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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.

Did
 I hope it was
 just as soon
 I don't want
 you to think
 that I am trying
 arbitrarily to impose
 on you without
 considering your
 wishes, especially
 since you said
 you'd like me
 to wait till you
 come. And so I shall
 — I have mentioned
 the 8th to us —
 one but myself. I hope

I hope my letter
 of last evening troubled
 you not at all. but did
 clarify things. That was
 what was intended — that
 & that only. I supplement
 it to night because of
 the matter of the date —
 I don't want you to think
 that I am trying arbitrar-
 ily to impose on you
 without considering your
 wishes, especially since
 you said you'd like me
 to wait till you come.

I hope my letter
 of last evening troubled
 you not at all. but did
 clarify things. That was
 what was intended — that
 & that only. I supplement
 it to night because of
 the matter of the date —
 I don't want you to think
 that I am trying arbitrar-
 ily to impose on you
 without considering your
 wishes, especially since
 you said you'd like me
 to wait till you come.

And so I shall — I have
 mentioned the 8th to us —
 one but myself. I hope

For this I am sure you will be glad to hear.

out hildred if we're going
to be at St. Beek! I don't
think I could be without
Sister - the unity of the family
has meant so much to us all,
is so living + real a thing
- it's in my blood + bone +
the very fact that there is
only Sister now, makes it
essential to me that she
should be there. I suggest
the 8th of the days right in
there because it would cut
essentially nothing off their
holiday + yet be over a week-
day, so that we need not
start out on the clogged
roads of the week-end. I
hope all this seems reason-
able to you, and not burden-
some. I think that if it's
not too hard on you, the date
should be fixed as soon as
possible, simply out of consid-

it doesn't seem to you too
early - it would give
you still 4 weeks. If we
were spending the rest of
our lives together I'd
suggest one farther along,
but since in September
we must part for a horrid-
ly long period, it seemed
silly not to have 5 or 6
weeks together first. Then
there is this - Hugh's vacat-
ion begins the 6th + they
want, of course, to get away.
They could come back,
but I don't like to ask
it unless for some very
good reason. Risha plans
to go away about then,
too, and hildred. Of course
we can be married with-
out them - though not with-

creation for others - especially
budding, since she has made
so gracious an offer. She asked
me last week - not at all
importunately, but I am sure
she would not even have
mentioned it unless she'd
really wanted to know. I
said I thought about the
first week in August but
couldn't be at all definite
without consulting you. So
that's that.

Do you know you have
to have a Wasserman
test? It's a nuisance, but
I so thoroughly approve of
the law that I don't feel
inclined to grouse about
it. I intend to have mine
within the next few days
You can't get the license
till you have the certificate

from a "licensed practitioner" that you are free from syphilis — so, if you're thinking of getting the disease next week, better drop in at your doctor's + leave a drop of blood. I believe we both have to go to get the disease. Of course coming down again from Danbury wouldn't be hard — but would be that much time out of your time here. The blood test has to be within 21 days of getting the disease, so if you prefer not to get the disease till a lot later, let us know at once, so I won't have the test in vain + have to take time, trouble + money to do it again!

Then, while we're on technical detail — what is

you want to go with us,
I'll wait till you come
→ that is, if you can man-
age it by sometime next
week, since a craftsman
must be given time -
this is art, not manufact-
ure. If, on the other hand,
you'd rather not bother, I
think I'll do it right away.
So you might answer this
soon if not too much to ask.

I shopped for my
trousseau to-day - had
a marvelous time - first,
for the fun of shopping +
then for the fun of getting
things that I hoped would
please your eye. I'm afraid
my bridal finery is pretty
meagre compared with
what I had the first time,
but I don't mind if you
don't - and I'm sure you

you wish about the ring
→ that is, should you pre-
fer that or attend to the
whole matter or should
you feel that that was
leaving you out of a place
where you would be left
in? So far as I am con-
cerned, I shall like it
either way, so please just
tell me what you want
→ really want. The bus-
iness of the license of
me no way of sparing
you, but the ring is a
detail I can manage
alone, which is why I
suggested it - not from
any desire to exclude
you from something
you might wish to share.
So just tell me - there's
no obligation either way. If

I want. I got some silk to
make a dress to be married
in that will knock you
eye out - gorgeous imported
French silk - I trust you will
like being married with an
eye out! And a terribly
feminine house-coat that
looks like a bouquet of garden
flowers only as if they were
made of beaten-up white
egg - it's so fluffy & fragile.
Shall I allure you in that,
my duck? I also got some
very snappy red pants - &
shirt to match. I trust
you're not going to believe
to the kind of place where
they'll run me out of town
for wearing pants. They'll be
fine for climbing those want-
airs you mentioned. Did you
say you disliked shorts? I
couldn't remember, so didn't
get any. Are you thinking of
a cold, warm or medicinal
honey-moon? Or not thinking?
Sister has given me a

Saturday -

{9 July 38}

Well, sweetheart, you certainly let yourself go, didn't you? The effect was pretty overwhelming, and I haven't even begun to reach the stage where I can answer you. I'll try to be narrow, but I'm spending the week-end with Rika and that is simply not the sort of letter to be easily answered with someone interrupting at intervals. I am sitting now in the Russian Tea Room with Rika smoking beside

everything, will be
all right. I think,
given time, I can
make you understand
why I have been so, I
have — which doesn't
mean that it is necessar-
ily right — certainly not
wise. I realize all that
you have been and
done — truly I do.
Sometime you will
realize that I have
done more than you
now believe. Anyhow,
I love you, and that's
all for now. Oh, one
thing more — most of
what you say + ob-

me, and scratching
this off so you'll get
it Monday. I don't
want to deal at all
with what you said —
it should be done too
carefully. Yes, dear, you
are right — and wrong,
too, I think, and so,
I expect, am I. I can
later explain some of
what I feel, + how felt
— to you. What I have
been dead wrong in
expecting too much of
you. Have mind, sweet-
heart, or I'll do better —
truly I will, and

visually feel ~~the~~ arises
from your thoroughly
masculine point of view
← + you ^{question} the
feminine one ← and that's
all right, you see, and
as it should be. I like
you to be masculine and
that kind of resentment
doesn't trouble me as
another would. Though
it does make me very
unhappy. I trust this
is not just nonsense to
you - I'll go into it
later. But don't worry,
my sweet - I'll be what
you want + if what you
really want is that person
rather different from myself
that you men to want,
they'll be that person.
Love, darling, - lots - C.

Thursday -
(5 July 38)

My poor darling -

So you felt like an unjustly kicked lamb - O dear, O dear, I'm so terribly sorry. Your injured innocence - together with your affectionate, if slightly exasperated, petitions were really very sweet. I felt soothed.

But before I go any further with that, there is the matter of the birthday letter. How sweet of you, darling, to remember, and to take the trouble to write in your hurried moments of return. It wasn't a very happy day, but I suppose it was

in my
at
22
+ dear
practical measure - no doubt
of value
First

us to drinks on the terrace
of the 5th Av. Longchamps.
So you see I was beam-
ingly fêted - especially
since hundred took me
to lunch at the Algouin
- very swell.

When I came home,
late that night, I got out
a letter Dad had read written
me on my birthday years
ago - just after I was
married. How I ever
showed it to you? It
is, like others he has
written me, classic in a
way, as a letter from
a father to his daughter,
and so absolutely like
him that it brought
him back to me, real
and living - near me in

hardly possible that it
should be - I was bound
to be homesick and sad.
But there were lovely
things, too - particularly
the dinner party Hugh &
Sister took me on - into
Rika as the fourth. We
went to the Weylin Bar
for cocktails, then to the
Tavern on the Green in
Central Park for dinner.
That was really perfect.
For the night was wonder-
ful - not one scrap hot, and
pleasantly with a moon. The
food was excellent and
the company you know.
Then we drove around
the park for a while,
and finally Rika treated

the room as I read. Some things he has said, as some things in his spirit are timeless and eternal, aren't they?

And then, my precious, do you know what I did? I got out the letter you wrote me for my birthday a year ago. I don't suppose you ever remember it, but sweet-heart, it was so beautiful. I forgot all the things that hurt me or annoyed me, for then you were the boy I fell in love with in the pages of your letters - so sweet, so tender, so dear - the rare and precious spirit that my father had recog-

nized. And in the warm
glow of your words my
~~first~~ heart rested again
and was at peace. Very
likely you don't feel quite
like that just now, but
it doesn't matter, terribly
— you have, and you will
again — the capacity for it
is there. I remember so
well how that letter illum-
ined the day for me last
year. How eagerly I
read it when it came,
how joyfully I reread it
when I was alone again
in my room for the night.
So you see you too
wrote me a birthday
letter that had such
warmth and life in it
that the passage of time

As for presents — I didn't expect you'd get to it — poor Lamb, such an ordeal! I hope after a while you'll get so that you like it, when you realize how I love to hear about the things that you have given me, how they give color and glamor to dull + prosaic spots — of which after all most lives must be chiefly composed. What are the utilitarian things that you didn't dare get me? An egg-beater? A carpet-sweeper? A bottle of ink? I can't imagine. But if you want to know what I really want — a cigarette case, my old one which I

affects it not at all, but it keeps its power to make life sweet and meaningful for me. There is something beautiful and rich in your heart to give when you let it flow freely, when you need of self-surrender overpowers your fear of it, when the will to love and to give is stronger than the will to resist — when, in other words, the real you steps out, free of armor, free of pride. Yes, my darling, this is true. Perhaps sometime I'll let you read it, so that you may know how dear my love is.

loved was lost in the
accident. And I do hate
leaving out a squashed
pack etc. including bit
of tobacco in it's so un-
feminine. Get me one as
flat as is consistent with
keeping the cigarettes in
good condition. It should
hold about 10 or 12 & is
color anything but black,
white or navy blue. Don't
pay much, & get me one
that opens by some other
method than prying with
a finger nail!

There, my sweet, there's
no time for the justice
or injustice of my annoy-
ance. I'll go into that
later! I didn't really
want to singe your hair
— haven't you heard of
hyperbole? Have you heard

Tuesday -

(5 July 38)

Darling -

It's quite a while since I wrote to you, isn't it? Never mind - it's just as well - if I'd done it any sooner what I said would have singed your hair - I thought I'd better wait a bit. I'm still pretty indignant, and I hope you'll chalk it up to my credit that I don't go into the reasons. But this is not one of the times when I am most fond of you, so I don't feel the words

in time - though it's
true you give me no clue
to when you left here.
Perhaps you were too
occupied with other things
to even bother to ask for
them.

How I have to run
or I shall be late get-
ting in town for dinner.
Ritna spent the week-
end with me + we had
a lovely, companion-
able time. I thought
of you often, leaving as
idea when you were,
and wondering if you
were getting some fun
out of the holiday-

flowing easily from my
pen. The things I can't
say come between us
for now - and I can't
think of anything else
to talk about.

Did you ever get the
letters I sent to Safa-
yette? You made no
reference to them - but
then are so many things
you made no reference
to that I just don't
know whether that means
you never got them. I
was careful to mail
them in accordance
with your instructions
as to date, etc. They
should have arrived

- it was very quiet
here - hope it was
for you.

Much love, darling -

C.

(Encl. in 5 July 38)
V3 draft?

My dear,

The afternoon mail has come and there was nothing in it from you. You may realize that since a week ago Wednesday you have written me one note and that largely devoted to calling me down for something or other, I know not what. Now exactly why you are behaving this way I'm sure I can't say, ~~but~~ I have waited since Wednesday for some word from you that might clear the situation, but I determined this morning that unless I heard from you by this afternoon I should write you without knowing your mind.

I have written you several letters which for one reason or another, without intention on my part, have 'hurt' you. There is ~~the same absence of intention in this one.~~ You have usually answered them freely and candidly, with what aim I don't

know, for you must have realized that
such an answer serves only to distress
me and make me beg your forgiveness,
guiltless as I may be of intention to hurt
you - I am not of the type that invents
and encourages controversy - I am
more willing to concede your your
point without argument than to beat
you in a long drawn out controversy.
I don't like the state of being at odds, I wear
it despite it, cautiously at best, and I have
likewise been only too loathly said or done
those things which you felt it necessary
to denigrate it. But I declare, my dear,
that I don't relish the prospect of
having to do so repeatedly at ever more
frequent intervals. But if you are going to
insist on flying off the handle ever six weeks
or two months because of some letter
in the absence of some other from me I
don't see how this sort of thing is to be

assisted. God knows your letters vary
in tone & content, but of a given letter
seems off key I let it pass and wait for
the next. And I can't see how you can
expect me to do better than you do, or
even as well.

~~I shouldn't to say that so far and~~
~~as concerned~~ ^{Perhaps} there is ^a question here
of how much I love you or you love me.
~~Perhaps there isn't.~~ But I don't think so
I haven't doubted your deep love for me -
I have too much to go by. But I would
like to know how to fit into our future
your love for me and your periodic
explosions against me. Yes, you are complex,
overthought, this & that, and I am sorry,
but I can't believe that that's all there
is to it, ~~for you~~. It appeals to me that
there's some thing you want that you
don't get, and when you don't get it
you're going to let me know by nothing

me with words. But on the other hand
that's immeasurably less far from reality
for you. Now, I don't know what it
all means. But I don't like it, and,
possibly, I'm beginning to dread it.

I want to drop one remark of
Donald's that may help you to see
me a little differently. Shortly
after I was married Donald wrote
me that Elizabeth seemed non-
committal and inclined to let me
be as I was and to let me respond as
I wanted. He said that he hoped that
was so, for he felt sure that even if
not I would be unhappy, that he
believed that the reason I was always
so happy with his family was that
put no demands upon me at all, that
I was allowed to be myself as I was
nowhere else. Now I don't mention
this in support of a plea that I be allowed

To be an anarchist even in private
life, but to suggest that you
trust more to my intelligence and
my natural affection than it seems
to me you do. I'm not unaware that
there have to be compromises all
along the line, but I do know that if
I am allowed to feel that I am
cooperating voluntarily rather than
under pressure, I'm much more
likely to cooperate.

Wednesday -

Sweetheart -

(30 June 30)

Here I am on
another train, going in the
opposite direction, + in no
time at all I shall be
back in N. Y. - so ^{then}
I shall be able to get my
mail, + word from you.
I have thought constant-
ly of you, wondered how
the journey was going, what
luck you had at Michigan
State, whether you are
safe thus far - not to all
that. The weather here -
abouts has been simply
awful - drenching rains
almost steadily with an

books, which I never have
before because Bass al-
ways wanted me to do
things, + as a result feel
better to-day than ever
before after a book out.
It was all very peaceful
+ restful + pleasant. May-
be you should worry
Mollie.

I didn't tell you of the
crisis at the beginning
of my little expedition,
did I? I was due to
leave the 10 o'clock train
N. Y. with a dentist
appointment at the other
end for as soon as I got
off the train. So I set
my alarm for 7 to be
sure I had plenty of
time for dressing, packing,

occasional sleet, but always
to a drizzle but always
wet - awful driving
weather - for three days
on end. It has worried
me on your account.

I had a lovely time
with Mollie - she's so
sweet + so gentle - just
the person to be with
when you feel lousy - +
I did feel lousy yester-
day afternoon + evening,
what with this + that.
But she really made it
a treat. I had dinner -
we had dinners - on
trays by an open fire,
+ just lounged + talked
+ chatted all the evening.
I really was able to do
all the things the doctor
told me to do about my

straightening the house,
etc. I never opened my
eyes or heard a sound
till 9! Can you imagine
the feeling? And I made
the train! Can you imag-
ine that? No breakfast,
the house in a complete
mess, myself not too
well groomed, but by
gosh, I got it. I felt
quite elated, even though
empty.

I hope this is not wholly
illegible - these big trains
feel so comfortable that you
don't realize how much
they really toss about until
you start writing or - as I
did a few minutes ago, - try
to get a drink of water - the
combination of the train
with a collapsible (very) paper

Monday -
(27 June 34)
Wednesday -

How I am
thriving again only a few
hours after my last, but
it seems a good chance
as to taking it. I'm
afraid that if I wait
till to-morrow I'll not
get on off till too late
to reach you. And to-day
I go straight from the
train (on which I now
am) to Dr. Warner +
Mollie Carter needs me
here for dinner + what-
not in town. To-morrow
morning there is Dr. Warner
again, then Sister + Joan
meet me - on purpose to

at
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be crowded and I'm
afraid a lot of people
down. Oh darling, please
be terribly careful, and
please, please drive slow-
ly. Never mind if it length-
ens the time of the jour-
ney - that's so much
better than never return-
ing at all - or returning
in pieces. Do remember
how terribly much it
matters to me. I shouldn't
be able to relax until I've
heard that you're safely
back in Rochester. Oh
dear, what a week I shall
have!

Rika + I put in a
big day on Saturday.
She offered to spend the
week-end with us which
was swell, for when I
have to sit around by

Keep me amused till I
have my tooth out - wasn't
it sweet of Sister? Then
the tooth out, + when I've
recovered from that we're
going to get some lunch.
By the time all that's over
it will be the second
half of the afternoon and
I feel doubtful about a
letter written then -
that is, doubtful whether
it would ever reach
Safayette by Thurs. morn-
ing. So I guess I'd
better send my next to
Rochester.

I'm a good deal
worried by the fact
that you'll be driving
over the week-end of
the 4th - the roads will

myself I get all in a
state again. So we met
for lunch which we had
at Theresia Worthington
Grant's - have you ever
been there? It's on Park
Ave., but the prices are
5^{to} 7^{to} Ave. - that is, highish
but not exorbitant. I
had soup, lobster salad,
dessert, coffee + all the
oddments for \$5.4 - all
perfectly delicious - the
potato chips, for instance,
were obviously made on the
spot + delectable. We
sat in the garden under
a large umbrella, and
sipped Daiquiris out of
glasses filled with crushed
ice - it was all very
cooling + pleasant. Thus

we went to the Lucia
Hall to see "Holiday",
which was really very
good. I wish you might
have seen it instead of
Geo. Arlio, the sap! Both
the play & the perform-
ance were excellent &
with some very enter-
taining moments. Then
we blew ourselves to a
long drink in the Rock-
efeller Plaza Cafe - man-
aged to get a perfect
table where our heads
weren't blown off our
shoulders, but the cool
breeze played over us &
the sound of the splash-
ing fountains was in
our ears. Eating - or
drinking - out-of-doors is

Japanese bill - both pictures
was that we'd definitely
wanted to see - "Yellow
Tails" + "The Divorcee"
Lady X" - an English
Alexandra Korda picture
with Lawrence Olivier in
it, for whom Rika + I
both have an immense
admiration. They were
both well - each in
its own way - pretty
good average, is it it - 3
really good movies in
one day, + 2 of them
Hollywood. I had never
known any of the details
of the Yellow Tails experi-
ment before, + thought
the movie suffered a little
artistically from having

such [unclear], is it it? I
had enough money to live
in a penthouse on the
river + eat always in
places like those I could
be very comfortable in. If
in the summer. What with
the air-cooled theatres,
+ the air-cooled theatres,
we were not - comfort-
able at all until we got
back to my apartment
late that night.

Well, we presently went
on to get ourselves some
dinner - in a cheaper
place! And then to
another movie theatre
(wouldn't you have had
a fit at such a day?)
where there was a double

facts origin in fact, still there
was plenty of drama in
the facts + it's all im-
portant enough, in medical
history - + historic as history,
so that you like to have
it made, in a sense, part of
your own experience. The
English picture was just
altogether charming + de-
lightful comedy - just
the right thing after the
tensions of the other. So
then we went home,
drank Tom Collinses +
talked - + finally to bed.
Yesterday we didn't do
one thing all day - didn't
even get dressed till
5 o'clock!
This letter is on the dull
side. I know - sorry,
but I'm on the dull side
today - can't see

Sunday -

(27 Jan 58)

Darling Angel -

Such a

relief + a joy as it was
to get your special! I
was in a frenzy, what
with this + what with
that - but felt a very
great deal better when
your letter came. I hope
they'll not forward to
you the letter I wrote
to you earlier in the
day when my pain
had reached the boiling
point! Sorry - but you'll
have to allow me my
nerves once in a while!
What do you mean by
"providing the deers will

with thanks!

I'm a good deal dis-
turbed that you had to
take your trip alone - both
because I worry more
about you when you're
alone, + because it must
be pretty dismal. I remem-
ber very well that drive
across Ontario - very
monotonous as it is, too.
I hope to goodness you'll
feel the results of all
the time + trouble one
wants it. Don't try too hard
for Oberlin - I don't
think you could stand
it - too hotly among
other things. All the
same, I wish you luck
all along the line -
and I'm sure it's a wise
thing to do, though trying

permit my worrying"?
Have you any reason to
think it will not? You
lawyer must know. I
suppose it's just one of
your notions - but of
course it means that I
am still in some sus-
pense. So laid out as
quickly as you can, my
pat - there are a great
many things I've got to
get done (don't worry -
they wait involve you) +
the sooner I can get at
them, the less I'll be
pained. Yes, it was a
mean trial to make
you pay for a copy of the
decrees - never mind,
it's worth it!

Thanks for the proposal
→ I am honored, + accept

+ probably dull.
How grateful Donald
should be to you - you have
surely been a good friend
about his horse business
→ + at considerable cost to
yourself. It makes me
proud of you, my precious.
I do wish, though, that
you needn't have had
that added to all the
many other things. I
wish you could just do
nothing till August. You
will let me know of
your movements as
promptly as you can?

I'm off to Boston to-
morrow - back on Wed.
Then I go to Kila's on
Sat. for the week-end,
after that nothing, so far
as I now plan.
I wish I were in Detroit
with you instead of here by
myself. Dearest love, etc.

I had been approved of your action.

Thursday -

(23 June 38)

My darling -

Just a note
to thank you for your
note, found here when
I arrived, and received
with endless gratitude.
Thank you for wishing
you were here - so,
dear heart, do I. It is
hard to be alone. Sister
has gone off to Boston
& joins the work for 5
weeks or so. I am
annoyed by the time it
seems so false to get
my nerves straightened
out. They seem beyond

The suspense really quite agonizing. I open each letter in a panic & then don't know whether to feel frightened that you've not let me know or not. I'm inclined to feel frightened by everything at the moment!

I am going to Boston on Monday for the dentist & shall be back either Wed. or Thurs. I am staying with Hollis Chubb in Cambridge & or with the Rowals in Scituate. I expect the former, but don't know. I think it's foolish to try to reach me by mail at either one, unless for some

The control of my mind ^{is} not in their ^{own} manifestations, thank God, but in their inner. My heart speeds up till it nearly chokes me at the tiniest stimulus - emotional or physical. Etc., etc. - I will not burden you with the description of my symptoms, fascinating as they are! But oh dear, I wish you were here - not that I would talk about it, but just that I might feel the security of your presence.

Darling, have you heard from the divorce? I had counted on hearing from you about it by now - and am finding

'special reason. The Orben
address is 21 Craigie -
the Rowan one I haven't
yet, but will send it
when I know whether it's
going to - it. I may even
come back on Tues.

I have to have a look at
that day which I dread
inordinately - not the
pain, about which I am
perfectly philosophical,
but that horrible moment
when I struggle taking
the anaesthetic. Aren't
you ashamed of me?

I must stop now &
get myself some food
before the shop closes.

I love you, sweetest,
if you hear
about the divorce
in time to send me
word before I go, please
do - by wire, if
necessary. I
shall leave here
about 9 Mon.
a.m. - after the
a.m. mail.

MRS. GLENN D. GILLETT
9 SUMMIT PLACE
BELLE HAVEN
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

(21 June 38)

Tuesday -

Sweet Angel -

I was very glad to get your letter this morning though disturbed to learn that they'd kept you so long in the hospital. I thought when I opened it that it might have news of the divorce and was in a state of terrible suspense! I learned how wobbly my nerves still are, for when I'd read it I was trembling all over just from that little bit of

nervous tension!

No, I guess I didn't tell you who Tommy is - over-estimated your capacity for putting two + two together! What did they give you a \$ B K for, any how? She is my hostess - Mrs. Gillett - was a classmate + dear friend in college. She's one of the sweetest people I know. She's not, perhaps, what one would call interesting, though she's very intelligent (a mathematician, incidentally) - but in character she's one of the kind that really merit the description

MRS. GLENN D. GILLET
9 SUMMIT PLACE
BELLE HAVEN
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

"salt of the earth". She is
genuinely good — completely
unselfish, gentle, tolerant,
considerate, generous — most
of the virtues on hers, in fact.
She is really the perfect wife
& mother and is one of the
most truly "successful"
people I know for she has
dealt so beautifully with life
as it has been presented to
her. She is one of the few
people I know who is quite
literally incapable of ever
doing an unkind or inconsiderate
act. So that's Tommy!

I can see the reasonableness of
your plans for the middle west,
though I am distressed that
you must do all that
juggling about. You will let
me know constantly that you
are all right, wait you? I shall
be frightened. You will please
to come to N. Y. sometime in
July - if only to run down
over one night from Danbury?
We'll have to do a little
balancing over of plans.

I must stop now in order
to get this in the afternoon
mail - otherwise heaven
knows when you'll get it.
My dearest love to you.
Sweetheart - C.

Sunday -

Sweetheart, (20 June 38)

How good to
find your letter here to-day
- & to know that you
were getting along all
right. The tone of your
letter troubled me a
little - I don't think
you were feeling too good
in your mind, however
you were feeling in your
body. Have you heard
anything of from the di-
vorce? I hope so - that
is, I hope you've heard
good news. You still
don't answer questions
about when you're going
where. I'm going back
to N. Y. on Wed., so

us, with a broken ankle
(not a bad break) the worst
injury — and I was the
person not really hurt
at all. I'm badly bruised
and strained here & there
but nothing else except
that my nerves are in
bits. I never really knew
what nightmares were
before — I finally kept
myself awake because
what I met as soon as
I went to sleep was too
horrible to be borne.
Darling, will you write
me at least a p.c. every
day while you're on the
way to Indiana? The
whole idea of automobiles
now fills me with abject
terror. I wanted you
terribly last night — to
put you arms around
me and make me feel

don't write here any
more.

Well, after all, I've been
nearer death than you
this week — only a mile
is as good as a mile, &
I missed completely.
Our trip ended in a
bad smash in which
our lives were saved
mainly, I think, by the
fact that the car was
so massive that it
couldn't be smashed
in — we ended down
an embankment with
the car on our side.
The people who got us
out of the car said they
didn't know why we
were any of us alive,
but we were — all 3 of

safe again. I think if
you had been there to hold
on to I might not have
sunk into that horrible
black pit with the first
moment of unconscious-
ness.

I must go to bed now,
for I'm pretty thoroughly
done in, and I've got
to get some sleep to-
night.

I thought of you as we
plunged off the road - is
what I really thought
was probably my last
moment.

But oh, darling, you
will be terribly, terribly
careful. wait for me and
please, please keep the
speed way down.

All my love -
C.

Friday -

(18 June 58)

My beloved -

I am a different person to-night, for this morning your letter came, and now I know that all goes well. What distresses me is that you seemed to have got so little from me - only one letter. I wrote you letters on Sun., Mon., + Tues. Wed. I sent you a couple of p.c.s, and last night I sat up till 1:30 writing you a volume which had gone off just before I got yours this morning. Next to S.D. so's to be sure you got it promptly! But you see I didn't know

was short, to-night will
be shorter. We're starting
at dawn to drive Lanes
(Tommy's your guest) to his
camp - south of Charlotte.
ville, doing a bit of
sightseeing on the way
back + spending the
night at Williamsburg.
→ I'm terribly tired.

To-day we want to
see the new cathedral
- about 1/3 done, then
to Rock Creek Park, then
Rock Creek Cemetery to
hunt down the Adams
monument, which is one
the finest things any
American sculptor has
done, and finally spent
about half the afternoon

you were leaving the
hospital to-day, so that's
where it went. I hope
you'll get it eventually!
I also sent you some
flowers - did they ever
arrive? They were planned
to get there the first
thing Wednesday morning,
but evidently didn't.

