a share in that whole business - you are making more use of what you have & are what you're doing things like that. And I'm sure it's good for you professionally. How sweet & dear of you to think of me during the Barlowes last Sunday. I, too, thought of you, my dear one. The very fact that I could think of

ringing bells + of course knew
at once what it was. I re-
member simultaneously ad-
ding out of bed + grabbing
my bath robe, dashing across
the hall to Tommy's room +
then with her + everyone
else running to the great
central common room where
the official statement was
read to us ^{against} ~~the~~ dead release
+ then someone started the
Balth. Hymn of the Republic
+ everyone else sang with
her. I remember feeling terribly
happy + terribly sad - partly
because of my mother, whose
sensitive spirit had suffered
increasingly under the burden
of the world's war in those 4
years + who by so few months
had died too soon to know
that it was over. Well, this
seems a rather sad letter -
sorry, darling, is it a sense
you started the train of mem-
ories, in a sense it was the

Monday -

(14 Nov 1978)

Well, darling,

I am just about to come to the bird - or to simply say "you can damn well do your own Christmas shopping". How look here, my good man. I have offered to take quite a job off your shoulders, and I think it's only sporting for you to cooperate. You do all the real work and I've asked you only to take an hour or so to answer a set of questions that must be answered before I can do the job. How please, darling. Really, it is awful to shop with the mob. It's all right if you can go to expensive shops & buy costly things, but I - and you -

weeks ago & have got
essentially nothing out of
you yet. Darling, it's so
good just telling me
confidences for you mother
& giving me no idea what
to spend. I have no idea
what your scale of present
giving is. The possible range
of price is essentially infi-
nite & though I know you
wouldn't be giving the
really expensive ones, I
don't know whether you're
accustomed to spend
£2. or £20. or you mother.
The same goes for Eva &
must have some idea. Al-
so you didn't tell me
whether I am supposed
to go in with you or take
presents or give separately.
You see all this makes
it impossible for me to

must make up in haste for
what we cannot spend in
money - that means long
search in inexhaustible (&
correspondingly crowded)
places. That means that I
earn every penny I save.
If it is done before Thanks-
giving it's not so bad,
though the crowds are al-
ready beginning. After Thanks-
giving it really is pretty
bad. You've already made
it impossible for me to more
than partly do it before &
if you don't get after those
questions at once I shan't
even get started 'til after
the holiday. I'm sorry,
darling, if I seem rough
with you, but I really
think you deserve it. I
started you this about 3

even start on the infor-
mation you've given me
so far. How do it do well,
leaving it to my judgment
→ if you do you'll have to
take my judgment, & that's
evidently not to be relied
upon - as in the matter of
the lace tablecloth. I'm aw-
fully annoyed at myself
about that. No, not at you,
darling, though I'm not sure
you're right → but definitely
at myself for being so foolish
as to buy without consulting
you. I had only 1/2 hour
to decide & select - that's
my only excuse. But at
least I shall have to
pay for it - literally, for
there isn't a thing I can do

wrote it but put it away
in a drawer & hope I can
give it to someone sometime.
Wanted a money? Did you
owe someone a wedding
present? Anyhow, let it be
a lesson to you to issue
instructions!

how another thing - do
you want us to have pipes
sent direct from the
store or do you want us
to take them home & mail
them nearer Xmas or to
wait till you come &
can wrap & write cards,
etc. This is like candle-
sticks it seems foolish
not to send from the
store - they'll wait
them not to be opened till
Xmas & ship them in a
carton, as they should be.

lead thought of a sweater,
for which the size would
be the same. Does she
go around in the American
uniform of sweaters + skirt?
In that case, one can't have
too many sweaters. If you
don't mind her knowing
I'm doing your shopping,
I've done her send them
straight to me, otherwise
to you + you send them
to me immediately.

Well, darling, I'm glad
you're finding time for the
work you want to do this
year, but right now just
find a little time for his
idea - not professionally
important, but personally
so.

I want to put some -

Anything you may send
to Donald + Betty - if you
plan to send to them -
had better be sent from
the store. They can attend
to customs declarations, etc.
so easily. Incidentally,
you realize, don't you,
that anything sent to
Europe will have a tag
with price attached to it?
Otherwise - unless you're
thinking of breakables,
etc. for others I'll take
them home if you prefer.
Only - let me know.

Another thing - will you
write to Eva at once - a
p.c. will do - for her gloves,
stockings + dress size?
Not that I'm planning
to get her a dress but I

things, in his letter, besides
the Xmas business, but
since I am at the P.L.
— or nearly so — on my
way home, with both
trips devoted to writing
his, though I had sworn
I'd write Bess, too, today,
(she's furious at me, of
course, because I haven't
written all fall. Well,
she'll just have to hold
on another 2 days — I'll
give her that usual nice
excuse to be used!

Loads of love, sweet-
heart, & more to-morrow —

C.

Saturday -

14th Nov 1932

Wall, sweetheart,

I think
we've both had an off week
→ I know I have + I'm
pretty sure you have. Your
letters have been few + brief
+ not exactly full of joy. Per-
haps we are telepathic! At
least, I've felt definitely
dispirited + out-of-sorts.
But here it is the end of
the week - or $3/4$ of an
hour short of it - so I put
it behind me + start
afresh on one I hope will
be better. Don't think I
haven't had some very
good moments this week
for I have - among
others the horse-show,

+ grace of line and form,
all precision and rhythm
of movement. The human
beings didn't do so badly
either - there was some
remarkably fine riding.
There was one jumping
event - contestants were
international military
teams, + the jumps extreme-
ly difficult - I got so
excited I was on the
edge of my seat! A con-
testant was out after one
fault - there were eight
jumps + most of them
never got beyond the first,
a few cleared the fault, +
the fifth was damn near
impossible. So when one
man got his horse over
it, the cheer reached the

which I don't think I
told you about. Have
you ever been to one? I
never had before except
in London. I wished often
for you, which means I
thoroughly enjoyed my-
self + wanted you to
share it with me. Certain-
ly the horse is one of the
best jobs God ever did,
from the aesthetic point
of view, and what man
helps out God by careful
breeding, the results are
really superb - no ounce
of superfluous flesh, all
rippling muscles laid
over finely ^{exactly} made bones -
all ~~beautifully~~ articulat-
ed, architectonic in
structure, all elegance

building - why they didn't
put the horse off I can't
imagine, but I suppose he
used to it, anyhow, to
the complete amazement
of everyone he went
on & cleared the lot. The
audience went wild (we
learned the next day that
it was the first time since
the event was inaugurat-
ed that any horse had
jumped the lot). It all
looked so easy - those
great powerful strides,
the body gathered together
like a steel spring, was
released to shoot across
the obstacle & immedi-
ately pick up its
~~powerful~~ pounding, rhyth-
mical stride again. How
did he see, at all spent

by the effort, but proved
off, eyes flashing, head
bouncing, — the picture of
high spirit + fiery energy.
Incidentally, it was a
Mexican officer who rode
him. Interesting, isn't it
, one doesn't connect the
Mexican army with bril-
liant show horse-anship.

On the whole, though,
I thought the show didn't
compare with the London
one, + as I ruminated
on it later, I decided
that that was because
on the whole the horse
is a rich man's toy here,
+ in England he is still a
familiar animal to rich +
poor alike. Society (in
its limited sense) takes

almost invariably + one of
the most entertaining +
most solid of Britishers.
His ambition is to have his
Sunday suit completely
sewn over with white
pearl buttons + if he has
prospered he may achieve
this in his fifties or sixties.
Every year he gets more
buttons - generally sews
on in patterns which they
are sparse in his youth,
gradually just filled in
in solid rows. The most
gorgeously buttoned of them
all is called the Pearl
King. The wives + sweet-
hearts are decked with
ostrich, peacock hats -
again the quantity + size
indicate prosperity. And
scores of them parade in
the ring - a man + a woman
in each little cart, the carts

part in the border show,
but so does society in the
larger sense. I saw
lumber in border (though
never there - people over
lumber much farther
down the social scale in
England than they do
here), but I saw farm
horses, too, + dray horses
- + what's more, the
Coster's Parade. Have you
ever heard of the Coster's
Parade? Well - it's worth
crossing the Atlantic
to see. The costers, as they
call you know, are the very
wholesaler - his trade is
all contained in one bar-
row which is bundled
about the streets some-
times by the coster him-
self, generally by a dock-
ey. He's pure Cockney

themselves bedecked with
flowers (so English) the
little gray douboys scamp-
ering about, refusing to
be organized, chewing at
the flowers they're adorned
with — or at each other,
the buttons glittering, the
feathers waving, and
everyone shouting
quips at everyone else
— the audience occasion-
ally joining in the separ-
ate — all parties simply
having the grandest
time imaginable. ^{Present}
I was then Lord ~~Lord~~
was the judge, and it
was really charming to
see the relationship be-
tween them — the top & the
bottom — they put on so
well together. He didn't
patronize them, nor did
they bow-down. Each re-

spected himself & the other
It's part of the strength of
the British Empire, that sort
of thing.

Well, here I am started
on my third sheet - & also
well started on a new week!
I don't think I'll seal
this to-night but go on
with it to-morrow & mail
it all in a lump.

Sunday -

And now another day is
all gone but its last 15
minutes. I meant to
write early to-day, & so
be able to mail this whole
thing when I went in
town to the movies with
Dixie, but I got the
cure this morning, & felt
rotten, so since I knew I'd

yours affectionately, as I love
"champagne". The book she
said she hadn't had a
chance at, for Donald
had monopolized it "and
he pronounces it a very
unusual book, very beau-
tifully written". I feel
greatly relieved & know
their sort always prefer
books to the other gifts
for such occasions, yet
I always tremble for fear
my choice will be wrong
& they'll say "what is
the world did she think
we'd want to read that
stuff for?" Betty said
she was taking it along
to read when they got
settled in the south. She
said Donald was going

have Sister & Joan for tea,
with Hugh added for supper,
I spent the rest of the day
flat, easing my interior!
We shall I write long
now - I want to get
flat again - goodness, we
have all the luck!

I had a lovely long,
warm letter from Betty
yesterday - I expect you
have one, too, so will
know that the voyage
was reasonably pleasant.
Our gifts seemed to be
right - or she is a clever
deceiver. She said they
were saving the cham-
pagne for dinner the last
night & would begin by
toasting us. She said
"we shall thoroughly
enjoy it, particularly

from the boat to Mont S.
Michel, but she + Helen,
having seen it twice be-
fore would go straight to
Paris. I was wildly sur-
prised - to me that
sounds a little as if she'd
said she wouldn't go to
hear the "Croix" be-
cause she'd heard it
a couple of times, so
she'd just go along to
the Ritz bar. But this
is just between you +
me. Paris is all right, but
most of what makes Paris
a living city is done
better in New York, and if
you want the real part,
I commend you to Mont
S. Michel. Oh, how I
should like the oppor-

family, to get back there
+ spend day after leisure-
ly day, poking about,
with Henry Adams under
my arm. Golly, I wish
she could give me the
days she has declined
for herself. When Donald
writes you about it, save
the letter + bring it to
read to me at Xmas, will
you? I'd love to relive
that experience, seeing
it through fresh eyes.
Bring my letters he
writes you about what he
goes to what he does - it's
the next best thing to be-
ing able to do it myself.
Please? Oddly enough,
the other book I consid-
ered sending them was

"The Tides of Mont. S.
Michael". I almost wish I
had, though I was
afraid to, for fear they'd
have read it - it was
2 months older than the
Roberts one. Sometimes,
sweetheart, we'll go there, &
sit on the ancient rampart
in the moonlight & be silent
watching that frenzied
dour tide sweep in, while
Saint Michael waves his
flaming sword far, far
above our heads. Oh,
how I want to take you
to Europe - it means so
much to me & I so terribly
want to share it with
you.

So good-night, my sweet,
& my dear one - don't for-
get how much I love you -
C.

Friday -

{11 Nov 1938}

Sweetheart,

It's going to be difficult to concentrate on this for there's a most intriguing conversation going on in the 2 seats ahead of me in the train. I keep getting snatches + straining my ears for more! There are three going over - two Americans + one Englishman - carrying on a highly intelligent conversation on an international affair. The Englishman obviously knows a lot - but is, at least some inside sources of information. I persist with curiosity - is he the son of some personage - is he in the diplomatic service? The other two speak with a Harvard accent and their talk has the qualities that one finds in the best Harvard prod.

very well about "Alce
Liscolia in Illinois" which
I have not seen. But
know enough to know it
probably the finest thing
in town, except for that
little item of Mr. W. S.'s
- "Hamlet". He is now
talking about the movies
of which he has consid-
erable technical knowledge.
Or bit Winchester + Oxford!
Possibly he's doing some
studying here - they're all
young enough to be either
still in college or just out.

You're so glad Eva liked
the dress - and so troubled
about the difficulties with
which her life seems so
loaded - partly for her own
take & worry, partly for
yours, since you can't help
but share her burdens, &
partly for ours, since I can't
help seeing that what hap-

pens - enlightened, liberal,
with any amount of intel-
lectual curiosity. I am
finding much comfort & re-
assurance in listening to
what you can get, after the
wave of depression + sad-
ness that overwhelmed at
the black news from Ger-
many this morning. It's
young men like these
that are the hope of the
world, young men like
these that Thomas Mann is
writing about in the
"Coming Victory of Democ-
racy". It is true, after
all, that other ideas,
other methods, other
achievements than those of
violence can be attractive
to youth. They have now
shifted the conversation
to the Theatre & the
Englishman is talking

reason in the world - all in all I feel that she
pans to her may affect our
future. It is wonderful
that she finds a spiritual
refuge which can save
her from despair. Leary
says it's a common phe-
nomenon - the mind creates
its own refuge from an
intolerable fact.

Thanks for the account
of the week-end, which was
vivid, though succinct. I
wish I could do that - if
I try to be vivid I achieve
it if at all, only at great
length. I am, in fact,
prolix, not succinct -
horrible fact!

I'm so sorry you didn't
get to the concert. I hate to
think of you having to
give up something you
want to do on account
of the difference between
one dollar and two.

All the seminar business
sounds so impressive - I really
think it's reasonable for it
to become such an important

best part was a brief trip
into Spain - he got in only
because he has personal
friendship with T. D. R. who
gave him the necessary but
hard-to-obtain permit -
had a terrible journey
from the border to Bar-
celona & here he preparat-
ed ^{for dinner} with a group of other
distinguished guests - the
only 2 names he could
remember at the moment
were Herbert Matthews &
Vincent Sheean but she
said the others were all
equally well-known -
such a list of names as
you practically never get
around one dinner-table.
As they began eating,
the Mustangs began
bombing the city - they

etc. & was late for a
lunch with Mildred &
Sister. (Incidentally, I
asked her if she'd written
Joe Brewer & she hadn't
- damn! But says she
will this week-end. I
can't very well nag her
about it, though I'd
like to. She had a
grand time to tell of & says
she'd had cocktails with
the day before - head of
Random House, Bennett
Cerf, you probably know
the name. He was just
back from Europe -
had divided a short
stay in England between
Mavelock Ellis, Bernard
Shaw & had Leonard -
but that a list? But he

the though, the raid per-
fectly calmly, though he
(Barnett Carl) admitted to
being scared to death.
They'd no sooner calmed
down than a second
raid began, and that
was followed by a third. At
that point they went up on
the roof of the hotel to watch!
He said it was a wild +
fantastic sight - the huge
city all about them in total
darkness, like a city unin-
habited, + the blackness
shattered at intervals by
fire from the explosions. Then
the searchlights picked up
an Italian plane + from
the dark + silent city
rose a great incandescent
roar from the throats of
the thousands of invisible
watchers - it was like
hearing the voice of the
city itself.
There, with that to chill

Wednesday
Sweetheart,
(9 Nov 1932)
how that I've sent

All yesterday's letters I am nervous for fear you'll think I was kidding you, though I really was trying to explain why I feel as I do about my share of the correspondence. All the same, there was a crack in your Monday letter I don't think I discerned when you said you'd get 3 letters ^{promised} which was the right quota, "but hardly to be expected". How really, darling, I failed once in nearly 2 months - I don't think I discerned "hardly to be expected" yet! Well, in spite of being very tired last night, I did in the end play up till Dewey conceded the decision - it was just too

for the time I was on the
sidewalk. I'm delighted that
Belusian is back, of course.
Dawson had no business
getting that job, though was
pretty nervous for a while
for fear he would. I'm very
sorry Murphy lost in
Michigan & I'm afraid I
think he lost to you state
for it! Did you see that
Curley was defeated in
Mass. That's a good deal
done.

Yes, I read the article
on Cambridge - at the
time I thought some of
the things he said
pretty easy to refute, but
I can't remember what
they were now, so I can't
produce them to dazzle
you with! You remark
about the pleasure you

exhibiting to go to bed with-
out knowing how it came
out. As you probably know
it was neck & neck at
most to the end, with both
sides claiming victory! We
lost the men themselves, of
course, - only their cam-
paign managers. I listened
on W. H. Y. C. (sorry, there
shouldn't be periods,
should there?) - they did
it very well. I thought,
with all sorts of different
men doing the talking &
constant switching from
the station itself to other
points of interest - Dem.
headquarters, Rep. HQ, of
course. Times Sq., Police
Headquarters, etc. The
feeling of suspense & ex-
citement was splendidly
sustained - I listened
from 6 till 1:30 except

would inevitably derive
from reading about Cam-
bridge set me off on a
long train of thought about
what is, I suppose, one of
the fundamental human
experiences - the delight of
recognition, of finding the
thing we are familiar with.
I suppose it is essential to
the normal mind as a bal-
ance for the equally funda-
mental pleasure in novelty
& the unfamiliar. I sup-
pose it is all tied up with
our instinctive need of
stability & continuity &
the bolstering up of our
own ego through the
sharing of experience with
others. I, too, was drawn
to the article as you were
- because I had known
Cambridge as far back as
I can remember - though I

1921/001/22
Tuesday -
Well, Suebie, this is better
than you deserve! No letter
from you to-day - you
must have shipped 2
days in succession!
I can see why you were
amused at the way I felt
when I shipped the
first time. In fact, I've
been thinking about the
whole thing, or my long
slow trip home from
Sister's - + the difference
between the way you
feel about it + the way
I do. It's partly, I sup-
pose, that to me the re-
laxation between us is the
most important thing in

bit of self-respect, of
which I've not enough
anyhow. I realized as
I wrote you that letter of
explanation + apology
that I was hoping I'd
convince you I was
justified + that you be-
lieving it would make
me believe it. But of
course it didn't. It
was just harder than usual
for me to ~~do it~~ <sup>write - not
ext. letter.</sup>
But of course I could
have - after all, I could
have asked for part
paper when I went
to bed and written
for 15 or 20 minutes.
The difference between

my life so that not to
do something about it
every day makes me feel
I'm throwing my life
temporarily out of focus.
And it's also partly be-
cause not doing it was
not keeping faith with
myself which is some-
thing that always
disturbs me terribly. I
cannot begin to do it.
I had made up my
mind that this was
good + right for me to
do, + to fail to do it
somehow lessens my
faith in myself. I must
do what I have
promised myself I
would do, or lose some

3 + 3! 20 as a time
for going to bed is cer-
tainly negligible. Do you
see what I mean,
darling? This is in the
way you feel - obviously.
And I don't pretend
any moral superiority
for it. It's not to me,
you see, a matter of not
writing, or writing a
letter - it's not even
a matter of whether I
have or have not
done right by you -
it's failing to do what I
have set myself to do
for no better reason than
that it was easier not
to. I used to think if I

shipped over, it would be
easier to ship the next
time + presently I'd be
shipping frequently. But
at least that's not true
— I'll stay up till 3:20
the next time, all night!
So there you are — that's
why I sleep right on,
even when you don't, be-
cause my necessity for
believing in myself is
stronger than my in-
stinctive feeling that I
must not write often
than you do. Do you
suppose I'm being
stupid? It's possible.

Well, anyway, I can't
stop for more now — I'm
very short of sleep, still
staying, living with a cold.

and it's very late, I've
been at Sister's all day
& tried to stay late
enough to hear final re-
sults from the election,
which is still not con-
ceded by the Republicans
though it seems certain
they are defeated - Awful
pawd!