Thanks for the news of
the divorce - I am hold-
ing my breath + have
my fingers tightly
crossed! When are you
off for Indiana? When
Doris, when that? I ex-
pect to have been in
23rd - may possibly go
the 22nd.

To-night I cannot
stop for much - last night

in the Concoran, which is
about 75% second rate
but when she's good,
she's very, very good! Do
you know the incom-
parable little Chardis
there? I wished for you
that I might float with
you. But I have so often
this week! There was
this morning, for instance,
such a lovely, lovely
garden - "the Bishop's
garden" outside the
cathedral - very English,
with some very fine box
- masses of it, a delight-
ful plan, and some bits
of what must have been
early Norman architecture
incorporated here & there.
My dearest, dearest love,
my darling - C.

Thursday -
(17 June 38)

My own darling Lamb,

It is late at night after everyone is in bed - the just time to-day I've had a chance to write to you. I feel very distressed about this letter business, for I wanted very much to send you a letter every day with sufficient regularity so that you would get one every day. You see, the difficulty is that to anyone - at least to any woman - a daily letter from me to some man could mean only one thing - and for me to get up & leave a social gathering

strictly between you & me, I think less chief) than mine. So the maid did the house & I turned to & helped in the kitchen. That was the morning - then there was the lunch, which I course went on, socially speaking, till late afternoon. Then we all went into Washington, picked up the men & went to a Swedish restaurant for dinner, where we gorged on hors d'oeuvres for hours & then drove all over the central part of the city, so as to see it by night. It was bedtime by the time we got back. And while there were plenty of

in order to write a letter, would make the whole thing very conspicuous - so I sort of sneak my communications to you into odd moments, which means necessarily irregular ones. To-day, for instance, has been like this - Tommy was having two other girls (sic) for lunch to meet me. Well, this is a household with four children and to get a party luncheon ready in addition to all the other things that must always be done was too much for Tommy and his one maid - especially since her idea of a party luncheon is considerably more elaborate (and

times during the day when
I might have excused
myself to write to a rich
friend - there was none
when I could have done it
without practically announ-
cing that that's what
you are! You can't leave
secrets here - at least not
episodary ones, for when
I started to go out & mail
a letter to you Tommy said
not to bother for it would
go at the same time if
I left it here at the house
for the postman to take. So
there was no pretending
I was writing to a dif-
ferent person every
time! Besides, Tommy
was with me when I
ordered the flowers & so

I couldn't say I was
writing to a rich friend
& leave her to imagine
the friend was female! So
that's the tale of the letters.
I feel terribly, for I wanted
you to leave them reg-
ularly & to leave them long.
I have written every day,
but scrappily & irregular-
ly - 2 post cards was as
far as I could get yester-
day while I waited for
Tommy to buy shoes for her
yourself. We were in
Washington right seeing
all the morning, movie in
the afternoon, tea at
Tommy's mother's, guests
here for dinner in the
evening.

I have thought about
you incessantly. You dear

you said you'd write
yesterday morning. I am
beginning to believe that this
is just the mails - & not
that something has gone
wrong. I look forward
to to-morrow with hope
& dread both. I shall
be so relieved if I hear
from you, so terrified
if I don't. I wonder all
the time how you feel too.
I wish I had you here
-& you'd be well in no
time just because it's so
lovely - there is something
in the very air that is
gentle & soothing & heal-
ing.

How much did you see
of Washington. It is a
beautiful city, isn't it?
I longed for you to-night

letter came yesterday and
I practically kept over it
-& I was so terribly
frenzied that you should
write to me at the last
minute like that. I don't
know how you did it - I
should have been in an
utter pain by that time &
all my energies would
have gone to concealing
that fact. Had I been in
your place I don't know
how I'd have managed.
Well, I'd never have been
in your place for I'd never
have gone through a thing
like that of my own
self. That's what still
mashes my heart ache
so - that you are alone.
Then I am worried -
there has been no word
from you to-day, though

For there were some quite
breaks. taking bits. I have
come to the conclusion that
all told, what stands
up best (this is not meant
to be funny) is the Wash-
ington monument - by
day and especially by
night when under the
extremely skillful light-
ing its purity of form
& outline, its fine propor-
tions are silhouetted clear
against the dark sky,
then reflected full
length in the untroubled
surface of the pool at
its feet. It is enhanced
by the contrast of its
austere & vigorous planes
with the soft and vague

forms of the beautiful
trees which frame it
as well as leaving to
soaring lines emphasized
by their low and spread-
ing masses.

The Lincoln Memorial
let me down a little -
the lighting is theatrical,
I think - focused on
the statue (which I can-
not bear) whereas they
should be so placed as
to get the rhythms of the
architecture which
would make a good foil
for the Washington one,
depending as it is does, not
on rhythm, but on pure
form + line. The 3 build-
ings - the Capital being the
3d, of course, on that

problem, yet they are absolutely positive + not one about humble in their opinions on aesthetic matters, though? They know not one about more about than than I do about the engineering. I suppose what really is so exasperating to me is their confident - + arrogant - belief that there is nothing to know. One man remarked that the Lincoln Memorial was a copy of the Parthenon. I couldn't take that, so I explained a few simple reasons why it wasn't (just facts, not aesthetics) + then, lest I seem to fail in appreciation, said the architect had too much artistic integrity, and

art should all be treated architecturally, so far as the lighting is concerned. It bothered me - like one instrument of day! Another thing that bothered me, though I know better than to voice my feeling, was the sort of comment made by some of the others. It always annoys me slightly to hear people voicing dogmatic opinions on the arts when they know nothing about them. The men were all engineers - experts in their field of national reputation. They would think me an awful fool if I were to express an opinion on some engineering

too genuine gifts of his own
to copy a previous building.
Whereupon he said if the
Parthenon was a perfect
building, why wasn't the
best thing an architect
could do to copy it. Oh,
my God! That's why I
could never love an engi-
neer! It isn't what they
don't know, it's what
they don't want to know
— what they don't ever
acknowledge the existence
of. They deliberately ex-
clude whole areas of intel-
lectual + emotional ex-
periences by the simple
expedient of saying that
it isn't true! Thank God
for you — my angel, my
sweet, my appreciative
+ sensitive darling — I
love you terribly — C.

could get a job here! We
went to Mount Vernon
this morning - Have you
ever been? I don't know
when I've more enjoyed
seeing something - a
perfect combination of
man-made + natural
beauty. The house is far
more beautiful than any
photograph had ever
made me realize, the
whole place a sort of
monument to a spacious,
leisurely, dignified way
of life, that fills one with
longing to have lived
in such gracious days.
As you approach the house
you see it across such
a splendid stretch of
lawn as I've never seen
outside of England - framed

9) you were only in a
private room & I'd tele-
phone, but in a word I
suppose it's not pos-
sible. I had some
flowers wired to you
to-day - it's always
somewhat uncertain
since you can't pick
them, but there was no
other way. The message
that should go with them
I could not send in any
such public fashion, so
I put nothing in but my
name, knowing that you
would understand all the
unspoken words, knowing
that you need not be told
my heart went with them.
I have wanted you
so often to-day. Virginia
is so heavenly beautiful
- oh dear, I wish you

by glorious trees with
the low, broad lines of
the white house closing
the circle at the end of
the vista. From the other
side from under the
columned portico you
look out across another
vast lawn, between the
trees to the sharp drop
down through a grove
to the river, which from
the top is visible for miles.
I sit to a beautiful river?
Oh, to live on that hill top
in that noble house, with
the splendid spacious
stretching of that serene
stream forever before my
eyes! I should like to live
there with you, my love.
Shouldn't you arrange to be
Pease Washington?
Let's spend our honey-

Sunday -

(15 June 58)

My precious angel -

How
dear of you to send me
the S.O. to-day - it
was the bright spot
in a dull and tedious
day - I have washed
and ironed practically
all day and am weary
in body + spirit. Why
have we this notion
about the importance
of cleanliness?

Well, my darling,
this should be at the
hospital when you get
there - it is so intend-
ed, at least. I wish it
were I, my little lamb.

you for that. I shall be
in an agony of suspense
till I've heard from you,
though I suppose the
chances of anything's
going seriously wrong
are practically non-
existent. So - sweet
heart, I bias you most
tenderly, and take you
close in my arms.

How did you like
"Voltaire"? Oh dear, you
go to the movies so
rarely; it's too bad w't
to see good ones. Weren't
you surprised? Or weren't
you? Did you see "Piche-
lien" or the "House of
Rothschild" or any of
the others like them?

Of course I shall be
awake Tuesday morning
- I've no intention of
wt at least leaving
you that usual comp-
any. I shall think of
you every second, my
sweet, and my heart
will be with you. I
passionately hope that
it may all be as easy
as possible for you. I'm
sure it's a wise thing
to do - and should
make things better for
you once it's over. That
will help to sustain
you. I do think you're
w'ghtfully courageous
about it, and you've no
idea how much I admire

expect you had believed
as I had that those
various individuals were
a bunch of cynics and
reprobates — and imagine
their all turning out to
be a lot of dear, benev-
olent old gentlemen,
romantically inclined,
deeply patriotic, willing
always to immolate
themselves — and all
strikingly like Mr. George
Arless. Finding Voltaire's
acid all turned to sugar
symp is simply too much.
My God, he'll do mischief.
He's next — in the same way.
Were you really going
to ask me to go to Indi-
ana?

Bless you, my dear and
my darling — get well soon!

Dear Mr. C. -
I have the
side of my
to love,
my sweet son.

Dear Mr. C. -
I have the
side of my
to love,
my sweet son.

Dear Mr. C. -
I have the
side of my
to love,
my sweet son.

Monday -
(13 June 58)

My sweet lamb -

How are
you feeling now? Any
better yet? It seems
funny to be saying that
when, as a matter of fact,
nothing has happened to
you yet - but it will
have before this reaches
you. Only another day till
I can say to myself that
it's all over!

Well, I'm on the train
for Washington - it's a
horrible train. I'm sure
the hospital bed is more
comfortable! They don't
have so luxe coaches or

word of this. That's what
it's like inside - outside
it is lovely - all the
growing things are lush
and deeply green, except
for the meadows which
are sometimes olive green,
sometimes even chestnut.
The countryside rolls the
least bit, the farmhouses
are big and white, the
barns bigger still - all
sprawled out under the
trees with an air of comfort
and prosperity which
probably has nothing to
do with the tent. We've
been going through a
patch of woods - lots
of oaks - tall thin ones -
and very little under.

the Pennsylvania, and
oh dear, how hard these
roads get! I guess I'm
spoiled by the N.Y. N.H.
- or else I'm just too
much of a suburban. Res
I inadvertently established
myself in a smoking car.
I don't know how one
is supposed to know -
there was no sign, no
leather upholstery. And
all the men are smoking
5 of cigars. I think per-
haps taking gas is
pleasanter than I thought.
The train is packed, so
I've got to stay where
I am. Also it's going
terribly fast and so is
very jiggly and I don't
suppose you can read a

growth. It reminded me
of European forests, though
it's not so beautiful. Some
time you and I will walk
through the Black Forest,
or the forest of Ardennes,
or Fontainebleau - yes?
How we've left the woods
and the country opens
out into meadows again
with little islands of trees
and finally water - a
broad flat sheet of
bluish gray with remote
baubles of trees as far
down. Is it the Saaguen-
hama? It looks like an
estuary.

Well, my precious, I
miss you tenderly - I wish
it were really. I want to
put my hand on your fore-
head. I want to be with
you. Let me know, dearest.

Friday -

(10 June 58)

My darling -

It is not that I really over-rate the importance of the operation - that is, I know, for instance, that what you are going to have to go through is very little compared to what I have had to - Bob is actually suffering and in "shock". It will take her a year to recover wholly and of course I am sensible enough to see the difference. But it is you and you are dearer to me than she. Besides,

summer plans, but it is a little complicated, you know. I am not egotist enough to expect people to let me come and go as I choose, on short notice. Of course I'd prefer to live like that - I suppose anyone would, but I'd be disgustingly selfish if I tried to. It's all right for people in the upper circles, with well-staffed households, containing a number of guest-rooms. But my friends simply can't live that way, and I am not going to treat them inconsiderately. I suppose this is the sort of thing that women are

averse though you do say it's "trivial", it's an ordeal, and it hurts me that you should go through it alone. I don't want you to. I remember how upset Dad was once when I went alone to leave a book out - not because he thought it any more important than it was, but because his protective, paternal feeling for me made him want to help me through anything I had to undergo, trivial or not. Well, I feel the same way, that's all. And of course I worry somewhat.

I'm sorry I annoyed you about the matter of

more aware of their men,
anyhow — partly because
they have more social
sense, partly because
they've run houses them-
selves and have come
to realize how difficult
indefinite guests make it.
However, of course I recog-
nize a fact as a fact! If
you don't know, then
there's nothing to do. I
thought you would, just
because I did — one
day + even the time of
day. But I expect
it's all different in Reno!
Anyhow, sweetheart, you
will let me know any-
thing you hear, as soon
as you hear it, won't you?
Of course I know the

chances are all our way,
but I'm not going to be
sure + definite about
plans till it is settled.

As for that business of
"mechanics" — goodness,
anyone would think
this was going to be a
tremendous wedding,
anyone might also think
you were not able to
see the wood for the trees!
What do you mean by
"publicity"? It sounds
horrible. Why should
there be any? Do you
mean announcements?
I think it would be
silly to have any. The
whole thing should be as
quiet as possible. This is
not a wedding — it's just
that we are going to be
married. As for a ring
I'd like to have one
made from the gold of my

in a regular shop. It would be ours, not just what someone brought was a good-looking ring. But if there's anything about this idea you don't like — that's all right, too. I am not going to engineer this right over your head. I suppose the license there's no getting around, but there's nothing very difficult about it. You may have to show your divorce papers — I don't know.

Then "ceremonies" — why plural — I should think one would do nicely. We can go to the City Hall, if you want to. I'd rather not, because I think it's a little

father's & BK key. He wore it for nearly 50 years — we cannot do anything with it except to use the metal. It would have a great deal of significance for me + I think for you. I know of a jeweller who is very reasonable in price, but an artist in workmanship. If you approve of this idea, I can go to him + get designs to submit to you for approval. That is, when we're sure we're going to need it! I've worn the conventional ring now for 12 years, and I'd like to have one that had distinction + personal artistry instead. This would also cause you a minimum of trouble and cost you less than one bought

undignified - and certainly
without beauty. This
is a major asset in ^{life}
our lives, and I think
dignity + beauty should
attend it. I do not mean
by that - formality, nor
elaborateness. Mildred
has asked me to be
married there. I had
no intention of telling
her anything - but
she asked me point-
blank - I didn't like
to lie to her. I neither
accepted nor declined.
I think it might be
worth your consideration
- the place is beauti-
ful and quiet. It
could be out-of-doors
if the day were fine.

indoors if it were not.
There would be spacious-
ness and a good deal of
loveliness - flowers and
trees and sunlight on
the grass. But we could
be married at Sister's
if you'd rather. I'd just
as soon. The City Hall
bothers me a little - in
the midst of the hurly-
burly - being hustled
through so as to get
to the next couple. I
want to feel my father's
spirit - I feel so
sure that I am feel-
ing some of his trust
in me in doing this -
and so I want the
sense of quiet and space.
That we could have
either in quiet hush or at
Sister's, where that big
back room seems really

out. We'll happen upon
some spot that's right
— it would be silly to
tie ourselves to anything
to begin with. Don't think
about money — this is
going to be right. Dad
would want it to be that
way, and the money is
his. Think of it ~~that~~
way — he can ~~give~~ us
is other gift.

Besides, none of this
need be settled now.
I merely present these
ideas to you for consid-
eration, since you
brought up the subject.
I want it all to please
you — and if none of
this does, we'll discard
it.

For the present — I am

quite remote from the
hurmoil. I suppose you
want a T.P., don't you?
So far as I am con-
cerned I want no one
else but the Greif letters
& Rika. "Arrangement?"

Well, you can get me
some flowers to wear.
Are there any others?

Incidentally, I imagine
the license business
would be simpler &
quicker in great hotel
than in N.Y. And as

for itineraries — good-
ness, is this going to be
one of those chartered
honeymoons? Why make
any? Decide whether
you want to start
north or south and
then let it work itself

about to depart for Vi-
 quia - from Mon. morning
 the 13th till the 23rd. The
 address will be c/o Mrs.
 G. D. Gillett, 9 Summit
 Place, Belle Haven,
 Alexandria, Va. I'm
 sending this S.O. so
 you'll be sure not to
 send me letters here that
 I shan't get. And you
 will write me as soon
 as you are able, about
 the operation? You say
 it is "tentatively" Tues-
 day & that you go to
 the hospital Mon. I
 There's any change in
 that plan let me know.
 I shall start writing
 to the hospital Sunday.
 All my love, Dear Hank
 C.

Be sure to
 leave the
 hospital
 at me
 when you
 are going

Tuesday -

My dearest -

(77ms 38)

It was good to hear from you to-day - I knew you'd be driving a lot over the week-end and had it all on my mind. I'm so glad you did drive a lot, and see so many heavenly spots - and then be so sweet about sharing them with me. I was fascinated by the actual gas springs - I'd never seen or heard of such things. Oh dear, I wish I'd been along.

You will let me know promptly when you are

was thinking about it
this morning, and I struck
me for the first time as an
odd comment on humanity,
that the more gently bred,
the more mature, the more
civilized a man is, the
closer he is to the animal
in his desire to go off by
himself and suffer in a
decent privacy. Whereas
children and human be-
ings from simple back-
grounds actually prefer
the wards - they feel a
certain security when
surrounded by their
kind - and privacy is
frightening to them. But
you, my love, are not a
child, nor a peasant,
but a delicately sensitive

going to the hospital -
and what the address
is to be, and oh, darling,
you will let me know
the minute you're able, how
it went? I hate, hate,
hate leaving you go
through an ordeal all
these by yourself. Your
attitude about the private
room is what I expected
and though it adds to
my worries I think per-
haps I admire you more
for feeling that way than
I should have if you had
accepted. But still, it
does trouble me. Were
the operation the least bit
more serious, I should
beg and plead - as it is,
I'll just be unhappy. I

high-bred organism. Oh
dear, my precious. Shall you
be all right? I wish, I
wish I were there.

There's one other thing
you've asked that you've
not answered — when
does the divorce come
into court? Perhaps you
forgot to ask — if so,
dash out & call up your
lawyer — it would take
2 or 3 minutes — then 2
or 3 more for a p.c. to
me. He must know. I
don't want to be a mis-
sue, but darling, it
really is getting em-
barrassing for us. For
the last 6 weeks I have
answered every invita-
tion for the summer with

"I don't know" + when I
am asked how soon I
shall know, I can only
repeat "I don't know".
I'm beginning to feel pretty
awkward about it. So if
you will tell me the date
of the divorce proceedings, I
can at least say "I'll
let you know after the --
whatever it is". There are
other reasons, too, why I
need my summer plans
better organized, but they
are personal, so I'll let
them go - I can't con-
tinue indefinitely to inter-
venise my friends.

Sweetheart, what are
"the mechanics of it all"
that family you & I don't
understand - the term is
not clear. We do & see

anything to be terrified
by - except your ex-
pressed determination to
be difficult! I must admit
that was pretty funny - I've
dealt before with people de-
termined to leave their
own way, but never with
one who so carefully
warned me in advance!
You needn't get terrified
about it, though, for I'm
not going to prevent you
from being your own en-
gineer.

Incidentally, I've said
nothing to anyone but Sister
- nor shall I till the divorce
is or is it - except to Kiba,
who is partly of myself.

I sent flowers to Nellie
to-day - to the boat - I
wished I might put your
name in, too. Bless you,
my darling - C.

Saturday -
(5 June 58)

Sweetheart,

Bless you for
the note this morning
→ I had schooled my-
self to get through
the week - and on the
meager diet of the half
p.c. on Thurs. ! And,
though I can't say
that the diet is hearty
yet, I got more than
I expected ! Besides, I
thought it very sweet
of you to scratch off
something at that un-
godly hour. I hope the

Dad always did? No one
has since until last
Monday - and oh, my
precious, how it warmed
my heart. Besides, like
all good modern art
catalogues, it's a useful
and valuable document
for me to own.

Do you remember we
were going to a cocktail
party at Mrs. Bowles'
yesterday? She came
down with tonsillitis &
had to call it off, so
Sister took it over. Just
told them all to come
to her house instead,
added a few others &
had a very merry
party, with wonderful

trip to Thaca was
pleasant - and that you
made a good impression
on the "more important
people" you were going to
meet! I wish they'd hand
you a job.

The enclosed clipping
of thought might interest
you. We must go again
on a 25¢ day and really
see things. Even so, I
loved being there with
you that day. You can't
imagine how much I
was pleased - and
touched - by your going
right in and buying me
a catalogue. Did you
know it was something

things to eat - I'm sure
Mrs. B. would never leave
dome so well on the food!
Few people do, as a matter
of fact. We ^{some of us} ~~all~~ went on,
after the others had gone,
to the apartment where
two of the men lived,
& had beer & eggs. It
was an extraordinary
place - the janitor's apt.
in a big, swanky East
side apt. house - and
really very attractive -
& of course very cheap!

My sweet angel, I'm
in love with you all
over again & yes, and
it's such fun.

The Embrosse -

C.

Thursday -

(2) ans 38)

My love -

Thanks

and safety for the p.c. -
it was a relief to
know that you were
safely back and a
joy to warm my heart
with the affection even
the brief message
contained.

I wore the gardenias
again last night, and
tried to think that you
were still here, too.
It's the first time you
ever gave me flowers

Darling, when does the divorce come into court? And you will let me know right away as soon as you hear?

Then about the operation - will you write me a line just as soon as you are able to hold a pen? I shall be in a frightful state. Would you let me give you the difference between your hospitalization and a private room? I cannot bear to think of you not leaving me. I know it's not like Leon's operation, but somewhat what that is something that deprives a human

to wear, so they seemed very special indeed. It was so dear of you to think of it, and it did give me perfect touch to the evening. To-day they've taken out of their wrappings + put in a bowl - beginning to look a little sad, but still fragrant. That whole evening seems to me now dream-like, and glamorous. I am so glad you were here to share it with me - and that you did see Nellie, even if only for a second.

being of his dignity as
a human being when
he is forced to expose his
misery in public. It is
only decent that we
should leave privacy at
such a time - and it
makes us miserable to
think of you not having
it - or keep thinking of
your description of what
it was like - and of the
fact that you are then
forced to endure, not only
for yourself, but for the
others around you, whose
suffering is audible and
apparent to you. Please
let me save you that.
I wish to high heaven
you were going to be
here - oh dear, oh dear!
Bless you, my darling -
C.

Let me know
the hospital address?
What is your
name?

Wednesday -

My darling - (1 Jun 38)

I do love you
so much - yes, I do.
I love you for too much
to like seeing you going
off into the dark hole
of the Grand Central
tunnel, but still - this
time I don't feel that
you really leave, for so
much of you has
stayed here with us -
or is it that I leave you
with you? Anyhow, we
are in some sense not
really separated. And

continue indefinitely, we should get the full benefit from the advantages of this arrangement while it lasts. Imagine if you were an officer in the merchant marine and went off for months at a time - or half a year - and had only a few days at home between voyages! There are plenty of occupations in which we'd have less time together than we shall now. And we shall have a home to be in together - not very big, nor very luxurious, but at least ours, which makes us so much more

I feel that once more my life is beginning to grow roots. I do thank you so terribly much, my sweet angel.

Don't worry too much about the fact that we shall be forced to live so much apart for the present. Plenty of marriages go on that basis indefinitely and ^{we} are very happy. There is something lost, but for that loss there is some gain, and since we've no reason to feel it probable that the arrangement will

fortunate than people
 like Gene + Carl. Oh,
 you'll be surprised,
 my little duckling, to
 see how well it will
 all work out, and how
 glad I shall work to
 make you happy.

I miss you now terribly,
 and feel let down after
 last night, to which I
 had looked forward so
 much & so long that to
 have it behind instead
 of before sort of leaves
 me hanging! But I
 have to remember &
 the happy days with
 you and the experiences
 shared with you. The
 ordeal wasn't so awful,
 was it, sweetheart, &
 don't you find yourself feeling
 more free and more happy

I don't know how long it will take to get to you, but I'll be there as soon as I can.

Thursday

(26 May 38)

Darling -

I forgot to
say yesterday that
of course I'm
meeting you Sat,
night - 8:50 D.S.
If there's any
ship - look for
me at the Inf. boat.

a good week-end,
aren't we?

I'm on my way
to the "closing
exercises" of Joan's
school - such fun.

Hellie has in-
vited me to the
dress rehearsal of
the play by Monday.
I am so thrilled
- I've always

And of course you
have all the LL
numbers. I'm
really happy that
you're coming -
and so soon. We'll
go straight to
Sister's + then
you can get to
bed early. We
are going to have

wanted to see
one + never have,
Then I'll be able
to tell you all the
fine points on Tues!
Buckets of love -

C.

Wednesday -
 (25 May 38)

What a mood you
 were in on Monday! I simply
 crumpled. I trust it has
 passed. I don't know
 how much of it was because
 of the coming week-end, of
 which you spoke with the
 deepest pessimism, but, my
 pet, you really have no
 reason to look forward to
 it with such dread. The
 "ordeal" to which you refer
 is largely in your own
 imagination - just as is,
 and this is a significant
 fact, the situation which
 necessitates it. You exag-
 gerate so all emotional
 situations and impose

it is a horrible misanthropy

Task of you is that you set you will on that — for to know you'll set you will on something, and it is fair to neither of us that it should be on anything but the determination to deal rationally with the whole thing. So for now — and for then — just calm down, darling. At present you expect the worst — of me, of yourself, of the whole situation. That is not fair to either of us — good heavens, we both have character, intelligence & integrity, and I'm very much mistaken if those can't deal with our problem smoothly and successfully. I confidently expect that the

upon yourself so much unnecessary misery. Do you remember a year ago he states you were in about you mother & the effect on her of the news of your impending divorce? It was going to "destroy" her. Well, in the end — it made, compared to what you had expected, very little stir. Just don't lose sight, sweetheart, of the fact that you tend to overdramatize all such things. We are two intelligent human beings, and while our practical lives are often not within our control, our emotional lives are. We are both perfectly capable of a rational attack on any problem. The only thing

will be no "ordeal" —
and that we shall, a week
from now, both be feeling
the relief + relaxation of
spirit that we have
greatly needed for months
and which we can find
only when this present
situation has been cleared
up, one way or another.
Part of the reason you are
in this state is the strain
of the equivocal and
difficult situation between
you and me — it will
only go on getting worse
unless we deal with it.
You wouldn't be less
strained but more so, if
we postponed it. And
there is, besides, as you
know, a practical element
in the whole matter —

can't postpone any longer.
How stop being scared -
remember how many
difficult + knotty prob-
lems we have faced together
before, and how, on the
whole, we've managed
them pretty well. This is
all going to be much
easier, much simpler, and
much less strain than
you believe.

And that's that. How
for getting you in another
step (the homeopathic
theory of treatment, you see)
- about next Tuesday?
Hope you'll still consider
fixing things so you needn't
go home that night. You
did say in your original
letter that you could, you

break) — would it spoil
the evening for you to wear
dinner clothes? I mean that
quite seriously + I want
you to say so if it is so.
I have a vague memory
that you said you had
none — can you borrow?
Anyhow, the seats are not
in the orchestra, and
evening clothes are not
compulsory upstairs, and
it is so important to me
that this should be a
happy evening for you
— and for us all — that if
you feel strongly about it
we'll certainly not do it.
The only difference it
could make is that we
couldn't go behind after-
wards to see Nellie unless
we were dressed. As you

know, and I hate to have
the necessity for catching
a train hanging over the
evening. It's our big
evening of the year — we
never get to go to first
nights, and we're all agog
for this one — Sister and
Hugh are taking us to
dinner first — there's no
telling ^{when} we'd get
out, ^{from the theatre} + we'd very likely
go somewhere for a drink
or a bite afterwards.
This is a state of immense
thrill over it all, and so
glad it's all happened so
you could be here. Do
please try not to have to
go right back that night.
Another item (did you

know, we all enjoy dressing,
 but you don't, and if you feel
 as strongly against it as
 you quite possibly do, that
 more than cancels — for
 our evening would not be
 spoiled by going in other
 clothes. I leave my heart
 set on your having a good
 time — buying to compete
 with the baseball game in
 Sebelworth's Park!
 For God's sake, darling,
 take care of that throat —
 Joan & Sister have colds, &
 Hugh has fever — J. & L. are
 recovering, of course. H. has
 to wait for the season to
 pass. And get the divorce
 papers signed before you leave
 C. or tell him you have to
 away & will sign when you
 return. Mine went by air
 mail 2 days before the case
 went into court!

This is in great haste
& the hope that you'll
get it to-morrow, which
you probably wait!
Tickets for Nellie's play
go on sale Mon. - I'm
going to have a party -
you & Sister & Hugh for the
opening - & getting the
tickets on Tues. unless
happy (for) on Tues. afternoon
that you can't be there.
If you don't get this till
Tues. wire. I don't dare
leave it longer. And
please, oh please come.
Is there any inducement
to ~~come~~? If so, it's
offered!
All my regards are gone,
I've just finished the deposit
must read papers like
mad, so this is all -
Love - C.



THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

George B. Van Schaeck, Esq.,
524 Canterbury Road
Rochester N. Y.

Friday -

(20 May 38)

Angel -

Here I sit on the D. F.
platform, practically boiling
(inner emotional temperature,
not external one which is
well below the boiling point).
I have just left a perfectly
good party in order to
catch a train which doesn't
exist! That is, it exists on
the time-table only - one of
those theories with no prac-
tical basis in fact - isn't
it irritating? I don't
mind sitting on the plat-
form for half an hour, but
I hate to think I could
be sitting in a squishy
chair with a cigarette &
a glass of sherry, en-
gaging in pleasant converse.
However, I shall get this
letter done while I wait
& then can work on the

because I think it shows a realistic point of view. I am, as a matter of fact, fully as much concerned over the sort of community to which you are going to have to adjust yourself, for that's part of the job - particularly in the small mid-western institutions, and this job has got to be successful, humanly speaking, as well as professionally, for it has got to be a stepping stone to better things. Well, we can talk about that later.

Now - am I right that you arrive next Saturday? Or is it Friday? Your original statement was made some time ago + was a little vague. What about the actual time? Sister has asked me - I said I would ask you. About the first night - yes, I was counting on you, of course.

train. And by my, have I got work to do - you should see the truly monumental array of papers I have to read between now + a week from to-day, when the marks go in. You see, I have them write papers instead of taking exams + they spend the whole spring term working on them so you can imagine getting them read is a real task - it has to be done carefully + with a lot of comment + with a lot of any value to them. So you can picture my days for the next 7 - I trust it won't interfere too much with my social life!

I'm sorry you're still stewing about the Annapolis salary - sorry, that is, to leave you worried but I'm a way glad, simply

It is always possible that
 an opening may be postponed
 but there has been no mention
 of postponement yet, so I still
 expect it to be the 21st. I
 shall be much disappointed
 if you can't be here. You
 could, if absolutely necessary,
 take a night train. I
 meant, incidentally, to send
 you a check in this letter,
 but forgot to bring one with
 me.

I am thinking of sailing
 June 25 - on the Georgie -
 my plans may change one
 way or the other. They may
 be affected by your reac-
 tion - and they may not.

Of course you are an element
 in the situation. So I thought
 I'd mention it to you.

Jim leaving a note for tea
 on Sunday - so much easier
 to leave cocktails, but Gene
 + Carl are coming & he doesn't
 drink! I wish you were

people
 did
 get
 think
 coming

Monday -
(16 May 38)

My pet,

Thanks for the special - though I was sorry to hear that Purdue had not done better for you. Maybe they knew they had you where they wanted you! The Wichita business I am bewildered by - they had evidently wanted you quite badly. Maybe a relative or one of the trustees suddenly decided he wanted the job! Anyway, you didn't, so it's just amusing & not serious.

I'm glad Steve's all set - but annoyed that he

his advice, but looking
-t, had made your own
decision for such & such
reasons - & would be
glad to know if he
thought you had been
wise. Then he'll say
you were & be pleased
by the way you figured
-t out - & that will all
be to the good.

Your story of Annap.
dia certainly makes one
shudder, though of course
-t may not be the whole
truth - such stories so
often aren't. But -t ev.
fairly wouldn't make
you feel like putting
up a fight to get a job
there. Of course some of
your ideas will be regard.
ed as subversive in
Tudiana & you'll have to

should get a better job
than you. Maybe -t's not
though, really, since -t's
only for one year. But
there's a lot of difference
between Providence, R.I.,
& Lafayette, Ind.!

Too bad about Lewis,
but, after all, you said
you were certain he would
you were certain he would
agree with you, so the
advice in itself is a
matter of no importance.
The thing to be gained
was that he should re-
alize you valued his ad-
vice & wished to have
-t before making final
decisions. I think it
would please him - & be
good for you standing
with him if you were
to write to him & tell
him you had wanted

Keep them under your hat,
but you wait be asked
to make a confession of
faults to begin with. The
military mind is pretty
trying, isn't it?

I hope your Buffalo
week - and was good - at
colicis, I suppose! Shall
you miss not being able
to go there next year?

I was in Farmington
with Rika - drove up on
Sat. with the Creightons,
dropping them in W. Haven,
& taking their car on.
Rika is so swell to be
with. She says that, as
freshwater colleges go,
Purdue is one of the more
civilized.

Much love, my dear -
Corrie

Friday -

(13 May 38)

Darling,

Thanks for the long explanation. I don't know just why you thought it would be so difficult to make me understand. It seems to me that what you have in effect said is that - for such & such reasons - the department at Purdue was much better than that at Amherst so that for the forwarding of your career that would outweigh the financial & personal considerations I brought up. Certainly nothing you said was beyond my comprehension - and I grant the validity of every point

had you ever told me before. And I, not knowing all that, but knowing you very well, could not help realizing that you were not one of those who bring themselves into their work with such passionate absorption that nothing else matters, and it seemed to me that you were not taking into full consideration the various other aspects of the problem. If you were to reread the original letter of yours that I answered, I think you'd see why I didn't realize how rational your decision was.

I think you crack about my amusement at disturbing your night's rest was unnecessary. Surely you know me

you raise except one, & that's too minor a one to matter or to affect your action. Anyhow, you did pay me the compliment of explaining your action & your disagreement with me in full — & I'm grateful. I also think it was very handsome of you to go so far as to write the letter, etc. even though you preferred to drop the whole matter. I'm very glad you wrote to know, for I think everything that contributes to the preservation of that contact is very much to the good. I want to be sure you understand that I work in ignorance of the academic situation — which of course vitally affects the ~~situation~~ decision you leave made. How of this

Sunday -

(May 38)

My pet -

This is just two
hasty lines to thank
you for yesterday's
special + congratulatory
you on being in a posit-
ion to choose between
2 jobs. With the situation
what it is at present,
that's really quite some-
thing + I'm glad to see
you're savoring it!

You are sweet to be
worried about Steve - I
feel pretty distressed
myself, though I think
the general feeling of
sympathy in this country
for those in his position is

plan for a summer house-
party. Very appropriate,
for the plan was born in
a cocktail glass - Olive
found it then, like a
cherry in a Manhattan!

No, it was not another
war - not this time.

Bushels of love -

C.

The enclosed affusions
will explain itself - it
isn't everybody that
gets one. I feel that I
should tip you off - she
says "I'm glad I'm
writing a letter to George
because then I'll get
one from him." Poor
deeds - the women will
let him alone!

something in his favor.
I'm inclined to believe he'll
get something, somewhere.
Why do you say he
couldn't possibly get the
Kansas job?

I do hope, precisely,
that you'll get Purdue
to shorten the schedule,
and so get time to do some
research + get really started.
I expect they'll really be
impressed by your wanting
extra time for that purpose.
I'm so glad you can tell
Wilbur you're too good for
them!

Darling, I've got to stop
- we're off to get stewed
Söder + Hugh. Olive, Olive,
myself, + a couple of gents
- all to discuss a wild

It's all this heavenly out-of-doors
that makes it so Friday -
hard to think of you,
struck in the flat wastes of the
Sweetheart, diava.

(7 May 38)

Here I am again!

But so are you, for again
to-night I found a letter,
over which I have
laughed + laughed - you
have the radio jargon
down pat. Then besides
laughing at the joke,
I laughed with delight +
relief that you've got the
Purdue job - thank God
Kansas is checked off. I
could feel your own re-
lief in the letter, + the
fact that you have a job
+ that it is not the worst
is cause for any amount
of relief. I wish I was in
Rochester - we'd celebrate!
Thank you a thousand times
for letting me know so prompt

chances to help his sister"
— & other things I'll not
bother to enumerate. I said
you'd made up your mind
& I couldn't offer you advice
you didn't want. She said
"But he doesn't know what
he's doing & you do — & he
is always reasonable if you
appeal to him on that ground
& not on emotional one". So
I pulled together my courage
& spent another 2 1/2 hours
on another letter!

Darling, I still feel the
same way — I still think
you have not allowed your
inquisitorial to fully con-
sider what it will be
like to live on \$400 less
than you have now in a
place that you do not like,
cannot get away from,
out of reach of your real
friends, working on a very
heavy schedule — etc. etc.
And that for years. I know

ly, darling — it was sweet
of you.

About the letter I sent off
this noon. I was terribly up-
set about the whole business
last night — wrote you a long
letter about how I felt, then
went to bed, lay & thought &
thought, decided you would
not like me to interfere, got
up & tore the letter to bits,
went back to bed & thought
some more. Then I got up this
morning & began the thinking
again! Then I called up
Sister, told her what the job
was, told her you reason
for not wanting it & for think-
ing you'd not get it, without
saying anything of my own
reactions. She said she
thought you simply couldn't
know what those 2 mid-west
mid-western places were
like or you'd have jumped
at the remotest chance of
Annapolis. She also said at
once "Well, that's his

That it is in every count
a little better than Kansas
& for that I am immensely
thankful - I really didn't
believe, to be frank, that
you could take it in that
Kansas job. I don't think I
could, & I'm more adjustable
than you. But - it's only a
little better - it will be bad
& I don't want you to have
to take it if there's any es-
cape. Of course you must
accept it now, I quite see
that, and I see, too, my
precious that what you
want now is to lie back
that security & let things
take their course. For me to
try to persuade you not to
relax your efforts yet may
even seem cruel to you -
though I think if you are
you real sweat self you
cannot think that. If I
could go to Annapolis for you

+ take the exam + meet the
admiral I'd fall all over my-
self to do it, though I'd
loathe it. Just remember
that taking the exam
comits you to nothing - even
if you got it offered you
could bring it down. I do
believe ^{strongly} it would be better
for you physically + mentally
than Purdue - professionally,
too financially is no ob-
vious, nor can you, my love,
in your present situation,
assume an air of indifference
to such mundane matters.
When or how you can get
solvent or beat other sol-
ary I do not see.

But still, dear, I
shall not argue if you de-
cide to leave it. It must
be your decision + on a
rational basis. I am, at
least, far happier about you

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Now I was a few hours ago.
I'm glad for your chances of a
future that you got Purdue, it
glad for your self-respect. I
hope you told me you'd been
offered another job!

About lilacs - yes, they're
a deeper, richer color in bud,
but oh, those million tiny
stars in their incredible pro-
fusion - and the heavenly
fragrance that hangs
like an aura about a bush
in full bloom. I always lived
with lilacs till I came here
& waited from year to year
for their brief & lovely day.

To-day the spring & bridal
wreath are coming out - the
first week in May! It is an
amazing spring - such gener-
osity & lavishness in its promise
of renewed life & hope - is
it a good omen?

Dearest love, my
darling & don't be
annoyed!
C.

very some
 with outside
 noble
 of it
 required
 of her long love
 to hang it - my
 only substitute
 for prayer.
 I pray
 to leave
 to you
 what
 I want
 I would have
 you will
 know
 what
 I decide
 to do love
 you, sweet
 heart - C.

I found you
 twice long letters waiting
 for me last night when
 I got home - & I needed
 it for an evening of Bass
 + Mrs. S. reduces me to a
 pulp! I read what you
 wrote of the Annapolis job
 & accepted your state-
 ment that you didn't
 want my opinion. But
 I lay awake for many
 hours thinking about it
 & have been thinking
 about it ever since I got
 up and now I am going
 to tell you what I think
 - not disregarding your
 request that I should not,

Friday
 (6 May 38)

are going to be forced to
compromise + adjust - not
easy things for you. You
must make every effort
to find a place in which
those processes will impose
the least strain upon you.
So consider very carefully -
more carefully than you
yet have, sweetheart.
Your discussion of the
Annapolis matter sounded
ambitious, not rational.
"The work is heavy + work-
onous" - very likely true,
though I've known one
person who taught math
there + liked it. But what
do you think it would be
in Kansas? The low level
there would drive you wild
- you'd get better minds
at Annapolis + a higher
standard, without any quest.

But asking you to forgive
me for doing it and to try
to listen to what I say with
your most objective self.
You can, my darling, be
sweetly reasonable - will
you try very hard to be
that now? That I ask you
to do for my sake - not
to try for the job (that you
must do for your own sake,
if at all) but only to listen
quietly + rationally.

I think that Kansas -
+ to a lesser extent Purdue -
are to you so unknown that
you have not fully grasped
them imaginatively - Annap-
olis is nearer to draw-
backs more known to you,
so you say "only as a
last resort". You are not
going to get a job you
really like next year - you

ion. Yes, you would "like" to teach midshipmen - so would you "like" to teach what you'd find in Kansas. If you think for a moment otherwise, I'm afraid you are deliberately disregarding facts. (to H.)

For your career, the step might be very serious. That place, at that salary, is something like the bottom of the ladder - to go down is bad, to go that far down is worse. You would be out of touch & unable, for financial reasons, to get in touch with the world where things go on. You would not be able to afford books, or a summer in Cambridge or some place where you could do some work that

would get you somewhere.

Whether a person who has been unable to get himself financially straight has a right to take a \$1500 job when there is a possible \$2800 job is something you will have to decide for yourself.

The Kansas prairie as compared to the lovely spot + the gentle climate of Annapolis is something worth putting a bit of consideration on. That you would be able to keep in good physical condition in Kansas I feel no certainty. The west has on your nerves there is something you have, for some reason, not allowed yourself to realize. You would be in an uncoerced

means much. You could
get out - you could see
those with whom you are
happy + at home (+ I do
not mean myself - that's a
factor I am simply not
considering). You would
be able to pay your debts,
get straight with the
world, and ^{have} the money to
do some independent work
that would eventually help
you to get where you'll be
happier. Whether you like
Annapolis or not, it would
be regarded with respect in
the academic world +
would not damage your
future. You're getting
along, darling, you're in
the second half of your
life - to allow yourself
to drop so far if you can

place, among uncoquial
people, doing uncoquial
work - and tied there as
in a prison, with no possi-
bility of relief. There would
be nowhere to turn, nothing
to do. You would contem-
plate your own misery
endlessly + be driven to
something very like des-
peration. The Annapolis ^{is}
no doubt there would be
no doubt that was uncoquen-
tial, though I do not believe
for one moment it would
be as much. And there
would be endless oppor-
tunities for escape - into
the beauty of the surround-
ing country, something
which means much to
you, and into the world
of sympathetic intellectual
companionship which also

possibly save yourself is a terrible risk.

I know that you do at times feel a resentment at life that you cannot live in a sort of vacuum, in which you do exactly as you please, without any necessity for thinking of anyone else. But in your saucer moments you realize that being involved with other lives - leaving others affected by our actions is as inevitable as death.

It's an absolutely in-
evitable fact - and since that is so, to disregard the effects of your actions on other human beings is to wilfully refuse to accept one of the most fundamen-
tal responsibilities. I know that in the last analysis you always recognize this.

and I only ask that you
recognize it now - before it
is too late. You need affect-
ion, you need understand-
ing, you need compani-
ship - that you must
pay for them in responsible
way for the emotional well-
fare of others is something
that your mind would not
reject though at times
you rebel against it. These
are people whose happiness
will be deeply impaired
by your going off to the
essential imprisonment
of Kansas. You must
have thought of Eva -
you worry about her so
much & feel responsibil-
ity for her. If you go to
Kansas you must simply
lay aside that responsibility
- she'll have to do the best

+ for Betty, for both have
talked to me so much of
what they feel for you &
what you are to them. If
you go off to Kansas, that's
one more big thing taken
away from him. Now
don't start talking about
you not being worth it -
perhaps you are & perhaps
you're not - that is not the
point - the fact remains
- you can lighten the
grayness of his days. I
cannot forget how he talks
do me last year of the
prospect of losing you through
your marriage. There are
your parents, too. Though
I do not feel so strongly
about them - they are
drawing near the end.

I know that there's only
just time for you to get

she can. If you were in
Annapolis you'd be only a
few miles from her - it
would seem to me that
just that, if nothing else,
would, when you are your
sweet & loving self, make
you fight like a tiger to
get that job. Think,
darling, you could see
her often - give her little
treats, get her out into
the country, keep in
touch with her doctor -
you could immensely light-
en her bitter load.
And there is Donald,
whose life now has shut
down so much, and to
whom you are so rich a
pleasure, even when he is
his vigorous, active self.
I am heavily aware of
what you can do for him

your application in before
May 10th — you can wire
if necessary or send it
air mail + special deliv-
ery. I hope that you will
reconsider your decision not
to — I do not ask it, for
I want you to do it, if
you do, because what I
have said seems reasonable
to you. As for the near ad-
mission, I'm inclined to be-
lieve you can impress
him if you want to. There is
a certain decisiveness + force
in your personality when you
choose to exert it that is
very impressive. I think
you could get that job if
you made up your mind to
it + set your teeth. Not to
even try for it is to invite
that soul-deadening, soul-
consuming + imprisonment
Darling, don't let that fine

Wednesday -

(5 May 38)

Darling Angel -

Thanks for the letter. Thanks for sending it special, thanks for being so good about coming. I thought, after I wrote you, that my suggestion that you deduct the cost of your food for those 4 or 5 days from the cost of your trip to N. Y. + I pay the rest, must have sounded iniggardly + ungracious to a degree. That was one of the times when I didn't think carefully. It suddenly entered my head as I wrote, for I have seen that it's been

been - indeed, indeed, I do.
It has been incredibly
beautiful here - dogwood
like great snowdrifts,
the lilacs crowded with
fragrant bloom - even
the iris out already, &
the wisteria! I went
down to the station the
other night in the late
twilight - almost dark,
but with the western
sky still faintly glow-
ing. I stood & looked
out over the river &
from where I was there
was an almost perfect
ly composed picture -
the river a dark silver
at my feet, the pal-
sades a heavy dark

rather a point of pride
with you to burn down my
suggestions that I take
the expense of any of
your trips to S. Y. - at
the moment, that idea
seemed to make a sort
of compromise between
your pride & your poverty.
But I'd no sooner sent
it off than I began to see
that it would sound only
like an attempt to get
out of it as cheaply as
possible - which is not one
scrap what I meant.

I'm so glad you had
the lovely day in the
country on Sunday. Your
account of it sounded
so happy. And it was
so dear of you to wish
me there - I wish I had

mass between river & sky,
a tiny golden crescent
of moon at the right
above my head, with
the evening stars close
by, and at the left
a group of five old
willows, covered with
their delicate froth of
new plumes, and
leaning forward the
river above a long
narrow sort of cat-
walk that ran out
into the ~~river~~ water as
a dock - a frail struct-
ure of wood that made
a geometrical pattern
against silver. It was
all incredibly fragile &
Japanese - or James Michell

in alcohol, which is what
most such parties are
like - but she gets
together an assortment
of people who would
enjoy themselves together
without liquor, and the
result is excellent. I
had an awfully good
time.

How Ben is in town
& visiting Mrs. Lowen-
stein - & he's doing my
duty & taking them
both to dinner to night.
Sister's leaving us here
for tea first & I must
get going.

All my love, darling -
C.

Thursday
 Darling Angel
 (27 Apr 39)

The prompt reply. I shall
 write to Mrs. Bisbee at
 once.

Yes, darling, I had mis-
 understood about your
 coming's being only condi-
 tional. I understand per-
 fectly about the financial
 business - it is expensive
 of course + of course you
 can't afford it. But I can!
 Now don't get on your high
 horse, darling, for just a
 minute - please listen to
 me first - and try to see
 my point of view - will you?
 I can even see some
 things that you've not
 said - about really not
 wanting to be bothered with

slide. There are also moments when you feel the opposite need strongly & when you realize the relaxation of spirit it would bring you — a thing you terribly need. For myself — I don't want to talk about it but I need it pretty badly. I had wanted us to have time this vacation, but it interfered with your plans, & you were not in a mood for persuasion! It would have been better for me, both practically & emotionally, if you had stayed on last week, but I could see it couldn't be done. However, the difficulties, both practical & emotional, of waiting till the 1st of July, are really very considerable. I am not going to enumerate them, for I do not

the trip. Thanks for not saying then, dear boy, the fact that I ask you to change your mind in spite of what I freely admit are reasonable objections should make you believe that it all seems pretty important to me. Darling, talking over important matters with you by letter is just not possible — there is too much interval between question & answer, there is too much opportunity for mis-understanding, it drags out too long, I cannot manage it with tact & ~~understand~~ understanding because I cannot know your mood — etc. etc. But talk things out we must — from A to Z. We both have need of certainties — though there is much time when you think you prefer to let things

intend — or wish — to start
discussion — I want to
avoid it entirely until we
are together. But you must
know enough to realize
that my plans for the
summer depend to a con-
siderable extent on you, &
that it would be pretty
inconvenient to postpone
them more than a month
longer. Now I can see that
— though I think in the end
you'll profit from it — this
is all on my account &
for my convenience, and
it's only right that I
should pay for it. Besides,
there is just one blank fact
that I leave the money
& you have not. Besides,
there is this, which has
troubled me all along —
that you have spent all
the money this year for our

being together, which is not
a fair allotment. The advan-
tages, from my point of
view, of your coming, are
so great that cost in
money is something that
simply cannot enter in.
Now that is not true for
you — so — it is most
logical that the cost should
be taken by me. Suppos-
ing I suggest this —
that you subtract from
the expense of the trip
what you would pay for
food for those 4 or 5, or
whatever it is, days +
let me send you a
check for the rest. You do
understand, don't you,
dearest, that I'm not ask-
ing you to do this just to
give me a pleasurable week
and + someone to go to a
first night with — I should

as much as I can, under
the circumstances. You need
not worry for fear I'm simply
going to stir up a great
storm if you come in May
- I can keep the boat on
an even keel, you know,
& all my energies will go
to doing so.

How about business - do
you mind if I make a
suggestion about your
psychology? This is not
just a bright idea of mine,
but advice I've had
from 3 experts - one of them,
of course, my father. Don't
tell Klapper you "can
come for an interview at
the end of May if he
wishes it". Just to make
what I say more vivid -
Howard's brother used to
ask for interviews that way
& even Dad told him not
to - whereupon he began

not have made any objec-
tion to your decision on such
grounds as those - it's all
much more serious than
that. You say you "can't
see it as a necessity" & ask
if you are wrong. Of course
you're not wrong, darling,
- for you it isn't, & therefore
you should not do it. But
for me it is, & so I should
be allowed to do it. Do
I make this seem reason-
able? Again - I find it dif-
ficult to try to do even
this in a letter - I am so
afraid you'll take it in
some other way than I
mean it. I am determined
that there shall be no
more such emotional
storms between us as we
went through this winter,
so I try very hard to
make this appeal to you
reasonable & to keep myself &
my feelings out of it just

getting them where he had
been refused before! You
see, putting it that way al-
most says "I don't really
expect you to want to see
us, but in case you should
- etc - It sounds un-
sure of yourself, which is
regarded by most employ-
ers as a bad sign. Al-
ways give the impression of
being self-confident, for that
is the kind of man who
does a job well + the kind
who is most desirable.

Be definite + firm - he
will respect you for it.
What's more, you will, in
the end, respect yourself
for it. You got the job in
the insurance office in
spite of their prejudice
against you, partly through
the charm of your personal-
ity in the interview, partly

because you gave the impression of eagerness to get it + confidence that you could do it. You were definite - not vague + tentative + deprecatory. Don't say you can come - + don't make such an easy way out for him as to say you will if he wishes it. His reaction would be to wonder (if he bothered at all) what was the matter with you, to follow up an original application with something so negative. Do you see what I mean, darling? Tell him you are to be in D. Y. at such + such dates (definite, specific ones) that you want an interview with him very much + when would be as good as to give you one. Be ingratiating + polite, but don't make it easy for him to turn you down + don't sound

as if you expected to be hired
down. If there's any tidbit
you can pick in about interest
in the institution - do so. He
may turn you down - but
your chances are better this
way. This goes for all other
possibilities where you can
see a man. Try it on tobacco
- don't just write & apply -
say you're interested in the
job & ask for an interview
at a more or less specific
time - or a choice of times.
You can drive over this eve-
ning. Have you tried B. Hays
College? It would be another
chance to see someone. I
know your feelings about "feed-
ing in a factory" - & I hope
you needn't, but even a fac-
tory is better than a dump.
I don't mean by all this just
to force you coming here in
any way - if there are any people
who will see you, it would be
worth your while, if there aren't
you can still say no to me,
if that seems best to you. You

for readers
to understand
of our
very dear
letter -

Wednesday -
(27 Apr 38)

Very sweet -
So, I do not in-
tend to keep writing to
you incessantly without
waiting for answers, much
as I might like to! I have
been thinking about how
& what I have been writ-
ing to you since you left
- though I certainly don't
remember it very clearly!
But something in your
last letter, together with the
general tone made me
wonder if I hadn't given
you somehow a false im-
pression as to what I ex-
pect of you in these few
weeks. I neither ask nor
intend that you should, as

see at the top & compare

response. That had better
all wait till later. Of course
if you feel emotional, it's
all right with us! But I
shain't count on it or ex-
pect it. I am, anyhow,
very grateful to you for
making the suggestion
yourself, that you come in
May. We need that badly.
I realize, so I think about
things now, that I've learned
a good deal in the last
months - I think it will
help us both. And that's
that - for another 4 weeks!

You should have been
with us yesterday after-
noon - we took Joan to
the circus. You'd have
gone right out of your
mind - because it's
practically all the sort
of thing that sets you

you say, talk about us.
I think the whole matter of
our future - immediate or
remote - is better dis-
cussed in person, ^{and to-}
gether, + though, it would
have been better if it could
have been done last week,
it's only a month till you'll
be here again. So, darling,
nothing I say is to be
construed as a demand
that you devote your time
+ energy to a consideration
of our personal problem -
or at least, to any discus-
sion of it, for that you
will sometimes think of it
I expect is unavoidable -
+ probably better so, though
I think you'd much better
not think about it a great
deal. Besides all this -
nothing I say is meant to
be a demand for emotional

screaming! An infinite
variety of exhibitions of
skills, of one sort & another
— until you almost begin
to believe that the laws
of nature have been can-
celled — particularly the
law of gravity. I was
in a state — but with her,
of course, it was the excite-
ment, the glitter, the bound-
less activity — she's too
young to realize altogether
the fantastic quality of the
things they do. So few
things are incredible at the
age of 6 — I suppose be-
cause the adult world is
so far beyond you in its
capacities & capabilities that
you have not yet realized
the very strict limits
within which it, too, must
carry on its existence.
I wish you'd been here!
I wish you were here now to

Will you let me know when you get this? I'm making an experiment.
Tuesday -
Sweetheart. (26 Apr 38)

I am disturbed by your letter - just fished out of the mail-box - your mood was so low - the whole world; it seemed, was out of tune. Poor lamb - I know very well how you were feeling. The coming back after vacation, even to a place you like, is dismal - worse you've such cause to dislike, it's worse, of course. And you, poor dear, with so much else on your mind as well. Darling, I do so wish I could somehow relieve you a bit - I think I could - a bit - if I were with you. About Eva - of

to really look death in the
face - & he has suffered terribly.
He won't have a serious
set-back, if any - he'll not
write that all over again
so soon. Of course Betty is
worried by death but don't
forget her temperament -
everything has to be felt
intensely & expressed even
more intensely. She's not
quite so worried as she
seems - or even as she
thinks.