Don't misunderstand
this letter, sweetie, it's
not directed at you -
I'm just trying to make
clear both to you & to
myself why I feel as I
do about my own share
in this correspondence. I
suppose my feelings when
you slip is partly my very
real & large disappointment
but also partly because you

Monday -
(8/20/1936)
Darling, cat,

This is the end of
what seems like a long,
hard day, though it's not
really - only that I've
been pressed all day. I
began by oversleeping my
alarm which was horrid
for I had my morning
very closely scheduled.
So I worked like mad,
kept being interrupted
by telephone, laundry
war, etc. Had a glass
of milk + 4 crackers for
lunch + took to get my
subway. Then the Times
Sq. train came in 2 mi.
ahead of schedule + I

I found some time that
had to be attended to, a
girl waiting, to ask me
what she could do to get
a better grade (a painful
moment, for there was
nothing she could do,
poor dear, + it's so hard to
say that, tactfully) and
I dashed for a cup of tea
+ a bite to eat to stay
me. I was still read-
ing the last paper when
the first class began
coming in. Then I gave
them bill for the laundry
papers they'd passed in
— which I lost doing.
After classes I got my
desk cleared off + just
made dinner on time by

was only $\frac{1}{2}$ way up the
stairs when I went out!
I took the 2nd Ave. train
to 42 St. + ran like a
deer → just made the
train, but didn't get
your letter mailed. I
took time off on the train
to read your letter +
brace my spirit —
though I was disap-
pointed at the announce-
ment that you was going
to ship (meanie — you
know being in Holland is
just an excuse, not a
reason + that makes me
unhappy, for I'd rather
you didn't feel you wanted
me) and then I read
papers as hard as I could
to kill I got to D. T. Then

morning. After dinner leave
+ I set off for Alice Walker's
(she's the friend I went to
"Lucas Wilde" with + a
small gal) for bridge - I
think the 3 of us with
one other are going to
play once a week - you'll
find me improved the
next time! We're all auto-
tastic - here what we
think is a very good book
+ are intending to ser-
iously improve our game.
Well, it's now 11:30 + I'm
on the train for home - feel-
ing a bit limp as I have
dashed so all day + have
a cold besides. I'd like
you to be here when I get
home. I'd like to drink
into bed + be brought hot
lemonade + whiskey, +
leave you sit on the

Sunday -

[JANU 1938]

Dearest Boy -

First about Xmas - you will get it right away, wait for? Remember I want the list of people, any suggestions, + the amount (approximate of course) to be spent on each. Then I want to know if you want me to combine with you on presents for your father + mother + Eva or to give separately. Do you intend to do anything about Donald + Betty, since they are abroad + the matter of customs + duty are involved? It cannot be paid in advance, you know. Sometimes things are let through at Xmas, sometimes not. Do you give

approve of the lace cloth
for your mother? I think
she would like it — for the
same reason she likes
liqueur glasses (poor
innocent) — it's a pretty
luxury + yet can be used.
The pin for Eva's dress is
all right — though so
trifling a gift that more
should be added. I
found the other day at
Lord & Taylor's some
cinnabar jewelry, sur-
prisingly little more ex-
pensive than what Roy
had + I could, if you
liked, match the pin
with a ring, bracelet or
what-not. They're very
lovely, I think, + any
woman would like them.
But that's only a sug-
gestion — you may need

to your brothers + their
wives? If so, what do
you think I should do?
What about Auntie? Is it
all right if I go ahead
with consulting you further
with presents from you to
Auntie, Sister + Joan? I
shall also get something
for Riba from you as I
suspect she will leave
something for you. O.K.?
In general I go on the
principle that Christmas
giving should be a pleas-
ure, not a financial bur-
den — in other words, I
spend more effort + thought
than I do money. It
seems to me more appro-
priate for people of very
moderate means. Does
this suit you? Do you

something else. I told you,
didn't I, that I got a
bracelet + clip that you
might give me? I picked
up ear-rings to match
at L. + T.'s too. But
perhaps you'd rather not,
which is all right. I re-
member you talking about
jewelry! Anyhow, get me
some little thing - get
it at Woolworth's if you
like - for me to open
Xmas morning + be sur-
prised by!

Then will you please
send me a few suggest-
ions as to items you'd
enjoy receiving. I've
already given you your
dinner clothes, so you'll
only get something
to open on Xmas day

to supplement it - but
Sister will be asking me
so I need to know some-
thing else you'd like or
need. Any little gadgets
for your new evening
clothes? A white silk
scarf? Any books you'd
like?

Then about Xmas cards
- what would your sug-
gestion be as to a system.
Of course people I know
& you're never met, or
vice versa, we'll each
send to as usual & as
individuals. But how
about the people on
whose cards both names
should appear? Shall
we leave them till you
get here & just let them

be late? It would be a
slavine - + a faux pas - to
send any duplicates. But
I expect we could figure it
out + I could send you a
list of them I was putting
both names on - + you do
the same for me. Do you
want me to get cards for
you? If so, do you want
them sent to you - kept
here till you come?

There, darling, but this
going to be a nuisance
for you? But think of the
nuisance you're going to
be saved! Remember, I
want every question in
this letter answered - spe-
cifically, and please do
it just as soon as you can.
It's so much easier for me
if I can get done before
Thanksgiving. This is a

Saturday -

(5 NOV 1938)

Precious -

and NY Times 5 Nov 1938
Indubitably as head

So you did me
out of a letter - just ^{the} gadding, too. Dear, dear,
the moral collapse is
beginning, and the
wild night life of Wash-
ington is going to tear
you from me, after all!
No, darling, as a matter
of fact, I'm so delight-
ed to have you lead-
ing such a gay life
that I'm almost wil-
ling to sacrifice a bit
to do it.

As for "The Women" -
I'd not see it, but head

That - of course they're
not. She's pointing a
moral and can distort
or overemphasize to get
her idea across just
like any other artist.

So you're going back
"Algiers" again - good.
I hope you'll find it
stands the test of a
second seeing. The
Hoffman sounds quite
intriguing - more so
than the night club,
anyhow!

I'm really delighted
about the golf. You
ought to do something
besides walk. I should

a great deal about it,
so I can understand
your comments. No, it's
not an accurate account
- remembers this is art,
not life. That play, in
fact, is satire, on the
whole, and that
makes its exaggerations
perfectly legitimate, but
you should recognize it
for what it is. After all,
no social group is so
uniform in tone, so you
know that the leaves
provided in life itself
by other sorts is not
here. Don't let yourself
think, darling, that
any group is really like

think you'd enjoy it a lot. It has many advantages, I think - for one thing, it can be either solitary or social & there aren't many games of which you can say that. You'll get your walk, but at the same time have the opportunity to develop a skill & and it's really very good all over exercise, like swimming - much more so than walking, have power to your elbow, sweet one!

I thought you'd be interested in the enclosed tid-bit. All my love -
C.

Friday -

[4 Nov 1938]

Angel -

Here it is the 4th of
November + I start off for
school without a coat.
Isn't it amazing? I make
no complaint, you may be
sure - I shall all too soon
be shivering up + down
my bleak + windy hill.
However, I don't think
this all quite so pleasant
and as everyone behaves
as if it were. We always
have better falls than
springs - and I remem-
ber I wore my winter coat
for the first time last
year on Thanksgiving day.
I was amused by your
picture of night life in

added that to my
worries about you. The
15 of cover change nearly
phoned me - I couldn't
believe my eyes.

Speaking of fear-
entertainment is E. Lar-
sing, I will now ask
you my periodically
repeated question which
you, for some reason,
never answer, but which
I want an answer to
- what are the women
like? That's where I'm
going to have to get
my companionship, so
I really want to
know. Are they as interest-
ing, cultivated, sophis-
ticated, etc., etc. as the

E. Lar-sing - it checked
rather well with what I
suspected from the account
of what a wild place it
was - you remember the
hitch. State boy at Sister's
party? I just figured
that his idea of a hot
spot would be something
like that, which was
why there was something
essentially comic in his
warnings to me of the
risks of sex in not being
out there to keep an eye
on you. I saw that
might be an example of
what his idea of fear-
some allure was, and I
knew you wouldn't
touch it with a ten
foot pole! So I've not

men? It sounds to me
as if you were really
doing pretty well for
friends - shall I leave
as good a field to
browse in?

I'm reading "Rebecca"
by Daphne Du Maurier.
She is Gerald's daughter,
George's granddaughter -
it's interesting to see
what are the capacities
of the third generation of
so gifted a family. Her
biography of her father
I thought remarkable
- this is the first of her
works I've read. Her
analysis of her father was
so objective + yet tender
- she must have an
unusual gift for the

Thursday -

Nov 1951

Sweetest -

Such a dear letter, as I just got from you - not long, but very satisfactory. Of course they all are, as far as that goes - though some make me happier than others.

In rereading one of earlier this week I see my enquiry about Marie - & how I have a feeling I didn't tell you in my week-end letter about her recent trouble. Skip it if I

+ Gladly are both pretty irresponsible. She deliberately had her 2 children, though she knew she couldn't afford them. Rikha paid all the bills - doctor + hospital + she + Connie have had to give frequent help. It makes me pretty mad. Poor Rikha was pretty upset - she's been pulling in her belt for some time, and this is so terribly unfair.

Do tell me how you liked "The Women". I didn't see it, though it had an excellent reputation for acid

did. I'm much disturbed about it myself. Her brother-in-law (not Tim Stokes, but the other sister's husband) has lost his job. He's that kind of person - this has happened before. There are two children, + the job was never enough to more than just keep them going. Rikha had bought Gladly's clothes for years. This means of course that they have not one penny ahead, so that Rikha + Connie will have to divide between them the support of 4 more people. It seems dreadful - Roy

comedy.

I guess I didn't tell
you I saw "Edge of
the World" with Rhea
Sunday night. I
wished for you - you'd
have enjoyed it - it was
tragedy on a grand
scale - that is, in the
sense that the nature
of the tragedy was
fundamental & univer-
sal or at least timeless.
It's the struggle between
man & nature, of which
one sees the bitter
end with nature
triumphant. It was
filmed as one of the

Shetland Isles where
the tragedy itself was
enacted & reached its
end some time ago.
The main characters
are represented by pro-
fessional actors, the
others by native Shet-
landers. You could not
tell which was which,
so superbly did the
actors perform. It's
wild and bitter and
beautiful - magnif-
icent crags lifting
themselves against
the sky, wind-swept
& rain-swept heaths,
bleak little stone
huts sheltering the

men and women who
had the tenacity to try
to wrest a living from
his grim spot. They are
grim themselves - hard-
bitten + stubborn, yet
with flashes of sweet-
ness and gentleness like
bright threads in a
dark web.

How was the seminar,
darling, and what is
a "sort of seminar"?
It's sort of sorry you
got yourself in for some
thing more to fill your
crowded days. Though
I expect your initiative
made a good impres-
sion.

I miss you to-day,
dearest - a little more

Wednesday -

[3 Nov 1938]

Dearest,

Your yesterday's
letter (I mean mine to you)
gives 7/1 late than ever to-
day. I took it into the
P.C. to mail & then my
train was late &
subway.

I had one minute to catch
my train in - no time for
mailing letters! And to night
I've stayed up at school
to play bridge so that
I shan't be back in the
P.C. to mail it till
after midnight.

You are about to be
victimized, darling - in
the stationery line. I want
to buy some envelopes

Your description of the
big party was vivid +
realistic. I think you
took it nobly - I'd have
gripped about it. The one
- that kind of thing is
one of the major honors
of the academic life to
me - except for freedom-
ing which apparently I
shouldn't have had the
opportunity to enjoy! I
do wish you would, darling.
However, these would
have been this - every
normal woman looks her
best in evening clothes,
knows she does + gains
from that a self-confid-
ence that does for her what
champagne might. So, in
a sense, I should have
a good time, though I

the other day to go with
this paper - + they've dis-
continued it - typical
heavy performances! So
I'm left with quite a lot
of papers unenveloped. I
can't quite bring myself
to throw the paper away
so I shall use it or put
into envelopes that are
wrong. My British law
England forebears are too
much for me, you see.
This is what my father
used to call "domestic
manners" or in official.
It was a term of oppro-
brium used to describe
the rudeness people sub-
ject their families to, but
would never dream of
perpetrating in public.

hate the crowding of the wing,
the meaningless chatter. I
regard a small dinner
- in evening clothes + with
personal service - as a far
more civilized form of soc-
ial activity. Well, any-
how, I wish I had been
there to see your first
appearance in your formal
garments. I know you
looked handsome - the
sharp contrast would be
good for you rather neutral
coloring + would at the
same time form an excel-
lent foil for the fine cut-
ting of your features.
How dear of you to take an
extra look in the mirror for
me - I'm sure I got it - my
picture of you is so vivid.
Yes. I heard the Beatles
on the radio - always remembering

Tuesday -

(34001938)

Sweet heart -

I'm under-
dressed over what you write
of Eva - it does seem as if
more of the injustice of life
had come her way than
should be cheerfully endured
by anyone. I think you are
right in thinking she
should at least have
a try at some other
doctor. While it is foolish
to keep going from one
to another, it is at least
wise to try more than
one + see if the second
confirms the first. Of
course I know there are
cases of diabetes that
are more than normally

generally skip. But I was
more touched than amused
→ for I thought it dear of
you to push on in spite
of not feeling like it.
But once you got off, the
effort was not apparent
in the letter as always
made me happy —
enough. It is sure to be
wants you time — and
energy. I think perhaps
your difficulty was due,
as much as anything, to
your bad night's
sleep, of which I was
very sorry to hear — that's
due sort of night that
hardly rests one, at all.
I wish you didn't have
the attitude toward the
files that it's a matter of

difficult to control, & yet
one hears so often of the
increasingly miscellaneous
things that are accom-
plished. Do let me know
what further you hear
about Lee's job — that's
pretty distressing, too —
more than that, in fact,
it's frightening.

I was amused by the
man who told you it
was your own business
whether you were married
just after having asked
you if you were! So, I
suppose, were you, since
you repeated the story.

I was almost amused
by your struggle to write
with your usual easy flow
on the night when you

"giving in". An article or
in some is Harpers says
that the "barbiturates"
would have to be taken in
large quantities + constant-
ly to do any harm. It
goes at great length into
the chemistry + exactly
what they do to the
body - mostly I can't
understand it, of course,
but I grasp the conclusion!

There, sweet one, I must
stop for to-night - I've
pressed for time on papers
this week. To-morrow
I'll answer to-day's
good letter about the
party.

Bless you, my darling -

C.

Monday -

(31 Oct 1938)

Dear Sir,

This is a big moment
— or day — for I found two
letters from you in my box.
I always feel sad when
Pete goes — I look forward
to her coming so much & so
long — and it was a great
comfort & joy to have so
much of you.

I, now you know I didn't
go to see Donald & Betty off &
I really feel it was the right
thing. My affection for them &
thought for them on this
occasion was evidenced
by the things we sent & by
my letter — & I took pains
to explain in the letter that
I should stay away from
the boat only for Donald's
sake — so I don't believe
they could think I had
failed in country, either as
myself or as your representative.

was a very good-looking
small lace table-cloth
for ^{what it} certainly not more than
half ^{what it} would cost here that
I thought you might
like, and a good-
looking cinnamon pine for
Eva. I also bought a
bracelet + clip that I'm
thinking of suggesting
you give me! Perhaps you'd
rather not. They're all much
finer than the Chinese things
we saw at the Chalet,
though terribly cheap.
Sister + I got things for
Bess - spent less than
we ever have before for
her + yet got beautiful
things. It makes you a
little sick to think what
the people who made
them must have got for
high artistic quality +
exquisite workmanship

time. I just hope that
everything got there all right.
I speak of being your
representative, how about
Xmas shopping? Should
you like me to do yours for
you? If so, tell me at
once - I try to get done
before Thanksgiving, so as
to avoid the crush. If you
want me to do it, send me
a list of people you give to,
an approximate idea of how
much you spend + any
suggestions as to what
sort of things to get. I should
think this is a job, but less of
a one than doing the shop-
ping! When I was going
through Roy's Chinese things
I bought a couple that I
thought you might think
would do for you with
+ Eva - there was no time
to consult you, but I can
give them to someone else
if you like. Then

for pay what you do for
ordinary manufactured
goods in this country.

About Brewer - I have
lunch with him & his
sons & will discover what
else's written & what your
next move is. I, sure shall
do it in such a way that
the ice will be broken in
a nice broad path. I think
it would be sweet of you
to write a brief but warm
note to thank her - it
would please her & we are,
after all, in her debt al-
ready.

I'm so glad you got out
a good deal - now don't
do! How I wish I were with
you on these little expeditions.
I didn't know they
ever were equal so far out
as this. They're a very rare
bird in this country, anybody
you know - you were in luck

Sunday -
(30 Oct 1932)

Sweetheart,

I am terribly
ashamed - & disappointed in
myself - for I have broken
my record and shipped a
day. Oh dear! Please for-
give it. But that isn't
really all the point - not
more than half - I just
don't like not spending
any time with you yester-
day nor do I like the
let-down feeling it gives
me. But here it is.

Now I will tell you
about my day yesterday
and you will see how
it happened. I started
out by sleeping through

+ wouldn't I please have
lunch with her. I sug-
gested she might like to
see Roy's things + w'd
meet at Sister's. So I
hurried myself some more
+ got in to meet her
there. Well, what with
the lunch + the Chrisa
things, there were only
15 minutes afterwards
before we had to start
for Rika's train - I
though I'd not try to
start a letter, but wait
till I got home at night.
So off we went - got
Rika, went to the Com-
modore for cocktails +
then home joined us
again - she had money

my alarm, and so getting
an hour off the morning.
But I didn't think
that mattered much as
I'd only a number of odd
jobs to do before I went
to meet Rika at 4:15.
But then Sister called +
said Roy, Hugh's brother,
was here with a lot of
things he'd brought
from Chrisa - for sale - +
didn't I want to come +
look at them before he
left in the early afternoon.
So I said yes - leaving
Xmas in mind - and began
tearing around hurrying
myself up. But before
long Sam called, said
she was all alone in h.f.

met Rika, so of course
we didn't hurry - I
wanted them to get some-
what acquainted. Then
R. + I went down to
Connie's for dinner. This
had gone to be Princeton.
Harvard gave in Cam-
bridge. Well, when we
got there we discovered
that the maid had not
come all day + everything
was in confusion - beds
unmade, ash-trays full,
furniture dusty, break-
fast dishes where they'd
been used + unwashed,
+ of course the dinner
not even taken out of
its paper bags. We
knew Connie who would

arrive late & exhausted
from a hard day in the
store, would be terribly
discouraged by it, so
we immediately set to
getting the house
tidied, etc. Well, the
upshot of all that was
that by the time every-
thing was done, dinner
got & eaten, dishes
washed, etc. it was
11:30. Connie insisted
that I should just
stay right here for
the night - Riha was
going to, anyhow. I
couldn't resist - it's a
long trip home late
on a Sat. night. So
there we got undressed,

bed just after three! So
it is now Sunday. This
histoire is not expected
to furnish excuse - only
explanation. I still
feel uncomfortable +
unhappy about it.

Well, I'm sorry "for
Cait Tale to let her go"
rather let you down -
though not surprised.
No, it was not George
Coburn but Henry Travers
who did Gramp here,
+ though your guess was
a good one H.T. did it
even more perfectly
than F.C. would have
- yes, really.

How much of you,
darling, to repeat what

made some drinks +
settled down to talk, I
simply hadn't the nerve
to ask for paper + pen. I
see Connie only once in
3 or 4 months, + should
be gracious enough to
invite me - both for
dinner + the night - at a
time when she might
well prefer to just have
her sister, so it just
seemed up to me to be
as entertaining + a
guest as I could be
till she wanted to go
to bed. The upshot of
it was that we had
a good old bull session
or whatever the formal
of that is - and went to

your friend Fred said
about H. Y. — it was
generous of you, consid-
ering your own attitude.
So he's a smoothie, is he?
And I guess he thinks he's
pretty attractive to the
women — yes? However,
he sounds as if there
were other facets to his
personality. What's his
girl like? You still
haven't answered my
question as to whether
the faculty wives are
as interesting as their
husbands.

I thought of you last
night in your new
clothes at the party —
I'd like to hear all about
it. Don't forget to love
me even if I've been

Friday -
 [280081238]
 I don't know how
 it is in Kielsgon, but
 here the weather is horrid
 - wet, windy, dreary, &
 I feel very sorry on
 account of Donald and
 Betty - it's an ill-omened
 sort of day, not to
 mention the very practic-
 al fact that it will
 certainly be rough as
 soon as they get out to
 sea, which is a pretty
 miserable beginning. I
 did not, in the end, go
 to see them off - I hope

knows about them, which
I don't - except as I
know general aesthetics.
So it was illuminating
& stimulating to go with
her. I have acquired
some knowledge as to
periods, styles (as connect-
ed with periods) design
motifs, symbolism, etc.
But while that is inter-
esting, you don't need
it for enjoyment -
beauty is independent
of dates, and of that
there was so much. It
was superbly mounted
& better, it seems to me
than any show I've

it was the right thing
to do - or not to do.