Darling, in spite of all
this - I was not sorry
you were troubled about
these things - it is a better
outlet for your emotions
than being troubled
about yourself. Besides,
it's a more wisely balanced
point of view - & keeps
yourself in good proportion.
Not that I think any one

course you must be miserable.
You are right that it's well
she can be stoical - but
while that is a triumph of
the spirit, it's not one for
you to be stoical about
her troubles - so you must
in love for her suffer for
her. I wish I could say
something to help, but I
can't. There is just this, which
I've said to you before - that
I am very certain that
your sharing of her suffer-
ing helps her - express it
as freely as you can - you'll
help her that way - I know.
Why are you troubled
about your mother? You
didn't say.

Don't be so disturbed
about Donald & Betty - it's
a difficult time & a good
deal of an ordeal. But don't
forget he's been thoroughly
scared - it's no light matter

of those stress so important
as yourself, but I think
each one of us should
keep in mind the idea of him-
self as a proportionately
very insignificant unit.

I've heard from H.H. —
nothing doing! But there's
one crumb in the letter, which
was a very gracious one.
Mr. Bishop adored Dad —
almost literally — a sort of
hero-worship + my saying
how Dad felt about you
did just what I wanted
or — made him think you
were something pretty
special! Well, it turns
out that he's in the
Appointment Bureau — he
said he'd have an eye
out for Mathematics jobs.
However, it's mostly sec-
ondary school jobs that come
in to them — though some

college ones. He said "two
came in last week for a
good college but not for insti-
tutes". And he asked
me to let him know what
salary you would accept!
Will you let me know right
away how to answer that?
I think anyone who's will-
ing to hold out a hand
should be answered very
promptly so that he'll
realize we're grateful
enough to make it work
his while to remember. ~~It~~
probably come to nothing
— but at least the door
was not closed, so put your
foot in it!

Darling, I'm rather fright-
ened by you not answer-
ing what I said about
writing to Susan. I ~~was~~
was worried about it, any-
way — but for fear you

must be made as satisfactory a one as is humanly possible. It will be imperfect at best, but if we can wangle it so as to get any sort of choice at all - just by making a little more effort, - we must. I'd give anything if I could do some of it for you - write the letters, go through the interviews, etc. You do understand this, don't you? Please understand it.

Let me know when you hear from Purdue, write your darling, and about Hobart? I'm on tenterhooks, you know. Have you ever considered at all what we spoke briefly of once - giving up the teaching? I ask it because the letter you spoke of from Raymond brought it up again. Otherwise I'd had no intention of saying anything further.

wouldn't do it, and for fear you'd not like my asking you to. Your silence in answer to my long dissertation makes me feel that I may have been justified in my nervousness about it. I tried as hard to make it seem reasonable to you - perhaps I tried too hard & said too much. Sweetheart, do please try to understand that in this job business I am not considering myself or my desires. I did in the beginning because I thought they were more important in the situation than they really are. But I haven't for some time. I think only of the fact that this means is an important one for you &

Thank you for loving, helling,
darling, - even by letter!
I've just heard that her play
opens the 31st. I jumped with
delight for I thought right
away of you. I looked up
your letter right away &
made sure about dates - your
social classes began again
the 2nd of June, so it's just
ast & I'll have the thrill
of taking you to the first
night - will that please you,
darling? It won't be like one
of the sensational first nights
of course, & I can't manage
orchestra seats, but even
so, it will be fun. I shall
hope there'll be a misrebe
during those days, for you to
see her, but I can't feel very
sure, for I know too well
the frantic state of everyone
just before a N. Y. first
night. Maybe she'll make
a certain speech!
Anyhow, I love you - c.

Saturday -

(24 Apr 38)

My darling -

Did I ever say
you were not beautiful? I must
have confused you with some-
one else. How really - "Did
you give me that \$10? I can't
find it." - tucked in at the
very end of a perfectly
amiable letter instead of
starting it off by saying
"What is hell do you mean
by going off with my money?"
Sweetheart, I am all the more
ashamed! I trust that the
check I sent to Cox's office
reached you all right - let
me know at once if it
didn't. I hope this will not
destroy your faith in my finan-
cial integrity. As a matter of
fact it saved me from
having to go to the bank

It would not be strange if he were, though of course he has more inner resources than most invalids. Probably he will try to overdo, as you fear, — but the consequences will discipline him, poor dear. Don't worry lest they be serious — the doctor knows perfectly well that he'll probably overdo & wouldn't have let the nurse go if that were likely to have any serious results.

I've heard from Dartmouth — nothing doing, which is a disappointment but not a surprise. But Burleigh would be glad to introduce you to the Dean & the head of the Dept. — so if you want to run up to Hanover, New York, He speaks, too, of the generally bad job situation — which is hardly news. I am feeling increasingly distressed by the fact that I kept you

again the next day & was so nice & convenient that I began to wonder myself if I'd done it on purpose!

Thank you, my pet, for stopping on the road to write to me. I was a little worried at no word Thursday or yesterday, thinking of all those miles of driving — & you peniless! And I should have had an upset week-end if that'd been nothing to-day — but you were thoughtful enough to forestall that. So I'm now glad you found Donald so well — at least, he must be doing well if the nurse is leaving. You say nothing of his mood — does he chafe a good deal under the restraint? Is he bored & depressed?

talking to me all that last evening instead of writing to Alabama. I am ashamed. Such a letter is too important to be postponed. I worry for fear other candidates have got ahead of you.

I wonder how you'd feel about writing to Klapper (is that his name?) and asking if you might see him when you're here in May. You might even go so far as to say that you really are eager to talk with him & should be willing to come down for an earlier week-end if it suited him better. He'd probably not take you up on that & if he did, it would mean he was considering you, in which case it would be worth the difficulty & inconvenience. Darling, I do terribly want not to annoy you with all this & I think &

think how to say things
so as to avoid being exasper-
ating - I hope I'm having
some degree of success! You
are sick & tired of the whole
wretched business, I know,
sweetmeat, & I'd give a lot
if the whole thing could just
be dropped - but, before it's
dropped I do so terribly
want you to have the best
thing that's within any
possible reach - & so really
do you though you're worn
out by the job of getting it.
Nor do I want you to think
I suggest you pushing the
business matter because of its
connection with myself. That
I had definitely put out of
the picture the last time you
were here in the winter. I
saw how you felt about it &
dropped it as simply out
of the picture, though I had
wanted to suggest that

in connection with your getting
jobs. Of course, in a certain
sense, it's true of us all, which
is why we're always being
advised to get an interview
by hook or by crook. So -
there is a place where there
will almost certainly be a
job + where it is geographic-
ally possible for you to be
present in person. So will
you, darling? I suggest it
humbly - + very timidly - I
am a little frightened for
fear you'll not quite under-
stand + so perhaps feel
resentful. But anyhow, I can
remind you that even if he
were to offer you a job, you
are committed to nothing
- you can turn him down,
not speak or try to persuade
you to do otherwise.
And that's enough about
jobs. Thanks, darling. }
your
love
Dad

you see Klapper. The reason
I revive it now is because of
the present state of affairs
between you + your job, not
between you + me. I could
see in February that there
might be loads of other jobs
you'd prefer to it + be happier
in - now with Purdue spe-
cifically on the table, I can
see that it is quite possible
Ducens would be a good bit
preferable - wholly from your
point of view. You do under-
stand, don't you? I do
think that if you could get a
chance to talk to Klapper,
you might well make an
impression. You have, you
know, a very definite person-
ality, which for some reason
does not come out in your
letters as in a face to face
talk. I've told you that
Dad spoke of this, specifically

saying you wish we'd had
longer together — so do I —
I keep thinking of things
I wish I'd said — and I
do think it's good that you're
planning to come again the
end of May. Don't get
panicky, sweet one, because
you think you see danger of
the thing that happened 2
years ago, happening over
again. I can see why you
do, for I can see the resem-
blances that you do — but I
can see, too, that the re-
semblances in the situations
are superficial, the differ-
ences profound — and
presently you will say it.
Besides, nothing has hap-
pened to you, my pet — nor
will, unless you get over your
panic.

Well, I did wish you were
here to-day — I had such
a choice experience. Nellie
Farjeon is here. Did I ever
tell you about her? Yes, I

know I leave, though you
may have forgotten. She lives
in London + writes books -
charming + rather exquisite
books that are like some-
thing made of fragile +
iridescent glass - not at
all great or profound, but
so lovely, so sensitive, so
gentle. She's an old + dear
friend of Edith's (the one I
want to see in England) + Nat's
how I meet her. She's just
one of the grandest people I've
ever known - all warmth +
tenderness + sweetness. There's
a sort of glow about her
that you feel the minute you
are in the room with her. I
think it is because she is a
passionately outgoing person
- so much so that she
somehow manages to pass
on to others the beautiful
freedom of spirit that is hers,
and when you are with her
you shed your self just as
she has shed hers - and

see her, you'd find it hard
to picture her as living in sin!
She's in her middle fifties (I
suppose) and as plain as
plain can be, looking like
the most respectable middle-
class English housewife. It's
almost incredible that she's
a distinguished writer & the
mistress of a married man.
She is still definitely & pos-
sively in love with him -
you've only to see the light
that comes into her eyes
when she speaks of him -
& he with her. And it's all her
doing - she has such skill
in living & in dealing with
human beings. He is a very
susceptible person, too. -
But she has held him all
this time, with no legal bond
to fall back upon & the
weight of society all pushing
them apart, not together. To

find yourself drawing deep
breaths of clear, delicious air.
The loads that were weigh-
ing you down disappear
suddenly, your belief in life
& love (in its largest sense)
is a dozen times increased
- it's all a very happy
experience. I have never
seen anyone meet her who
didn't love her - at once.
Such spirits are rare -
I do terribly wish you'd
been with me. Did I ever
tell you about her romance?
She has lived for a good
many years with a man
to whom she is not married
- because his wife refuses
to divorce him, & whom
she has loved so deeply
& so well that she has
been willing - w. I had - to
make all the sacrifices
that such a way of living
involves. If you were to

look at her, you would not be-
lieve it, to know her, you
understand it perfectly as a
man who had once warmed
himself by that fire could ever
bring himself to relinquish
it. His own instability is stead-
ied by her unswerving, emat-
ional strength. It's all very
remarkable + quite beautiful!
She said " God wrote me
yesterday 'I'll forgive you
anything you do while
you're over there, but for
God's sake, don't do it" -
+ then she laughed +
laughed at the idea of her
doing anything to be for-
given for because as she
said "It's so good, Cobie,
so terribly, disgustingly
good - and he's the
naughty one" - then
laughed again with delight
in him, because she loves
him so much as naughty or

not - just as he is, but one
bit of jealousy, or resentment
over the fact that his eye
wanders to prettier women.
A wholly generous spirit. And
it makes you believe in the
power of goodness, for though
his eye wanders, his heart
does not. His little flirtations
she has in her presence & they
are as harmless as chocolate
creams, for she smiles tenderly
on them & he is just her soft-
hearted boy - though really
he is the master of her destiny.
It's something, of course,
that we've all seen wives
leave to deal with - & I've
never seen it so perfectly
done, nor with results so
happy to both. Don't you
think there's something
deeply satisfying in finding
someone who just lives
beautifully & skillfully? It's
not often that one who can

make an art of living, does
 other creative work well, too.
 Of course it makes her all
 the more fascinating & many-
 sided.

She's keen for the production
 of a play she & her brother
 wrote together. It ran for
 about a year in London - they
 hope it will go here. Here
 Cowell is producing it, &
 she says he's wonderful to
 work with - considerate, kind,
 never insisting on his own
 way, never getting annoyed.
 All this, of course, is very un-
 usual in a successful pro-
 ducer's dealings with an author.

I think maybe it's partly
 Nellie, though that would
 never enter her head. I hope
 I'll have a chance to take you
 to the play - though it's the
 chance to take you to Nellie I'd
 like to have had - it's like a
 sun-bath, with the healing,
 beneficent warmth penetrating
 into the chilly dark corners

I don't know how to say it - but
 I think
 I don't know how to say it - but

that troubles me a bit from
our conversations of the
last days, for I can see
that it had stayed around
somewhat in your mind
— the fact that I always
take the initiative in the
matter of your coming, etc.
I can see perfectly that
you, as a man, prefer to ask
me if you may come. But
it's wholly a matter of
convenience — + a little
more of courtesy to others.
You see, a person who lives
in D. C. + has an extra
bed is likely to be a good
deal visited. Much of what
I do I do with people coming
from out-of-town, who
make plans well ahead.
Then, for instance, when
I had only an approximate
idea of when you were com-

I thought of the generator
+ wondered practically if
it really had been all
right + what's more, I
felt so certain by that
you could even buy
yourself enough gas to
get to Danbury. I knew
once you were here you'd
be all right, although it
might be inconvenient for
them to get money for you.
I am very humble in my
apologies + penitence —
though I think it's a little
bit your fault for forgetting!
I hope the check is right
— yours was for \$15, +
you'd said you were giving
5 of it to me — though
there was no hurry about
your repaying that.
Darling, there's one thing

ing, both Leona + Rika had
asked me about coming.
Both of them have to plan
ahead because their duties
require it, and it was a
little awkward for me to
have to say I couldn't
tell. You do understand
this, don't you, darling?
You are inclined to postpone
decisions, you know, + it
places me in the embar-
rassing position of having
to either ask you before
you have asked me, or
break engagements. And
there is one other factor
that I'm sure you've
just not thought of -
Doris + Hugh are very
hospitable + since you
stay there, it is a matter
of consideration for you to give

from the chance to play ahead.
Every time you've been here
Sister has begun asking me
when you are coming before
I have written to ask you
the same thing. You see, in a
sense you are a man wishing
to see a woman + therefore
one to ask, but in a sense
you are also a guest + there-
fore the one to be asked.
Does this all seem reasonable?
I hope so.

Leona said last evening
that she thought you both
looked + seemed much better
than when she saw you before.
She was quite struck with
it. As a matter of fact, I think
you are. Is it the liver? Or
the hot towels?

Another thing I felt guilty
about was not giving
you time to get the letter
off to Alabama. That job
looks much better to me

since I heard about Pasadena (sp.?)! I hope you'll feel like investigating the Hobart one. It is at least nearer civilization - & is quite lovely country. Besides, if they get young men like Broderick, you'd find at least some congenial spirits. Olive says he really likes it, though of course he plans to move on eventually to one of the big places. Anyhow, sweetheart, don't postpone it - it's getting late & if you can save yourself from 4 or 5 years on a pittance in Indiana, - it'll be well worth doing. I'm yourself a bit now. Think of the relief & would be not to have to go out there!

I got a very snappy letter & rosegay b-day for Eva - I do hope she has all right. Things go, she has all right. You ask her, will you? Of course

Thursday -

(15 Apr 58).

Darling,

The enclosed is our
Easter token - token is
right - it couldn't rate
as a gift. I got it in one
of my off moments, I guess.
I really thought I liked
it, but my god, when
I got it home, I wonder-
ed if it were really I
that got it! Take it for
the intention, my little
Easter duckling, + not for
the fact! The Easter bunny
has to take you some-
thing, + this is what it
turned out to be - but

to inquire + select your own Easter message from me

U

out + smell - it! There's
something so enchantingly
jeune fille about Rebecca,
isn't there? Anyhow, she
can now splash about in
perfume for a bit!

I am a good deal
troubled by leaving no
word from you yesterday
or to-day. I was sure
that I should yesterday,
& of course doubly sure
that I should to-day -
in answer to my suggest-
ion that we meet at the
Russian Tea Room here,
right instead of at the
G.C... I think you must
have got it - & I did
ask you to let me know
which. Perhaps you thought
I didn't expect an answer
- perhaps this, perhaps
that - most of the perhaps

business are notoriously
stupid animals, anyway.

Sister & I had a regular
bing of Easter shopping
to-day, ending with buy-
ing each other's things
right together! I bought
Rebecca the traditional
Easter perfume, which was
just because it's so fem-
inine & she goes in so
little for feminine. ~~But~~ pric-
e, but is always so
plattered when anyone
gives her some. She should
use her one bottle of perfume
the other day, brought you
France by Louise de Lancry, &
headed to be last precious
drop, so that there's
really nothing left but a
stinky residue in the bottom
- but still she can get it

That occurs to me are not
happy ones. Though I
sometimes suspect that
you regard my tendency to
worry as silly + that you
think it should therefore be
disregarded. But don't ever
say to me "I shall be very
careful as I always am".
You are not - so here -
You've told me yourself
that you've driven 70 miles
p.h. - that's never safe -
no matter when.

Will you give Eva what-
ever Easter goodies you
think appropriate - if she
were not a Van Schaeck I'd
just automatically send
my love - But you're so
funny about sending your
love to people - maybe she is,
+ too, + I don't want to put
her off! Anyway, I think I'll
write affection + much good
will at this moment of affect-

Sunday -

(11 Apr 38)

Darling -

Since I wrote
yesterday I've realized
that I spoke without think-
ing of so practical a detail
as geography. I can see that
your plans were made so as to
make the driving work out into
the greatest ease & efficiency,
which is quite right. Of course
you must try to arrange to
come here at the end of the week.
I guess I was a little piqued
by the way you just handed
me my bit without a word as
to whether it suited my conven-
ience or not, so I broke over &
told you it didn't suit me as

all met at the Russian Tea Room? I suggest that because it's the one place I know where you can still get a table at 11:30 dinner that late. And if we meet there, I can get there so quickly on the subway - 10 or 15 min. It will all be that much easier. But this is just a suggest. You - have it the other way if you prefer. I will take whatever you answer to this as the final arrangement & ~~act~~ act accordingly.

That's only a week from tomorrow, isn't it? It still seems to me strange & not quite true. But I say

well as another time! Anyhow, I can see how much better it fits the way as it is (I never think of the way until a week after any normal person does - & then often upside down - I think I've done pretty well to realize that Baltimore is S. of N. Y. & Corsica is & Danbury N.!) - so skip it.

One more thing - wouldn't it be more convenient all 'round if instead of meeting me at the P.C.T. you pick up Sister & Hugh as you planned, which would give you a chance to rest a bit there & wash & re-wash yourself, & then we

Happy that you are coming.
The south will be lovely
→ spring is full swing
→ may it refresh your
soul, my pet!

Do be a lamb to horses
→ for both your sakes. ?
really enjoy your trip.
Will anyone go with you? ?
still worry about the driving.
much, much love -

←

evening, 9 at 8:11. I am
very much worried by the
fact that you are driving so
much in so few days. I
suppose it's no use trying
to persuade you not to, but
I wish you wouldn't. The
driving will be so likely to
be bad + you'll be tired +
getting tired. I am really
frightened by it. You will
be careful, won't you, darling,
even if it makes you late
getting places. Just creep.
When do you leave N. + when
do you get to Charlotteville?

You couldn't possibly
re-arrange your social
schedule, could you, so
that you were here at the
end, instead of the begin-
ning, of that week? I
suggest this timidly, for I
know I've already said
one thing about a change
of your plans + I know you
dislike it intensely to make

of late sitting helplessly by.
I'm afraid my own pleasure
at having been able to act
is probably the only positive
result the letters will have!

Will you bring the sweets
of ill omen with you when you
come? I want to see it on
you - unresolutive! I've had
an idea that might help.
It is strange, somehow, to
think of you being here.
So much more than time
+ space has separated us
since we were last together.
I have just reread the
letters you wrote just after
Christmas vacation - what
a long road we've trav-
elled since then.

I've told Sister when
you're coming, + they're
delighted by your invita-
tion. So we'll all expect
you on Monday, the 18th,
they in the afternoon or early

changes, once you've made
plans. It is not essential
at all — it is wholly a
matter of conflicting pleasures,
and of course to see you
is at present of real impor-
tance to me, nor do I want
to inconvenience you. I know
you offered me no alternative
but I didn't know whether
that meant I had none, or
whether "if this suits you"
was intended to be implied.
You can see that I don't really
expect you to change, since
I've told Lister you'll come
too!

I saw Leav yesterday —
back in Dobb's ferry. She's just
beginning to get over the shock
of leaving the hospital — you
see, it happens to them all, &
the longer they stay, the harder
the adjustment is. Don't let
me get low, & I hope Donald's ill news
was, & don't expect much speed
in recovery. That doesn't make
it any easier, though, does it
— not when you love him.
That's all for to-day, Oh,
no, I must just tell you — I love

(7 Apr 38)

on went driving
 to all the shops
 and I bought
 what I had
 about + bought
 some last night
 - all words are
 in so
 Darling
 progress is
 slow but it
 is absolutely
 normal
 have it
 allowed
 beauty
 the day
 perfect
 I feel you're
 going to see
 - it will
 sleep light
 much love
 deding

Thursday
 you see no idea how
 much good you did me by
 writing on Mon. so that I
 found a letter - + quite
 a sweet one - waiting for
 me when I got back Tues.
 night, for I was feeling very
 low indeed + needed it.

I was touched by your
 advice - + the concern for
 me that prompted it. But,
 darling, I don't think you're
 quite right. You see, I take
 things hard by temperament
 - that is something you
 should be able to understand.
 If it is my friends' woes
 instead of my own that I
 take hard - in other words, con-
 centrate my attention upon -

I was
 very
 much
 in
 touch
 with
 you
 in
 your
 letter
 of
 this
 kind
 I
 am
 very
 glad
 to
 see
 you
 are
 doing
 well
 I
 am
 sure
 you
 will
 be
 very
 happy
 to
 see
 me
 when
 I
 get
 back
 I
 am
 sure
 you
 will
 be
 very
 glad
 to
 see
 me
 when
 I
 get
 back

not only experience the
blessed release of spiritual
freedom, but the person in
whom I am so deeply con-
cerned invariably reacts
in such a way that I can-
not help but see that the
determined effort to share
experiences does actually
achieve something. In a
way it increases the burden
of living, but I assure
it lightens it immeasurably
more. It is the one thing
which makes me feel that
I give any dignity or any
justification to my brief
hour. I expect you are at
present so resistant toward
me that you would be
reluctant to admit that the
fact that I have suffered
for you + with you has ever
lightened your load - you
think of it now as an obliga-
tion. In some moments you
even felt otherwise + said

I am at least not ignoble.
Self-pity is too easy a pit
to fall into, and I must
turn my eyes outward.
Besides there is this - in
concerning myself deeply
with the troubles of those I
love I can to some extent
take a share of the load +
thereby ease it, which
simply comes right back
to the same thing we've
talked of often before - it
makes me feel my own
life less futile, which is
the long run is about the
deepest of human needs.
In other words, though in
a certain - rather super-
ficial sense I make myself
unhappy, in a deeper one I
make myself happy. When
I manage really to get
away from myself + ab-
~~sorb~~ sorbed in another I

otherwise. I expect you're
seeing the whole thing was
in that discolored light, but
you will not always. And
in the meantime, this
whole matter is at the root
of my philosophy of living
& to advise me against it
is, dear boy, to show how
much you still do not
understand.

I am so pleased by
your nice letter from home.
I'm sure, my dear, that
quite aside from benefits
that may ensue for yourself,
you did a good thing when
you wrote to him as sweet-
ly as I know you must
have. You obviously pleased
him & any little thing you
can do to please a person
who's not very happy
is so much to the good. I
do hope you'll have the
opportunity in Charlottesville

for a real heart-to-heart.
I think to keep in touch with
him is a good - very good -
thing for you professionally
& for him humanly - & therefore
for you humanly. Do try,
sweetheart, to feel glad to
see him & so to make him
feel you're glad to see him.
Make over him a bit. I think
he cared about you in his
quarer way & that you can
blow a breeze of warmth on
his rather inadequate (of which
he's aware) heart. His heavy-
footed criticism about grand-
parents I thought quite touch-
ing - partly because it was
so awful! - partly because
to put his remarks about his
students into those terms
reveals the barren place in
his own life. Don't think I
don't realize that he's a
trying person - & a dull one -
& lots of other things - but

could get one of those,
would, I should guess, get
you much farther. He's in a
position to be very influential,
& I think he'd probably be
pleased if one of those he
suggested turned out well.
Alabama is pretty terrible
— I've known too many people
who've tried it — but I
suspect you'd be happier
in Cincinnati than in Alabama.
The climate of the "Deep
South" is very debilitating,
isn't it to the northerners, you
know — much more of a
drain than the southwest,
though that can be pretty
bad. And you're in no
condition to cope with a
trying climate.

What did you mean by
"no vacancy yet" at Rut-
gers — that there is likely
to be one? Why did Prof.

so. I'll wager, does he. He's
made a failure of himself as
a human being & it's a
bitter humiliation.

As for the Alabama job —
the salary is the only thing
that seems to me desirable
about it. A technical
school has a lower stand-
ing than a liberal arts
college — a southern in-
stitution lower than a
northern — the combination
wouldn't be good for your
prestige. Only the top man
out of 9 a Ph.D. — that's
not a good sign. Don't
think of advising you
against it — I hesitate to
offer you advice of any sort,
any way, for I think you don't
really want it — but do
think very carefully if you
get it offered to you, want
you, my dear? To take a
job suggested by horse if

already considered, though
you've given no hint of it &
which it seems to me if you
did consider might affect
your plans. That's the matter
of my going abroad - my
vacation begins long before
yours & would undoubtedly
end after it. By the time I
returned you'd be heaven
knows where - almost cer-
tainly too far away to get
to N.Y. before Christmas, very
likely too far to get here at
all during the year. That
means that, quite liberally,
there is no telling when you
& I shall meet again after
next week. You can spend
the whole summer at home.
There are things that
should be talked over be-
tween us. That, I expect,
disturbs you, but it needn't
- we'll both feel better
afterwards, I assure you,
whether you find it easy to

believe or not. Talking things
 over in letters is not really
 possible — it's too slow +
 the possibilities of misunder-
 standing too many. There
 are things that must, for
 our peace of mind, be brought
 out between us before
 we part for so indefinitely
 long a period. Don't dread
 it, darling — things will go
 very much better afterwards,
 + you will be relieved because
 you'll have clearer air to breathe,
 whatever conclusions we come
 to. It will all be much
 easier if we're not pressed
 for time — so that we may
 talk about ourselves for a bit
 + draw drop it to turn to in-
 personal things + return to
 it later. This all seems to me
 a matter of major importance
 — perhaps it does not to you.
 I shall say nothing more,
 but accept whatever you
 decide. Only let us know, as
 it will affect my plans for
 that week!!! I think it's sweet
 of you to ask Sister + Hugh to
 dine + your plan is a good one
 so I shall expect to see you

Tuesday -
(5 Apr 38)

Darling -

Have you written
to Darbmonts yet? I hope
not, for I've discovered
that I have got a contact
tree for you, + I seriously
doubt if a letter alone
would get you anywhere
there. Of course I should
have got after this ages
ago - it may now be too
late, anyway. But I did
ask you long ago about
it, though I got no answer.
And I do so love push-
ing + nagging at you, +
had done so much already

- sufficiently so that he would be disturbed by with respect in the rest of the University. So - let us know quick, quick!

When do you plan to come to New York? Perhaps you don't want to come, but I hope you do. My summer plans are uncertain - I may go to England - and there's no telling when you might be by the time I get back. So do try to get here now for as long as you can.

The Hages are extremely concerned about you - Jack, of course, in particular. They sent all sorts of messages to you.

+ annoyed you so, that I just let it slide. Anyway, darling, will you answer this right away, so that if there is still something to be done, I can get it started, which will take a little time, for it is Betty Tufts' brother - in-law who might be able to do something, + I shall have to write to her + she to him. Both she + her sister have been loyal friends to us - the obligations of friendship seem to them matters of major importance + I know that anything that can be done will be. He is in the Business School (if that's what they call it) + is very influential in that

I wonder if you should
 at his stage, do something
 about U. H. University. Even
 if you do dislike the head,
 you'd be better off than
 in Wichita. And finding
 out about possibilities
 commits you to nothing.
 You can always turn down
 a job - & they'll have no
 trouble getting someone to
 fill it if you do. I know
 someone that won't get
 his wife to him? There's
 a Mr. Schoderhaft, too - re-
 member that since you know
 him he has been jobless for a
 year & he would be sympa-
 thetic. The man I know is
 older & has been here longer
 - he greatly admired Dalt &
 would do what he could. Let
 us know at once about this &
 Dartmouth. With things as they

I don't
 seem
 to
 be
 in
 a
 hurry
 to
 get
 out
 of
 here
 but
 I
 don't
 know
 how
 long
 I
 can
 stay
 here
 for
 good
 I
 don't
 know
 how
 long
 I
 can
 stay
 here
 for
 good

Saturday -

(2 April 38)

Darling -

I'm so sorry I've
not written sooner, but I
got all stoned up about
you + just couldn't bring
myself to write. How to-day
has come a second letter
from you that makes me
feel better. I rather suspect
you've hardly noticed that
I've not written, any how.

I'm terribly disappointed
about Middlebury - that had
seemed such a possible
place, and I know you
must have been, too. Poor
dear Lulu, what a miserable
business this all is. I wish

That it would be even
harder for you now than
it was then to throw your-
self on Uncle's mercy + just
plain ask him to help
you. You have been proud
+ stubborn about it for 3
years. You simply cannot
be any longer. Your situa-
tion is really desperate.
Don't there someone at
Harvard to whom you
could make an appeal?
Wickita at \$1500. - for
you - is unthinkable, I'm
not sure you might not
better just be comfortably
dead. You must use every
means in your power to
avoid finding yourself in
that position. And re-
member, my darling, to
deliberately ingratiate
yourself is not unscrup.

to God you need not go
through it.

Darling, I'm going to
tell you something that
Dad said about you two
years ago when you were
going through this same
business. He felt you had
not made sufficient effort
to get, or keep Harvard
interested in you as a
person. He spoke particularly
of home. I said it was
very difficult for you to do-
liberately ingratiate your-
self in order to derive a
benefit + that particularly
with Uncle it would in-
volve swallowing a lot of
pride. He shook his head
and said "Pride, Cockie,
is a luxury that he is not
in a position to allow him-
self." Now I know, sweet,

lous, for it does no one
any learn. Only Dad
were here - he could give
you a lot of advice that
you'd listen to better than
from me & would very
likely even be able to get
you a job. Have you heard
anything from any of the
Southern places?

I am not surprised
by the oculist's verdict
- in fact, I never could
see why you thought any-
thing except what he said
- that the twinkling was a
nervous habit. Some
spoke about it to me once
& she had recognized it
for what it was right away,
of course, and said that
she knew it could be over-
come & she has worked
on the same sort of thing.
But she said it would be
much easier for you if I

worked at it with you —
be careful, you may
have to take me on after
all! Of course any nervous
habit is really an increased
strain — which is why I
have been so annoying
about trying to make
you stop jerking your
head.

And then the car — Oh,
poor boy, what a time
you do have! I begin to
wonder if you got a very
good bargain in that car
— you've had to put a
lot of money into it, first
& last & it's not so very
old, & you paid a fair
amount for it, too. I
know people who've got

can for much less within
the last year or so and
put much less into them.
Well, isn't that comforting?!
Anyhow, I'm terribly
sorry - but all the same,
I think a can is essential
for you, so I guess there's
nothing to be done. I wish
it had been here & I
could have had Guy
do it - it would have
cost less.

My love, I send
you my best love -
so do the Hogg's -

C.

Rebecca says "All the
best to you from all of
us."

Sunday -

(27 March 58)

Oh darling, darling - let
a sweet letter - you've no
idea what good it did for
me - everything was
immediatly brighter & I
was objectly grateful to
you. It surprised me, too,
for after I'd sent off my
previous letter - written
just as it came into my
head, with no conscious
intentions - I began to
wonder if it would seem to
you like just another
anotional demand, another
drag on your sympathies
- & the more I thought of
it, the more probable that
seemed, until I was
horribly oppressed by it.
But you never took it
that way at all, you angel

that you should be interested
& sympathetic. Too bad
you're not here, so that
you might go & see her
— that would please her
enormously. How if only
that wretched domestic
situation can be straight-
ened out — at least to
some extent so that her
sickness of heart may be
cured as well.

Darling, I'm going up
to Exeter on Wednesday
morning — I'll be at
the Hoggs — till the fol-
lowing Monday morning
(too early for mail!) so
you can address me
accordingly. I dread
it awfully — it will be
the first time, you see,
since that final departure
— final, that is, from Exeter.

and the combination of
my relief at discovering
that you hadn't + the
heart-warming tenderness
of your letter gave my
spirit a lift + a light-
ing that changed my
whole outlook. Besides,
Leon's doctor says she
is "off the black list",
and she herself looks
& speaks like herself, +
not like that stranger,
remote in her world of
sickness. She has a long
road to travel back to
normal health + she'll
be impatient + know,
& probably difficult, but
there is no danger. She was
touchingly grateful for
your messages. She always
underestimates her im-
portance to other people
& was surprised + flattered

as my home. I'd rather
never go back, but
of course I must let
myself do that. Just to
add a note of pleasure
to the trip, I have to
have several sessions
with Dr. Warner + a
book out! So - I shall
feel glad when it's all
behind us, I think.
Perhaps that's why you
dreamed you had 20
pages from Jack - it
was really from me!
Though I wonder why I
addressed it to your wife
as well! I'd love to know
what Mr. Freund would
say about all that dream
upon Mr. Freund, I guess
he's got more immediate
things than the subconscious
to deal with now. Much,

Dear
or
much love

a complication, but I suppose there almost always is — the whole thing is just a dreadful ordeal, and it's futile to hope that it should be less. I know quite well how fortunate we are to live in an age when surgery is so highly perfected, anaesthetics + antiseptics so mercifully well understood. But still it is an ordeal + for one of her temperament + heavily overstrained nerves particularly so. And it's so hard to watch someone you love go through it, is it not — particularly when on the whole there's no little she wants to come back to. Carl is here, + we are all hoping passionately that he will at last give us an answer of coming to N.Y. I am sure that this whole

investment as opposed to other types. I'd be embarrassed to see you friend because I'd not be talking it from the Equitable anyway, but that you didn't know of course. Why did you think I'd rather talk to a woman? I'd always rather consult a man on such a matter, as I think most women would. Don't misunderstand me — that doesn't mean that if I were to talk to anyone at this stage I wouldn't go to her, for I should, + feel perfect confidence in her after what you said — I was merely surprised by your statement.

Thanks for asking about Leone — she's pretty miserable, but that is of course "normal" — there's

business as legs made him
 put a high value on her.
 She escaped cancer only by
 the skin of her feet, & that
 sort of things you're short.
 I think that now, at least,
 he's terribly aware of her
 value to him, & of what
 the final loss of her would
 have meant. Besides, he's
 seen the way people feel
 about her here - the large
 important place she has
 made for herself both per-
 sonally & professionally -
 I think that's impressed
 him a good deal. I only
 she can persuade him while
 he's still in his emotional
 state. I can't bear to
 think of her coming back
 again to a continuation of
 that miserable, empty life.
 She said herself, the other
 day, her eyes brim with

I can't bear to think of her coming back again to a continuation of that miserable, empty life. She said herself, the other day, her eyes brim with

the fears of weakness + pain
that it would be worth it all
if it made it possible for her to
have her home + a normal
married life - and it just
bore my heart to see her. So
many things that she can
keep under control normally
are now too much for her.
It's all dreadfully hard to
watch. It's very hard to
be fair to him + I do like
him - I really do.

Well - to him to something
less unhappy, though pretty
unhappy in its way, too -
you sweeter. I feel terribly
about it. I suspected it
would be too large, but I
didn't what else to do but
send it. You see, it was an
unfamiliar yarn + though
I allowed for some
stretch, I didn't begin to
allow enough, for it turned
out to be practically like
rubber. It was quite smaller

than the measurements you
 sent me + as I had it
 laid out on my bed before I
 sent it. I checked absolutely
 with your figures, but did
 stretch when picked up. I
 should do it as well as I could
 — by taking it to a tailor,
 who will have high pressure
 steam + can do something
 much more drastic than an
 amateur. I'll pay you for it —
 I should have done it myself
 but didn't think of it. I hate
 to think it's wrong — that it.
 I'm sorry you think the
 Hobart job out of reach — it's
mean the way Gale double-
 crossed you. If the boy doesn't
 get it, could you buy? Too
 bad you didn't buy earlier,
 before you knew about that!
 If you should want to do any-
 thing, look up Brooks Ohio +
 tell him you were a dear friend
 of Dad's + know his sister. I'm
 sure he'd do anything he could.
 Have you tried Bryn Mawr? Or
 Bryn College for Women — at
 New London? I'm worried by

to
 almost
 never
 on
 letters
 or
 depend
 on
 your

Saturday -

[21 March 1938]

Dearest -

I was so touched by your thoughtfulness in sending the special instead of letting me wait until Monday to get your letter. Your description of your mood, however, was not very cheering - in fact, it left me pretty sunk, though not in the same way as that original disastrous letter, for it was less hard & less cruel - yes, I know the cruelty was not meant as such, but it hurt just the same. To come to have you in so desperate a mood is both frightening & very painful to me. I think - I really do - that were you here, I could get you at least partially out of it. How I wish you were!

true that you have opposed
just to oppose - just to assert
your own will - which hurt
both you + me + served no
rational end. When I talk
to you about self-surrender
I do not mean the surrender
of yourself to another person,
the surrender of you will
to the domination of that
of another - you must get
that straight, once + for all.
I don't mean that I don't
sometimes just plain want
my own way like any
other human being. But
it's really rarely true that
I can't be reasoned with +
certainly it is true that
your opposition under those
circumstances rarely - w,
I mean never - roubles. Any-
how, the surrender I want
you to make is not to me,
darling - that would be a
weakening of your own per-
sonality, which is the best
thing I want. You are in

Well - now there is one
important point raised by a
sentence in your letter which
shows a sort of fundamental
misapprehension on your part
that must be cleared up.
You say the chief source of your
present unhappiness is what
you're doing to me + that the
only way to clear that up
is to surrender to me + re-
main surrendered. Oh darling,
darling, did you think that
was what I wanted, what
I was trying to get + I have
sometimes suspected that you
did, but the flat-footed
statement rather appalled
me, all the same. That im-
plies that I want your life
dominated by me - but I
should, as a matter of fact,
feel a certain almost contempt
for you if you allowed that
to happen. Your resistance to
me, when it is on a reasoned
basis, I have always accepted
- but it has been increasingly

bondage now - and it is to
yourself. You are afraid of me
- which is only because
you do not understand
what I want of you, and
is very silly. I don't
suppose it does any good
to say to you how safe
you are with me - you are
not inclined to believe me.
But you will presently be-
lieve me, because you
will see it. Sometimes, when
you have relaxed your
guard a little, when you
are in a mood to listen with
your mind, we'll go into
this. I know that when
that thing in you which
rises up in passionate &
unreasoned resistance is
for some reason in abeyance,
I can make you under-
stand what I mean in all
this & what it is that I
really want for you - not of

you. When you are reasonable,
I am on sure ground, + I
think that you will be if I
give you my word that I
ask nothing more of you than
that you should listen - +
with out your mind made up
that, whatever I said, you
were going to answer "I
won't". You need not remind
me that I have already
asked things of you - I
know that - + if you will
listen - with an open mind +
be will to understand, I
will explain to you why I
have asked what I have
+ how little it has attempted
any inroads on the integrity
of your own personality or
will. Much less is being
asked of you than you think.

In the meantime, sweet-
heart, get over that idea
that you're "picking against
the priests" - what you're
picking against is you

of myself. In other words, if
any obligation is incurred, &
I do not really think any is -
it's the opposite of the way
you have seen it. Nor is this
empty sentimentalizing - it
is a profound + fundamental
truth, which was in the mind
of Socrates when he said
that the good man + the happy
man were of necessity one -
& in the mind of Christ when
he said that only by losing
himself might a man find
himself. I have had an ad-
vantage over you in having
that truth presented to me
at a very early age, and
with a most perfect example
of it always before my eyes.
But I am, like yourself,
naturally subjective + in-
torned, & it was in a liberal
school that I learned the
practical application of
that truth. You've had a
glimpse of it yourself, too, -

own back side! Yes, it is!
Then there's one other
major misapprehension - you
say you don't want me to
help you because you shrink
from any more obligations
to anyone - that it is a
wound to your pride. Now
there's the whole business
of self-surrender in a nut-
shell - or at least, one of
its largest aspects. If you
allow me to try to help you,
you give me the opportunity for
self-surrender, for you present
me with a situation in which
my mind + heart must be
focused outside myself, when
I surrender myself - not to
you as a person or a will, but
to you need, to - if you will -
my love for you - or to my
wish for your happiness -
in any case do something
which is essentially not me,
which turns my eyes out +
not in. You offer me freedom
from the wretched burden

When, for instance, you wrote
the last fall that to be needed
was your "most fundamental
need" — & so it is, dear,
though you've belied it plenty
of times — & very likely don't
feel that way at all now.
It is, as a matter of fact,
about the most fundamental
of all the needs of the human
spirit, for what it essentially
does for us to be needed is to
justify our existence, to give
it meaning & dignity, of which
God knows it has little
enough. Very few of us in
our larger relations with
society, such as our jobs, are
of the slightest importance.
If we're lucky, we do well
enough to get paid, but it
matters not at all, really, whether
we live or die. But in our
personal relations we have
the opportunity for something
else — there we can make it

matter that we live + save
ourselves from reaching the
end with the bitter taste of
futility + emptiness on our
tongues. Don't you see that
if you give us the oppor-
tunity to try to make you
happy, you give us some
little chance of making my
life a little more than ashes
in the wind? I think
again it is your subjectivity
that makes you take it as
you do, for you see it only as
it affects you, not as it affects
me. It is like you feeling
about presents - you think
only of yourself as receiving
what you conceive of as an
obligation + not at all of
the delight of the giver. Do you
see what I mean, sweetheart?

I wait talk any more
about the E. C. U. Y. business,
for you obviously are terribly
upset about it - how upset to
see why your attitude has been
so terribly painful to me. So
I'll just say I am very
grateful to you, feeling as you

do, for having given us. I still
think it is a reasonable thing
even though done, as you say
from pure emotion. I seriously
doubt if anything will come
of it, but I am relieved that
it has been done. I can pro-
sperly go into with you, why it
seemed to me reasonable, but
not until the whole thing
leaves me less than it does
now - I don't want to get
in the bitter mood again. I'd
have let the whole thing ride
if it weren't that in a matter
of jobs, time is going + so are
the jobs. I think perhaps I
am more grateful to you for
doing it from pure emotion
than I should be had you
accepted it as reasonable.
Though no more pleased. As
it is, you really did overcome
yourself for me + for the memory
of my father + I know that
was terribly hard for you to do
and terribly sweet. I
love you for doing it.
But it is terribly late + I
must not go on. Don't worry,

18 March 1938

I am afraid that my letter yesterday was not very gentle, and I am sorry. I wrote when I did because I had the time, but I shouldn't leave, because I was in no mood to deal with you. It was during the hours that Leon's operation was going on + I was in an agony of suspense + fear. I had quite literally worried myself sick over you, on the one hand, and lies on the other. You see I wanted awfully to bring you in my trouble + the burden I had that you did not want me to be more difficult to accept than when I am less strained. Then I made the mistake of reading you letter before answering it + of course that rubbed salt in the wounds made by his original letter. Now the operation is over - + safely over - + I have had a good long cry + believed some of the denials. My

I don't remember if I sent you a card

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

I don't know if I should be 2500

fact that you are the stronger,
of us, that you can always
force me to give in to you will
increase, in a certain sense,
your responsibility, in the ex-
ercise of that power. On the
other hand, the fact that I
understand the situation &
understand you as you do
not increase my responsibil-
ity. I think neither of us has
really accepted those re-
sponsibilities. I don't ~~think~~
mean that I think that his
emotional turmoil must go
on & on, for it isn't. The
issue cannot be settled yet.
I don't know, nor do you,
how to settle it. So we'll
have to let it lie. But in
the meantime, darling, don't
you think you could be
just a little bit gentler, a
little bit warmer with us?
Please? Really, sweetheart,
you can be perfectly safe
without hurting us quite

perspective is less distorted
than it was yesterday. I really
know, dear, that the wounds
you seem to inflict so uncer-
tainly are really the result of
helplessness, which is not irres-
ponsibility. You do not know what
you are doing. I think that
sometimes you should try to
see why you inflict so much
unnecessary pain. Life does
enough to us all without our
hurting each other. Don't re-
mind me that I have let
back, for I am well aware of
that. My dear, in the moments
when I can force myself into
some sort of rational view
of the situation, I know that
both of us are exaggerating
it. We are both strong &
definite personalities — that
we should adjust to each
other quite without conflict
would be impossible. The fact
that we are already both
overdrained for other reasons
heightens the difficulty. The

so much. Darling, you will
be a little patient with
me, wait for — we mustn't
hurt each other any more
than we can help.

Did you understand my
plea about the job? You can
do us one any harm by try-
ing those places — you may
do yourself some good — you
will be definitely doing
something for me, which I
believe at bottom you really
want to do. If you will ease
my mind somewhat in
that way — it will help a lot
to make up for what you
have done to me these last
two weeks. Yes, I know
you didn't mean to — but
the damage is done. There
were other things I meant
to write about — purely
memoranda, but shall have
to leave them, all but one,

Sater -

Sweetheart -

Before I
send this off, I just want
to say that I love you
— + that we'll get
all his wretched
business straightened
out somehow + somehow.
←.

Thursday -

[17 March 1958]

Darling -

Well, of course you did fail to understand a lot of what I said, but then, that's all that can be expected from a letter - it's hard to write just what you mean. I didn't say I didn't want to hear what you were thinking about all this - only that I was out of the argument by which I meant simply that I was not going to try to convince you that you should marry me, because I didn't know whether I wanted you to be convinced. There was no inconsistency in my meaning, though there may have been in my words. Oh yes, I understood

It was because you knew me,
because you had been drawn
to me long before — and the
reversal is true, so far as my
response is concerned — it
was the memory of what I
had felt for you that drew
me back to you. I do not
know whether you are trying
to see what I mean or whether
you are not wanting to,
but you sound pretty stupid!
The incident of your marriage
was an incident — or incident,
or what you will — it up-
set the normal develop-
ment of our relationship.
As I reread your letter I
became more & more aware
of how little you know
about the business of
living — no wonder you go
about doing damage right
and left. I'm amazed at
such statements as "if
the gods are really strong

what you meant by abnor-
mal growth, but you did
not understand what I
meant by my answer. Per-
haps I was too figurative.
Of course all that you say
about last spring and our
over-stimulated emotional
states is quite true — I've
known that all along, al-
though many very happy
marriages are made on the
rebound — but is, in a flight
from an emotional disaster
to some spot of refuge &
reassurance. That's because
we turn instinctively, under
those circumstances, to
those who can give us what
we need. However, in our
case that's irrelevant, for
what words you turn to
me last year was what
had been between us already.

"They'll live" - that's a sort
of juvenile romanticism that
most of us outgrow with ad-
olescence. That's another streak
of your emotional immaturity.
Do you want to grow up, dear
boy? Perhaps not, perhaps
you shrink from it - though
I find that difficult to believe
in one capable of being really
rational. In one sentence of
our letter you let yourself
cry out to me - but you
later this week was heard
& resistant & cold again, I
think I know why - I
think I understand his
whole situation, though I
am certain that you do not.
I think, what's more, that
I can help you - and
what's even more, that I
am probably the only
person who can help you,
but I do not know whether

you want me to. I do not
know whether you are willing
to be helped at all. And I'm
not going to beg for anything.
But, my dear, you are terribly
unhappy + you have been
most of your life - I should
think it might seem to you
worth the effort to try to learn
some new technique of living
which might dissipate some
of that unhappiness - not
only some, but much. I
do not know on what
grounds to base any plea
to you - because I am des-
perately afraid of rousing
your resistance. Haven't
you suffered enough, my
dear, to want to be released
from it?

How true is one of the things
that's on my mind all the
time + that I have not men-
tioned - again because I am

it too freely - probably more
freely than you mean to. Well,
supposing I say that you
can repair some of the recent
damage by trying to see
what you could get at C.S.V.P.
or Hunter? I mean really
trying - going so far as to
invite them to invite you
for an interview. If you are
in a hard wood, you will
perhaps see this as an
entering wedge on my part
- will you believe me when I
tell you it's not? This is
because you were told at I.C.
that there were always jobs
in the city colleges - so there
just might be a chance, &
my dear, you can be reason-
able enough to see that you
should investigate every
possibility. I am not urging
you to accept if one were

afraid to - I don't know
how to present it in such a
way that you will listen &
do something about it. But
it worries me so that I
have got to say. Will you
please, darling - please - be
your sweet rational self &
try to get this straight?
It's about the job possibil-
ities around here. I think
perhaps you've not wanted
to do anything about them
partly because you thought
I was trying to cover you
up in order to remove my
own ends. Certainly you had
reached the point of uncon-
promising refusal, which
was so brutally put in
your last reference to it as
to hurt me very consid-
erably. You have the power,
you know, to hurt me a very
great deal - I think you use

offered - whether I should
or not I don't know. But
nothing has been offered you
yet + you have to leave a
job. I wish to god my
father were here - to him
you would listen - to me I
don't know whether you will
or not, though I can say
to you just what he would
have, which I know very
well, for he talked to me at
great length about you + jobs.
Dad, will you do this -
if not for me, then for him?
He did all he could - + it
was a good deal - to help
you - try to see this as a
sort of loyalty to what he
believed of you.

I'm afraid this is all terribly
inadequate - I am emotionally
both overwrought + exhausted!
- I am clear in my mind
but don't know how to say.
This will have to do for now.
With much love - C.

Friday -
11 March 1938

My dear -

Though I suppose
it is not possible to write
a letter dealing with com-
plex + delicate personal
matters without being
somewhat misunderstood,
there is one major mis-
understanding that has
occurred to me you might
get from my yester-
day's letter - you
might feel that it is it-
self constituted a de-
mand - a large + heavy
one. That would be to
misconstrue me entirely.

mind — you can't do
that. You'll have to get
it straightened out —
then perhaps I'll come
back in, perhaps not.
In the meantime, write
to me what goes on in
your mind — we get
into this together, we'll
have to, to some extent,
work it out together.
Understand?

I am withdrawing
from the conflict —
whatever is left is be-
tween you & yourself.
I think you may find
that it is not I who
make demands, but
that it is life — it self —
and the needs of your
own nature, and that
I am only an instru-
ment. Perhaps not —
but I'm out of the
argument, that's all.

Love —

C.

How do I mean that
you are now, one & / or
all, to make up you

Thursday -
[11 March 1938]

Darling -

No, I did not mis-
understand your letter, but
I could see, for a while,
no way to answer it. You
can hardly expect that I
am going to try to persuade
you to marry me. My in-
stantaneous reaction was
to simply step right out,
and leave you to do what
you seemed to have set
yourself upon - live your
life in your own way. Your
next letter reinforced my
decision, with its uncon-
vincing statement about
the possibility of trying for
C.C. N.Y. You had plans
for what you wanted, plans
for what you didn't, and you

The letter I found last night
when I got home - terribly
late - was the first thing that
made me feel any desire to
talk to you and now -
9:30 the next evening - I'm
inclined to answer some
of what you've been saying.
Of course you must be sensible
enough to realize that no
woman will take more
than a certain amount of
rebuffing. The knowledge
that asking you for some-
thing will generally auto-
matically result in resist-
ance naturally will sooner
or later bring me to the
point where I cease ask-
ing. And that at once sets
me apart from you. Your
perverse desire to hurt
what you love for the
strengthening of your own

were determined that you were
going to carry out your own
scheme of life. If I think
that scheme with complete
felicity, you love me and
want me - the minute I
suggest, or worse, ask for,
compromises, changes of
plan - your opposition is
aroused - you are upset,
resistant, irritated. You
simplify too much, my
dear - leaving a scheme
+ sticking to it doesn't get
you what you want, even
if it is a triumph for you
will power. If you are ever
to be happy, you must
learn to yield - you must
for self-preservation, learn
to direct your emotional
energy into more fruitful
fields than mere opposition
and resistance.

ego (in which you have
not enough confidence)
- will in the end most
deeply injure yourself. That
is not necessary, I know.
You have been capable of
kind and generous responses
as you were in your beautiful
Christmas letter, or as you
were on the wooded moun-
tainside in September.
You know that very surrender
gives you a renewal of
the strength of your own
spirit. You leave, too, being
willing to listen to advice
- or to try to understand
other ways of life. I have
a thousand proofs that
you are not incapable of
yielding - it is that you
do not want to. Well,
that's for you to decide.
Of course I can ^{always} see that I
can ask - or advise - or
persuade - just up to a

point, then I encounter bitter
opposition, + what's more,
though you sometimes talk
about it + sometimes do it,
this business of whether
you "really love" me or not
always crops up. Now, my
dear, how can I go on argu-
ing about that? Do you think
I'm going to argue you into
marrying me? I know
perfectly well that you
want to be convinced that
you are in love with me,
and you want me to con-
vince you. Well, I'm not
going to — you've got to do
it yourself. I'll answer
a few of the things you
said on that topic to
straighten you out a bit,
but I am certainly not
going to try to persuade
you. In fact, you are going
to have to do some per-
suading, for I am certainly
not going to sit around

are involved, you begin to retreat, & I see doubt appear in your mind. Now you know that's absurd. What in the name of heaven do you want - a duplicate of yourself? You're not egoist enough for that, my dear - come to your senses.

As for all this talk about forced plants, abnormal practices & force of circumstances rather than inner drives - it's so much nonsense! Only one who devoted a lot of time to digging around in the dark corners of his own soul could have brought up anything so elaborate & unreal. "Force of circumstances" indeed - what do you think ever brings loves together except that? Good God, you don't

wait for any man to make up his mind whether he wants to marry me or not - far less try to convince him that he should, even when it involves making some compromises.

As for this "overpowering love" you talk about - I should say your idea of it was probably still pretty adolescent - too romantic, too unreal. You expect things of it that are not possible between two adults who are, each in his own right, mature & definite personalities. The dear, monies, George, are deep, but often on the surface non-existent. I often notice that when we disagree about anything in which your emotions & not merely your intellect,

Believe marriages arranged
in heaven, do you, or that
two people, & only those two,
are destined for each other
throughout eternity? My
darling child, circum-
stances bring together two
people who are by imper-
ceptible attraction to each
other, circumstances pro-
vide the stimulus for that
attraction to become active,
and that is just simply
that.