Well, about yester-
day - I spent most of
the day - at least,
from a very early lunch
on, at the Metropo-
litan with Hal Littel
(that reminds me - you
never told me if you
knew Dr. Littel's David
Van Schaeck - I shall
be asked again, so do
answer), seeing their
exhibition of Chinese
bronzes which is super-
lative. She's taking
a course in Chinese
Art with Rowley & really

never seen. The walls ^{of the} 3 rooms are painted
a delicate azure, the
interiors of the cases are
even more delicately lac-
quered and against these
colors the dark green
richness of the bronzes
is infinitely enhanced. The
cases are sunk in the
walls so that the glass
is flush with the surface
of the wall, & thus light-
ed from within, as a
stage is lighted, so that
they are bathed in light
while the rooms about
them is only softly
lighted. Just walking
into the room makes you
gasp with pleasure.
And that is all I've

Produced

Thursday -
Endowment slip from The Nation, 22 Dec 1938,
renew by the good kindness of giving on life's

Sweetest -
W heat a dear,

such a delightful way to be - it is dear. Blessings to you -

Dear letter, from you I
found awaiting me when I
got home to-night. You
were sweet on the matter of
letters - as you are sweet
all the time to keep
writing so faithfully. You
underestimate the quality
of what you write - what
it doesn't show that
you are tired. I was think-
ing only this evening or
very way leave that it
must be that you were
finding it fairly easy to
do by now, for the letters
seem so easy and spontaneous.

besides, it was her husband's picture + everyone said that he could get out of her what no one else could. But now he's dead - and she's not really a madame actress, so I suspect that this was over her head. I notice that Brooks Atkinson says the present play "Madame Capet" - with Eva Le Gallienne out-plays her in every respect and really presents with conviction and force the madaming of the frivolous girl into the tragic woman.

I'll be interested to know what you think of "You Can't Take It With You". I thought it a very slight play, with an ex-

cess. They sound as if you ran them off as you might chat over the dinner table - and they make me feel as if you were chatting over the dinner table, so that I am close to you, and part of your life.

I was interested in your comments on "Marie Antoinette" which were much the same as those of the two reviewers in whom I put most faith - only that they were more caustic than you! So I've deliberately not gone - besides, I always mistrust the Hollywood "spectacle". I should, in any case, find it hard to believe that anyone Shearer could do it. She was a heart-rending Titist but that was a tragedy of youth and inevitability

generally quite plot and very
little real wit, but it was
brilliantly acted by one
man & very well by the rest
of the cast with a wonderful
feeling for comedy pace
so that it went over with
a bang. I should be afraid
there was too little there
to amount to a thing,
poorly done.

By the way, it's Robert
Hooley, not Frank - I'm
almost considering taking
you to that at Xmas - you
couldn't fail to feel satisfied
& I'd like you to see a piece
of acting as fine of its kind
as Cedric Hardwicke's. I'm
enclosing the habit's review
of that & "Grand Illusion"
thinking you'd be interested.
I sent off the book & the
champagne to Donald &
Betty - also a good lot

Wednesday -

Oct 1/1938

Sweetheart,

It sounds as if
your Saturday evening
had been extremely pleas-
ant. In fact, your Sun-
day letter sounds reason-
ably serene and cheerful.
I guess that bad day was
only an interlude. I do
hope that that's so. Don't
it too you've found a
musical playmate? Have
you the things in
common, too? Tell me
more about him. I know
nothing of him now but
his interest in music.

I think your idea of
doing all your work in the
office is fine - no matter how
little time that leaves you
at home, I think it will be

that way, but I am not
you, and I am a semi-
stranger to Donald - he'd
feel he must be gracious
& appreciative - it would
make a demand on his
and time's so much busier
and busier anyway - and so
much much, getting in
from Danbury for a
morning sailing. If it
were only Betty I shouldn't
hesitate a minute - or if
it were the two of them
& Donald in his usual
health - or even if it
were you ^{and} I going,
in which Donald could
regard us as you, if you
see what I mean, &
take it easy. I may be
wrong, and of course I'd
go a long way out of my

more useful, for it will take
you into another world - I
ways a good thing.

Dadling - about going to
see of Donald & Betty - I've
practically decided not to.
Not because I am unwill-
ling to make the effort &
undergo the inconveniences
- I should positively
enjoy doing that either
for you or for them, let alone
for both (that is, to please
both). But I do honestly
think that to stay away
is more harmful. Betty
went into so much detail
in her letter about how
they were planning every-
thing so as to make the
difficult business of getting
off as easy as possible for
Donald that I feel I'd
only add one more thing
to be dealt with. Not that
I mean they'd let me feel

Evolution; The Wilson - what - but - certainly near day
letter, name of my
Cattle of Blue - my brother's son
by Ely. May 1938. J. [26001938]

Dearst Angel,

I am interested,
distrubed + what - not over
what you write of Donald
and Betty. It does seem as
if the situation has was
such that they must get
away, and yet if the Hamilton
matters were a possibility it
would be by way of being
a permanent solution. But
I can see that the chance
of that can't be waited for
- if it didn't come through,
there'd be too much mess,
and almost anything
might happen between
now and February with
all those strong-willed
people getting at each other

want, and the great difference is age. It would seem a great pity for it all to break up, after so many years, and of course it would be Betty who would pay for it. Can it be that Mr. Tweedy would like to see that happen, and is not above putting his weight where he thinks it might bear that effect? God knows that is so difficult a marriage parents should be more than commonly careful to add no further complications. I was talking yesterday with one of my fellow-teachers on the topic of marriage, and she said something worth ponder-

ing. No, I don't think thoughtless is the word for Mr. Tweedy - it's that he's determined to dominate. There is something rather bitterly funny about his trying to regulate the life of a man nearly 50 - not to mention that of a woman over 60. Has Donald ever really stood up to him, & said once & for all that he was going to manage his own life? It's so hard on Betty, isn't it? How much has that to do with the strain between them? Of course I can see how almost inevitable that is - with two such strong & definite personalities, both with so much tempera-

ing on — "I concede all
the big things, and Jack
concedes all the little ones.
I think that's the way
men and women are hap-
py together." Of course I
can see that when parents
center in that knows he
whose thing it, but I
think that's based on a
rather profound aspect of
the relations between
men and women.

I'm so glad you've found
a way of getting some
good music — I only wish
I'd been with you on Sat-
urday evening.

Had a very sweet
letter from your mother
to-day. But not so
sweet as the one from you!
Bless you, my darling —
C.

Monday -

24 Oct 1937

Darlingest,

Such a great

letter as came from you -
day - + so reassuring. I
had been a good deal de-
pressed by the one I got
Saturday, because you
seemed so depressed. And
I was, as you could see by
my letter, troubled for fear
you were annoyed by the
necessity for writing to me
or rather, burdened. I do
feel that it's so good a
thing for us, and yet I
knew it would be foolish to
do it if it irked you. But
now I feel cheered about
everything. How very
dear of you to remember when

tell me so.

I'm glad you've got the clothes matter settled so satisfactorily - I think the price about right - as little as you can pay for quality + yet not at all extravagant. As you say the H. S. + W. label is a sort of guarantee. I wish I'd known you had only white studs - I'd have got you others - but it never entered my head, for white ones go only with white tie + tails! I can't imagine how you happened to make that mistake.

Too bad about the books, but I'm not awfully surprised. I'll you talk to someone like Childred, who knows the book business

my letter came two years ago how strange to think of the train of events I unwittingly set in motion with it! W. I don't remember what I said - only so general a bond. But I do remember putting in one or two remarks which would have had an ironical bite to them if you had married without being in love (as I suspected), but which could be taken in good faith, otherwise, was that a bit malicious? I don't think I really meant it to be. Oh dear, I wish I had been with you to celebrate. Anyhow, it warms my heart to know that you celebrated by thinking pleasant thoughts about me, and then writing to

inside out, you'll find
 that a sleep of that sort
 is surprisingly rarely
 successful. Most eastern
 universities down will
 support one, but even
 so it has to be run by
 a clever + acute person, +
 propped by various side
 lines. I might try it when
 I join you! (This is a job.)
 About Joe Brewer - I'd
 call him + ask her to write
 to him - I didn't in the
 first place because I
 thought it would only
 delay it a lot, but if
 you'd feel more comfortable,
 O.K. my dearest.
 I'd like to write a long
 letter to-day, but I'm too
 pressed - have to write a
 statement for Vassar of the
 aims of my course + ma-

I'd like to see you - also
 I'd like to see you - also
 I'd like to see you - also

Saturday -

[23 Oct 1931]

Well, darling, I'm back
from a long, fairly arduous,
mostly pleasant + some
of the time immensely
stimulating day - the
morning seeing Alberta
off, lunch + a movie
with one friend, dinner
+ a movie with another.
I wished for you all
along - that you might be
sharing it with me -
thinking constantly of
what bits you'd have
enjoyed, what would
have bored or annoyed
you. The treats you'd
have loved, for you'd

I let myself stop to think
of the things I've not got
done, I'd go mad + you
would find me at Xmas
time up in Hugh's hospital
— so I just don't think
about them. That's some-
thing I learned many
years ago — from my
father as I learned most
things — you cannot get
done all that you should
so you simply keep going +
what you can't get done
you charge up to profit +
loss + forget it. That was
the way Dad lived — +
pretty successfully, too.
He insisted on keeping his
life moderately well
balanced — that is, taking
time for social contacts,
for books, for other recreation
including exercise, even

have been made to think +
to feel — both. But more of
that later.

The day started off bad-
ly, for it began with your
letter — after yesterday's
silence + such a hurried,
unhappy letter. Poor lamb.
Don't take it so hard — of
course you don't get things
done — don't you know
that no one does? And
most especially school
teachers! Time probably
is, oh yes, my dear, not on
your schedule. Yes, it's
wrong. But — it's true.
The letters — oh god, don't
I know; there is no end.
There are still people who
don't know I'm married
+ I'm swamped with the
letters of those who do. 9/

though - it meant something
basis, time from his work -
I expect he worked the better
for it - don't forget what
makes Jack a dull boy. I'm
afraid you are so conscient-
ious about your work that
you are inclined to put too
heavy an emphasis on it.

I wonder if you find writing
to me every day a burden.
Perhaps you do - I hope
not, for I think that what
you yourself gain from it
in the end will be more
than worth what effort it
may cost you. It is an end
not served if one of us
does it - it is the preser-
vation of a constantly +
vital mutual relation-
ship. It makes it possible
for the relationship to
keep some of its normal

tendency to growth even during long separations. It prevents the creation of barriers made by disengagement. Our relation is more harmonious, more alive, more enriching for it. It can make us grow closer through these months instead of farther apart. Don't think I don't realize that in a sense it involves effort. There are lots of days when I am tempted to slip, myself, but I know that if I do it once, it will become the next time, and that eventually it would grow to be regularly irregular + then this thing I am building with such care would begin to break down. So it always seems to me to be worth the effort + always when I get

mind + mine, your heart +
mine. Yours do so much for
me - mine must do some-
thing for you.

But here I've written for
nearly an hour when I
was going to creep into my
little bed at the end of
half that! So - I'll go
on to-morrow with a bit
+ mail when I go in
town.

Sunday -

It's about 5 o'clock +
I've just been struggling
to listen to the symphony
+ correct papers at the
same time - idly, but
I had to do one + would
to do the other. Now I
must shortly go to
Sister's for supper. The
day is dreary - gray
+ threatening with little

started I am glad I did
+ know that I should leave
felt sorry had I not. After
all, you are my husband,
and not to take a little
time for you each day
somehow makes me feel
out of tune - all wrong.
I think it's easier for me
than for you - though not
so easy as you think it
is. But I never fail to feel
happy that I have done it
- happy that I've been with
you for a bit, happy that
I leave, in a sense, done
something for you. Don't
think I overestimate the
interest or importance of
my letters, but whether
they're dull, inarticulate,
illegible or what-not -
they must bring you some
sense of contact between
your life and mine, you

plumias of dead leaves
now & then - Novemberish,
end of the yearish - without
promise.

Well - about yesterday -
we saw "Oscar Wilde" in
the afternoon - an absorbing
thing it was, too, with
a good cast and one
really remarkable bit
of acting - the title role.
He was Oscar Wilde & by
the time the afternoon was
over I had revelled in
endless conversational
pyrotechnics, & had my
heart wrung by the
degradation & the sordid
tragedy of the end of
that glittering career. I
felt I understood the
whole thing as I had not
before - because I was

made to feel I knew the
man. They had one act de-
voted to the trial + it was
extraordinary in its affect.

I suppose the words were
from the records - they
must have been - but
the acting made them
live. You actually saw
him broken before your
eyes - + your heart was
born with pity - + yet at
the same time you were
repelled. It was a wonder-
ful subtle job - watching
the hounds pursue the fox,
pounce on him, tear him
brutally apart + yet never
forgetting that the fox was
not a noble animal. The
whole point of view was
that of a perfectly
clear-eyed compass
- a very delicate balance

to maintain. It also raised
of course, the whole question
of the relation of sexual
abnormality to genius &
the attitude of society
toward it. Wilde himself
at the trial brings up the
sawbills of Shakespeare &
Michael Angelo in justification
of the tone of the parson's letter
to Lord Alfred Douglas. It's
none of it altogether easy
to answer - the play doesn't
attempt to - merely poses
the question & shows you
what one answer did to
one brilliant figure - was
society the gainer or the
loser?

Did you know Lord A.
D. was still alive - I was
amazed to find a foreword
by him in the program - had
thought it must have been
him to see his own youth
recreated.

Friday -

5/10/61/9285

Sweetheart,

I've had another
idea for Donald + Betty -
champagne - best remedy
for seasickness! It's got a
little more character than
salted nuts - + they're not
so likely to leave a diet.
I've also picked out what
seems a good bit as a book
- judging from reviews.
I'll send you tomorrow the
one I read from the letter,
whose book criticisms set a
high standard.

Well, I was going to tell
you about yesterday. Sister,
Joan + I spent the after-
noon at my Rogera cousin's
apartment - the chief object
of the call being to see

There's a
person
I've
been
talking
to
about
the
nuts.
I
think
it
will
be
an
interesting
subject
of
love.
I
don't
know
if
I
should
write
about
it.

boy had just come home with his first month's report from school (Trinity) - all A, pretty good for 12 years old in a new school - + a good one.

Well, then we went back to Sister's just in time for Alberta who arrived for cocktails. Sister and I were giving her a farewell party, on our single seat. So we had our cocktails + sat + chatted with Hugh till seven, then went - Sister, Alberta + myself - to the State light for dinner + then to see "Grand Illusion". Have you heard about it? It's a French war movie - produced by Jean Renoir, son of the painter. It's creating considerable furor here, and really is remarkable. It's the story of some French

uncle Lew again + Aunt Henry, who had been in bad with bronchitis when he came to Sister's. She was a girl at Mt. Holyoke when my mother taught there + that was how she met Uncle Lew. Did you know they live in Buffalo? We must make a point of seeing them when we go to visit your Buffalo family. We really had a delightful afternoon + Uncle Lew is such a dear + Aunt Henry is a delightful person socially, though she's not a woman of advice. We also made the pleasant discovery that Peggy - Hartley's wife - is really a swell person, and one whom we are going to enjoy seeing something of - I think Hartley made a more clear-headed choice of a wife than his father did! They have three awfully nice children - the oldest

officers taken prisoner during
he was - their lives in
prison, their relations with
their captors, their attempts
to escape, their philosophy.
It is so perfectly done that
you are from beginning to
end completely lost in it
- there seems to be no actors,
no plot, any more than in
life itself - you simply are
there. Only you do not identify
yourself with one of the charac-
ters - you are in the position
of God - you see into the hearts
of them all; and upon all of
them, German + French alike,
you look with compassion.
When it is all over + you
have ceased to experience it,
you realize that you have
been taking part in a highly
intelligent discussion of war
from a humane + yet philo-
sophical point of view. If it
is still here at Xmas, I think
you must see it - it will
blow itself out to dancing + it

Thursday -

21031438

Dearest -

It's terribly late, so this will be short.

About Donald & Betty - I had a long letter from her to-day, which I finally worked my way through - golly, I do think if she has to write like that she might at least separate one line from another instead of writing them all on top of each other! That's ungracious of me for it was

course of a voyage, any
how. The Marcellon book
is probably all right -
but I hesitate a little
just because I've never
thought much of him!
I'll get something pro-
bably left off the press.
Do they like detective
stories? That's no insult,
you know, though I
suspect you think it is.
Remember Justice Holmes
- if a mind like that
finds its relaxation in
them I guess the rest of
us can afford to! You
didn't answer my ques-
tion about how much
money to spend. Please
do - & promptly, as

a sweet letter - I was
delighted to get it. They
are sailing on the 28th
- Ile de France - at
noon. She went into the
fact that they were taking
no books to save weight.
She also said there'd be
a good library on the
boat so they could read
from that. So I deduced
that novels are no thing
- at least that's what
you get on boats. Also
if I send that they'll
not hesitate to chuck
it when they're through
- memoirs, etc. They
might - & would
never finish them in the

There's not much time. I
must do the shopping by
Tues. - don't leave time
Wed. + Thurs. would be
too late to be sure
things got to the boat.

I must stop now -
to-morrow I'll tell
you what a good day
I've had to-day.

With all my love to
you, dear heart.

C.

apartment — a delightful
experience — beautiful
surroundings, superlative
food, excellent conversat-
ion, a gracious + urbane
host. Well, he was not
a brilliantly successful
business man — he had
a keen sense of literary
value than sale value
+ when the depression
came along his pub-
lishing business folded
up. So he, as Dad
put it "he decided
he'd like to be a college
president so his father
bought him a college".
The college, of course,
was Olivet, and what
he intended to do was
to make of it a vital
and modern cultural

intellectual. Pa had the
sense to recognize the
importance of that + resigned
himself. So Pa decided
he wanted to go into the
publishing business + his
father staked him to it.
That brought him to B.G.
+ here his dad came of
course to know him +
through her Dad. He
was devoted to his dad +
you will not be surprised
to learn that he was very
proud of Dad. I don't
think he ever saw
much of him — but
there was enough un-
real attraction for the
acquaintance to be rich
even though it was in a
sense slight. I went
once with Dad + his dad
to lunch in New York.

center for the middle west.
I remember his sitting
over for a long summer
afternoon on our front
St. porch talking his
head off to Dad about
what he had done +
what he wanted to do.
Dad's opinion, after Tex
had gone, was expressed
thus - "I'm inclined to
believe that Tex is going
to accomplish some-
thing rather remark-
able out here". So -
I think you'd be interest-
ed in his educational
experiment + I'd think
you'd be interested in
the man. He has great
charm, an excellent
mind, the degree of expert

knowledge that the in-
tellectually vital amateur
has in many fields - in-
cluding music, of course -
and he is sophisticated,
cosmopolitan, urbane -
what you will. He is
interested in human beings
& interested in minds.
You'd like him. He was
educated at Oxford & when
I last saw him still
spoke with a strong
Oxford accent - it must
sound funny in Kieligo!
Perhaps he's lost it.
Anyhow, he has perhaps
a somewhat rissified
air, what with one &
another - don't let it mis-
lead you - it's only
names.

As I said, I'm sure you'd

skill, do just make the
above remarks + then
keep still! Show interest!
And remember that most
conversations is founded on
slight knowledge - it
must be. I incidentally
find out if they have ever
have women in the Fine
Arts - probably not, but
I'd like to know!