And the forced plant - well,
really, my dear - you do
know better than that. If
you must be botanical -
the natural growth was
what sprang up between
you ^{+ me} instinctively and
almost at once. You very
soon tried to stifle it
with all those inhibitions
& fears & conflicts - tried to

stop its normal growth, in fact, to kill it altogether. You succeeded in twisting & deforming it from lack of sun & nourishment, and because you tried to plant right on top of it another which was an abnormal growth, which never could root itself, which you could keep artificially alive for a while with great effort, but which was doomed from the beginning. And the instant you admitted the truth of that & plunged it away, letting the light again fall on the older, deeper growth, it's strong roots sent out new shoots at which you presently began to look suspiciously because they were not quite as you had pictured them - and you wondered

if you'd better stamp on
it, grind the tender green
leaves into the ground
with your heel - I am not
sure that their very freshness
& leanness didn't make them
look abnormal to you. Well,
go ahead and stamp, my
dear - it will take a long
time to kill that sturdy
root, but I expect it can
be done, if you try hard
enough & long enough. But
don't call it an abnormal
growth - it's the most
normal & natural thing you
have ever had in all your
thwarted, maladjusted,
miserable - stubborn -
days.

I shall not write again
until I hear from you, the
next word is certainly yours.

With love, of course -

C.

Friday -

[4 March 1938]

Angel -

I've practically finished your sweater! Can you believe it, I've been working on it while I read papers, but the little bit left can't be done while reading, so don't look for it in Monday's mail! It'll be just as quick as I can.

They've moved us out of our classroom into another, which involves a lot of fussing around - a nuisance, for it comes at just the wrong time - that is, when I've an awful lot else to do. I shall be very glad to see my spring vacation when it comes.

How what am I to write about? Since I wrote last

There were a life-work of him
- it would be a more im-
pressive object-lesson. But
his face, as seen through the
eyes of artists, is so familiar
that it's pretty good, any-
how. It's such a struggle
to make them see that an
artist's function is not to
reproduce life, but to
comment on it + interpret
it + clarify it. I hit upon
a very neat statement of
approximately that idea in
Elis Gaurer, while I was
hunting up Hepdeon - want
to remember it for you, but
of course I haven't.

Then, my darling, I have
run out of ideas, I've prac-
tically run out of time,
and so I'll stop + do
better for you over the week-
end. A week ago to-night

evening I have read
papers, done the marketing,
written a shockingly de-
layed B. + C. letter to Mrs.,
done some washing +
manicured my nails - not
much material for the art
of correspondence. I might
go into lyric description of
what I had for breakfast,
which was what I always
have for breakfast + though
pleasant, not exciting.

I did hit upon one
good idea during those
hours - got out a picture
of the death-mask of
Hepdeon to take up + show
the girls as proof of how
an artist can make you
see character + personality
in a face more vividly than
nature does, by a subtle
process of emphasis,
exaggeration, etc. I wish

You met me when I got
in - oh, dear, how I wish
you were going to do - night!

I have decided that
practically Donald's most
characteristic expression
is the way he twinkles at
you - no one else I know
does it, or at least not as he
does, so that I associate it
with him just as I do the
shape of his features, or the
sound of his voice. And
it's so engaging. He
twinkled at me yesterday
when the nurse poked her
head in to signal my
departure - I could have
lingered him!

His my love, sweet.
heart -

C.

Tuesday -
14 March 1935

My sweetest darling,

I just
must be short to-night -
such a welter of things to be
done as I have got myself
into. The done too much part
going & now I'm at the
point where things have got
to be done - papers, marks,
comments, conferences, wash-
ing, sewing, etc., etc. I am
up to my neck in the Par-
son's prize, of which I am
inordinably fond - but
seen through 18 years old
eyes over & over & over it
pales a bit!

Well, I saw Donald
this afternoon, to my great
delight. The mass told me
to stay only 2 minutes as

my composure all the time
I was there, though I hope
I did outwardly. As I got
on the other side of the bed
in a different light +
listened to his talk, I
realized that so far as he
was concerned that first
shock was a mistake - he
didn't have so gray a color
as it seemed when I faced
into the light, + his voice
was strong + steady, his
laugh wholly natural,
the play of expression across
his face as free as ever.
His charm is not at all
dimmed by his ordeal, +
his vitality astonishing
little. He goes to Danbury
on Saturday + is so glad
to get out of the hospital.
The room was full of
flowers - he insisted on
giving me a handful, but

he'd been having a little
rheumatism which had
retarded his progress a bit.
So I started to go after
about 7 or 8 minutes, but
he said "Oh, you don't
have to pay any attention
to her - if you don't go,
she'll come back after
a while + look at you, +
then you'll probably have
to go." So I stayed
about 15 minutes + she
did open the door - I
simultaneously rose + slid
out of it! I had a little
shock when I first saw
him - he looked so freshly
- I was taken right
straight back to Exeter
a year and a half ago.
I'm terribly afraid I showed
it - I couldn't think of
one word to say, I even
couldn't talk straight, nor
did I inwardly regain

it's not much of a room,
is it? Of course hospitals
always depress me horribly
anyway - the accumulation
of pains & fear weighs on me
almost past endurance. Any-
one whom I visit in a hos-
pital should be impressed
- it's an ordeal for me &
only my will puts me
through it.

I'm so glad, sweetheart,
that you enjoyed the con-
cert more than you'd ex-
pected. I repeated faithfully
to leave all you'd said
about Toscanini - you'll get
us educated if you keep on &
are patient with me. I could
understand what you meant
after you'd explained & how
I listen with an attempt to
hear the things you told me
about.

I'm glad I got my own bathed
dress done, even if it leaves you
pincaterless - it's the warmest
thing I have & we're having

in an entering wedge. You
know I shall not push you
to accept anything unless we
agree it is wise. But don't
let that prevent you getting
any chances you can. Write
as ingratiating a letter as you
can, say that if he should
care to see you, you'll be in
N. Y. in April or could, if
necessary, come sooner. This
is just because it's good
psychology to make it seem as
if you were easily available
for personal interviews + willing
to take his trouble. If any-
thing came of it, you'd know
much better after you'd had
an interview what the nature
of the work + home of the place
was + therefore whether you
should or should not con-
sider it. How about Stevens
Institute? Were you going to
write that? Or any other
similar institution? Look up
the Dartmouth Catalogue + let

Craystack. And I couldn't
be annoyed at all the waits
+ delays, for it was all my
own silly fault. Haven't you
asked me? Anyhow, they
finally found it. I went in
+ got it + all is well. I may
even have learned a lesson
from it, though that I doubt.

I called Donald this
morning + though I wasn't
allowed to speak to him,
some unknown person (fe-
male) gave me permission to
come + see him to-morrow.
It was not the nurse, for
she had gone to lunch, +
whom I had said she was
instructed never to let anyone
speak to Donald when the
nurse wasn't there! I'll
write you whatever news I
hear there may be to-morrow.

Don't you think, darling,
you'd better write to Betty
College? No, this is not all
an attempt on my part to slip

we know if Nathaniel Burleigh
 is on the faculty - it might
 be a contact for you. Have
 you heard from Temple?
 Or considered any other Phil-
 adelphia institutions? How
 about any women's colleges?
 They don't generally demand
 so much research. Boss
 might be able to pull a
 string at Waltham. It
 might not be a bad idea
 to leave a boy at home.
 Conn. College for women?
 U.S. " " " "
 They're both not so bright.
 July far away! Smith?
 Vassar? Or Brown - it's often
 true that the women's colleges
 have difficulty in getting as
 many men as they would
 like to have. Write & tell me
 if you're a chemist - for so far
 I've started his on the
 train his way, but didn't
 finish it, + it is now after 11 + 9

I've drawn one deep breath since I left
 your station - no didn't mean it this time

one 3 tumors! He said it
was amazing that she was
still on her feet for the
whole abdominal cavity
was full of them. The con-
dition of her general health
is remarkably good & he
strongly advises that she
have the operation within the
next week or two, because
she'll recover better & also
because to leave - & longer
would be dangerous be-
cause of possible hemor-
rhages (sp.?). He said he
would do it for \$150., which
is of course almost a
present for a man of that
standing who can easily
get \$1,000. I was interested
to hear that he said that
he always discouraged a
school-teacher's waiting
till summer, though
they always want to. He
says there's always in
such a state by June that he

getting married might
make in you accepting or
declining.

I've had rather an
emotional day myself,
with Sieber & Leon, both
of whom were low - both
physically & mentally -
with Joan, definitely
temperary. However is for
good measure. It's now
10:45 & my first free minute
for a letter. Leon has
to-day seen the surgeon
- the one Hugh recommended.
She is immensely enthusi-
astic over him & feels far
more confidence & security
in him than in the first
doctor. He is a very humane
person & handled her with
great skill, considering his
temperament. Her actual
condition is even worse
than she knew, for there

Hubert - VS Monday -
Walter (L.) [27 Feb 1937]

Darling Boy,

I have devoted most of the time since you left to thinking about you & me & have come to one major conclusion - that I am asking too much of you emotionally. So I am going to stop, but before I stop there are a few things I want to say. I can see, of course, that my demands and most of the time with you retreat into your ivory tower. So that they profit us nothing & wear on you. I recognize that you are in no state to be worried, & of course the conclusion is inevitable. I think it is true that it is in part your own nervous condition that produces this situation - but that is by no means all. You have all times when you were dreadfully exhausted gives me what I needed

ably if I ask for it, you evade me, you spirit retreats from my outstretched hand. Sometimes you resist explicitly, generally only implicitly. I think that is where it is true that you are emotionally immature. You shrink from having to show adult emotions. When I talked to you about how you brought of all sorts of reasons why it was not really necessary to feel sympathy for her. When I talked to you of myself you listened, but you gave me nothing. You resented the demand, whether consciously or not, & you resisted it. And so it will go on, if I keep trying to get from you what I need. I can see that it is a futile struggle - it only makes you pull away. So long as I asked nothing of you, you were at peace with me, & I can see that it is

& at other times when you were feeling well for me, you have failed to. I think you are rationalizing somewhat when you simply blame it on your health. I think it all goes back to those demands made on you in your childhood & boyhood, demands which threatened the integrity of your personality, & that's more, demands which tried to force you your childish or adolescent mind emotions too adult for you. You shrank from them in a self-protective - of course that was a habit of resistance to any direct emotional demand that you have never outgrown. You resist & resent the demand for response - but you give it often when it is unexpected (& therefore unasked) - or to strangers, or to "humanity" - or the unfortunate in general. But almost inevitably

necessary for you that we
return to that. You are in a
state to meet demands upon
you that you is strictly
right. Perhaps after the
rest of the mess - the purely
external part of it - is cleared
up, you will think it worth
your while to try to share
somewhat in my emotional
life. I am sure we shall
be happier if you do. Last
September when I first
tried to explain to you what
my needs were, I did it be-
cause I thought it would
make our relationship
more complete and because
I didn't see how I could
get through the year still
without your help - for my
world, you know, had
crumbled to bits. But of
course I can get through
- we all can get through
what we must, though
something will have been
lost to us that we might
have had, with each of us

balancing part of the other's load.
Don't take this as either a
threat or a complaint - I
can see why it is that you
cannot give me what I ask.
It's unfortunate that both
your disasters & mine come
at the same time - that
is pure circumstance. I
shall ask nothing more
of you emotionally, my
dear, until you are ready to
give - whenever, or if ever
that is. And I shall by
my very best to satisfy
your needs - only I think
you must recognize that
your demands are heavy
and that I do not have
the source of renewal of my
own emotional energies
that I should have, were
you to be quick in your
response to me, and ready
to stand between me and
my own unhappiness. I can
give only up to a point -

really thought that if I
could overcome that resist-
ance in you, you would
find an emotional release
in sharing my feelings.
You like to be "harrowed"
in the theatre - because, of
course, - it is a release -
your own emotional burden
are laid ^{aside} as you share in
imagination those of
another. So you will learn
to do with people you love
eventually to be far happier
for it, but I cannot ask
it of you now - you've no
energy for learning, or
for developing the tech-
nique of self-surrender.
That you can do it in the
end I do not doubt -
& it is because you can
& must do it for your
own salvation that you
need me. Unlike that
fine, my darling, I'll

that is an admission of a
certain smallness of spirit
on my part, is it it? But
there you are - that's what
I am like. I can at least
refrain from talking to you
about myself, from asking
you for what I want,
and that I will do - I
promise. I think it will
make this so easier for you
and perhaps if I can manage
to help you through this
and nothing of you, later
you will be able to give
me the thing without which
I am crippled.

I hope you understand,
dearling, why I have
demanded so much &
so often - partly my own
need, partly that I felt
very strongly - it was
right for our relationship
that there should be a
sharing of emotional
burdens & of the intimate
emotional life of each -
also partly because I

care to know you + keep
my ambitions to myself
except in so far as they
can help you.

There, my love - and
you are my love - now
do you feel relieved? Well
fix it all somehow, some-
time, but for now will
let it go.

I love you + love you -
S.

Your letter of Monday did not surprise me
for I too had come to a more or less
similar conclusion to yours. It is a
lot to say that you are asking too
much of me emotionally, but it is
certainly true that you seem to
asking more than I seem to be able
to give, and in that sense it is too
much. I agree with you that ^{the reason for}
failure to give you all you want is
not so simply my nervous exhaustion,
but a complex - a complex of which
my nervous state is at once both a
cause ^{and} effect. For one thing I do
not have a technique, as you yourself
said sometime ago, ~~the development~~
~~of a technique requires energy I don't~~
~~seem to have~~ ~~what~~ It seems to me
that to a lot of situations I don't know
how to respond. Of course that may

I felt. I came ^{to} ~~with~~ freedom when
an undergraduate at Harvard, but
even then there were the demands of my
family which had to be met. I
have been schooled in resistance. What
the cure for that is I don't know, but
I suspect that freedom from demand
might help a lot, you have found
me responsive at times, and, by
your own statement, unexpectedly.
And there it is - if I can or not as
I choose I often choose. You
have learned that I am stubborn,
I wonder if you have learned
how very contrary I am. I don't
glory in it ^{these attributes} ~~these attributes~~,
but I have them and they are
powerful.

You are convinced that I should realize
why you have demanded as much
of me. I do realize and I do understand,
at least ^{in a way} ~~in a way~~. You must admit

be a view point based on ~~stipulations~~.
To be specific for a moment, you mention
my remarks about Leeper's carrying
hospital expense. By an effort of
the will I could have said the things
you felt I should say were I really
responding. I felt then and I still
feel that what ~~was~~ ^{is} ~~was~~ ^{is} the point.
I am sorry that there must have been
then the best, but I don't see that
I really help either he or you by
making that fact seem worse through
arguing over it. ~~The reason the world~~
~~has been in the social system, and~~
~~that point I can't see wrong,~~
but I admit that I am probably wrong.

Still technique is a relatively
minor point. The trouble does go back
to my childhood + adolescence, back
to almost every previous day of my
life. I have seldom been creatively
free, that is, free not from demand
but from demand as

that emotionally, it would be hard
for me in any case to understand - I
have had emotional troubles in
my life, but none of the nature
of yours. Just the very fact that
I don't need what you need would
make it hard for me truly to grasp
your thoughts.

I have thought, too, of a remark
you made some time ago, that had
things behaved you & me come to
function in the more normal
course of events I'd have found
you much easier to deal with -
and I add "and you me". I'm
rather concerned over this abnormal
growth of relationship - it's a
forced plant, and ~~such~~ I'm
not sure what its strength may
be. Would it have grown under
normal circumstances to the point
it seems to have reached? I don't
know, and the answer is very important

to both of us. In wondering if part
of the reason for my lack of response
may not be the result of a thoroughly
healthy instinctive resistance to the
forcing of fate - a sort of protective
covering against growth which
is abnormal. And in also wondering
if my nervous exhaustion may not
be the result of having assumed
emotional commitments that I
have been forced by circumstances
rather than by an inner drive.

I think ^{my dear that} this is most important
and I think each of us must recast
circumstances ~~and test his own~~
and try to determine in how far
circumstances has been at work and
in how far ^{factors} inherent in ourselves have
been active.

I can't go on with this new French
stink about it, and so must you.
By the proper answer to it and the
happiness of us both.

You are going to give me that, and
I say sincerely that I am ^{very} grateful
to you for the sacrifice, for with
due care it will be to you.

Further
There is littleⁿ that I can say, except to
accuse you of that concern. I would not
of conviction that we faced a problem
of extreme importance, a problem contributed
not by ourselves but by circumstance. I
lay no blame at either issue, for the
part, but I could not fail to lay
blame at any more did I not face the
situation as I see it and be frank with
you about it.

I would be shaken, indeed, to
find that life had tricked me yet again
into bringing unhappiness to one I
care for as I care for you, and deeply
grieved ~~that~~ at the effect on you. But
I would hope you must wear my
failing shield into a marriage con-
dition in circumstance rather than in
unfavouring love - a marriage in which
one so sensitive as you to all the
fine points of such a relationship
could not fail to be unhappy.

Monday -

(21/11/1932)

Darling,

I don't think you really rate this - if you're going to cut down my ration just because the P.O. doesn't deliver on Sat. afternoons, I guess you don't rate the full quota yourself. Besides, that was a very chilly bit I got this morning, & I've not yet recovered from last week, in which I really did have a tough time. You're a funny boy - I never know how you'll take things. Sometimes it's one way, sometimes another - I suppose depending upon your mood. But, my dear, let me suggest something to you - when I go so far as to speak to you freely of things deep in my heart, do not begin to be wholly unanswered. I am, both by nature & by training, very reticent. To break

you to answer this. Should
you prefer to leave me meet
Tom & Helen + take you to dinner
in N.Y. + then down to Sister
or not to meet you + leave
dinner all ready for you out
in L.N.C.? Of course the
former arrangement would
perhaps simplify the problem
of the bag, but the latter might
be more peaceful. If I meet
you at 7:50 + then went
out with you to L.N.C.
+ got dinner it would be
pretty late, so if you want
to eat out here I think
you'd better do so now!
Perhaps Sister will invite us
dinner. In any case, let me
know what you want. Take
a look around at the
people meeting the train,
whatever you decide - just
to be sure!

I'm very glad you're
coming - I think we need

down that barrier + speak
intimately of myself is always
difficult - to meet with no
response when I do is humili-
ating + painful to me. It is
a stream that would be very
easily dammed - but if it
were, our relationship
would never be complete.
Dearest, you should not
have left the letter I wrote
you about Dad unmentioned
+ unanswered. If you want
me to live on some remote
island with you, you'll have
to be quick to respond to my
emotional needs, which are
rather complex + are intensi-
fied by loneliness.

Do you know anyone at
Dartmouth? I think I do.
Dad writes till we've talked
about it. Your method of
approach is not the right
one if there's any other
possible.

Now for the chief purpose
of this letter - about Thursday.
There will just be time for

to see each other right
now. Things are a bit six-
ish & sevenish.

That's all there's time
for to - write, my dear - I
shant write to - you now for
you'd most likely not
get it - no, perhaps I shall,
for on second thought, you
might. Anyhow, don't count
on it!

Walden came to dinner
yesterday - at our - stayed
till 11:30!

My dear love to you,
My precious -
C.

Saturday -

(27 Feb 1938)

Sweetheart -

Here I am on a train
for Philadelphia - a last
minute invitation from Bob
for the week-end.

I was so glad to get
your letter last night - a
very sweet & loving letter
& a very reassuring one.
Darling, I know you never
mean to hurt me - you're
too gentle, too tender - when
you do hurt me it's all a
matter of misunderstanding
(yours or mine), or because
both of us are so emotional
in our primary reactions.
You still do not altogether
understand what I'm trying
to say. I do not scoff at
your "dream" - I can see w
reason why I should, nor
why you should think I did

to be unhappy when you
want to live, or to fail to
share with you, an experience
that is important to you.
And I don't mean, either, that
I'm going to fool you into
thinking I like it - I mean
I'm going to like it. Only
it will be easier for me if you
attempt to share the things
that mean much to me - not
just endure them, but share
+ enjoy them.

As for the state of your
nerves - I do realize it -
+ as a matter of fact, I
should say that I realize
it better than you, in
spite of what you say, for
you not doing anything
about it drives me simply
wild - + if you realized
your state as well as I do,
you'd have long ago stopped
just talking about it + gone
to a doctor who knows
something about nerves.

And you don't half listen to
what I say - I keep on
saying that what bothers
me most is not the country
per se but the life that
is enforced upon a woman
by the small in-grown
community - it's the small
town small town town
country that bothers me. And
that does not concern you
Lill-top. You're exaggerating
ridiculously when you talk
about not making me live
on a lill-top because I'd
be so miserable, I shouldn't
be miserable at all - I
should, in fact, be very
happy. The spectacle of
nature never makes me
miserable, though it some-
times does me. But the
"limitations" you mention is
one you have imposed upon
me - I have no intention
of allowing myself to be
limited in such a way as

You told me in Sept. that
you would, you told me at
Thanksgiving, at Xmas &
again a month ago - but
you never do it & then you
have the nerve to tell me
I don't realize the extent of
your nervous exhaustion.
You're behaving like an
idiot - dragging yourself
around, pushing against
terrible odds, getting your-
self deeper & deeper in, worry-
ing terribly everyone who
loves you & just not doing the
thing that might help you.
It does no good to tell you
that you drag us into you
on your weary road, that
you add greatly to the fears
& the unhappiness that make
my days difficult - you
just won't do it. I shouldn't
dream of letting you take
the business job without hav-
ing some adequate medical
opinion on your present con-

dition + its probable outcome
& possible treatment. It's
absurd to say you'd take
the job for me - what good
would it do me for you to
attempt a job beyond your
strengths? I want to know
what a good doctor thinks
would be the effect on you
of a stable & settled life, with
enough money to be safe, a
harmonious home, and a
wife. That is - I want an
expert opinion on the sources
of your nervous explanation,
& what relation to them or
compensation for them the
above-mentioned would have.
I think, if the business job were
offered to you, you should
neither accept nor decline
without learning as much
as you can about the state
of your health + its probable
future. I know that different
nervous conditions require
different treatment, & not to
find out all you can is the

than to assume that I'm not +
that you're going to leave to
protect yourself - that makes
me nervous + then you do have
to protect yourself!

Oh, my dear, all this
would be so much easier +
happier if we were together
→ we should neither of us be
so strained or so easily
upset + the difficulties
would all be so much
more easily + quickly
explained + dispelled. I
suppose in a way it would
be better to leave than all
till we are together + get
that doesn't seem quite
right either - then we fail
to grow in understanding
of each other. Anyhow,
I'll omit any comments
on the tactless thing you
said in this letter! I am
in the mood just now only
for loving you, for wishing
you were here in my arms.

But let of foolishness. I think
that for any highly nervous
person instability is very
wearying - more so generally
than he is himself aware. I
do think there is no question
that you need stability very
badly. I realize perfectly
that you couldn't do the business
job at present - I think it
is not ideal in any case, but
I still think that any
possibility should be investi-
gated + that there are other
factors involved in this par-
ticular job than just the
work. You think I want
you to take it for my sake,
but, my darling, you do me
an injustice in that - really
you do. I suppose I should
like you to trust me a
little more, but perhaps you
will, after a while. I warn
you that, with one so con-
fiding-minded as I, you'll
do better to assume that I
am going to believe well

I shall send you all that I can find out about the matter - I shall send you all that I can find out about the matter - I shall send you all that I can find out about the matter -

factlessness + all.
It's now after one - I
had to stop writing when
I got to Phil. + there has
was lunch, a matinee,
dinner, a movie + any
amount of conversation
interlarded. The play
this afternoon was so poor
+ they all thought it was
so wonderful - darling, you
won't ever keep me so
much away from the
theatre that I lose my
discrimination, will you?
I don't want my judgment
skewed by lack of use - I
should hate that! I imagine
how you'd feel if you found
yourself getting a great
thrill out of the local
band concert!
My angel, I love you +
love you + God knows how
I'm going to live till next
time. I thought I suppose

Friday -

My best beloved -

1870-1882

So I didn't

put you into the valentines -
oh dear! I knew you'd ex-
pect one from me, of course,
so I mailed one from L.A.C.
which you were supposed to
think was it & carefully
carried the story into N.Y.
thinking you'd be completely
myatified! Next time I shall
have to work harder on the
handwriting. As for the sealing
of the envelopes - I certainly
was surprised - I thought
all people did it as highly
as possible. Well, what - talk
proof is that I'm not by
nature deceitful & that I'm
very thorough - quite an
admirable person, you see!
Darling, you were so cute
about the cheeky sophomores.
But I didn't mean to give you

authority. The mistake he said
"Who listens to you, anyway?"
he had put himself in a position
where you could not lower
yourself to answer him. Good
land, there is no inflexible guide,
nor do I think myself one
— nor do I think you is in
any danger of being unable to
solve your own problems.

The glad Valentine's speech
stirred up the boys, too — it
should, of course, & I had
to think of that sort of
thing being swallowed by
the young as gospel. I see
you dean has got a college
of his own — would he give
you a job?

No, I've not read the W.
James essay. But after what
you said I wish very much
that I might — could you
bring it to me? Is it yours?
If not, what book is it in?
Of course W. J. had a

order, you know! And, though
I think the ideal disciplinarian
is perhaps always impersonal,
I know you can be a
very successful one when you
are not, particularly if you
can deliver your personal
remarks in an impersonal
manner — that is, quite with-
out sarcasm — so that it is
personal to the boy but not to
you. I'm sure this is particu-
larly true with boys, who talk
— & read — a lot more
banging about than girls. I'd
never think of criticizing you
for saying something personal
to a boy. What troubled me
about that St. Louis incident was
that it had reached the point
where he was making pers-
onal remarks about you &
you announced them. Do you
see? There's a very important
distinction there. You don't dis-
cuss your own merits with
those over whom you are in

profound influence on Dad's
thought + on his way of life
- though I think that was
partly because of a certain
fundamental harmony of mind
& spirit between them. I
should dearly love to read
anything written by the one
in which you saw another
reflected. So do bring it to
me if you can.

Darling, will you let me
know what happens to the
new shirt when it's washed?
You conducted a series of
experiments, you see! This
one is a 15-33 with out the
sleeves shortened - of the
same type of shirt as the other
that shrunk.

I'm glad you like knowledge
- you'll be able to give me
a lift on my low days!
Only another week to go!
Love, my darling -
C.

guess there's nothing to be done. I could call the hospital, but I should learn nothing more than we already know. I'd thought of writing Betty a note (would the address be 10 Terrace Place?) + asking her to let us know if I could take her to dinner, lunch or tea on a day she's here. But I imagine it would be easier for her to eat right at the hospital, for the trip will be a pretty trying one. Of course I'm afraid of being a nuisance — you are family, but I'm only an attachment of yours. I sent Donald a plant on Tuesday ^{with} I hope you approve — a cyclamen with a lot of flowers + a lot more coming — I thought it would be more personal than cut flowers + nice for a change.

Well, the other thing I want to talk about to-night

to our relationship on the whole. Anyhow, I know when your letter comes to-day — one of your very sweet ones — a free, spontaneous, altogether charming letter, I laughed with sheer joy that you were you, and that you were mine — so dear, & so very dear.

I've a lot of things of yours to answer, but my time is very short — I've had a crowded day, am really very tired + must get up early to-morrow for another crowded day. So I'll leave most of it for to-morrow on the train.