Write him a note +
ask if you could come +
call some Sat. or Sun.
- tell him you are a
friend of Mildred's + that
you were a devoted friend
of Dad's. Tell him you
married me - whom he
will probably remember
vaguely as Mild's friend
+ Dad's daughter though
not as a person + tell him

be interested - I'm also
sure it would be a useful
social contact for us -
and I am not above
thinking of it as a val-
uable professional contact.
Something might come of it
- + something was in-
existing than just teach-
ing math. Let him know
that you're interested in
educational theory, in
bringing new vitality into
our institutions, in trying
experiments, etc. etc.
Let him see the width of
your own interests - +
don't be such a modest
dandy + preface all re-
marks by saying "I
don't know anything
about it" - or worse

(Clipping) - L. with an original 1900 Standard Food's new book
"The Entertainer" -] Wednesday -
no source [19 Oct 1938]

Well, darling,

I've done the
dumbest thing yet, for I
went off + left your letter
lying on my bureau, where
I'd put it so as to be sure
to remember to mail it! I
left in a terrible rush +
what with grabbing my
pocketbook, glasses, keys, etc.
— all from different places,
the letter was just left. It
makes me furious with my-
self as I don't like to get
that way! I don't feel ter-
ribly guilty, though, for
you've been shipping — gas,
you know! And I haven't
shipped a day since you
left a month ago — a record
of which I am moderately
proud.

friends & their interest in Europe. It was not your handwriting that made the ~~it~~ misunderstanding, but your phrasing, which was open to two opposite interpretations - I had taken the wrong one. When I went back & reread it I could see that by shifting emphasis, etc. the same words could mean the opposite of what I'd thought they meant.

Of course I'm interested in the building project you were telling me about. Do tell me about the Frank Lloyd Wright ones - are they built yet? Take some pictures & send them home. Good for E. Lansing! Maybe you'll get converted! I don't see just why you're horrified at the prices - I should not expect a small home for less than

The enclosed clipping will explain. Half letter after you get my yesterday's letter mailed to-morrow. By the way, you still have not answered my question about when you get my letter & I really should like to know.

Darling, it sounds to me as if you were having a great social success, which does not surprise me, & finding congenial companionship which delights ~~me~~ you so contented & cheerful - and entertained. And I must say it sounds to me increasingly like a pleasant place to live. How about the wives? Are they as interesting & companionable as the men? You mention of music, doesn't conversation sound positively genial. As for your remarks about your

\$4500. if it were well constructed - adequate storage room, good heat, insulation, good plumbing, & wiring, etc. etc. but to build without these things is a bad investment.

Do get the dress off to Eva - it's the sort of thing she ought to have now - there's no time of year when it will be more useful than in the fall.

Shall you be going to see Eva's friend this week-end? I hope so - it will be so pleasant for you I wish I might be taking a trip into the country myself. Tell us about her - what sort of person is she?

Ever so much love,
dearest - & then
some more, just to
fill in the cracks -

Monday -
[170cb1972]

Dearest,

I don't know what
number this day is, but I
know it's the warmest yet.
In fact; it's practically
unbelievable for mid. Oct..
You're gone off in a thin silk
dress with no wrap - and
I'm hot. This is no com-
plaint as if I must be un-
comfortable, I'd so much
rather be uncomfortably
hot than uncomfortably
cold, and the time for the
letter will come all too
soon & last all too long.
But I do wish that you
were here, & that we were
going out together into

At this point for some
reasons I think of Keene
& of Hornig's Haven. I
wonder what happened
to them in the big storm.
A recent letter from
Helen Stuebel tells of
driving through Keene on
the way from Exeter to
Northfield a few weeks
ago. She said it took
them 50 minutes to find
some way of getting out
of Keene other than the
way they'd come in - so
many roads & streams were
under water, so many
others completely blocked
by fallen trees and such.
I'm afraid our flimsy
little cabin must have
suffered down there on
its low land. And the
poor Hornigs - that meet

the brilliant woods, to
scuff about among the
leaves, & balls of cabbage
& brigs. I've missed
you - a lot this week - and
thought about you
much. I wanted you
here Fri. night to come
home to at dinner time,
I wanted you here on
Saturday to show off to
Lula here so that he
might see that indeed it
is good to leave another
George in the family, & I
wanted you here yester-
day to act as host to
Albarta - a job which
you do so graciously.
But you weren't here, so
I had to content myself
with looking at your
pictures and imagining
your presence.

be a precarious & i-
equal living at best
without leaving your
equipment destroyed. Per-
haps they had food
in surplus. She (Helen)

W also said that when
they drove Dan down
to Wisconsin they had to
go 100 miles out of their
way to get here - that
is, I mean the trip was
100 miles longer than it
usually is.

Did I tell you Alberta
has finally decided to go?
She has so few girls she
be running at a loss,
but regards it as better
policy to do that than to
close down unless she's
ready to close down
permanently. I admire her
courage, but feel skep-
tical about her future.

Quantum line, sweetest

Sunday -

(17 Oct 1938)

Darlingest,

I imagine counting the days of good weather! However do you remember? I can tell you that to-day is mild, sunny, beautiful - and that it seems, when I look back, as if there had been countless similar days, but whether their number is 17, or 31, or 27, I have no idea. It's just a typical October to me - so often the best month of the year, and missing four to four. I only wish you were here to get me out into it. There never seems to be

desolate.

No. I've not read "The Runaways" — but I will say that there were several in that collection that seemed to me poor choices. I could do better myself!

Yesterday afternoon was a strange — and at moments unhappy — experience. Uncle Lew looks so much like Dad. It's not so much in the face, though parts of that are like Dad's — but in the trousers and one tiny thing that one notices only in one who one knows intimately, but which are so terribly characteristic — the way he uses his body. The way he sits. The way he

time when I am at school — so many things that must be done. And when I am at home, there is no way to get out except by taking a train.

It's good to hear that you had such a good set of blue books — I hope they continue to keep up to that level. It's good from every point of view — your pleasure & satisfaction in the work, and the encouragement of doing that you're making a success of the job.

I'm sorry you have given work-time will be spent in such a dull fashion. But I'm sure you're right to do it. I should be feeling terribly

stands, the carriage of
his head, movements of
his hands, inflections of
his voice - over & over &
over he was there, and
there was not. The shape
of the head is the same,
the lower part of the face
much like, the nose even
more so. Of course I know
this is what happens to
us all as we grow
older - the characteristics
of the individual become
less striking, broad of
the race more so - as if
nature, half bird, half
crow, reminded us that
soon the individual must
perish, must merge
himself in the main
stream. But really, darling
if you could have seen

him, sitting there on Dad's
own sofa, every detail of
his pose familiar & dear -
even to the little swiveling
movement of his foot, the
one nervous habit that Dad
never quite conquered -
it would, I'm sure, have
affected you as strongly,
or almost as strongly as
it did me. When I first
saw him as I came down
the stairs, I thought I
should burst into tears,
and couldn't speak for
a minute. His spirit he
is like Dad in gentle-
ness & sweetness of
nature - But he's just
a very nice man & with-
out the elements of
greatness that Dad had.
He asked me what your
first name was and when?

told him he smiled quite
beautifully and said "Oh,
good, good - it's great to
have a George in the fam-
ily again". My eyes
filled - I had thought
it so often myself - the
name and the middle
initial both - you could
have given me none
that would have pleased
me so much.

Well, that's enough
emotion for to-night - it's
getting late and I
still must read some
papers before I go to bed.
I had Alberta & the
Brightons for cocktails
& that cut a good piece
out of my day.
Much dear love to you,
my sweet - how is your
papa doing - need any

Saturday -

[15.08.1938]

Dearest,

What a nice letter that was about the movie! I'm so glad you found one you could enjoy and admire. No, I've not seen it, but shall watch to see if it turns up. It's not a new one, is it? I'm sure you're right that Spencer Tracy couldn't have been better - that's the kind of artist he is - he acts right up to the hilt every minute. I've

big part in that, too, and
I can tell you, he didn't
leave one morsel of oppor-
tunity unused. Do you
notice how clever he is
in leading up to his
climaxes, how he under-
plays enough of the
time to give full emoti-
onal impact to the big
moments? He has more
than one set of tricks
& he makes full use of
them all.

It's going to send
this off with no more
said so I may mail
it in N. Y. where I
am going for tea at

never sees him let
down. It all reminds
me of "Fury" - did
you see that? It was
theoretically an anti-
lynching picture, but
it got much bigger
than that after a
while, until it was al-
most classic - a tale
of violence, hatred, re-
venge and what
they do to human be-
ings that was more
universal than the
question of one partic-
ular social reform.
Spencer Tracy had the

Sister's. Uncle Sam is
to be here - Dad's
brother who lives in
Buffalo, and the father
of Hartley, the invest-
ment broker - remember?
He (Uncle Sam) is in N.Y.
visiting Hartley.

Love to-morrow, please.
You was sweet to
send a letter, air mail
so I should get it
this morning and not
be without till then.

Best love,
Norie -

L.

Friday.

17 Oct 1937

Deariest -

I find myself a little at a loss for conversation. I wrote to you just before I went to bed last night and now - at noon - there is certainly no news to relate, and neither is there any letter from you to answer. I might, of course, wait till evening to write, but then what be anything more that will have happened by then. I suspect

Let me see - did I tell you about having dinner a week ago with the Littells in York? I guess I didn't. "Hal"

makes her score seem practically perfect, doesn't it? Well, of course it's not - she is, for instance, usually lazy when it comes to things not up her particular alley. I doubt if she'd ever get through the conventional education - she'd never make the effort. But she has a capacity for work where she is interested that puts to shame most of the rest of us. She's now working at Columbia half the time & the Art Student's League the other half - getting practice & theory simultaneously. You see last summer she was known as among her father's

little was a girl I had in class 3 years ago. She and her parents have been very sweet to me ever since. They're a small family, though perhaps a bit on the sentimental side - the parents, that is. But they're so devoted to each other, so harmonious & happy in their family life that it's a delight to go over. Hal is a very gifted child - exquisite to look at, with all very good mind, considerable artistic talent, a ~~high~~ level head, and lots of cheer and an engaging personality, too. That

books + came across the
Platonic Dialogues which
he has now read from
cover to cover - with enor-
mous relish because it's
so fascinating to watch
him lead them into traps
- "and all the time he's
got you by the hand + is
leading you right along
with him so that you
see what he's doing"
hot bad for 20, you know!
By the way, Dr. Little
said he had a class-
mate in college named
David Van Schick - who
now lives in Hartford, +
married a friend of
theirs. Does this mean
anything to you? He
would be in his middle
fifties, I guess.
True, I did manage

to fill up the space after all! Buckle up + drive!
Landing

Thursday -

7/4 00819383

Dearest Sweet -

I was quite depressed by your words about the current state of the Tweedy situation - oh dear, how easy it is to see where each one errs - as it always is in a difficult situation not our own! I'd like any further news of the job at Clinch: What about their sailing? Shouldn't you like to send something to the boat for us both? Flowers? Books? Fruit? Candy? Lints? Orbits? Or all? Just tell me what you think. I'll book you might sup

books + get ^{(issue it, please - I}
~~started writing and~~
Thursday - to
married re-
gardless of finances. It's
definitely being done! All
my feminine friends have
said in chorus they thought
we were so right to go
ahead - many of them
with envy, the married
ones because I wasn't
being tied to the dull
domestic round, the
unmarried ones because
I had the emotional
security they want.
But I can see that there
is a difference between
the feminine + masculine
point of view - that is that
many men still feel that
it is a matter of pride to
support their wives. And
I suppose there are fewer
wives in E. Lansing that

get a possible title - or
several to choose from.
I should say a novel, for
boat reading - most people
don't want anything
more heavy-going in
the delicious languor of
the sea voyage - I'd ed-
ible, any preferences? Tell
me about what you'd
like to spend. Am I
right in remembering
it's the 28 de France
on Oct. 28? Be sure
to let me know if they
don't go. I'd go to see
them all but it's a
school day + any how, I
expect there'll be more
people there than they
know what to do with.
Why didn't you tell
your envious friends
to take a deal for you

long for their own jobs than
there are in the east - or
do I malign them?

I am immensely pleased
- + proud - that you seem
to be making such a
social success. I think
it's simply swell that
you're doing so many
different things - billiards
+ everything - + you can
do things. I judge you were
pretty good, too. I'm sure
it's all immensely to the
good - it'll be a grand
build-up for you. I still
glow whenever I think
what the head of the dept.
said. And I'm pleased
that the two men you told
about us were complimented
by your telling them
- that way fact is a
compliment to you - that
they already are sufficient.

ly paid of you to be flattered by a token of confidence.

I had a shirt sent to-day from Macy's - it's a 33 on account of it's so important to have the correct line of white below the black edge of your sleeves. The collar should be starched as much as those of your ordinary shirts - the bosom a teeny bit, too - just so it won't go all wretchedly right away. The buttons you take out & replace with your studs. When you get the suit, don't forget that it should have an easy fit, the cheap ones are likely w.t. to.

I saw one of the best movies to-day of my career - "Elephant Boy" - you're very likely already

seen it with that mirac-
ulous little boy, and the
equally miraculous colos-
sal elephant. It was photo-
graphed in India, you
know, done from the Hip-
pie's story "Toursai of the
Elephants", and it is
astoundingly beautiful, at
moments very moving, at
others immensely excit-
ing. I could see it 15
times, I think - just to
see that great primeval
~~beast~~ beast in his ma-
jestic progress through
the jungle with that little
exquisite little brown
boy swaying upon his
neck to the grand rhythms
of his movements. The
same child is in "Darius"
another Alexander Korda
picture & very good, though
not such perfection as this
one. Watch for them both -

Wednesday -

(20 Oct 1938)

Dearest -

Are you leaving
summer, too? It has been
warm + soft + sweet all
day, so that I hated to
have to work and stay in
the house. This evening
the babybirds raise their
raucous plaint again -
and one would think
it August. I love it,
though I suppose you
would think it too warm.

To-day being a holiday
for most of the world,
Hugl was free and they
drove me up to school,
which was very pleasant.
The color is not yet at
its height, but it's good

and rich already. Hugh
was interested in seeing
the school, so we went
all over the main build-
ing, and the Sisters went
off to show him the rest
as we had to go to work.

Well, darling, you vig-
ettes of members of the
faculty at Mich. State were
very effective. It is so glad
there are so many you
can enjoy, and I must
say they sound pretty
good. Though you give
them an awful headache
when you say they never
talk about art, nor know
anything about it. What
do you mean by "art"? The
arts in toto - music, the
theatre, painting, poetry,
etc. etc. ? ? / no, &

seems too bad, for it
eliminates so much of
man's spiritual adventure,
eliminates one of the
major areas of experience
eliminates one of the
great keys to the under-
standing of life. It is
not surprising, for it is
middle western, but still
is an academic com-
munity. There must be
some people of real
cultivation + intellect-
ual sophistication. And
you say they're not in-
terested in Europe - not
even in this last crisis?
We are given the impres-
sion that the whole
country has been in a
state of intense excitement.

So that wrong? Was
highly an indifferent. At
Dobbs they almost gave up
classes to hang over the
radios - brought them
into the dining-rooms, had
2 going all day in the
main building. It was a
very good thing, I think,
for those young ones - they
became intensely aware
of what was going on &
what a major international
crisis meant in the
world. They are now alive
to the whole situation,
waga to talk about it,
troubled as to its outcome
→ seriously & intelligently
interested as I never
was at their age in any
similar situation. The
radio may yet bring us

my dearest love, sweetest
revelation

Tuesday -

Sweetheart,

(10 Oct 22)

I hope you
don't mind your money
in this form, but I figured
you'd have to be identified
in any case - and what
with one thing and another
my checking account is
a bit low, but I shall
lead there.

What a lovely fat
letter I got to-day. You
do manage to give me an
increasingly vivid pic-
ture of your life and thought
- I get infinite pleasure
from it. It's glad you're
susceptible to a good band
playing a good march -
it's such a nice sociable
weakness. I love college

hospitality. It is one of the major differences between us and the other members of the animal kingdom, one of the things that gives us a right to say that we have a soul - that capacity for reliving experience, for making of our lives a unit, instead of a series of incidents. We stand forever on a hilltop looking back over what is past, forward into what we hope will come, living always half in our inspirations.

I read "Heart of Darkness" years ago, when I had a Cornell period, but now I cannot remember it. Of course it's not presumptuous of you to talk about it - don't be silly. It's compensation to

bands at football games - partly for the above reason, partly because of their age, which is at once touching and thrilling. There is a certain quality in a college band that is not in the professional one, and I love it.

As for Mr. Spadone - he's doing fine. They play the radio very rarely now, and when they do it's not bad. I don't feel I've any grounds for complaint.

I loved your little wellspring of memories, arising from Roussault's boy's face on a magazine. I like to see you looking back and fishing success in memory - and even a touch of

be limited to experts talk-
ing to experts? No, indeed!
I am spontaneously interest-
ed in your literary enthu-
siasms, and opinions. I
think we should read
more together - I wish
we would. When I come
to E. Lansing we must,
for I shall die otherwise!

Never mind about the
course plans - Hugh has
that number of Life, so
I've seen them. I was
quite fascinated, though of
course when you go over
them with an architect he
points out things you
wouldn't realize otherwise.
By the way, the Arch. Forum
is publishing his house -
isn't that swell?

This is all for now - write
to-morrow in answer to
yours. Dearest love -
lots of it - C.

Monday -

Well, darling - (10 Oct 38)

I've just discovered that in my haste to get the train after a long wait at the ticket window I neglected to mail my Sat-Sun. letters. This is terribly sorry. So you'll get 3 days quota all at once which is bad distribution. All this reminds me that you still do not answer my request for information about when you get my letters. I was surprised to have you say last Monday that you'd see my letter from me that day for I mailed one Fri. in the P. C. T. & don't see how it could have failed to reach you here. Does it take 4 days for my letters to

make me proud. You little
character sketch of him
interested me, too. You're do-
ing fine, darling - you make
me see him & understand
him. But isn't you a little
credulous to believe the 1/2
million dollar story? I
shouldn't like to hear it
from him! It's just the
kind of thing that gets
around in a community
of that size with only the
very slightest foundation
in fact.

I think you're sensible
about the dinner clothes
- that is, to get them now,
to go to Detroit, & to pay
a decent price. I'll send
you a check to-morrow
- leave yours with me
to-day. Would you like
me to get you a soft
dress skirt? I think I
will, anyhow. When do you
need it? I saw an English

reach you?

So you decided to reveal
the secret. I loops - it was
because it seemed to you
best to do so, not simply
because you did it to satis-
fy me. Don't you really feel
more comfortable, now that
everything is open & above-
board, with no need for
dodging or prevaricating?
I'm glad Mr. Plant took
it so naturally - though
as you know I should
have expected him to -
the arrangement is not so
queer - nor so rare - as
it was 25 years ago. Of
course I was thrilled by
his further remarks about
how you were doing. I do
think it's sworn only to
your credit that you've
made such a mark as a
personality so early in the
game. Not that it sur-
prised me, but it does

(1908.58)
Saturday -

Well, darling, it's terribly
late so I know I'll
just write a note + go on
to finish this to-morrow.
I went in to Sister's for
lunch to-day + got in-
vited to stay for a party.
So I scrambled around
helping her get ready for
the party in the afternoon
+ here I am, hours +
hours late - tired +
rather disappointed, for I
thought it was a stupid
party - this I would say
only to you. The ones that
Sister gives herself - + are
gas to suit herself are al-
ways good. But this was
"the boys" from the hos-

be in good taste. And that
little elit is vulgar +
would be vulgar in what-
ever society she found
herself. And I do dis-
like it. Are you ashamed
of me? I kept trying to
think of how my father
would have reacted - to
keep myself from being
uncharitable! He wouldn't
have liked the party -
he really wouldn't have.
I'm sure. He loved
gayety, of course, but
it's possible to be gay
without being cheap.
I think that girl is
good-hearted + good-
natured - and Mrs. I
must admit, an excellent
qualities. I think, too,
but she hasn't got

capital, along with their
girls. One of the girls was
the commonest little
piece I've ever come into
contact with socially -
yes, really. Oh dear, that
sounds snobbish, but
really it is. She is
just coarse-fibred - it's
not a matter of social
inferiority, really not.
People who have dignity
of spirit have it whatever
their social standing. Look
at your father who was
born a gentleman. He
may not know how to
deal with social situa-
tions, he may not know
all the nuances of the
well-bred, but he's fine.
Fundamentally every-
thing he did would

what she wants, and who
are to feel anything
but compassion for her.
But oh god - girls that
loaf about in men's
lays at a party - and
tell the dirtiest stories I
ever heard, with no real
humor. One of the "boys"
is a hick. State alumnus
- I pray he's not char-
acteristic, for I don't see
how you could take it. He
went on & on about what
let down Lansing is & what
a wild life you were un-
doubtedly living & it made
me jealous & not because
I'm so cocksure of you,
but because one of the
things I love about you
is your fastidiousness &
to hear it implied that
you could for one minute

enjoy the kind of thing
he pictured you as doing
was almost more than I
could bear! I felt as if he'd
walked into my immen-
sate house with his shoes
covered with mud. Poor
boy, I hope he didn't know
it - I tried to play up.