But first — about Donald — of course I thought of going to see him, but Betty said not yet. I shall go as soon as I'm allowed, I promise you. In the meantime, I

is done - her visit to the
doctor was yesterday & the
trouble has all come from
a tumor, which means an
operation, of course. She is
in a terrible state of mind
over it, not because of the
physical ordeal though of
course she dreads that, but
because of the money. She
can only barely scrape through
as it is, & how she is to pay
for a major operation & its
attendant expenses, God only
knows. She has hospital in-
surance, health leaves, & that's
a big item, but there's a lot
else. I am infinitely distressed
- it seems to me that life is
more cruel to her than to
anyone else I know - & she
so fine & so valuable a human
being. I wish that Earl would
snap out of it & go & get a
job washing dishes or anything.
Oh, my sweet, I love you
so, & all these people leaving
such awful things on the walls,
with their pills we with horror

Wednesday -

[16 Feb 1938]

My position -

I rather trampled
on you last night, didn't I?
Perhaps I shouldn't have -
but I had been awfully upset
& it seemed the best way to
clear the air. It would be
better for us both if we could
have all our things out
wordily, instead of by mail -
but we can't, & I'm inclined
to think that in general it's
better to have them out than
not to. We are both rather
complex people, with definite
& strong personalities & the
better we learn to know &
understand one another, the
more happily we shall live
together. It would all be very
much better & easier were we
not both abnormally strong.
That is something that we
must each of us allow for in
the other, & which, of course it's

you see, dearest, do you understand? Do you remember how you felt those days when Donald's life was in danger - how your mind that every thought seemed to lead you to him, so closely was he knit into your life? Well, that's the way it is, & that can go on & on, almost indefinitely. It makes my need of you more acute than it would normally be & therefore my demands on you heavier. It is not quite fair, but then neither was your original treatment of me, which has put me in this position. But both of us have been unfair through a combination of circumstances & temperament, not through any wish or will of our own. You see, darling, all this business about city & country was not at all an attempt to persuade you to live in the ~~same~~ city, nor to make you concede

easy to forget in moments of emotional stress. I think you often forget that besides all my worries about you - and as I am going through a period of very difficult & painful re-adjustment. The loss of my father & my home tore out the foundations of my life - I cannot rebuild them in a day nor in a year. I am fighting all the time against my longing for the past, trying to make for myself a future that will have a quality of its own which will make it possible for me to become once more a whole person, instead of one torn in two. I realize that this imposes a burden upon you which, under other circumstances would not have happened. You must try to be patient. Hard things between you & me come to fruition in the more normal course of events, you'd have found it much easier to deal with. Do

That the city is preferable, but
only my increasing need for the
thing that I have lost. I do
not want you to accommodate
your life to my desires, but
I do terribly want that you
should understand + to some
extent share aspects of ex-
periences that mean much to
me. I'm not going to deny you
one thing you want, but I
do want to be able to go to
you with the things I think
+ feel + find interest + sym-
pathy. I want to be able
to tell you how I feel
about the city and not be
held what a fool I am, or
what a disappointment to
you I am, but to be listened
to with respect. You do not
find it altogether easy, I
know, to put yourself in the
mind of another - it will
become easier as time
passes, + you will find in-
creasingly that ~~it~~ it will

bring you a release, an escape
from yourself that will
more than compensate for any
strain. You know, of course,
been very sweet about not
putting at H. G. - & I am
extremely grateful. But I
want more - I want you to
put yourself in my mind & see
it as I see it, so that I may
share it with you - that's a
matter of emotion, of sympathy,
not of intellectual judgment.
I want you to want to like
it because I like it not to
be determined to continue
disliking it on principle!
That would make my
response to you quieter, more
& more complete, for it would
establish a give & take be-
tween us that would be
stimulating & heart-warm-
ing to us both. Do you
remember our days in the
Pennsylvania hills? They
were happy, weren't they?

Well, I was determined that
they should be - that I
should share in & enjoy you
sort of thing, and I did - I
had a lovely time doing it,
too. You can do the same
thing for me, if you will. All
the more, since we shall
always live your kind of
life more nearly than
mine.

Does all this mean
anything to you? Or is
it done - you understand
me now easily. Yes, as
time goes on.

My love - see's at the
g.c. - I must stop.
When do you get here next
week?

I love you beautifully -
C.

Tuesday -

(16 Feb 1932)

My darling,

I really was pretty upset by your Sunday letter, which came this morning, and was feeling very low indeed all day, but when I got home at 7 o'clock, there was another letter, beginning with saying that you were convinced, not, as a matter of fact, about the things that had upset me, but it reassured me to have you troubled for fear you'd hurt me, so that I felt sure you didn't mean to hurt me in the other letter. Darling, you said my letter didn't upset you - well, maybe not, but it certainly did something to you. I really think, Nat,

sporting enough, to let the
lower grouse a little with-
out hitting her over the head
for it - so there! Whatever you
say, you were annoyed - &
it showed in every sentence
you wrote, a lot of which I
thought pretty unfair. I
resent being told that I am
limited because I prefer my
fellow-man & what he does
& makes & is to trees &
rivers. You assume an air
of superiority because you
are never bored by the
trees & rivers - yes, my dear,
you do - & there's nothing
superior about it. What's
more, I'll make a lot more
effort to share your pleasure
in the country than you will
mine in the city - & since
every pleasure of mine is
shared by not leaving you,
share it with me - that makes

on the whole, your letter was
rather unkind - yes, my
dear, I do. I think you are
disappointed in me - which I
am not surprised at. Per-
haps you are justified, but
there is one thing I want
to say - or call to your
attention. There is no argument
about where we are to live,
nor how I suggested that
there should be - we'll live
in the place that is most
near to what you want that
it is possible for you to get.
I've said that all along, that
means that you are going to
get what you want, so far
as I am concerned - &
you've a perfectly fair chance
of getting it sooner or later,
whereas I haven't a chance
in the world. That being
the case, you are - without
any contest - the winner - &
I think the winner might be

you again the wisest, & I
think you'd better be gracious
about it.

Of course, part of the resent-
ment you have stirred up
in me is the implied criticism
of my parents - in particular
my father, my tastes, my
desires, my way of life and
for the most part what he
made them, & you know that
perfectly well. I, on the other
hand, know that I am not
quite reasonable about him
- he is my god, & that's just
one of the things you'd
have to put up with about
me - & I cannot bear to
be pitied for my limitations
when I prefer what he
taught me to prefer. Of
course, however much I
have been formed by him,
I am not of his stature, ^{as}
there'd be compensations he
found that will be out of

my reach. They as I may, I
cannot achieve the richness
of his humanity, so he imposed
close & frequent contact with
people ^{whom} I have essentially
nothing in common gets
pretty irritating to me in-
stead of being satisfying.
And that you've got to have
in a small community - I
must give up my freedom
submit to tyranny. Whether
I like trees & rivers or not,
I'll not have time to look
at them. Do you want me to
be the kind of person who is
contented with the social
sound?

As for the remarks about
your health, I think they
were downright unkind, &
very unnecessary - you were
it said, in the first place,
as if I were wholly indif-
ferent to that element
in the situation which is

you'd admit the truth of that
— & that there was something
to be said for it. I was try-
ing to appeal to your reasons,
& I thought that that would
be a point that would mean
something to someone so
passionably interested in so
ordered & arranged an activ-
ity of the human mind as
music. Just because you don't
happen to care as I do about
the stress, which are almost
wholly out of reach of
the country dwellers, doesn't
make it sensible for you
to dismiss them all in a few
contemptuous sentences.

It's just too bad about
your permanently dispelled
dream — but why is it per-
manently dispelled — I told
you I'd go where you wanted
to go — that I respected you
that I should manage to
get satisfaction from it if you

very far from the truth,
& in the second place as if
there were nothing quite so
important to you — certainly
not myself. Perhaps that's
true, perhaps it's reasonable
that it should be, but I
certainly think it's better
left unsaid — surely it
could be omitted until the
issue became immediate.
Certainly, so far as the thinking
job goes, you could easily think
about twice as much in the
country as you do now.

As for that business
about the city being ordered
& arranged — I never said
that, but only that there
was more order & arrange-
ment in the works of man
than in nature, & if you
weren't being so damned
ambitious & exasperated
about the whole business

sort or another. Besides, if you
really read what I was
gossiping about, you'd realize
that most of it had nothing
to do ^{with} your billtop, if I could
go + live on a billtop with
you to-morrow, I'd be rep-
tious. Thus, I should be
giving up some things that
mean a lot to me, but I
should be getting such a
lot. This wouldn't be the
awful social problem -
you'd let me have a few
choice spirits to stay over
in a while - you'd let
me go off to the city over
in a while for a bit of
champagne. I shouldn't
have to go to teas, or worse
still, leave teas, nor join
any clubs. I should have
your companionship, of
which I'll have very
little in any place where

you're working. I do like
people - + need them - much
more than you, but people
as you get them in the
small towns are what I
call people at any price
- rammed down your throat
indiscriminately, not chosen,
which is the way I like
them - + what's more it's
the way you like them.
You'll escape a lot of the
social business in the
small towns. But you
won't escape it all. My
boy - + you won't like it,
either - less, if anything,
than I.

Of course your admission
to-day that you'd be an
reasonable about the jobs
& idiots sort of disarmed
me - but just remember
the proportion is no higher
in N.Y. than anywhere.

I want to
know how
you
feel
about
me.
I
love
you
and
I
want
to
know
how
you
feel
about
me.

There - I guess I've vented
my spleen enough for now.
But I think you noted
it - I've shed an awful
lot of tears over you in the
last two days. If you're
disappointed at what you
thought (quite mistakeably)
was the destruction of your
dream of the hilltop, how
do you suppose I feel at
your incessant implication if
not spoken repetition of the
fact that you will not try
to share my satisfaction in
the way of life that most
naturally pleases me? We
shall live your way - now be
a sport + let yourself enjoy
a few bits of my way, so
that I need not be divided
into 2 separate pieces that
have no connection with one
another.
You see, darling, you made
me mad - because you hurt
me, so I hit back, + I've not

Thursday -

(11/7/28/1938)

My sweet angel -

Thanks for
all the wild rice information
& recipes - so cute of you
to notice them & even more to
bother to send them.

Now, my angel, since
you're so fussy about my
English, I'm going to correct
your spelling. It's not the
Styx you're in, but the
sticks - but simple. You've
got your figures mixed &
are being too literary!
It's just an expression
meaning the backwoods,
or what have you. When
did you ever get the
notion it was a classical
allusion? And one more
item - envelop is a verb
- the thing you put a

because it has more of the things that are peculiarly urban than any other city in this country. But it is not vital to me - the thing that is vital to me is a focus for my life, a focus to build it round. I'd rather live with you in the country than by myself in N. Y. But I'd even rather live with you in N. Y.! How I recognize perfectly that there is for very few of us the opportunity to have all that we want - we must choose & compromise. I think you'll find I'll make what compromises are necessary without too much fuss, in the long run.

Of course you're quite right when you say that

letter in (+ then apologize for - quite unnecessarily) is an ~~envelope~~ envelope. I don't give a damn how you spell things, but just because you're in the middle of a lot of rather important correspondence, I thought I'd straighten you out because before you said something about envelopes to some college president!

Darling, I think your remarks about me & you & us were all very clever & witty, very much to the point. As for N. Y. being vital or not to me - it's like this - I am an urban person either by temperament or training, or perhaps both, & N. Y. seems to me now, & I suspect always will, the ideal place to live.

you + I depend on different things. At the same time you're not wholly right. There are some elements in the situation that that doesn't cover.

I do dislike living in the country — just about as you dislike living in the city — & it gets on my nerves horribly. If I were to find myself living in the country, knowing that I must stay there month in & month out the year 'round, I should feel as frantic & as imprisoned as you would if you had to live in the city. Knowing you couldn't get into the country at all from one year's end to the next. This is partly, of course — perhaps largely, I'm not sure, — for the reasons you suggest. My dependences are different. I

have none - or little - of your
feeling for nature. It provides
me with no refuge - in the
long run - it bores me - or
irritates me. It is so dis-
orderly, so casual, so
unarranged. I like a high-
ly conscious, highly organized
directed life. I like to feel
my mind behind the things I
spend my time on - I
want the world of the huma-
nist. This is not to say that
I do not often get a lot of
pleasure out of nature
- and a lot from being
in the country. I do, most
definitely.

Now just let me also point
out to you certain differences
between the life of a
woman in the country &
that of a man. Supposing
you were teaching in some
country college & I were
there with you. You would

wife - a good Victrola & a good
radio, or fair approximation
of the pleasure you'd derive
from a seat in Carnegie Hall.
But the thing that fills the
corresponding place for me
is entirely out of my reach
- I just plain have to go
without it. I must also go
without the treasure in which
I am deeply interested &
the nearest I'll get to it
is the occasional good
picnic at the local movie
house. It will be hard to get
hold of the books I want
to read - and I shall be
caught up in the horrid
round of activities im-
posed upon women by the
social tyranny of the
small community -
I shall have to believe & do
to play endless bridge & be
"cultural" - Oh, God!

leave your work, which would
fill the greater part of your
time & your mind. I, on
the other hand, should have
the greater part of my time
filled by those interminable
tasks which occupy the
hands but not the mind.
You can, to some extent,
lose yourself in your work
- but by ~~losing~~ losing
yourself in a kitchen full
of dirty dishes, or peeling
potatoes, or washing the
bathroom floor! There are
some women who really en-
joy housework, but they're
not so many as men like
to think they are. There is
your spare time you have,
for instance, your music -
your major interest among
the intellectual forms of
recreation. You're able to get

shall spend hours & hours
with women, all of whom
do the same thing, have
the same ambitions, look
at life the same way.
This would be all very well
if I were crazy about
country living - but I'm
not. And remember that the
inconveniences & purely prac-
tical difficulties of country
living fall almost wholly
on a woman.

Thus, I have now had
my little outburst - I
shall probably have others
at times - particularly when
we do live in the country!
If I must live in a
house not fundamentally
congenial to us, I must
be allowed my moments
of rebellion! I know
perfectly well that I shall
not be unhappy - my choice
will be deliberate & mad with

open eyes. And I am fairly
adaptable. Besides, there are
always people. But, my
darling, I don't think I
could take it unrelieved
— I should have to be able
to get to N.Y. now & then.
And to understand that, just
reverse the positions — was
you to be here, you couldn't
take it, if you were not
able to get to the country
now & then.

I wish you could some-
how learn to love yourself
more easily & more often —
for no reason but that
you would be happier &
less nervous. You say
you "simply cannot give
—— without feeling it
cut into your resources".
Well, there's something
wrong in your feelings
somehow, for it should only

them only as often as I
like - or less often, which is
so much better than too
often! I love not having to
belong to anything, to go
very rarely to parties, but
to see my friends singly or
2 or 3 at a time & so really
save them. What ends into
my resources is those gadding
mobs one is always having
to deal with in a small
community - the club meet-
ings, the teas, the lunches,
Oh dear, there's my out.
Must coming on me again!

Well, sweetheart, it's
all just talk, for I know
perfectly well what I
must do. I know that it is
a man's world, & that that
being the case, the women
have got to follow the men,
or go without them. You see,
in the last analysis, the
woman - earn & the head of

Build up your resources, for
your ego lies follow or
should - & ^{when} what next it
is needed - it is enriched &
refreshed. Of course it is
that that the city supplies
me with, with its manifold
interests & activities; to
have an diversity - I can
lose my ego for hours at
a time - or even days.
And in the country I must
of the time leave to live
with the damn thing! Of
course you're a far less
selfish person than I - per-
haps that has something
to do with it. But I do still
think that a woman is
subjected to more tyranny
& boredom than a man in
the country! Oh, I do love
the freedom of this life
- the opportunity to live
as I like, to choose
my own friends, to see

The family & if the country is
where you are best suited
to doing your job, then that's
where we've got to go, whether I
like it or not. If I really can't
bear it, I can let you go - but
that, you see, is not the case.
No family can leave two for
→ you've got to be it. I do
recognize that & I shall
cease my wailing on the
whole! You will let us wait
just a little - just now
& then?

But all this is in general
→ & for the future. It
seems to me that the
immediate problem is not
one of where we'd like or
not like to live, but an
even more practical one -
essentially a financial one.
It's got to be, my darling,
& we both got to be use-
able enough to see it in
that light. You're going to
end this year in the red - &

and it is an emergency measure.

That with only one person to support, you're in no condition to undertake the strain of trying to maintain two or no more money. I don't know where your money goes, but I do know you don't live with extravagance - not even with a lot of things that are essential to many. If that's the best you can do, then it is - I can't worry you & keep saying "no, you must do this & you must do that" - I'm not going to be a dragon about money. I'll worry you if I can maintain myself, but not if it's to add to your load. We'd be slaves to money, my darling - you can live above it only if you have a little margin, otherwise it hovers over every move you make, like a sinister bird of prey. The only possible answer is a job for

ideal. But there is no ideal solution. This is a solution — & as such should certainly be given long & serious consideration. It is so easily possible that there may be no other. It is true that you do not mind living alone as I do, but I think there are plenty of ways in which the strain of our present relationship is falling on you, & in which it would be infinitely better for you were there to be at least a partial resolution of our difficulties. Of course you should do everything you can to collect some alternatives, so that we can weigh them against the advantages of a home & a stable married life. Anyhow, you may never leave the job offered you!

you that will let us keep my own — & that necessarily limits you geographically. It seems silly & unnecessary to go over all this again. But let me just point out to you that the Bureau job hardly offers a perfect arrangement from my point of view any more than from yours. The trip to Dobbs Ferry would be a weary one — for me so then at present — & that added to the greatly increased household duties would limit my enjoyment of what you call the Wanda City so many, many few occasions then at present — I shouldn't have the time nor the energy. It is for me, as for you, merely a possible compromise with the situation in which we find ourselves. For neither of us would it be

I can't help noticing with
 a little amusement the
 things you've said about
 Rochester since you got back
 — not the dept. of mat. but
 the university. My dear, you'll
 be asked by something,
 whenever you are. That is
 marks about a teacher's ability
 being judged on the basis of
 how many E's he gives!
 Now, my sweet — it's not at
 all impossible that you'd
 find a more wholesome at-
 temptless here that would
 in some ways compensate
 for the Texas + the classes of
 all business. I think you will
 well find yourself treated with
 more respect as an individual
 + find your intellectual integ-
 rity less often assailed. That
 would be nice for a change.
 Anyhow, wherever — however
 or whatever — I love you,
 my darling, my sweet —
 C.

From
 to
 on
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 an
 and
 or
 but
 so
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 which
 whose
 whom
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Monday -
(14 Feb 1938)

Darling Valentine.

This is going
to be a terrible letter - only
it won't really be a letter,
for I can't think of anything
to write about! Nothing
has happened since I wrote
you last night & God knows
I've had no thoughts worth
recording! I was coming on
having my usual Monday
morning ^{letter} for you, which I
could answer & so have
something to write about,
but I didn't get it - you
old man! No, sweetheart,
I know I shouldn't com-
plain, for I got such a
sweet valentine, so that I
am reassured as to your
continued existence & your
devotion. Monday is just such

I was in college I got 3
anonymous boxes of flowers
for Valentine's - & I was
never able to find out from
whom they came. Every
year on the 14th of Feb. the
old wound reopens & the
torments of curiosity attack
me again. How don't you
think it was brutal? Of
course I love to mystify
people, but that doesn't
mean they have any right
to mystify me! So, my
precious, I thank you
for your valentine and
for your frankness - or
openness or whatever you
choose to call it!

I called Betty this
morning & found they're
going back to Danbury
to-morrow. I don't know

a dreary day, don't you
think so? Did I've always
been without letters for 2
days - ah me! Anyhow, I
did get a dish out of the
Valentine - how did you
ever find one with such
an ~~appropriate~~ appropriate
verse? And, sweetheart,
it was angelic of you to
remember the sentimental
occasion - lots of many
love, you know. Thanks,
too, for not being myster-
ious! Valentine's day is
sometimes such a source
of torture to me! I've got
one this year that is doing
driving me mad - the
postmark was obliterated
& the handwriting dis-
guised - I suppose I'll
never know - is it it
awful? 'Way back when

whether she will find it easier
or harder - I think she's pretty
tired now. Maybe Daubeny
will be enough more useful
to make up for the long trip
back + forth twice a week. Of
course if it were I it wouldn't
be! I should want to be
near my husband + I should
want not to have to live
with a lot of not altogether
comprehending relatives.

Well, I guess that's all I
can fish out of my brains
to-day except to tell you
what comes from both
mind + heart - that you
are my dear and dearest
love - that I want you
to-day for my valentine, but
I want you to-morrow, too,
and the day after to-mor-
row - yes, and all the
days after that - my
own sweet love -

L.

beautiful job, so
 of either interesting
 - just my
 sweet + beautiful angel -
 747-819385
 How is
 your head - + how is your
 blood count - + how is your
 disposition? Recovered from
 President Valentin's shooting
 his month 7/1? God, I don't
 blame you one scrap for
 your outbreak. In fact, as you
 know by now, I'd already
 had a mild one of my own
 on the same topic. Dearest,
 I am glad you're out of
 Rochester - + should prefer
 to leave you among the
 Jews of Queens, unsatisfact-
 ion as that may be.
 I called Betty w-day
 - she's pretty tired, I guess,
 as well she might be. But

difficult.

Darling, he shoud've went
a source of distress to me
- it was my own inad-
equacy that upset us. And
the thought that there'd be
ways be things I should be
doing for you that I just
shant get done.

You are being very sweet
& reasonable about this pt.
dear, & I'm grateful to you.
Every day I read in the
paper lists of appointments
for next year in various
institutions - it all makes
me terribly aware that
even now time is fleeing
- you will write this right
away, wait for, darling, &
to Temple?

Your remarks about being
afraid to leave your present
doctor for fear he'd send you
a big bill is a perfect illus-

Donald is doing so well that
she's probably going to Dan-
bury within the next day or
so, to come down twice a
week hereafter - just for
one day. I'm to call her
to-morrow morning & find
out what her plans are
- they were evidently in
the middle of making up
their minds. She said
it was "mounting up a good
deal, staying in a hotel all
his time." Does that mean
that Mr. T. has decided he's
tired of paying for it? I
really think he might stake
her to another week of it.
I know how I'd feel if it
were you. I'd die if I
had to go off & leave you.
I suppose it's not quite the
same - but almost. She
said the problem now is
keeping him quiet - you
can imagine it would be

I'm sure you're not
at all completely
satisfied with
the situation
of the
country
at present
I'm sure
you're not
at all
satisfied
with
the
situation
of
the
country
at
present

brations of what I mean about
money — is so terribly import-
ant a matter as you shall,
your action is hesitant be-
cause of money — for me, you
cannot be free of it? How
low could I manage you, &
add so much to your burden
that you'd be even more
humbled by it, even slow
to undertake such really
important expenses as that?
I cannot, & cannot be done
less I can contribute to support
myself — not until you're
earning a tidy bit more
than you are now.

Gene & I have had a
lovely week — and. We saw
"The King" last night — it's
very fine. I think — as edu-
cation, as propoganda, &
just for sheer photographic
excellence. The music, I must
is awfully good, too — really
literary. And on the same
bill we saw "The Girl Was
Young" — an Alfred Hitchcock
film — & perfect of its kind, so

Gr. 3-1473

Prof. Simons

Was this anything you
wanted.

Friday -

[27.11.1938]

Dearest Boy -

Well, you've
got your great long letters by
now, so even though you
punished yourself for it in
vain once, you've had use
for you punishing after all. I
hope it didn't upset you,
sweetheart, for I didn't
mean it to at all - I in-
tended it to be largely expla-
natory, so that you might per-
haps understand a little
more clearly why I am a
city person.

You also have by now
your shirts - or should
have, since I mailed them
yesterday. I enclosed a
small box - as pieces
of sewing, or velvet or what

It's not, in spite of what
you said last Sunday, of
the heat Dept. you object to
is R. I incidentally, I read
about Valentine's speech in
the Times this morning, & I
must admit it made me a
little sick. The only people
who talk in that lofty way
about security are those
who leave it & who lack
the imagination or the will
to understand what the
lack of it does to the vast
majority. He ought to be
ashamed. I should think
you'd be glad to get out.

About Donald - you've
already said news of him
and as for the flowers, I
thought I'd wait till next
week. He must have quar-
terlies now - he'll need
them more a little later
they'll mean more when
they're not lost in the crowd.
You'll be all right? I'll

you will. I hope you'll
like it, but don't feel at all
certain.

I'm so glad your boys
take their medicines well -
it must have been a ~~rather~~
satisfaction to you to have
the one in particular admit
that he'd been in the wrong
& do it voluntarily. That's
a tribute to you, really, &
pleases me awfully. Boys
don't do a thing like that
unless they feel they've been
treated perfectly fairly. He
was being sporting about it
& wouldn't have been if he
hadn't felt that you had
been sporting.

So you are instructed
to appear in parade at the
University in a doublet!
Any day, remember that
next year when you're in
some other place that has
something awful wrong with

follow your wishes, please,
I shall call Betty to-morrow
or next day - as soon as she
gets back from Clifton,
and shall see her as soon
as she has time for me.

Leone is feeling pretty
normal - well enough
for a week-end in N. Y.
anyhow - & you've no idea
how violent that is for
she always wants to do
three times as much as
almost any other human!
Of course that's probably
one reason she has things
to talk with her - no,
I suppose that's a silly
thing to say & I take it
back.

Anyhow, I've not got
another minute now, so
good-bye for to-day. Best
beloved - C.

Wednesday -

(97/11/1938)

My sweet,

I am grovelling -
needly I am. It's true I like
you see, I left home very early
after breakfast yesterday morning
& thought I'd get them on the
way home - I couldn't possibly
have got them & mailed them
before I left. But I didn't
get home until after seven
- frozen & starved. So since
I couldn't have mailed them
this morning, anyhow, I went
straight home. Then I had
everything all beautifully
planned so as to get them
off this morning as well as
get a lot of other things done
& I slept through my alarm
- never even dreamed the
doubt was rising! I was
boiling! I was also in a
quandary, for the other things
simply had to be done. So

Saturday. It was Donald's
sister who answered the
telephone. She seemed to
know who I was when I
gave my name + told me all
about Donald, who is doing
splendidly. They have told
him he can't go back to
Clinton + he's less upset
than they were afraid he
would be. I suspect that
anyone who has only just
defeated death is ready to be
fairly philosophical about
other things for a while. I
was going to ask Betty to
have tea with us and
Buster tomorrow, but now
I'll have to make it next
week. In the meantime,
since everything's going so
well, I shall probably not
call home again till Betty
gets back, on Saturday. All
right?

How is your foot, darling? All
healed? If you look those

I did it, as fast as I could,
but came out with only 5
minutes extra! The thing
that depresses me is that
that's the way I am - I
don't get things done. And
you're finding it out already.
I'm very unrealistic about it,
too - I always think I shall
get those done next time! I
really thought it would be
done on Monday! Well, to-mor-
row is another day + I don't
see how I can fail to get
them off, have you by now?

Well, one thing I had to
accomplish this morning was
to get Betty on the telephone
- + that was quite time
consuming, for I called 4
times before they could get
any answer from the Tivedy
apartment. Now I discovered
as you perhaps already know,
that Betty was in Clinton
+ would not be back till

press back to the fixer, might
be possibly be able to do
something?

How about going to a doctor
now for a really thorough
check-up? You can tell
him about all the tests you've
had & shorten the process by
that much. Of course I think

that your temperament & ner-
vous organization together with

the strains you've undergone
in the last years are quite
enough to account for your
present state, but I'd like

to know. Are you taking
your medicine regularly?