Sunday -

Well, have to run almost
as late again, finishing
off this letter - disgruntled
again, too. This time it
was Bess, who had let
us know on Friday she
was going to be here to-
day. That's a bit humor-
ous from one who be-
gins nagging us in April
about our August plans.
So she came to Sister's
for supper and of course

either read nor write -
perhaps - but not in the
civilized world, I don't
believe. It would be like
a sort of blindness -
being forever shut out from
things those around you
are experiencing, being
forever worried for fear
you were missing some-
thing vital, or for fear
something was being put
over on you.

Sweetheart, I'm bewil-
dered by his sentence in
your last letter. "I'm
still digging into that
grass you lent me." What
grass are you talking
about? What grass did
I ever have, & why
should I lend it to you?
I did? I have tried to
think what "grass" could

I joined Dan. And she
really was pretty mad-
dening. I want to visit
now, but she seized an
opportunity to put me
in the wrong that made
us all pretty furious. Sister,
in fact, was practically
boiling - said she was
so mad it was just all
she could do to force her
food down! After she'd
you Sister made a round
of drinks to soothe our
ruffled spirits!

Yes, I agree with you
about the records - that
is, up to a point - I think
there's a lot too much of
it, but all the same, I
think there should be
some. As for the peace of
mind of those who care

Qualities of love: must be
your father + mother

be a figure of speech for
- but still I don't quit
it. Please enlighten
me. By the way, your
Friday letter got to me at
10:30 Sat. morning -
postmarked 5 P.M. in E.
Lansing.

I wish you had fewer
or students - it sounds
like a terrific number.
How are they - the usual
assortment of dumb,
bright + average? How's
their reaction? How do
they behave? How do you
like teaching girls?
I wish you needn't go off
by your love to get your
country life. Have you
been to the Irish Hills
yet? Have you looked up
Blivet?

I had a nice p.c. from

Friday -

My sweet lamb. (20032)

Such a dear

letter as came from you
to-day. It warmed my
heart and delighted my
soul. It made me long for
you and yet made me
feel close to you. Besides,
it seemed cheerful and
made me feel comfortable
about you. How I tremble
for fear of disturbing your
equilibrium with my scribble
on the subject of your se-
cret. Well, darling, it's more
important to me that you
should come home feeling
"very pleasantly in love"
with me than that you
should tell others I exist.
That measures me immen-
sely. But I still think the
social situation is as I
said. Even so, I realize
now and now how good
you're being about that.

action from the writing.
They seem easy and natural
- they are certainly fluent
and adequate. They bring
me great delight, for they
nearly bring me something
of you - so often some of
speech or bursts of thought
are so characteristic
that I smile to myself +
say - how very Georgian!
That must mean that
you write without too
much difficulty. How glad
you are good, + you are
generous to do it.

I'm so glad the India
print has turned out well.
We'll use it sometime in
our house at Ball's Pond
- just the thing for a
summer cottage.

About Thanksgiving, you
didn't read my letter care-
fully. I guess, for the reason
I dismissed the Buffalo
scheme was that I leave

you're making a lot of
effort, I can see, and you
do it cheerfully + without
complaint. You deserve
immense credit for it and
I'm proud of you. I loved
how charming you are
being, too - and I am
filled with regret that I
am not here to watch you.
I really think it's a very
considerable achievement!
What do you do about ask-
ing a girl + giving a
bachelor party? That's the
kind of thing in my mind.
If you keep making excuses
for not doing it, it will
presumably be apparent that
they're only excuses, but if
you do it, you'll win the
girl. Oh well, it's your
problem.

Incidentally - while it
occurs to me - you're being
so sweet about letters, I
hope it means that you're
going to get some satis-

to teach on Fri. Don ever
think I'd turn - & down for
any other reason, has a pro-
fessional obligation. It's
silly for you to say I'd be
bound - how could I be, in
the same house with you?
Besides, I'm curious about
Howard + George + I should
enjoy satisfying that cur-
iosity. I feel very unhap-
py about it. How thank-
giving will be only some-
thing to be got through.
I think it would really be
foolish for you to take the
money + the energy to come
so far for so short a time.
If only you were still in
Rochester! If only my school
had a great fat holiday
week-end? But that's how we
make up for long vacations
- no holidays.

I've just had a superb
evening - tell you about it
b-vanous. All my love, dear
one - S.

700322)

Thursday

I hope you will be
 happy to receive this
 letter from me. I
 love you very much
 and I hope you will
 love me too.

I'm sending this
 air mail in the hope that
 it will catch up with
 the one I mailed to-day,
 and say to you that what-
 ever I said yesterday, I
 love you, and that it is
 far less important to me
 what you do about re-
 vealing me than that
 you should continue to
 love me and want me.
 Keep me a secret if you
 really want to carefully,
 darling. I think about
 it all the things I've
 said, but they are just
 less important to me
 than the more fundamental.

matter of families - Betty
doesn't have to live with
Tweedy's, piece at mine,
nor Donald with Helen.
And they can establish a
home together & have
enough money to have
many of the things their
sophisticated tastes
crave. As for my being
the "Complete letter
writer" - you can tell
Donald I'm only making
an attempt to keep up
with my husband!

I'm so sorry the
shopping is difficult -
can't I do some of it
for you? Just let me
know. I think that if
you're getting disenclosed

all things, and I'll gladly
sacrifice even not to
have you angry with
us or feeling remote from
us. So do what you
like, dearest.

I'm glad to hear the
Tweedy property came
through so well - I had
to think of what might
have happened. It couldn't
have hit true in full force
or it wouldn't be intact.
Do let me know what
comes of the possible job
at Hamilton. It does
seem like as good a com-
promise with circum-
stances as they could get.
It's not perfect - but
no one's life is that. And
it does seem to solve the

right away you'd better
go to Detroit - there must
be good shops there. I
asked Sister what her
opinion was on the
matter of price - without
telling her my own - & she
brought it over & said
she thought the best econ-
omy on the whole is, buy
something reasonably
good now & count on
using it for many years.
Don't think I regard it as
important for you to pay
any attention to my - or
our - advice. I just offer
it for what it's worth. It's
glad you're getting there
- you could find your-
self in an awkward spot
sometimes without them -
you'll look well in them
& they're such a long-time

recognize that you must - that if you do this in concert

Wednes Day
Monday -
Well, darling, (60832)

This is quite a
skin, isn't it, over you little
secret. You really get a lot
of satisfaction out of a secret,
just for its own sake, don't
you, duckie? Well, do as you
like - if you really get such
a kick out of it, I haven't
the heart to ask you to change.
But, please, sweetheart, instead
of being only argumentative
about it, try to comfort us a
little & reassure us a little.
It really hurt us terribly,
you know. One of the great
satisfactions of being loved
is to know that you as a
source of pride to your lover.
And I am not to you. You
have constantly kept me a
secret everywhere & to every-
one, until circumstances
forced you to reveal me. It
has been awfully hard for me

seem to see what I mean
about the attitude of the
group - or at least not to
accept it.

Saks -

Then I reached D. F. &
broke off - now it's back at
home. I decided perhaps
after all it would be as
well to answer you at
length. I obviously seem to
you to be unreasonable. It's
just possible that I can
make you feel I am not.
Of course I admit that
the fact you have hurt
me is not a matter of
reason, but of emotion.
So here I can only say
→ try to put soothing
ointment on that wound
simply because if you
make me feel that you
are my lover, that you

to bear philosophically, and
I have lain awake many a
night wondering what was
the matter with me, that I
should be treated in so
unloverlike a fashion. I
think I have not made
enough allowance for your
passion for secrecy - & for
your subjective outlook. I
doubt if you have ever
really thought of how this
affected me - or others in-
volved. You created a
situation between myself
& your parents that need
never have existed, and it
all seems to be so un-
necessary. I understand
it - I see why you do it,
how the combination of
temperament, training &
circumstances has produced
this result - but you are
old enough to understand
it yourself, too - and its
consequences.

I don't want to argue or
doubt

need me and want to
respond to my need of
you, you will in the end
get so much more from
me. I don't really think
you meant to hit so
hard - or didn't mean
really to hit at all, but
if you could somehow
understand a little more
what things would, it
would be immensely to the
benefit of us both.

Well, as for the social
aspect of it - I really
think again it is that you
don't know what goes on
in other minds. In the first
place, my reaction is a
natural + normal one - and
others will have the same
one when the news first
really comes out - they'll
think you didn't believe
like a man in love with

his wife or proud of her.
Oh dear, as I received your
letter, it's hard to answer
because the whole point of
view is reasonable & consis-
tent within itself, but so
unrelated to the realities
of such a situation
in human terms. When
I told Sister you were
keeping it a secret she
was at first incredulous
& then decided you must be
slightly mad! You talk
about convincing people
it's a perfectly natural
arrangement. Well, it's
not perfectly natural -
don't try to convince
them. All you need to do
is to convince them that
you are a devoted & proud
husband - and that you
do indirectly. There's no
difficulty in that whatever.

social contacts badly. It will be difficult if I have to deal with the resentment of your friends at your secrecy, and with the general attitude of any social group toward secrecy on so major a matter. There are plenty of people in these days who are forced to our kind of marriage, and the assumption most people will make at once is that the trouble is financial. This immense task of convincing them exists chiefly in your mind. Do you remember how awful you thought it was going to be when news of your divorce got out in Rochester? And there was nothing to it. The average human being simply

you expect the worst of people. I am afraid. As a matter of fact, is ordinary day by day casual relations there is more business than malice in most human beings. Give them a self-chance & they'll be interested & sympathetic. But if you deliberately diddle them they'll resent it - it may be fun to fool people but it's not fun to be fooled. It will not irritate you. What I meant by the position you put me in is not the one I'm in now but the one I shall be in when I come then. Remember, my dear, I shall be taken out of the environment where I am most naturally happy, and I shall need some

accepts these things +
forgets about them. Of
course the business of
making it obvious that
the separation is not
for emotional reasons
will not be so easy for
you as for most - again
because you are so se-
cutive. Your information
about the lack of interest
other men would have
in us was really unnecessary
doubting. You seem to
think or expected you to
sit down + tell them
all about us. Men who
are devoted to their wives
bring them into their
casual every-day con-
versations so often, so
naturally + so inevitably
- yet never really talk.

ing about them except
possibly to intimidate any
that it is impossible for
one to fail to know how
they feel about them. We
do, mean that any emotion
is never expressed -
it is implied by the fact
they return so constantly
to the mention. You
could so easily have
said about the liquor
"I'll ask my wife to
find out about it - she'd
love to". If people
get to feel that I am
constantly in your mind
they'll be sure that
what separates us is
not our indifference to
each other or our not
being able to get on to-
gether. Quote me now &
then - say this & that
about us. If someone
mentions the hurricane,

may get a little bored with
hearing about me - but
they'll get a very strong
impression that you're
not bored with us + are
constantly thinking of us.
Do you get the idea? This
writing in this of "convin-
cing them". And I'm not
talking about just men
→ you're in a mixed
society, and you're a man
that appeals to women -
they'll say to win your
confidence, some of them.
Give them a bit, tell
them a little something
about me - make them
feel you love me + miss
me - they'll love it, with-
ing softens a woman's
heart like a man's heart
ed! They'll be sympa-
thetic + have an effect on
their husbands + all will

say I was in it + re-
peat some of what I
said. You see, it's like
writing to me every
day - that makes me
real + close to you, +
when I read what you
have written, you are
real + close to me. So
you can make them feel
that we are together in
spirit though separated
in body. Say "Have
you seen -- such + such
a movie - my wife
just saw it + she says
it's good + so I thought
I'd go." That gives her
impression that we are
good companions, even at
a distance. You could go
on + talk of the movies we
saw together this summer
+ what I said + you said
about them. Of course they

be smooth. If they don't know it, they'll be furious at you for shutting them out, for diddling them, for letting them treat you like a bachelor.

Of course I admit that to me the whole business is hateful because it bases your relations to a new society on a pretense. Strange boy - you can't pretend yet you can achieve this elaborate deceit which would be intolerable to me. The constant necessity for evasion, for implied if not spoken lies - how can you bear it? What if some of your colleagues turn up in N. Y. in vacation & we run into them - how would you introduce me?

to eat if any number of
other things?

You will be expected
in E. Lansing to behave
like a bachelor + do
you share in talking
about the young women
or being attentive to them.
If you fail to do it, you
will put down as un-
friendly, unresponsive, + dislik-
ing women. That's too
bad. As they'll think
you plain male. If you
do do it — well of course
you wouldn't, for that
would be plain low +
though you sometimes
don't know what goes on
in the minds of others,
it would be impossible
to you to be a cad.

O darling, darling,
what a strange boy you
are. I wish you were here
— I'm so afraid all this

may be misunderstood.
You must act as you think
best, you know - my con-
sidered judgment is that
you are making a rather
bad mistake for a place
where you should be build-
ing up a firm footing for
us both. I think, darling,
most people you present
secrecy would seem far
more unnatural than our
living apart. Remember you
will come to us the mis-
take you vacation be-
gins - they'll see at once
that only some necessity
keeps us apart. There is
still a touch of Coxsackie
in you darling!

Can you send me the
house pictures from Gile?
I'd love to see them. What
you said interested me
greatly.

Sweetheart, love me -
please cherish me - hold
me close + kiss me

would with me. No. Do what

Tuesday -
Wals, sweetheart,

(5 Oct 38)

I've been
reporting to you regular-
ly about when ~~my~~ your
letters reach me, but
you've not done as much
for me. Perhaps you failed
to observe my request
for information - anyhow,
you might have a go
at it - it's convenient
to know. I'm going to
send this air mail &
post it in the P.C. to-
morrow - let me know
when it arrives. Your
letter of Sat. was post-
marked Sun. morning at
6:30 & reached me to-

The parties of
the afternoon
to be at one
of the
parties
will
be
at
one
of
the
parties

about me? Perhaps I'd
have liked it even better
than the things you did
write - on the other hand,
perhaps it is as well I
was spared!

Do let me know when
you hear about Daubry
& the storm. I don't
imagine it was very
awful here, for they're
well inland, & it's along
the coast that the devo-
bation was worst. Phil
- Alberta's nephew
started to drive from
Hanover to his home
in Winchester a few hours
before the storm struck
and arrived more than
24 hours later! It was
simply an endless series

day is the first delivery.
Coincidentally, it was a great
relief - I'd had a mis-
erable day yesterday fol-
lowed by a miserable
night & when I flew
downstairs this morn-
ing as soon as I was
out of bed, it was a
great joy to find your letter.
So you escaped on Fri.
by thinking of me instead
of writing - dandy for
George, but how about
your old car - or was
that supposed to be
brought transference?
never mind, darling, after
a while you'll get so
that the thoughts flow
more easily on paper.
What did you think

of detours. Automobiles
travelled in convoys -
voluntarily banding
themselves together so
that if one met disas-
ter, assistance would
be near.

Your social life seems
to be active - I hope
it will be more pleasant
than you seem to feel it
now! But I suspect
you were in an off mood
on Sat. anyhow - the
world seemed more or
less out of joint in
your letter. I judge that
I am still the unack-
nowledged wife! Too
bad you didn't let us
know in advance you
had that notion in your

lead, so that I could
have warned you against
it. It would have been
easier to start out being
straightforward than
to correct a false im-
pression now. For a per-
son who can't pretend,
you can be incredibly
devious! That's a pro-
fession I can't understand.

So you're involved in
the dinner clothes prob-
lem (don't, darling,
fall into the middle
class, middle western
habit of saying "lux"!)
— I was almost certain
you would — so much
so that I almost brought
it up before you left. I

we'd gone to England
this summer. You could
have had them made for
you by a London tailor at
the price you'd pay ready-
made here, and oh dear,
how nice you'd have
looked! But do what
you think best, darling
— perhaps you're right
about buying cheap now.
As for money, I'd had
it in mind all along to
give you that for Christ-
mas, for I felt fairly
sure you'd need it &
was only waiting to see.
By the way, in such
swell shops as 5th Ave.
as Finschey's I notice
that the shirts shown
with dinner jackets are
essentially soft — tickot

see the problem, but I
wonder if it is not best to
get something better than
\$22.50. To pay that, ex-
pecting to do better in
a few years seems to
me bad economy — that
is, you'd spend more in
the end. And wearing
clothes will last you
15 years or more, you
know, since you are not
the sort that grows fat.
Could you possibly
manage till Christmas?
Then you could get them
in N. Y. — & probably at
a sale price. It's some-
thing you'll wear so
long that it should be
carefully chosen. I wish

What about, but no starched
front - + an ordinary
shaped collar, not a
wing collar, so it is cert-
ain that's perfectly correct.
You'll be as comfortable as
in any other clothes. If you
get the suit now out there,
should you like me to get
the haberdashery here +
send it? It might be
cheaper + better - shirt,
tie, suspenders, socks?
And waistcoat? Gauding
sounds so awful for
shopping! Your description
made my blood curdle.
Did you look at the cheap
suits - if it's too cheap it
wrinkles + looks like
hell by the end of an
evening. Does the silk
facings look like silk
or rayon? Just let me

Monday -

(30.11.38)

Well, darling, - three days
with no word from you.
I suppose you've only
written scribbly bits &
not got around to mailing
them. But of course I'm
a little bit worried. You
are so far away. I've
also wondered if by any
chance I'd upset you
with what I said about
keeping your marriage
secret. Of course I didn't
mean to - I meant only
to make sure you didn't
go on with it. It is true
that my own pride was
wounded, but that really

Bad - it was very becoming to the house. I shall be going out there for a week-end presently which will be lovely.

This evening I had dinner with Marion Uedder (what a mental note) - one of my good friends at school, not an "interesting" person, but so good to me, and sufficiently companionable on the human side so that I enjoy being with her. Then together we went to see Katharine Worthington (another mental note) who is

isn't the reason I was so firm about it, but rather because it was a major social error, + I didn't want you to get yourself in wrong in a new place. But perhaps you're not upset + all this is unnecessary.

I've had lunch with Mildred to-day - she was eager to hear news of you and of us. I told her in some detail what an angel you were and she feels very happy about the whole thing. Did I tell you that beautiful big willow went down in the hurricane? Too

"interesting" sometimes al-
most eccentric, in fact!
She has no end of flaws
- you'd like her. She has
a capacity for intellect-
ual adventure - combined
with physical - beyond
anyone I know. Her mind
is not thoroughly well-
trained + not by nature
of the scientific kind, so
she's sometimes a bit
wild in her conclusions
but never dull, and never
does she lose her zest
for fresh experience and
discovery. Perhaps you'll
meet her at Xmas. She lives
on 25¢ + can't afford to go
away for her vacations.
Bubbles of love, sweetest -
C.

Saturday -

(26038)

Dearest Angel -

It is late &
I am just dead - also
froze. We have heat,
but I neglected to shut
the window + keep it in.
So now my major wish
is to go to bed with a
roaring hot drink. So I
shall not write a whole
letter to-night, but only
begin one.

I dragged myself out
of a sound sleep at dawn
because there were so
many things to be done
to-day. I really am over-
whelmed by the accumu-
lation of neglected tasks.

justified in that at present,
anyhow for the war scare,
though it has blown over,
has knocked the foundat-
ions from under her school.
Parents all withdrew their
children - for obvious
reasons - & have sent them
to American schools. She's
making a last desperate
attempt to get together
a few so that the year
may not mean total
loss - I hope terribly
she may succeed, but
feel doubtful.

And that's all for to-
night - except that I
love you terribly, and
wish to-day and all
days that I need not
be with you only in his
indirect way, but might
come home to find you

God, I wish I did things
faster & so covered more
ground in a specified time.

Well, I had a date for
lunch with Alberta at
12:30 - and what with
my usual morning state
of course & my effort to
get more than usual
done, I kept 12:30 in
my mind as a goal, but
so vaguely that I had
a sense of accomplishment
and good planning when
I left the house at 12:30
& never remembered I was
supposed to meet her at
12:30 till I was on the
bus! Wasn't that terrible?
She waited, though, & was
an angel about it, though
she'd have been justified
for being in a what-the-
hell mood. She'd be

here, to help things go to, to
listen + comment - to
put your hand in mine
as we talked. But if I
say, I can almost think
you into the room here
beside me, and my some-
what harassed state of
mind is soothed.

how to - tomorrow -

Sunday -

Well, here it is, already
to - tomorrow, and I've
finished all my odd
jobs and have settled
down to letters for a
while before tea. I
wish you was here to
go out + take a walk
with me on this radiant,

fresh, October day. But
since you're not, I'll
stay in and get things
done - which I should
do, anyhow.

I have reread your
last letter just now - I
spend a lot of time in
reading your letters -
and am troubled anew
by it. I had really
hoped you might find
a more pleasant social
life, but your account
of the bridge party and
the faculty luncheon
sound like a chapter
from Sinclair Lewis. At
least you will now
sympathize with my own

all, for I am really
terribly disappointed. I
had hoped so much
it would prove to be
a stimulating group of
people - for you sake
now, for ours later on.
There is no profession in
which it is more import-
ant that you take part
in the social life of
the community, and I
dread the effect on your
spirits if you must
perforce be doing that
sort of thing week after
week. But I still think
that you must event-
ually run across a
group of kindred spirits
— or more kindred, at least.

feeling about it from a
woman's point of view,
for whom that sort of
social life must provide
the relief from the dreary
round of housework. At
least you have some
sort of refuge in your
work which is more
suited to your talents +
temperament than house-
work to those of the
average cultivated woman.
Perhaps you will even feel
there's something to be
said for leaving at least
the endless resources of a
great city! There, sweet
heart, does that sound
like "I told you so"?
I don't mean it, but, at

with which you can
chiefly ally yourself. It
can't be that you're the
only one there from a
wider world. Do you
know of a college called
Olivet? Is it anywhere
near you? Investigate
& let me know - I'll
explain later. Try to
establish contact with
Ann Arbor - there must
be some first-class minds
there.

Sorry you didn't get
to the football game -
as a matter of policy.

W & X P is giving the
B. Minor Mass this afternoon
& how I wish you
might be here to listen
with me. I shall think
of you all the time, and
I love you - C.

humiliating. Besides, it
does more harm than good.
Well - about the liquor
- I asked last year about
sending to W. H. & was
told they could not send
it to any state that had
a law against importat-
ion. Too bad! My experience
with state-run stores is
that they are cheap, but
have a pretty limited se-
lection - & in general poor
quality, except in whiskey
& gin. There is something
to be said for competi-
tion. Sometime when you're
here with the car you can
take commissions for
your friends.

I was sorry to leave
you account of the party
& of the faculty luncheon
- & it all sounds more and

more of me in that strange
~~forced~~ forced way when
it would be so natural to
say "I'd ask my wife".
People will come to the
conclusion either that you
are queer or that I am &
have to be suppressed. I
know you're instinctively
secretive, which is a very
good thing in many ways,
but sweetheart, don't let
it make you behave in an
anti-social fashion! Mar-
riage is a social insti-
tution - any society in which
you live has the right to
know at once your status.
Besides, I must admit I'm
a little bit piqued at being
unacknowledged, just as I
was last year at your un-
usual ^{to} acknowledge me
to your family. It's very

western than I had hoped.
 But keep at it, sweet heart,
 you'll find some kindred
 spirits, so except everything
 try to find some satisfac-
 tion in their human qual-
 ities, if their intellectual
 ones irritate you. Let your heart
 affect your reactions, not
 only your mind. Try to go
 out to them - they'll re-
 spond to that + give you
 something of themselves, which
 is always flattering,
 and gives one a sense of
 human accomplishment. But
 don't think I don't know
 how deadly they are - god,
 yes! I wish you wouldn't
 have to fit in with them, but
 since you do, hunt like
 hell for what there is that's
 entertaining, satisfying, or
 worthy in them.
 Let me know when you
 hear that Donald is safely

Dear sweet heart
 I hope you
 are well
 I love you
 I hope you
 are well
 I love you

Thursday -

Sweet Angel - (30 Sept 53)

I am, contrary
to custom, on my way back
from Dolly's, went up to boat
a birthday party for Leo -
a very nice party, it was, too.
So I shall probably be illeg-
ible again.

Yes, darling, I understand
how you feel about the "barrier"
of ink & paper. - But
I think you'd find the barrier
melting away presently, once
you get the habit of feeling
that you are with us when
you write - I'm sure that
the barrier goes more quickly
if you give it a wheel every
day. - Just write anything
that enters your head, as
if you'd come into the room
where I was, quite casually.
I just feel that we should
somehow continue, even
across space, to share ex-
periences & so go on building

useful, some suspicious,
your secretiveness can be
carried too far, you know.
Don't start off on the wrong
foot in this new place! Be as
natural about it as you can
— refer to me when it comes
easily in the conversation.
Don't let them think we're
apart because we can't
stand each other. They will
if you don't talk about me
— or they'll think it's a
disgrace of some kind, or
possibly in an asylum. You'd
be surprised to see how
much is known of you at
Dobbs — because of talk about
you so often — quite delicately,
for I want it clear
that you are the major thing
in my life. And don't forget
that you are theoretically
preparing a place for me
in Kiel. Thus, sweet
heart, does that sound
like a lecture? Probably
it should be more concise.

our common life. Some of
the experiences will be intellec-
tual, some emotional —
much just our every-day
comings & goings but we
shall be together in it for at
least a bit of each day.

It sounds to me as if
things were going pretty
well for you — both academ-
ically & socially, and I'm
very happy about it. Were
you joking about passing
as a bachelor? I don't
quite understand. Of course
you must make it clear
that you are married — not
to do that right at the
beginning would be a bad
social error — besides, it
would place me in a very
equivocal position. I don't
mean that you should re-
strict your social activi-
ties — far from it. But don't
let yourself for one minute
be on the list of eligible
bachelors — when you
come off you'd find some

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want as they sounded,
at all. But I was appalled
at the idea of being the
skeleton in your closet!

Glad you went to his
bridge party - It's sure you
were right - It's the first
principle of social behavior
in a new community - accept
everything for a while, so as
to create the impression that
you are friendly & willing to
do your share socially.
Later you can afford to pick
& choose, to decline now &
then. But be careful, ever
so. Social impressions are
very important in the small
academic community - or
rather the small community
where the college dominates
the social life. In a city
you can behave freely, but
not in the country, espe-
cially at first.

I want to hear about the
party & all the new people
you are meeting - what
are they like?

Wednesday -

(29 Sept? - 38)

Sweetheart,

This train is just
horribly jiggly - you may
not be able to read one
word, but you will at
least realize I made the
effort!

I have a letter from
Marge! lies of her - and
disappointing, too, for she
invited us both to Buffalo
for the Thanksgiving week-
end - such a wonderful
idea - and so impossible,
since I have to teach on
Friday. I could have wpt.
Of course there's no one to
take my classes, so if we
got to be here. I wish
she hadn't asked us - it's
so tantalizing.

of the department pleasant.
Have you found anyone to
be your buddy yet? How
is the one who called you
up in N.Y. — ~~the~~ have
you seen him yet? Are
you being invited around?
I think often of how
you get the little end of
the horn in our present
arrangement, for I am
surrounded by friends. I
live in the place I'd rather
inhabit than any other in
the world, and I leave
exactly the job that suits
me. In other words, my
life is full of interesting
& happy things to con-
sider for what I'm
missing. But you, my
precious lamb, are in a
strange place, full of
strange people, with a

I meant to tell you before
that Rita spoke of how
much better your nervous
habits were. So be encour-
aged, darling — I think
you're going to down them
much more quickly than I
had feared. I suspect
you had just accepted
them, never really worked
on them.

What did you finally
do about the pants on your
new suit? As I survey the
well-dressed men on the
sidewalks of N.Y., I see
many who wear trousers
enough to break from
who doubt — practically
all the ones who look
as if their clothes were
tailor-made.

I'm so glad you're
finding the other members

strange job — infinite
new adjustments to be
made, you are taking it
beautifully, from anything
revealed in your letter —
you seem to face it all
cheerfully, courageously,
philosophically — I'm very
proud of you. I look
eagerly for more news —
how the classes go, how you
like the boys, how you
like your rooms, how
you're settled into them.
Your expedition of Sunday
sounds pleasant, though
lonely. Leone says you
should go to the Irish
hills — not far, she thinks,
+ at least a bit up +
downish.

The news from Europe
gives a little hope — perhaps
we shall get escape.
good-night, my sweet
C.

27 Sep 38)

Tuesday -

My sweet and dear -
your
special was postmarked
E. Lansing - 9 P.M. - Sep.
25. It was marked
received in S. G. C. the
next night at 8:30. It
was evidently delivered
there that evening be-
fore I got back from
D. T. for it had been
marked "no ans." &
was then left with
the morning mail to-day.
Is that sufficient infor-
mation for your statis-
tics on mails?
I'm sorry if you

comparatively few deaths
on Cape Cod, the majority
of the casualties being
in Com. + Long Island.
But whether this house
still stands, I should feel
doubtful - though again,
the actual tidal wave
struck further south.
The things I saw as I
came along the Com.
shore were like some-
thing out of a nightmare
- in one place where
we were only about $\frac{1}{4}$
mile back from the
sea, we came along
just at that perfect
hour you and I both
love - a golden
hour with the sea
deep blue, the grass

worried about me - I
have written every
day faithfully, but of
course the letters from
Boston would be much
delayed - perhaps they'll
never reach you. If you'd
been like me, I'd have
wired you of my safety!
The letter I wrote you
on the day I came back
I meant to mail in N.Y.
to speed it, but the trip
had taken 13 hours -
in that old crate - and
I was so exhausted that
I forgot all about mail-
ing it till I got out
here + saw a mail-
box.

No wonder you are con-
cerned about Morris. But
there is this - there were

on its head, a 30 foot
boat lay with its side
bashed in + its nose on
the road, looking like
a dead fish left by the
high tide. And not a
tree standing - not one.
How shall I ever forget
the strangely dreamlike
sensation of standing
in Kullie's living-
room + watching one
of the huge old elms
go down before my eyes,
but hearing no sound
from its fall. That
gives you an idea of what
the mighty roar of that
wind was, for it so
filled the air that the
crash of that great tree

the loss is serious, though
at present they're so
thankful to be alive that
nothing else seems to
matter. By the way,
would you mind return-
ing the Elmer Davis
clipping? I thought I'd
send it to her. She can't
leave her papers by
telegram but I'll have
to get to her. The wires
are in such a hopeless
mess that they are going
to ravine nearly the
whole state of Louisiana -
it's cheaper than to
attempt repair, and
heaven knows when
they'll have electricity
or telephones once more.
This means considerable

was inaudible. To-day I
have heard from Aunt
Lillian, thank God. They
are safe in body, but
damaged in pocket-book.
The house is denuded of
shingles, the trees are
gone (with resultant
damage) and a most
serious - her sister's
houses at Proctor Bay
Point (where we drove
for Sunday dinner - remem-
ber) are completely de-
stroyed - of course un-
insured, for who in
Louisiana would think of
carrying hurricane in-
surance? They were an
essential source of
income to her, and

discomfort + difficulty,
with heat + subriquetas
depending on electricity
as well as light.

Dear, dear, Mrs. Gans,

Off on that topic again.
It must all seem remote
& unreal to you, but will
tell you one happening!
And besides, it has clearly
affected too many people
I know.

And now there's no
time to answer your
letter properly - I'll
try to be - narrow.
Suffice it for now to say
how glad I was to get
it & to know how
things were going.

Why don't you write
a note to Morris? He'd be
pleased at your concern &
it would ease your mind

Monday -

26 Sept 33

My darling,

Here I go, back
to school again - back
into the harness, back
into the rut, whatever
figure seems most accu-
rate. I feel a little
depressed, though that
will pass when I get
really going.

Anyhow, I'm ashamed
to be depressed over any
personal matters, with
the spectacle of disaster
there is to look at outside
myself. Over here nature
destroys ruthlessly what
has taken decades and
even centuries to achieve
- while across the ocean

aged by falling trees.
6 hours later -

Well, the first plunge is over, and, as usual, I love it, once I'm in again. How do I ever forget that? It's like wine to me, + the longing to continue the easy-going leisure of vacation vanishes like the smoke of an extinguished cigarette. The excitement of facing the new set of girls, of finding which ones most quickly respond, of searching for the keys to the stress - while my feet follow the familiar + well-loved path, and the delight of getting others to follow it with me fills me with a sense of renewed vitality. I realize to-night that I shall do a better job this year, that my marriage

was himself prepared to do worse than the divorce. How sad my father would have been! There is still no word from Aunt Lilian and I am much worried. Every day more tragic tales come to my ears as people have got news from those in the "affected areas". I should be more badly frightened if it weren't that mystic is still practically unreachable according to the morning paper, so that it may well be that my wife has not been able to reach him in any way. I wonder, too, what has happened in Exeter, whether the splendid old elms remain or not, whether Congress are dem-

Don't forget to send me some more of these.

has set me free to give myself more completely to the work. I felt it at once to-day - in the case with which I went about, in the response of the girls, if only you were here, so that I might have both you and the job - and be better at each for having the other. I should like to go home to you to-night + tell you all about it, with just drop a piece of paper in a slot. Wouldn't it be heavenly? And you would tell me about your day + would have a glass of milk - + some peanuts + a cigarette - + sit very close to each other.

Four of our girls lost members of their families in the hurricane - two of them their fathers - poor young things, to be so hurt so early. And I leave you -

Sunday -

(26 Sept 38)

Dearest Boy -

I'm starting
this as I wait for Riber
in the hospital, but I'm
sure I should have time
to do more than start
it.

No clipping would
interest you. I thought,
you remember Mason's
Island? It makes you
shudder, doesn't it? You
were worried about
Aunt Lillian - there
was a huge elm
right in front of the
house, you know, and
I am haunted by the
memory of a house &

3 last night + were
wakened this morning
by the telephone - Picky
to suggest that they
drive us out to h. T.
(R. was going out to
see her mother), so we
had to scuttle + get
ourselves fed + in
town to take advan-
tage of that - much
easier for Rika. By
the time the rest of
us got back (we
left her in h. T.) there
was barely time for me
to take them to her,
play the game with
Joan. I'd been promising
her all day + get up

saw in New London
when just such a tree
had fallen on it - so
one in it would have
had a chance. I fin-
ally sent a telegram
yesterday to ask if
she was all right,
but there's no answer
yet. Of course no
telegrams go in, but
they are taken from
New London. There's
been no answer from
her yet - sorry, I've
said that once.

We've had a some-
what hectic day -
Rika + I talked till

times. was here when it had been delivered. I don't know when it

Sweetest -

Saturday -

25 Sep 38

It's about mid-
night + Rilaa is here, wait-
ing for me to drink with
her, so this will not be
long. But I think that
no day should pass
without my taking some
time for you. It's not
going to ask that you
do the same - for I
do not intend to ask
anything of you - I don't
dare! But I'll just
say what I feel - you
are free to act exactly
as you feel since I shall

many, - it doesn't matter
whether they get put
in an envelope + posted
- the important thing is
that we are thus together
for a bit of time each
day. If it's late, scratch
off a sentence or two +
leave it, add to it the
next day when there's
more time, mail it
when you can. Do you
see what I mean, my
sweet? I want to be
with you every day - I
think it would be good
for the integrity of our
relationship that we
should both feel so. I
know it is easier to
linger to talk to me for

act as I feel. There are,
after all, drawbacks in
our present arrangements
- + it seems to me that
to keep our awareness of
each other sharp + fresh
it would be well to have
some time each day that
was for us - even if only
a few minutes snatched
between duties or before
going to bed, a few
minutes when consciously
+ deliberately each
of us turns to the other,
even if to say no more
than "I love you" - or
to ease himself of some
trouble or to share some
delight. It doesn't matter
if the words are few or

no-morrow. You, special, bless you a thousand

10 min. than to take
that much time to write
— but it will come easier
as time goes on — think
yourself into this room with
me, hold out your hand
to me + say whatever
happens at the moment
to be in your head. I
shall not mention this
again, for there's no good
you doing it if you don't
want to. But just by
not feeling that it's a
daily letter — but only
talking a bit of your day
for us to be together.
Don't do it for us, do it for
us + for yourself — I do,
because I want so much
to be with you. I don't
want to stop now, but
I must — for Riba. Love

Friday -

(24 Sep 83 (1939))

Darlingest -

Here I am, at
last sitting out for h. 4.,
though heaven knows
how or when I'll get
there! Trains are "indef-
initely discontinued" boats
booked up for days, also
planes - if I wanted one,
so I've finally got my-
self onto the most god-
awful bus, which feels
as if it had been
assembled in a junk-
yard - a truck would
be luxury by compar-
ison. But I couldn't

Last night Lullie
and I sat in the
kitchen, light of 3
candles and talked - it was
rather a comfort to go
to bed - it's hard on the
eyes to depend on
candlelight.

I started this while
we were waiting for the
bus to start, which it
did about 1/2 hour
late - we are now
somewhere on the
road beyond Providence
making a stop for
food, through the books of

see what else to do.
After all, if I get through
a Lewisiana with
only discomfort + in-
convenience, I'm doing
pretty well. Poor Lullie
is still without any
electricity - no light,
no heat, no ice-dchest.
It will certainly be
wonderful to be back
at home. This is very
wholesome experience
- it makes you
appreciate your blessings.
even when you thought
you had none!

the place where we're
stopping is far from ap-
pealing. I'm taking back
on the cabs of chocolate
(our kind) that I got in
Boston. God knows
when we'll get to N.Y.
at the present rate.
How I wish you were
along - partly to while
away the hours, but
mostly because I want
you, anyway, all the time.
What a good idea of
yours to get out + stretch
at regular intervals -
it must ease a long
drive a lot. I hope
when I get home there
will be a letter from you
- I do want one so.
Anyway - I love you all

Tuesday -
(22 Sept 1930)

My dearest, sweetest Angel -

Such a wonderful letter as I found waiting for me when I got here! It was wonderful to hear from you at last - the days have been so long - wonderful to have the letter so sweet when it came. Don't talk all that nonsense about being a brute. You were so darling that last day and left me feeling happy that your were mine, even though so lonely without you. It was grand to have such complete and definite news of the progress of your journey.

I have had a real
adventure since I wrote
yesterday - & it wasn't
getting a new book, either,
though I now have that
and am filled with admir-
ation for the skill it is
evidence of. But the real
event is the hurricane.

I suspect you've not
been reading the papers
and probably don't even
know there's been a
hurricane in New England
- most severe in Mass. &
Rhode Island. Wellie & I
were fortunately at home
when it began & it really
wasn't until hearing
that we realized what
we'd lived through!
But we did see trees
going down and heard

though it made me more
than ever wish I were
with you. Your descrip-
tion of the oil wells was
marvelous - vivid, and
really literary, not just
literal. Bless you, my
sweet, you're so satis-
factory.

Thanks so much for
telling me what you
parents said - it made
me happy. You will let
me know about Eva? I
am disturbed by your
saying there's no news.

Yes, the Sanjaon referred
to in the clipping was
Wellie. She told me all
about the manuscript
when I saw her this
spring.

Well, now about me -

the terrible roaring of
the wind - so loud that
the trees seemed to fall
in silence. Of course
wires went down very
early, so we had no
lights but candles, no
telephones, no radio. It
was eerie, sitting by the
lions in the flickering
light, with the house
literally shaking, and
everything in the outer
world absolute blackness,
since there were of course
no lights in the streets.

To-day we have gone
out to look at the dam-
age. It would make
you sick at heart to
see the destruction. It
looks ~~of~~ as if some
crew of malevolent
giants had been

turned loose, tearing
trees limbs from limbs
and plucking them
madly about - uproot-
ing large ones, tearing
up the sidewalks with
them & then throwing
them across the road.
We counted over a hun-
dred in Brattle St. alone.
The mess is indescrib-
able - the smaller streets
blocked entirely, the
larger ones cleared
enough in the middle to
allow traffic to get
through - in many places
only one lane. I went
in to the S. Station this
morning only to discover
that it was impossible
to get in or out of the

from cartridges, bombs,
etc. Well, it's really quite
appalling. I'm so glad you
were in E. Lansing, other-
wise I should have been
worrying about you dread-
fully. It's true that the
number of deaths has been
relatively small - surpris-
ingly small, considering the
destruction of property
- but had you been near,
I should have been sure
you were one of them!
I think the thing I
feel worst about, so far
as I am concerned, is that
I shan't be at home
to-night to find a letter
from you - oh dear & oh
dear. I only hope
that I shall get
through to-morrow. I don't

city by train to-day -
can you imagine the S.
Station with no trains
running? It is hoped
that it will be possible to
get to N.Y. to-morrow.
Dr. Warner said that
when he went home last
night, (to Leeton) he got
the last train they sent
over that line & they
stopped 5 times to get
out & chop branches off
fallen trees to let the
train get through. Isn't
it all amazing? There
was a tidal wave at
Revere, Beverly, etc. -
and the damage to the
Arnold Laboratory is
immeasurable. And here
we've always thought
that we were immune

know what sort of ser-
vice they'll be able to
achieve - not full, I
suppose. I'm disturbed at
not being able to get
to school, for that's just
out, even if I manage
to get home.

how I must stop &
talk with Mollie, who
is of course a life-
saver, since she has let
me stay right on here.
I don't know when this
will get to you - I
suppose it can't leave
here yet. I've written
every day since you left
- have been all arrived
daily?

With my love to you,
my sweet lamb, and buckets
of bliss -

Wednesday -

[21.2.1911]

Dearest -

Here I am on a
train again - leaving
Exeter for Boston. The
weather is exactly the
same as it has been ever
since you left - dark +
dreary all the time, with
drenching rains some of the
time. The Merrimack + the
Con. are reported flooded!
I think perhaps it's rather
a good thing I had to
come + leave my feet
fixed, for I've had my
time so filled + so many
good friends to cheer me
- the apartment without
you would have been so

little of her vivid person-
ality gets reflected in
her surroundings? The
wall-papers in rooms open-
ing into each other don't
give - is it it funny? But
Rebecca is as happy as a
lark over it, so I lied
& lied about how beau-
tiful it was. She still
speaks ecstatically of our
visit in August, which
seems to have been the
big moment of the sum-
mer for her.

On the afternoon -
when I got back from
R's, there was a cock-
tail party in my honor.
I guess I told you there
was going to be. Too bad
you weren't there - it was
only half night, of course,
with out you, the French

gloomy & lonely. but that I
have understood for all the
time, heaven knows, but
that it has not been so
painful as it would have
been had I been alone.

Well, Olive & I went
over to Rebecca's yester-
day afternoon. The house
is of course improved
over when we saw it, but
I am not filled with
envy! The living-room is
really awful. Of course
the furniture has to be all
arranged against the
walls, & the effect is a
cross between a dentist's
waiting-room and a lat-
rine. It also has that
lifeless quality that Re-
becca's rooms always
do. I don't it odd that so

were there, the Hullbards,
Helen Stueben, John Mayne,
Dora Wightman, Myra
+ a couple of people from
the town that you wouldn't
know. Everyone asked
about you with the greatest
interest + kindness. The
cocktails were so-so, the
food was good.

In the evening we made
a call - people you would
not know - very pleasant.
And that's that. Another
visit finished. I wish it
weren't. I'd have liked
to stay longer. But what
I really wish for is not
in Exeter, but in Berlin.
You - at least, I hope so.
I shall be relieved when I
hear news of your safe
arrival.

I love you - and
I want you here - C.

Oliver
Sends his
love.

Tuesday -

(20 Sept 1936)

Sweetheart -

Here I am
at the Olives', having
a lovely time. They're
so kind & hospitable &
makes me feel so com-
fortable and at home.
You remember the lovely
old house, though you
never saw the inside, I
think. It's crowded
with fine old things
— some inherited, some
acquired.

When I got off the
train yesterday, I dis-

unity buzzed with it
for a while! Miss Proctor
(remembers her - came
to supper with business
the night we got back
late from Boston +
Bess was so mad?)
called up everyone she
knew + said "guess
who's married." It
seems that a lot of
them wanted to get to-
gether + show me
with telegrams, but
didn't know where to
send them, thinking
I'd have given up the
apartment. Too bad -
I'd have liked getting
them. Betty Hubbard

covered Wells, who
was there to meet him.
Of course I was invited
to ride down with them.
They both spoke most
enthusiastically + flat-
teringly of you. That,
my dear, is something
you must chalk up to
Wells' credit. He speaks
so highly of you - + I
don't mean just to me,
but to others who re-
peat to me what he
says of you.

I am now getting
some of the echoes
from my little sur-
prise - it seems
that the whole con-

I came in to see me yesterday,
day, and has a wedding
present for me - a hand
wrought iron stand - tell
you more when I've seen
it.

I've talked with Rebecca
on the phone - shall see
her this afternoon - she
told me again how work-
ful you are, which is all
right with me! Olive
is having a cocktail
party this afternoon for
me - I wish you were
going to be at it, even
if you do it yourself!
I miss you so, I so
want you to be sharing
all these pleasant things
with me. Bless you, my

Monday -

(1954/11/1958)

My sweetest angel -

Here I
am on the train to Exeter
and it is already two
days since you left me.
The weather continues
awful and I do worry
about you. I wonder
how far you've got by
now and how bad the
driving was and if
you are all right. It
must have been harder
for being so wet, though
possibly this storm is
more localized than I
fear - or possibly is going
westward you go out of it.
I think constantly
of how terribly sweet
you were that last

you feel like making.
I got a dark, slightly
purplish red for the top.
They go so much faster
than sweaters that it
won't take me long.

What do you think
of the way England &
France have left poor
little Czechoslovakia to
look after herself as best
she can?

I got 5 letters written
on the train yesterday
- this book self-discip-
line - it's a dull way to
spend the time! And my
train was $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour
late - poor hellish wait-
ing all that time in
the dreary waiting-
room of the S. Station.

morning, how much you
gave me to comfort my-
self with and treasure.
I shall need it, too -
especially when I get
back to N. Y. and the
rooms which now seem
as much yours as mine.
You are wonderful, my
darling, and I am so
thankful that you fall
to my lot.

Well, I am clearing
myself by starting socks
for you. I abandoned my
sweater, got some white
yarn + went to work. I
finally evolved a pattern
of my own - not quite
any that we looked at.
When they're done, I'll
send them to you for a
fitting and for any
comment or criticism

We had some dinner
at the Schrafft's in Har-
vard Sq. as being the
place accessible with
the least walking in the
pouring rain. Then we
talked for hours. I do
enjoy those evenings
with Nellie - they're not
stimulating nor exciting,
but always serene +
peaceful + sweet, like
Nellie herself. I feel
soothed + comforted al-
ways.

This morning the dentist
→ not much fun as he
had to dig out a bit of root
that was left when the
other man took my tooth
out in July.

Now I'm almost in
Exeter - when again every-
thing will remind me of
you, and of how I

Sunday -

[18 Sept 1139]

My dearest,

Here I am, just passing Southdown, which makes me think of you and wish we were back two weeks, travelling along that road together, instead of going on separate and lonely ways. The day is gloomy - both inside me and outside me! I am worried by your leaving not wanting to start in, and afraid you'll leave it all the way - for this must really be the September storm. Oh dear and oh dear, how I wish you were in the other half of my seat, or in the other half of yours! Well, my life was saved yesterday by leaving

she comforted me by re-
minding me of the fact
that it had some com-
pensations. She said "if
you know any naval
people, you'll have heard
them say that the reason
there are so many happy
marriages in the navy is
that people don't have to
live together all the time."
And there is something
in it, sweetheart - all
the wear & tear of domestic
life, all the petty irritat-
ions that seem so much
more important than they
are, will evaporate quick-
ly in these long absences,
leaving only the big im-
portant things. We are
deprived of much, but
there are things we are
 spared, too - right as well

only just time to get in
town for lunch with Riba,
after you left. I felt abso-
lutely stupid - sort of as if
I'd lost a leg! We had
a lovely long lunch - till
4 o'clock. She says the
reason she's so tired is
the emotional strain of
her mother's condition, which
becomes more & more dis-
tressing to watch. Of course
we saw her the other
day just after she'd
got back - she was
worse herself yesterday.
She said to me, as we
sat down, "I thought
George was simply dying
yesterday" - and then
elaborated on it. I beamed
with pride. We talked
about the whole question
of this separation, and

What what comfort we can
from that. She (Rita) had
also been reading an article
in one of the more serious
magazines by a young man
still in his twenties, dis-
cussing the pros & cons of
this sort of marriage, &
concluding that marriage
with separation was far
better than no marriage
or "waiting" with all its
uncertainties & strains. It's
interesting to realize that
our sort of marriage is
becoming an increasingly
common sociological phe-
nomenon - the reflection
of present economic condi-
tions. I feel lonely & desol-
ate. I long for you inces-
santly - but I am far hap-
pier than I was last year,
and am glad, glad, glad
that I am your wife.
My heart goes in his
letters to you - talk in it.

Friday -

5 May 1938

Sweetheart,

This is in the
greatest haste to tell
you that Hugh &
Sister Leona invited
us to leave dinner with
them (on bridal
dinner, precious, isn't
it (um?) Mon. night.
You said you'd be
here by then so?

9/ by any chance
they're not yet home
call me up. 9/
this crosses different
instructions from
you better let me
know for certain by
wire. At least, you'd
better if you can't be
here for dinner. But
I do hope awfully
you will be. 9 +
will be such fun.

accepted with great
delight. We may
have to take Joan,
so if you could get
here by 6 it would
be fine. Maybe
you'd better call me
when you get into
N.Y. Or - sup-
posing you go
straight to Sister's
& call me from there.

In serious even if they didn't.

Oh, my dearie, yes
were so sweet last
night over the tel-
ephone. I long for
you coming.

With all my love -
all - &

Sister says don't
break your neck to get
here by 6 - they'll
probably get someone
for Joan + it wouldn't

yourself, darling - I think
it's very masculine & a
bit mistaken. It seems to
me a certain way of caus-
ing pain to your mother
& your father might take
it all right. I read
that bit of your letter to
Sister quite without com-
ment & she reacted in-
stantly ^{by some way} ^(your mother).
Of course she doesn't
want to come, darling,
but oh my dear, she
doesn't want to be told
so. She wants a good
excuse for not coming
which will not involve
admitting even to herself
that she doesn't want to
come. Of course be socialistic

expect I soon shall.

Thanks for your prompt
letter - it was a great
comfort to find it this
morning - check by post
with my divorce! There was
also a letter from Donald
- had you read it? Thanks
to you conversation & un-
derstood it even better
than I probably should
have otherwise, but it
was a sweet letter &
made me happy. Will
you tell him I thank
him many times & shall
answer it just as soon
as I can. I am so
swamped with his letters.
As for your latest theory
about your parents - brace

uation would be difficult, but
certainly you realize that can-
not be admitted. Far less can
you expect any mother to
be willing to admit that for
emotional reasons she pre-
fers not to be present at her
son's wedding. If you wish
things to go smoothly in
the future, go easy, darling,
go easy. They wait under-
stand, they can't. They don't
want you to know they don't
want to come, they don't
want to know it themselves.
Give them an easy way out,
sweetheart, or ask them out-
right to come. I still think
the most tactful thing is to
equivocate - to let them
decide as one will be sure but
the legal witnesses. But if you
feel you can't do that, you
should urge them to come.
Do not admit the existence of
the awkwardness - nothing
is more certain to make it

72 Front Street
Exeter, New Hampshire

2 Aug 1931

Excuse paper - just used my
last sheet of the 5th -
about money - you're plan-
ning to get Amer. Express
checks, aren't you? In
that case, shall I just
send you a check? And
for how much? Remember,
I pay at least half + I
hope you'll let us pay
more. If Dad were here,
he'd have given us a
whopping check - his is
his money - he'd want us
to use it freely on this
occasion. I have been
caught in a jam on a trip
- car repairs - + not enough
money. We'd much better
have a lot more than we
think we can possibly need.

Remember we'll be among
strangers with no money but
what we have. The Amer.
Expr. is a perfectly safe way
of taking any amount, so
don't hesitate to suggest
any sum, no matter how vast!
We can turn them in when
we get back. Better let
me know at once if you
plan to get them at home,
which would probably be
best - our last thing to
do here. I can send you
a check on Thurs. if you
answer this by p.c. before
you leave Danbury. You'd
get it Fri. Don't, for goodness
sake, try to carry cash - but
that's silly of me, isn't it,
- you'd know better than
that.

mother is a woman. I think it much more important to have them as little hurt + embarrassed as possible than to be beautiful. It is difficult for me to believe that your mother will feel it possible to stay away if you put it to her like that - + I think it foolish + foolish to essentially force her to come. I wish I knew what you really want - not what you feel it your duty to have or do. If you really want them because you want them + not at all because you think you ought to want them, they ^{ought to} should be

truthfulness included - of value for itself but only for its results. Just from curiosity, I presented the problem to-day to a friend with whom I had lunch without any suggestion about solutions + her suggested solution was just the same as Kildred's. Sister's + mine. Oddly enough, a strikingly similar situation had existed in her own family (much more similar than the one in Kildred's family) - + been solved exactly that way! Yes, that's again a woman's opinion, I know - but don't forget that you

asked. But I don't think
you do. And in that case
do you see what you are
doing — you are balancing
our day + presenting it
to them — it will be pitched
in their day, not in ours.
You and I and our
friends shall believe,
not naturally and freely
& like ourselves, but
we shall be under con-
straint, behaving in
the manner of a world
not our own. Love will
not accomplish the
happiness and comfort
of your parents — when
people believe unnatu-
rally there is tension &
awkwardness in the air.

If you really want them
for you sake, not theirs,
then its worth sacrificing
the comfort of the rest
of us - otherwise, I think
it's wrong. It is not their
wedding, & they have not
earned the right to have
it presented to them. The
champagne is not import-
ant in itself but it is
important as a symbol
- rather profoundly im-
portant. It's all very well
to let them learn by exper-
ience - but irrelevant in
this case - this experience
will not be repeated.
It all sounds as if the
whole discussion was a
matter of what they
wanted - but it's only

be doing. Of course you
know I feel that the fut.
we can be better dealt
with if you mother + I are
not forced to deal with
the situation first when
we're in a highly emotional
state already. But if it
must be done, it will be
most certainly least dif-
ficult, if you mother does
not come feeling that
we believe she'll be
awkward + uncomfortable.
She'd be no wiser if
she didn't ascribe that
idea to me + resent it. I
you give them any hint
that you think they don't
want to come, they'll
be sure to think I put
it in your head + that'll
make everything worse.

wedding.

Anyhow, don't, don't,
don't, "make it clear
to them" - subtly or other-
wise (+ I don't believe for
a minute that it can be
done subtly) how uncon-
fortable "you" fear they
would be. That's the last
thing they want made
clear to them if they are
one bit sensitive or proud
→ + I'm sure they're both.
That really will hurt
them. No one wants to be
told that a social situ-
ation → and more, an
emotional one - is be-
yond his power to deal
with adequately, which
is exactly what you'll

letter wire. I'll leave to get in Fri. at 10:30

Please, sweetheart, either
let them out, or send them.
You do know, don't you,
dearest, that I insist just by
ing to have my own way
- I just want the day to
be right + happy + I suspect
that you're just sacrificing
yourself, me, our friends
- and your parents - to be
abstract ideas of "duty" +
"truth". Thus, I've said
my last word - I shall
not protest nor resent
whatever you do. But,
unless you'll have to get
word to me by Fri. no later
the latest - stores are
closed all day Sat. + Sun.
+ Mon. would be too late to
get it delivered in great
bulk in time - it must be
free on Mon. so as to be
well used. So perhaps you'll

Tuesday -

[2 August 1933]

My sweet one -

There's an
afterthought - to which you
may pay as much or as
little attention as you like.
Riley gets back Thurs.
I am going to meet her
train & have dinner with
her. I shall tell her the
whole story about the bus-
iness of visiting your pa-
rents. I should value
her opinion more highly
than that of anyone else
I know - for the reasons
I've already told you -
her wisdom in human
affairs, her gentleness, her
tolerance, her compassion,
her fundamentally loving
outlook on life. Of you

charges - it will be used
the simplest way, then we
can run over his ^{bill} ~~bill~~ if
necessary. Don't ~~do it~~ unless
you want to. I think it
might help you. You could
still talk to your parents
Fri. morn. & wire me
around noon.

Sweetheart, don't take
all this too hard - of
course, am trying to keep
the day ours - and get
arrange things so that
no one will be more hurt
than necessary. I want
it to remember like that,
I want it, as Dad said
of my other wedding to be
true that "everything
expressed ourselves -- with
naturalness and complete-
ness." But I do know
this - that underneath the day
however. Beautiful or disp.

should care to take that
into consideration (which
you very likely will not,
for after all, you do not
know her as I do) you
could call me up Thurs.
ev. - after 10:30. I may
be home before, depending
on whether she gets in at
7 or 8. I suggest that
you call me so that you
may have free choice &
not have ~~her~~ ^{her} opinion
forced down your throat.
Also it will make a stat-
ion to station instead of
person to person call -
also, if you prefer privacy,
you can make it from
a pay telephone - otherwise
you'd have to talk at
home & possibly find it dif-
ficult. Please reverse the

pointing - it may be, lies the
deep certainty that this thing
we are doing, is right. There
are times when your slight-
est touch makes fire run
through my veins, and
there are times when the
touch of your spirit on
mine exalts my ~~own~~ heart
so that other fires are lit
within me - fires that feed
themselves and will not
burn out. Body and
soul, I place myself in
your hands with absolute
confidence. This thing
that we are about to do
is good.

And so good - night,
my dear love -

C.

Darling Angel
 30 July 1958
 It's nearly
 24 hours since you left
 - oh dear! But 24 hours
 sooner that you will be
 back - thank heaven!
 You were simply won-
 derful those 2 days,
 sweetheart - so patient
 + sweet + loving, in
 spite of the malicious
 jab that dogged our
 footsteps.
 Well, there is no fel-
 aquam from Reno so I'm
 hoping that means
 that nothing is wrong,
 but the decree is out
 way - after all, they

as you were gone, and
have information that is
both authoritative and
up-to-date, for she has
just within the last few
weeks been to a doctor
herself to get one of the
gadgets for feminine wear,
though she says they
still use the other almost
entirely. The doctor she
went to is head of one
of the D. G. birth control
clinics so, though of
course doctors differ in
opinion on any subject,
at least she's a qual-
ified expert! For safety
it is 6 of one + half a
dozen of the other -
nothing is absolutely 100%
safe, but with proper use

must have got the
wire a good 30 hours
ago + I'm trusting that
I'd have had word from
them by now if anything
were wrong. No any
word from Dr. De Witt.
I'm trying to believe that
if he couldn't - or
wouldn't - he'd have
telephoned me by now!
If he writes to you, get
let me know at once? I
feel slightly calmer than
yesterday, but I certainly
shant be able to relax
till these two things
are definitely straight-
ened out!

How here's a clinical
report. I went into
the matter of contracept.
ives with Sister as soon

The percentage of acci-
dents with either of those
2 methods is very small.
They definitely disapprove
of supplementing mechan-
ical with chemical contra-
ceptives because anything
which is strong enough
to be effective is too
strong to be safe for the
delicate tissues. It seems
that the secret of safety
in the model for girds
(aside from always test-
ing it + using it only
a limited number of times)
is to be sure never to
put it on tight, but
to leave a little space
at the end. You prob-
ably knew this, but I
thought I'd put it in.

As for getting them -
Sister thought you were
very quaint to send to
a mail-order company -
she says - now don't
leave a fit - that the
only reliable place is the
drug-store - they expect
their customers to come
back + it's worth their
while to be careful. She
said - + I already found
this + had, I think, said
it to you, that the men
who go about sleeping
with other men's wives
or other women than their
own wives and for whom
an absolute maximum of
safety is obviously essential
always use that
method - and so far as
either of us know from

so many sources that I
can't doubt it — and I
don't mean the kind of
horrible abortions you
read about, either. Sister
said she wouldn't dream
of having a baby but
would go straight to her
own gynecologist who
would either straighten
it out for her himself
or send her to a perfectly
safe place. And when
I said "Do you really
think he'd do it?" she
answered "I know he
would". It's very easy,
you know, if you're
prompt. However, I
think prevention is
better than cure + will
hope that it will be
all we'll need — I tell

direct information, never
think of getting her any-
where but at a drug-
store. She offered, her-
self, to leave though get
you a supply to start
off with so that was
easily fixed. She also
said "I suppose you're
both scared for fear you'll
get caught." — and I
said we were. Her reply
was to laugh and say
"Well, you'll get over
that — and the best
way to get over it is
to remember that no
matter what happens,
nobody has to have a
baby who doesn't want
one." And that, my
dear, I now know/you

you all this in the hope
that it may ease your
mind & relax your nerves.
After all, as Sister said,
they've been married 11
years & have never had
an accident - words,
among my own friends,
know anyone who has
→ so the percentage must
be pretty low. Remem-
ber, too, that most
women do not conceive
as easily as the novels
& the newspapers lead
one to believe.

Then, that's enough
of that topic - and it's
already more time than
I have to spend. But
there's one other thing I
want to bring up now
→ the matter of you

parents and the wedding,
I surely don't want them
left out if you really want
them included, because
that would make you un-
happy + through you,
make me unhappy. How-
ever, I think you should
consider carefully just
which way you're going
to feel most uncomfort-
able. Don't forget that
whenever your mother +
I meet for the first time
is going to be awkward
+ difficult for us both
— and painful, too. It
seems to me that little
is to be gained + a good
deal lost by having
that first meeting super-
imposed on the wedding.
It is an occasion which is

likely to heighten our an-
tagonism. I can understand
your feeling that your own
comfort should be sacri-
ficed to their wish, but I'm
not sure how many people
comfort should be - and I
am even less sure that it
is their wish. I still think
that telling them none of
my relatives will be there
but Sister & Hugh, as the
necessary witnesses, lets
them out of something
they'd really rather avoid.
Darling, do I seem mean?
Well, my own judgment (not
infallible or final) that we
ourselves included, will be
quite comfortable if they come
- only a person like Dad
could carry off such a situ-
ation. This is partly consid-
eration for you, partly for myself.
If Dad were here to bolster my self-
esteem it would be different, but
as it is the force of that disap-
proval & resentment will be

Saturday -

[23 July 1938 - forwarded
to Balle Pond, CT]

Sweet one -

I've time
for only a scribbled note
in answer to the letter
I've just had from you.
If you think you're busy,
you should be in any
place! For once I've had
as pressed than you - which
is proved by the fact
you can get off to Dan-
bury for a visit! Thank
God you can, though -
I know, & will do you
so much good both
physically & spiritually.
And right now, before I
forget it - I have no
address for Danbury but

dit ing Danbury
let me know
if you can
get off to
Danbury
for a visit
I've time
for only a
scribbled
note in
answer to
the letter
I've just
had from
you. If
you think
you're
busy, you
should be
in any
place!
For once
I've had
as pressed
than you -
which is
proved by
the fact
you can
get off to
Danbury
for a visit!
Thank God
you can,
though -
I know, &
will do you
so much
good both
physically
& spiri-
tually.
And right
now, before
I forget it -
I have no
address for
Danbury but

difficult to change now
— too many peoples
plans are involved, the
major item being that
we are already taking
3 days off Sister's +
Hugh's vacation + I
hesitate to ask them to
take another.

Thursday is fine for
you to come here — I
shall organize accord-
ingly. I'm glad you'll
join M. + me for lunch.
I hope the weather will
be not too hot nor
too rainy (which it
has been for the past 8
days).

Sister + I were talking
over the festive part of the

10 Terrace Place, which
I know is it right now.
I hope this will reach
Coxsackie before you leave
so that you can drop me
a line — I might need
to get in touch with
you.

Darling, you were sweet
about the matter of
changing your plan of
arrival. I do feel re-
lieved + grateful. But
you are right about
Tues. being better than
Mon. — I had thought,
you see, only so far
as to avoid week-end
traffic when we started
off — fig! But I really
think it would be dif-

wedding & thought that
 for refreshment we'd have
 only something to drink
 that cost you 20¢, 25¢
 and a cake. This depends
 somewhat on time - we
 may want sandwiches,
 too - be meditating on how
 luxurious you think you'll
 be! Of course champagne
 is the traditional bridal
 wine, but you're not awfully
 fond of it, are you? Should
 you prefer another? Do you
 know Asti Spumante? It's
 an Italian sparkling wine
 as fine wine, a little sweeter
 than champagne, with
 a wonderful bouquet.

I must run - think
 heaven to see you soon -
 it is so long - love &
 love, darling - C.

Have just talked to Sister
 maybe all right to change

I will know next time I write
 to
 you

may have to send to an
out-of-town laboratory -
would there be any in the
town?

I am so glad to talk
with your mother turned
out as it did, though I
am not surprised. It
makes you much happi-
er, doesn't it, precious?

But there's one thing
in your letter that troubles
me very considerably -
your plan not to reach
here till the day of the
wedding. I understand
perfectly why you feel
you want to do that,
& sympathize with it -
truly I do. Darling,
you'll be tired, at that.
That is unfortunate, but
can be helped. But

go the next morning ^{or}
- if you would like to,
stay for lunch, as I al-
ready have a date with
childhood who talks over
plans. You might like to
be in on that - or might
not - I leave it to you. If
you plan things so it
would be necessary for me
to break the engagement
with Leo, let me know as
soon as you can.

Yes, I think a D. P. doc-
tor Leo to make the best
- be sure to tell him to
for a license, as there is a
printed form he has to
fill out. It inquires it will
all be quicker & simpler
in Coxsackie - so much
less red tape in the
small town. But he

The day itself should
move at a slow and easy
pace, so that there may
be peace + serenity about
it. If you come down
that day, you'll be
driving, which will tire
you somewhat, you'll
have to start early
enough to allow for any
possible trouble + still
getting here in time.
Then we'll have to
pack my things into
the car, get dressed,
grab hasty meals
somehow + get out
to great heels. The
day will be a rush +
a jam — just trying to

get everything done. You
will be carried + nervous
- + not impossibly de-
pressed, because you are
being pushed about by
the necessity for hurry.
The day may be bad +
the drive consequently
slower + more of a
strain. Darling, this is
not just starting off on
a trip - this is your
wedding day - our wed-
ding day. We shan't
have another, there will
be no chance to "make
it better next time".
Your feeling for Eva - +
hers for you - seem to
me important + I'd glad-
ly surrender to her + would
just you might spend with

hus. But oh, my sweet
Lamb, this day is unique
- it will come over only.
It seems to me that for this
day - even if never again -
every other claim, or even
desire, must be subordi-
nated to its great signifi-
cance. I so terribly do not
want it hasty + crowded.
It is ours - no one, for this
one, is really important
but ourselves. Wait for
my precious, consider that
ing in the late afternoon
on Sunday instead?
You could go straight to
Sister's + straight to bed.
I'd not even try to see
you. Then such things go
must be done as has can be
done slowly + easily + my
wedding can be early enough
so that we need not hastily
rush off in order to have time
to drive to some desirable
spot before late.

for you at home - I had worried about it a good deal & was relieved to hear what you wrote.

Have you any ideas about where we'll go? I think it might be well to at least figure out the beginning, since it might affect the hour of the wedding. Have you any knowledge of or interest in Montauk Point? Sister & Hugh spent last weekend there & describes it with great enthusiasm as beautiful & lovely - even on a walk and in July. I drop the remark simply because we'll already be

illness might have affected our plans since it's irrelevant now.

I hope you don't mind about the ring - it seemed to Sister & me beautiful and right - I felt relatively certain that on a matter like that your approval would be automatic - that is, you're forever saying you know nothing about such things! And it seemed a way of clearing up one detail - one less thing for us to think about or do in the few hours you're here, one less place we'll have to go. I'm relieved that there is no painful situation

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you long Island. Of course
we can also get across
to Conn. or to N. Y. shore
towns by ferry without
coming back through
the city. You might just
draw your attention to
this question of + or.

I shall expect you
Thurs. unless I hear
from you by letter, tel-
ephone, telegram or
what - not to the con-
trary - I think I rather
expect you'll postpone your
coming, but it's all up
to you. The practical prob-
lem you now know. Be
sure to bring all your
documents - the Worcester
certificate, divorce, etc.
I have a date with Rika
for Fri. assuming that
your statement about law.

so that's all simple - as
I'm leaving in 6 days,
now, the point is, we
must go together to get
the license as we both
have to sign something,
- but we can't do it
until we have the test
report. In other words,
you must delay your
coming until you have
had a test & a report
from it so that we may
get the license now -
or you will have to come
again later - or you
will have to come as
much as 3 days before
the wedding, which is
the required minimum
of time between the
giving of the license
the performing of the

ing? Carol (the doctor's brother)
said he put up no fight,
wouldn't cooperate with
the doctors - & still the
life force is too strong in
him.

now - I'm afraid I ~~don't~~
didn't make myself
clear about the business
of the Wasserman & the
license - or else you
were too distracted
when you read it! I'll
try again. We cannot
marry without a license
& you can't get the license
till you have the doctor's
certificate which has to
be presented (perhaps the
lab. report, too - I'm not
sure). It is ^{within} 21 days before
getting the license, not
before the wedding, but
the test must be made,

ceremony. Get it, darling!
I should think it would
be simplest for you to post
your now & come the end
of this week or after the
Kowals are gone. That
will all depend on the
speed with which you
can - or wish to - put
through the best business.
I'll take this letter with
me in town & add to it
what my doctor gives as
the day on which I'll
receive a report. I know
it's cheaper to have the
Board of Health do it, but
quicker to have a private
laboratory, so I'll have
the letter & be ready in
the shortest possible time.
I am going to see
about the ring this after.

noon, too, and will report to
you what comes of that.

I'm so sorry about the
ciphertexts, darling - so sorry
that all this troubles & worries
you. I'd do every bit of it
for you if I could, for I do
so want you to think of it
all the rest of your life as
a time of rejoicing, as a
sweet & fragrant memory.
But I can't very well have
a Wasserman for you - &
I'd feel a little hesitant
about forging your signa-
ture! What I'm trying to
do is to consult you about
details, so as to leave things
as nearly as possible as you'd
like them - while dealing
with them myself.

Here's another - about
the ceremony - from what you
once said I gathered that
you didn't care who did it,
but resented its having
to be done. Am I right or

wrong? Riba says it's a mis-
take to have a T.P. because
you have to fit your wedding
to their time & it generally has
to be in the evening. I per-
sonally prefer a minister &
partly for aesthetic reasons -
they do it so well - after all,
they're trained performers! And
they are generally, both by nat-
ure & by profession, very
unself-aware of the spiritual
significance of the occasion
- in other words, they do
much to impart beauty to
it. But I certainly doubt
I regard any of this as important
enough to over-ride your
wishes. I tell you so that
you may know how I feel,
& that they let me know how you
feel. Hildred spoke of it this
morning - she knows a
minister whom she likes, &
whom she suggested at once.
He'd be safe if she suggests
him - she's not a religious
person! Be thinking, too, about

P.S. -

I may get the report
on the test Fri. afternoon
- maybe not till Mon. So
if you want to get the
license this trip, you'd better
wait + come next week. The
Rowats probably leave the
28 - that is, you could
come that day. If you
want to make a second
trip, that's O.K. - suit
yourself on the whole thing.

About the ring - the
place is like something
out of a book, the man
is the real thing. I just
went ahead - I didn't
see how you could feel
anything but pleased.
He's copying an old

Persian ring - lovely -
about this wide == with
an exquisitely delicate de-
sign. But, ^a very simple one.
It's distinguished - really -
& you'll never see another
like it. I hope you'll
love it as much as I do.
It'll be done next Mon.
Love - C.

Sunday.

[17 July 1938]

My pet -

This will very
likely cross a letter from
you - but I've waited
~~hopeful~~ hopefully for one
^{hour, I should} longer, just to avoid
bothering you by asking
for information already
sent. Of course I am not
altogether untroubled
by your long silence,
but hopeful that it
means nothing more
serious than extreme
busyness.

Well - the main point
of this is to inform you
that Duke + Dorothy are
to be at Sister's from the

we'd just have to set
the date for the wedding
by letter. That's another
place where perhaps I've
been a little too tactful
with you - that is, have
made you seem to be
inconsiderate when of
course you were only
unaware. I purposely
never mentioned the
matter till you did,
though I was already
putting off questions from
the stress concerned. I
hope you'll understand,
sweetheart - I was try-
ing to protect you from
being bothered by anyone
(including me) with some-
thing that you were not

24th to the 27th or 28th.
In other words, the bed
will be occupied! I guess
I should have told you
that Sister was really need-
ing to know your plans
but I wanted very much
to avoid seeming to push
you, so I answered her
inquiries by always say-
ing I didn't know &
never went further. So
she finally just went
ahead, regardless. I hope
this isn't going to conflict
with a plan you've already
made. If so, let us know
whether you want to
change back or forward
- that is, come before they
do, or after. If you prefer
to come after, I think

in the mood for being
bothered with. So now I'll
be completely open with
you - it is being a
considerable inconvenience
to Berta, Kiska + builded
not to know, and we
unsubtly postpone settling
the matter any longer.
It's certain you feel that
way as much as I do,
and I do feel guilty at
not having been more
definite + clear about this,
for I'm aware that it
gives them a false impres-
sion of you. I think I've
cancelled that all right
by saying emphatically
that I just hadn't asked
you. Anyhow, you do
see, sweetheart, what I

was trying to do, do it
you? I expect that your
own casualness about it
comes from the fact that
the wedding itself doesn't
mean to you what it
does to me — or to those
others who are bound to
me by long & intricately
woven ties and to whom
it seems a matter of
great importance that
they should share in
what will be one of the
most significant moments
of my life.

It troubles me, darling
boy, that this cannot be
as you would like it — that
we cannot just, as you
said, sign our names, drink
a toast & be left alone.
But since that would not
in itself constitute a legal

one another in words & in
the presence of others seems
to us beautiful + fitting.
We are not inarticulate nor
voiceless, we are not un-
aware of the full meaning
of the relationship upon
which we enter. Among
other things we are both
socially conscious and
we know that this is
not a matter which con-
cerns us alone - it will
have social as well as
individual consequences.

That makes it fitting
that, at this moment,
others should hear us say
these things to each other.

There is, too, something
else, which will, I think,
seem to you to have import-
ance, though you perhaps

marriage - so that it
is not willful disregard on
my part of your wishes to
have some more conven-
tional ceremony. I hope
with so much of my
heart, dearest, that you
may be able to feel some-
thing of what I do. It
is, after all, a solemn
thing we are doing, &
it should not be done
as casually as if we were
just going off on a trip.
We are both of us highly
educated, civilized, sensitive
& complex human beings.
What we undertake should
be done with such dignity
& form (as distinguished
from formality) as is suited
to its importance in our
lives. To pledge our faith to

do not feel the deep necessity
for it that I do — that
Dad would have wanted
it. Of course it is from
him that I learned to
feel the beauty + the sig-
nificance of ceremony. I
know how much his own
wedding meant to him
— because for a few min-
utes there were crystal-
lized in visual + verbal
form the essence of the
spiritual + enduring
meaning of the whole
relationship. Often I
often have I heard him
describe it all, until I long
ago began to feel that
I had been present at
the wedding of my own
parents. On the last
wedding anniversary that

my mother was alive
she was already dying and
had gone so far into the
shadow that she could
not know the day, nor
clearly know any of us.
Dad was suffering ^{terribly}
— but he found comfort ~~and~~
strength by going back,
by seeing her again, in her
radiant youth and her
bridal loveliness, coming
down the church aisle
to him. Last summer I
found what he had
written voicing that —
putting into words the
memory that somehow
he managed to hold be-
tween him & the almost
intolerable reality. It was
heartrending — and yet
I felt my heart lift up,

union is blessed by God,
~~but~~ — no more did Dad —
but he did believe, and
so do we, in those things
of the spirit that are in
manhood, for which God
is as good a symbol as
any, and which we in-
tend shall, to the best
of our ability, enrich
and fulfill our relation-
ship.

Then, that's that. I have
been meaning for some
time to say this, and
was a little scared. I
don't want to seem to
impose upon you emotions
you do not wish to feel.
What I hope is that
you will, as I expect to,
derive from this approach-
ing hour, the joy, the fel-

ty.

There, sweetheart, I
don't want to be more
emotional about this
than you would like. I
think you will understand
how I feel. I tell you
in the hope that you
perhaps share some of
what I feel, and so
find happiness in things
as they are.

I find satisfaction, too,
in the feeling of continuity
of human experience —
in using the words in
which these feelings
have been voiced by
hundreds of generations
before us. You and I do
not believe that our

ness of feeling that it can
hold for us both. Then shall
my own joy be really com-
plete because it is shared
with you + fulfilled by
that sharing. You see,
it is all because I love
you, because I am so
glad to promise you
these things, so eager to
be given the chance to
fulfill my promises.

Now - we've dealt with
the practical + the spiritual
+ will stop! If this crosses
a letter from you saying
you intended to come at the
time D. + D. are here, I shall
await further word from you
as to what change you
wish to make. And you
will be a duck + come to
a decision about dates?
All my love, precious -
C.

sibility for keeping things
on an even keel - and
I've known too much of
you - pretty stupid I've
I've done it some of the
time perfectly consciously
too - on a gamble. That was
silly. There is just this bit
of extenuation for me - I
had lived so many years
with Dad, whose attitude
& behaviour toward
women was not that of
most men - I had, in
other words, been a little
spoiled. Now you are a
great many years younger
than he & vastly less
experienced - so expect
you to treat us with
the sort of consideration
& understanding he accorded.

That perhaps most of it
arises from the fact that
you are a man and I a
woman - each of us quite
definitely so, and that
that is at the bottom of
our attraction for each
other, so that the above
it also shows in our
patrie we should take
philosophically. I think,
too, that you know very
little about women &
that much that is most
feminine about ~~me~~ ^{us} is
mysterious & incompre-
hensible to you. I, on the
other hand, know more
about men than you
about women and
should therefore take a
larger share of the respon-

to women, is merely
stupid — and unfair.
That you do not is in no
sense a reflection on your
own character, intelligence
or anything else. Forgive
me, dearest, and try to
understand.

Now, just to make my-
self a little clearer, I'll
tell you two of the things
that had got me stirred
up last week — and I
want you to understand
that the standard by
which I judged was —
a. pretty feminine,
b. one that had been
addressed to at home, so
that I had got a false
idea of its importance
& frequency.

So, the first place I, in
my pain over the automa-
bile business, had begged
you to keep in constant
touch with me all the time
you were on your trip. That
was a feminine plea - women
are always asking
that kind of thing, & has
almost always finding it
burdensome. When I went
to college, mother asked me
to send her a line or so
every day, and I did
it, for 3 years, with a letter
from her coming to me
every day. It never occurred
to me to question it, and
when she died, my father,
in his terribly busy life,
went right on with it, &
while I was terribly
touché & grateful, I
just plain didn't know for

sure you'd said "every
day" and you had. Well,
of course the second two
day gap didn't frighten
me, but made me indig-
nant. And then again I
was being feminine -
my heart lead you out
to you in gratitude + love
for your original statement,
then it burned out not to
mean anything (as it
seemed to me then) and
that was an injury to my
pride - I had let myself
as a woman go out to you
as a man for a gift that
you took right back
again. Do you see, sweet
heart? It was a sort of
slap in the face. Well,
all that mostly went
on in my mind and had
only a relative reality. I

years after that that was
an extraordinary thing for
a man to do. Do you see
how that kind of thing
conditioned me? Well, to
come back to us - your
response to my frightened
plea was sweet, and I
was so happy and grate-
ful - not just because of
what you had said
(which was that you
would "write at least a
line every day" - your
very words, darling) but
because you had wanted
to respond to what was
at the time, a very def-
inite need. Then you
just plain didn't do it.
The first two day gap
really terrified me - I
looked up your letter to be

was feeling that you were
being insincere with us -
saying things you didn't
intend to do, just to quiet
me. Well, you weren't, of
course - you were perfectly
sincere, but the importance
of the whole thing was
vastly less to you than
to me (because you are a
man & I a woman) and
it went straight out of
you head. You had no
idea you'd said some-
thing that seemed to me
a promise. You were, in
other words being very
masculine about the whole
business. It's the sort of
misunderstanding that's
forever coming up between
men & women - just be-
cause of the strong lights
that shine on some things

in a woman's mind, while
in a man's they're way off in
a murky corner + very
easily overlooked. So women
are always accusing
men of insincerity, because
they say many sweet +
loving + responsive things
which do not bear fruit
in their actions. Does
any of this make sense to
you? Just be sure of this
→ I am not accusing you
of insincerity. I understood
perfectly — + I think if you
hadn't scared me so, I might
have understood in time to
avoid the explosion. Any-
how, I see how disturbing
the whole thing has been,
and from now on, I raise
no issues by letter, nor
explode, nor indulge in recrim-
inations or controversy. I
think a certain freedom of

discussion about the whole
business of adjustment + un-
derstanding of each other is
wholesome + fruitful - but
not by letter. And when you
bent me from now on I'll
like me to see you - or my pen
- before I'll write about it
to you. There are things in
your letter I'd like to talk
over - something when we're
both at our best!

About dates - what would
you think of the 8th? It's
good for me for various reasons
I've not time to write - fits
into the various elements of
the pattern from this angle.
Think it over for yourself + re-
port! Yes, do come down as
soon as you can so we can
get things straightened, even
with nearly no wedding, the
few people involved are involved
even more than if there was a
big splash - the neighbors, kids
& hundreds will all plan their
own vacations to fit our plans
& should know as soon as is
reasonable. Can't you plan to