You haven't had a moment
of settled contentment since

God knows when & I do really
believe that with a few years
of stability - no job hunting,

a wife, a home, enough money
to keep solvent - you'd find
yourself in very different
persons. Essentially, everything

has gone wrong for years -
what could you expect to

Tuesday -

(97th 1938)

My dearest,

I've spent hours trying to get Betty on the telephone so as to give you a message, but in vain. At noon I was so deeply entangled in a shopping expedition with Sister that getting to a telephone was next to impossible, so I began trying in the late afternoon & have kept going till I've practically used up my month's allowance of calls - & all for naught. That's the trouble with people in hotels - you get charged for the call even when you don't get thru! But I'm sure everything

They stand at present, I think, darling, that you must have a try for any job you hear of, if it's remotely possible you could stand it. To do you best to get the Inucus job offered you commits you to nothing further than consideration of it - they'll leave no difficulty in getting it filled, & to pass by any possible opportunity in your present position is very foolish. I recognize all the drawbacks & if you get the job offered you, we could go into them carefully & thoroughly - particularly if you had an alternative. I've really no intention, my love, of pushing you into something that's wrong for you just to please myself. But I do think you cannot afford at present

must be all night, and they're just out on a big bundle - probably at the International Casino. I'll get her to - narrow for sure. It's now very late & I've got very few things done of the long list I had for to - day, so I can't write as much at length as I'd intended. It was good to get your card this afternoon & know that you were safe & sound, though swamped. Well, you must be swamped by now & are probably feeling as I did a week ago - completely limp! There is it time now for the things I want to say about our various problems, but I can at least say this much - with things as

to refuse to investigate. When
you write you'll be sure to
mention your friend's name,
won't you — the one you had
lunch with — & the fact that
you're to be here over the 26th?
Darling, please don't think I'm
just edging you into it — I do
want you to get it offered to
you, but I just don't know
what I'd want you to do for.
We'd have to go into it all at
much greater length than we
have. And you will see if
anything can be done in this?
Don't postpone, sweetheart
& especially the one here which
many people would find highly
desirable, believe it or not.
I go over & over the days
that you were here — so
brief & so broken up. There
is never enough — & of the
day & between there's such
a lot too much!
I love you and long for you.
C.

Monday -

(79th 1938)

Darlingest -

Here I am - back
in the old dismal routine
again. Yes, I know, it's
the same routine as last
week, but seems different
because I haven't got
you to come home to. I
know you're too busy to
even know whether you're
here or there - but that's
the difference between men
& women - you can be so
busy you forget everything
but what you're doing -
& I can't, no matter how
busy I am. That's one of
the hundred and seventeen
reasons why it's a man's
world.

I didn't get your shirts
this morning, dear - just
couldn't make it. I've asked

comes within your reach.
This is the best story in
it I ever saw, and two
superb performances.
Besides, it's a good game
and so well told that
you are absorbed in its
progress from beginning
to end. This is a silly love
story in it, but it includes
in so few places that you
don't really mind it.

You seem thinking -
'round & 'round like a
breadcrumb of all that we
talked about in the ~~last~~
last hour yesterday. I
shall probably write you
some of it to - morrow -
not because I find any
answers, but because the
more completely we talk
about it the more chances we
have between us of finding
some answers.

For I meant to, & of course if
I were efficient I'd have got
it done, somehow. But I'm
not efficient, & I'm terribly
slow, & you got yourself
in for something when
you left those for me! B,
the time I've got them
and got them done up, and
got them to be P.O. - it'll
probably be just nicely in
time for you to bring them
back here.

I was much too low
last night to go home -
I know if I did I'd be
absorbed by my woes for the
rest of the evening. So
I went to the movies &
saw "Ebb Tide" - which
is the one Barry Fitzgerald
is in & takes from a
Stevenson story. It's really
very good - & would be
worth your time if it ever

You will be glad to know
 that Lane is feeling better. I'm
 enormously relieved, for she
 is going to leave the complete
 overhauling next week & find
 out what was wrong, if
 possible - & in the meantime
 I need not (at least not tonight)
 worry about her dying in 4
 hours! I did tell her about
 Donald & Lou - & ought to be
 a lesson to us all! She's
 coming to spend this week-
 end with us, which will be
 lovely, for I shall be doing
 remembering the one before.
 I realize, must I go on & on
 like this - just living from
 one count to the next?
 Well, I must stop now &
 say to dear Ol' Esther from
 the 26th.
 I do love you, my sweet,
 though perhaps for sometimes
 wonder. It's not all so easy
 and pleasant as you thought,

HOTEL SEYMOUR



FIFTY WEST FORTY FIFTH STREET
NEW YORK

Saturday -

(30 Jan 1938)

Dearest Angel -

Just
this impressive stationary? No,
I have not moved here, but
have been leaving lunch with
Betty, & leave a bit of time
to bill before the theater, so I'm
using it for you.

First - of course I'm upset
about the job, though I didn't
come out of a clear sky. Of
course I know & you know
- yes, you do - that they're
giving up the 1st rate & keeping
the 2nd rate, but perhaps you
don't find that very consoling
at the moment. Anyhow, there
is the very obvious consolation
that you didn't want the job,
really, & will be rather glad to

be accepted without question
in most institutions. I think
you should consider it - seriously.
Certainly you should if you can
get appointments in Phil. with
Triangle, U. of P., or both. This
makes it all the more important
to do what you can in D. C., too,
to get those appointments made.
I shall hate you taking the
time from us, but recognize
that with things as they are,
you must disregard me.

Well, to return to D. C. -
Donald is in bed with an attack
of acute indigestion - very
miserable, poor dear, so Betty
says. You know acute indi-
gestion is really very pain-
ful. So I had lunch with
Betty alone, though I was to
have had it with both. They
were swaced to fit me in to their
busy schedule, weren't they? The

have to have another.

You were dear to send me the
S.D. for of course I was troubled
by no letter yesterday.

Perhaps this is all going to be
for the good, for it will give you
an added incentive to get a job
within reach of me. Do you think
you'd better plan to go to Phil-
adelphia? It might be good
factories, though touring, to visit
the man there to see if the job is
to be vacant & go down on
Tues. (leaving Mon. for D. C.
appointments). It's a very quiet
run & you could manage it if
you took a night train for P.
- which is bad, but worth it
if it helps get a job. They
should be perfectly willing to
let you stay over another day
to hunt for jobs, since they've
made it necessary. That would

distressed at not having seen
D. + was more for the reason.
They were going to "I'd Rather
Be Right" this afternoon, but
Betty doesn't want to go & leave
him + gave me the tickets -
superb ones - + I'd not expected
to be able to see it at all. I
hadn't having no chance for that
reason, but can't help
being delighted to know it.
Sister is going with me.

I must run along or I'll
be late for the curbside.

My whole heart to you -
C.

Friday -

(28 Jan 1937)

Dearest -

How I am on the way home with all my exams. I tried a new system this year - decided that the whole subject was necessarily a visual experience, or at least based on one, so that the most rational form of examination would be a visual one. It was quite *fun* working it out, so as to get a set of pictures that would test them on all aspects of the work in its course. I gave them everything from a griffin to explain to a hippocampian bronze girl to criticize! The exams are only 2 hrs. but you can get quite a lot of pictures in that time. I think it can be just as searching as any other kind of exam - and the kids really liked it. They stopped practically as

often, do I? It's really a sort
of compliment, for I never
have talked about it to any
one except my father. Of
course I mean anyone outside
of school - naturally we all
talk together about what's
the trouble with so-and-so
and can you get anything
out of her!

Well, darling, I had my
fortune told in the leaves yester-
day - no, it's not going
in for seeromancy - I just
get involved by my ultra-
superstitious friends. But
listen to this - the woman,
who knows nothing about
me, said she saw a
broken wedding ring, but
that I was going to succeed
in building a new nest!
However, there were tears &
a lot of words between
me & the new nest & what's
more I was going to have
to step over another woman
to get to it! Hoopay for

one to tell me so after it was
over. One child said "I didn't
know you were could really enjoy an
exam, but this one was fun."
That's the way the human
mind reacts to pictures -
funny, we're not more art-
conscious, is it? There's so
much to build on. It would
take so much less education,

for instance, to give the
average intelligent human
being a little discriminating
appreciation of the
visual arts than of acrom-
ics. Experience enters the
mind through the eye so
easily, so painlessly, so
return to the exams - I
doubt if the papers will be
better than usual - though
they may be, but the agony
was avoided & the boredom.
Trying to figure out what a
picture is isn't an exam, but a
game!

Well, well, Can I any talk
big sleep to you. I don't very

E.S.P.!

hildred said the other day
that Wells had said some
very nice things about you
to her. Don't forget that,
darling, - you may see
him again some day,
and I don't want it to be
awkward - he has been
too close to our family.

I haven't heard anything
from Donald + Betty - I'm
disappointed, but can easily
understand that they've not
had a minute. I hesitate
to call them for that very
reason - I don't want to
be one more thing to be
attended to, + your friends
can be a nuisance. Do
tell me when you hear
what they saw + how
they liked it.

All my dearest love to
you, sweetheart, and
three kisses -

5.

explain difficult bits, etc. to make the interpretation clearer. It must include 2 weeks - perhaps 3 of them. I would suggest that this should include a visit to my dear sweet angel -

Thursday -
 (28 Jun 1958)

Such a dear, dear letter as came from you to-day. I have read it & read it, just for the lovely warmth it brings to my heart. It never seems to make any difference when I point out to you the ways in which I am less than you think, less than I should be - you are as stubborn about your picture of me as about other things. Thank God you are - that particular spiritual capacity in you bodes well for the future, though I feel a little as if I were sailing under false colors. You are very patient with my fussing & fuming about the job - I am so terribly

thought only girls, who
leave not lived in the heart
of a boys school for so many
years as I. There are some
things that are essentially
the same with the adolescent
human being, regardless of
sex. And though it's absurd
for me to sit here & tell you,
who need no specific in-
sights, that you acted wrong
ly, it wasn't wholly out
of this air. I have seen
men handle boys, over &
over, even though I've
never done it myself, -
I've heard them talk
about it endlessly, & on
sides. I've heard the boys
talk about the men, which
is an important aspect of
the situation! I'm perfectly
willing to defer to your
judgment in the whole
matter though. Wo, I didn't
think you lost your temper,
sweetheart - I know you

grateful. Lots for that and
for your balancing act on
it. I am in such a state
over it all - & though it is
you who are chiefly con-
cerned, it is also you who
manage to soothe me. I
am still waiting, in a
nail biting mood, for word
from H. Y. U. which has
not come. Not that I have
expected anything positive
to come of it, but of course
I hope - & suspense is
always agonizing to me.
How silly & how irrational
I am. You are so good not
to be annoyed by me.

Darling, did I annoy
you with my remarks about
the beastly boy in class?
Of course I've never dealt
with them - you're quite
right to remind me of it.
But I'm not quite so im-
pudent of the technique
as most women who have

know better than that, As
for what you should have done
I'm not so presumptuous as
to sit back & tell you that.
I've often told you my mind
is critical, not creative! But
seriously, how could I -
there are so few rules - it's
a matter of the innumerable
little things that go to
make up the specific woman.
Many vibrations - often too
delicate & intangible to put
in words - things one only
feels. Anyhow, I'd be a
fool to think I could tell
you what you should do.
The amiability with which
you took my remarks is
just one more proof of
what an angel you are.
To-morrow I quit my
exam - like a comic for the
week-end, but spends only
one night with me, which is
as well for I shall, as it is
be swamped with his papers!

Wednesday -

(27 Jan 1938)

Dearest Boy -

You were sweet
 to keep writing so regularly
 in Clinton, when you must
 have had so many more inter-
 vening things to do. But
 you're sweet, anyway, so
 what could I expect! I'm
 afraid you'll be deluged
 by the letters you'll find
 in Rochester - but it's
 your own fault for not
 telling me you were going
 to Clinton, nor how long
 you'd stay.

I was a little amused
 at your comments on the
 drawbacks of teaching
 math at Hamilton - it
 fits so well with what I
 said about how you'd find

But I
 think of
 your
 comment's
 reminder
 that
 you
 were
 over
 your
 head
 in
 your
 letter
 to
 me
 about
 your
 math
 class
 at
 Hamilton
 I
 did
 say
 that
 you
 were
 over
 your
 head
 in
 your
 letter
 to
 me
 about
 your
 math
 class
 at
 Hamilton

firm believer in the popular
books on the arts - I think
there ought to be lots of them
- stimulating, informative
books that will arouse interest
& give a foundation for under-
standing. We don't live with
the arts as they did in ancient
Greece, or Gothic France. But
if we're going to learn to
depend on books, they should
be written by experts, not
wrote down simply, not by
superficial dabblers. I don't
mean it doesn't have its
moments & its good bits,
but it is full of mistakes,
errors & inaccuracies plus
the fact that the man
seems to know so little of
the aesthetic fundamentals
of each of the arts he
discusses (I didn't read
any of the discussions of
music - only architecture,
sculpture & painting).

great disadvantages in any
place. I do hope you'll
have the chance to make
some choice of drawbacks
but there'll be some, all
right.

I was interested in your
comments on the Saturday
night concert - & as usual,
a little frightened. My only
consolation is that I know
full well that in all the
arts experts disagree, &
so I am not necessarily
wandering in outer dark-
ness when I don't feel as
you do. This is not apropos
of Sat. night, for I didn't
listen to that.

To turn to something I
do know something about
- you've just been talking
go at the Van Loan books
on the arts. Have you seen
it? It's terrible! It's a

I think it's a pity, for it's the
sort of book that's widely
read. I could turn now to
Mr. Meader with a sigh of relief
as he's a bit old-fashioned
& his view of other fields is
influenced by his close
involvement with his own, but
his scholarship is sound &
he knows what he's talking
about.

How's your anaemia? Are
you beginning yet to feel any
least bit better? If not, you
must take further action.

I've heard nothing yet from
D. G. L. though Dr. MacDowell
said he'd asked the man
to write to us. There is a
state over it - tearing down
to get the mail the instant
it comes & being miserable with
disappointment when there's
nothing. The whole situation
is getting me wild!
You're right about education

spiritually; you are so good, and so fine, and so dear.

Any word from St. Louis? You
don't answer ^{my} questions & it
worries me a little. Tuesday -
(26 Jan 1938)

My darling -

How lovely that you've been leaving the days in Clinton - and how very sweet of you to wish I were there! You must know how much I do, do. I want to be everywhere with you - I want to share all sorts of things with you - not just a few isolated sections of your life. Just finishing breakfast by 12 sounds like a restful night - + that will be good for you, as will also the days of happy companionship. It is a break for you to have Donald so near, isn't it? No, darling, of course you got no letter from me, though I you would have

you were better off with her.
But I don't really think so,
for I think in the long run,
the things that are unsatisfac-
tory about me will be less try-
ing to you - therefore less bad
for you than the things that
are wrong with her. Very
likely in the sight of God
she's a better person than I
but I guess that doesn't make
her a better wife for you.

I'm so sorry about the boy
who cheated - it's a mis-
erable business. But, sweet
heart, don't be infuriated, nor
take it as a personal insult.
That's far too subjective a
point of view - it does nothing
to do with you. It should
sadden you, not anger you.
That's another opportunity
for the attitude I spoke of
one other day - of impartial
justice. Don't ever let yourself
as a person enter into such a

if you'd not been so secretive
& never told me you were go-
ing till you got there - &
then not telling me how long
you'd be there.

I'm glad you're keeping
Temple on your mind & think-
ing of Pennsylvania as
the U. of Pennsylvania as
even better idea, of course, than
you any personal contact there?
Could you go & talk to them?
Of course neither would be as
ideal as D. Y. but so much
more ideal than a thousand
others I could think of! For
hank, you did get involved
in something when you
burned your face forward
D. Y. a year ago. Elizabeth
would never take such a
firm hand with you - she'd
have let you go where &
when & how you felt in-
clined. I actually have
moments of wondering whether

matter at all — The boy has
lost his integrity + has a black
mark against him everywhere
in his life + while you cannot
let it pass, it behooves you
to feel pity for him — you
whose superior strength has
saved you from ever feeling
the temptation to do what
he did.

I guess his being pretty
laid with his continuous
stream of advice + admo-
nitions. Darling, why don't
you tell us a few things?
Can you understand that all
the time you seem to me to have
any being that is really of
any importance, + that all this
is only because I do not think
you yet altogether know what
you are in these united heads
you've got to deal with outside
yourself. That's nearly a matter
of knowledge, not of anything
wrong about you as a person.
I should like you about the job
chiefly, I'm afraid, on my own

Monday -

{25 Jan 1938}

My precursors -

I've heard such

a nice letter from Dr.
MacDougall. He begins by
saying that he can't do any-
thing, but he himself as he retired
7 years ago + has been wholly
out of touch with the D. G. U.
math. dept. But then he says
he sent my letter to the
present head of his own
old dept. "who is widely
acquainted with faculty
men beyond his own field
& very ready to help." He
"asked him to see men of
the Dept. at University Heights
as well as down town + try
to arrange interviews for
Dr. Van Schaeck, saying
that I would be personally
indebted to him for anything

for help.

And that brings me to a little speech with which I am going to close my campaign for getting action on this N. Y. business. Have you written to Mr. Finklestein? I suspect not, since you've said nothing about it. It's now only about 10 days before you get him, & you have to have an answer with, presumably, a letter for the man at T. C. which you must send him with a request for an interview, & get an answer from that. To leave asking a favor till so late that the answer must be hurried is not a very good idea - but don't fail to tell 4. when you're going to be in N. Y. so he'll realize there is reason for haste. And there is the letter to the man at Ingers. And remember - by all this must be fitted

He was able to do for him."

He ended the letter by saying "It's so like your father to find you trying to help other persons." which embarrassed - and somewhat shamed - me. Here like my father, then like me, I fear. How I wish it were true, & how I wish I need not seem to him other than I am. But, dearest, it does show how willing people are to help, when a direct opportunity is offered them. I do think, too, that by & large that is generally true - & no matter what I think of the business in general of getting things by using personal influence, I do think that it has its good side, and that this is an example of it - that most human beings will rise gladly to a direct appeal

in with whatever you get
through the B.-Y.-U. contact
into a very short time. Re-
member, too, that your
spring vacation comes very
late — very probably too late
to do you much good so far
as anything around here is
concerned — and that per-
sonal interviews are certainly
the only way you'll get
anything accomplished.

Perhaps all this is what
you call my "ambition",
but it seems to me far less
than that, for I want only
the right to make a home
with the man I love, &
will not repeat what I
have perhaps talked too
much about already — the
degree of my present un-
happiness — but I'm not sure
that you completely realize
it or understand it, but
I can't stop talking about
it. It is inevitable that I

I should have with both
 passion and longing to any part
 which might just possibly lead
 me out. I know as well as
 you how slight the chances
 are that any of these paths will
 lead out but not to my shame
 would be impossible to me. I
 only one I could myself do
 anything about is the h. p. l.
 contact - the rest I must
 perforce leave to you. Perhaps
 your inaction is due to you
 not really wanting to get a
 job here, though I still believe
 you meant what you said
 a while ago - that you'd
 rather be in N. Y. with me
 than anywhere else without
 me. I can't believe you are
 really indifferent - & yet
 you let yourself sleep past
 point. Yes, my dear, I
 know how tired you are &
 how busy - but I know,
 too, that a thing that is
 really vital we always

I don't
 think
 I
 should
 have
 with
 both
 passion
 and
 longing
 to
 any
 part
 which
 might
 just
 possibly
 lead
 me
 out.
 I
 know
 as
 well
 as
 you
 how
 slight
 the
 chances
 are
 that
 any
 of
 these
 paths
 will
 lead
 out
 but
 not
 to
 my
 shame
 would
 be
 impossible
 to
 me.
 I
 only
 one
 I
 could
 myself
 do
 anything
 about
 is
 the
 h. p. l.
 contact
 -
 the
 rest
 I
 must
 perforce
 leave
 to
 you.
 Perhaps
 your
 inaction
 is
 due
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 wanting
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 a
 job
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 N. Y.
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 I
 can't
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 are
 really
 indifferent
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 &
 yet
 you
 let
 yourself
 sleep
 past
 point.
 Yes,
 my
 dear,
 I
 know
 how
 tired
 you
 are
 &
 how
 busy
 -
 but
 I
 know,
 too,
 that
 a
 thing
 that
 is
 really
 vital
 we
 always

living in D.C. with me than
in, say, Indiana without us.
But I ^{can't} keep on saying so, &
harping on it, & begging, &
pleading. This must be for
us, and unless you are able
to feel that way, too, I'd
better give up - I can't
do it all alone - you've got
to do your part.

And that's my last word
from now on - it's up to you
entirely. I shan't ask
another question, nor push
you another inch, except to
send on what I hear next
from D.C. & C.

I was so amused by
your description of Steve's
letter-writing - laughed right
out loud on the subway as I
read it!

About Donald - you said
"They go down on Wednesday
to stay till Sunday" - had
was I so dis-witted to think
that was last Wed. & any-

manage to do, because we
have to fight for our happiness
on our lives or any really vital
thing, no matter how explained.
I just don't know what to
think. But whatever it is,
I can't go on hounding you
- the power to do something
is in your own hands & you'll
just have to take the respon-
sibility, too. You know the
consequences as well as I do,
though. I don't think they
frighten you as they do me.
I think perhaps I've annoyed
you by harping on this so
constantly, but you've no
idea how much I've left
unsaid! Well, I don't mean
in criticism ^{of you}, but about my
own state of mind - I did
try to be fair - and I still
think I'm doing it for us,
not just ^{out} of pure selfishness.
I still believe I could make
you happier & physically better

How I'm glad it wasn't,
for I was definitely disap-
pointed at not having
heard from that team, &
now I can begin hoping
all over again.

So you had the 5:50 idea,
too - splendid - that makes
2 of us! I'll be at the train,
barring disaster, in which
case you're on an assistant
of telephone lines, but to call.
Of course you can read
papers on the train - much
better than sitting up to all
hours Fri. night doing this.

Maybe spring came in Jan.
When your mother was a girl,
but ask any current New
Yorker - I'll tell you bitterly
it comes about the middle of
May. We always expect the
worst weather in Feb. & very
little snow before that. If it
begins in Jan. it'll be god-
awful by the end of Feb.
I didn't have a bad fall -
just fell & hit my head - if
you think that's bad, you're

accept it if you're to do any
useful work. Most human
beings are indifferent. Be
grateful to Providence when
you find a bit of intellectual
enthusiasm, civility -
even integrity, and accept
the rest as the general level
as cheerfully as you can.
You have got to learn to
live in the world as it is,
imperfections, stupidities
& all. A teacher's job is to
a greater extent than
most of the professions, a
matter of dealing skillfully
with other minds & personal
ities & he can't do that
if he expects of the average
more than the average can
give. I am tempted to
send you again that letter
from Dad I sent you
earlier in the year. You
must learn, sweetheart, to
be firm but never irritated.

is some of why I love you.
I suppose it is because your
own ego is not of so much
importance to you as Bess's
is to her.

Darling, don't take too
hard the indifference of our
boys to the pursuit of
knowledge & truth. A
successful teacher must
develop callouses for that
just as a doctor must to
the spectacle of physical
suffering, & it is something
that goes with the job, &
if you take it too hard you
waste your nervous energy
fruitlessly & are likely to
widen the gap that always
exists between teacher &
pupil & which should be
narrowed in so far as is
possible. I know full well
how exasperating it is, but
that is the way things
are, & you've just got to

Be surprised by the number
who do come for the opportu-
nity of extra work, not
discouraged by the number
that don't. It is never fair
to human beings to expect
of them more than is con-
sistent with their strength
— physical, intellectual, or
moral. For the general
good we set the standard
of achievement above the
heads of the average but
— it must make us all the
more patient with those
who fall short — it will
profit neither them nor us
to be anything else. Does
this sound sentimental?
I hope not — I don't feel
that way! Heaven knows
I set myself up as no
example — and of course
it's always easy to see
when other people are making
mistakes! But most of all,

really, I am concerned that
you should come to accept
things as they are with as
little wear & tear as possible on
your too tightly strung nerves.
I want to make life as much
as - it can be for you. Remember
you're not dealing with a
first-rate inhibition, but
with first-rate material - & the
chances are you never will be.
You have to make the adjust-
ment in your standards re-
quired by that fact, if you are
to be either happy or useful.
Don't think I fail to understand
or sympathize with the cause
of your annoyance - god knows
I do.

Well, while I'm lecturing,
I might as well deal with
another matter! I was terribly
distressed by your tiff with
the unpleasant hills - dis-
tressed because I know it
upset you & disturbed you.
But, my darling, I do not
think you handled it right.
Yes, I know I was not there,

win in the end, but you'd
lose the argument, all the
same, + you'd lose prestige
with the class, because you'd
stepped down to the level
of the naughty boy + used
his own childish weapons
instead of your superior +
more mature ones. When
an angry little boy strikes
out at a grown man, the
man does not hit back
— he hits with + more
mature ways of handling
the situation — and besides,
he is not angry. Darling, you
must be so humane a per-
son, that those boys feel
that you understand + like
them, no matter what their
academic faults may be.
You have to be impersonal
in your attitude toward
inattention, stupidity,
— yes, madness, too. Remember
that most of us are instinctively
on the side of our peers, + that

+ that I do not know the
exact circumstances + the boy
as you do. But remember,
too, that I've lived with
teachers all my life —
both intimately + casually,
+ I'd be pretty stupid if I
couldn't get a few general
principles well in mind by this
time. And I know that one
of them is — never, never, never
let yourself be involved in an
argument which has one
scrap of the personal about
it. My dearest, you let that
boy see he'd got under you
skin + that lost you your
position of superiority — ^{you}
let the argument get per-
sonal so that he had
the tendency to be extremely
outrage — and you, you
silly goose, made it worse
by answering back. That's
a very bad mistake, darling
— I'm sorry, but it is. You
may have got the laughter on

The young will naturally leap
to each other's defense against
the person ~~of~~ is authority, &
that it's up to him to keep
them on his side - & therefore
under his control - by the
strict impartiality & justice
with which he treats them.
You let personal causes come
in to what you said - &
that was bad not only for
your relationship to that
particular boy but to the
class as a whole. And, my
precious, you ended it on
the wrong note - ridicule
is all too apt to be a
boomerang - only those with
a natural skill in hand-
ling the young & a natural
attraction for them, can
use it with safety. You got
a laugh, but on a rather
pedantic point (and be
careful of pedantry - it's
"school teacherish" - youth
doesn't like it & it widens the

gaps - I'd never tell a child to
"elucidate the point" - there are
simpler words just as adequate
+ if you meant it as humor,
again it's rather school
teacherish, and I'm not
sure the laugh was wholly
on the boy. As for exclud-
ing the boy permanently
from the class - I'm inclined
to think Donald doesn't
know much about the
business of handling +
much of boys if he said
that. Of course he has a
magnetic personality which
makes every thing much
easier for him. Both boys
+ girls are always easily
moved by magnetism +
drama, both of which he has,
and that puts a lot of
power in his hands. But
all the same, he ought to
be aware that that kind of
action on your part would
be an admission of defeat

any attitude of superiority.
I know that never should be
be able to be so good or teach
as you, so far as the intellec-
tual side goes, but I think,
through lucky circumstances,
I know more than you do
about the human relation-
ship side. Don't think that
what I tell you comes only
from my own experience
with girls, for I've been in
too close & constant touch
with the handling of boys
all my life not to under-
stand what things go &
don't go with them. Now do
I mean to imply that
you're unsuccessful at it
— you're obviously ^{not} for
you wouldn't be where you
are — certainly you
wouldn't have had boys
visiting you in the hospital!
You'll be all right, my
love — only when I see
you making mistakes that

that would be very bad for
your prestige both with the
authorities & with the boys.
You should do that only in
the case of the most flagrant
& persistent infringement of
discipline. The boy is inat-
tentive, ill-mannered, a
misuser, & in one instance
excessively rude. Well, those
are things you ought to be
able to handle yourself. You
now have an attitude of
personal resentment toward
that boy & he knows it —
you say you'll lay for
him. Well, I miss my
guess if he doesn't lay for
you. It's astonishing how
many ways there are of
getting those young things
to work for you instead
of against you, but that
is not one of them.
My sweet, does all this
seem brutal? I do not mean
it to — nor do I mean to adopt

I know are dangerous, I
can't resist putting in my
oar; you're old enough after
all, to be willing to learn
something from the experience
of others & so save yourself
the time & trouble of learn-
ing it all for yourself.

And since this letter seems
to be devoting itself to the
academic life, we might
as well make it complete
& go on to another similar
topic. Can you take it? At
least you will be patient
with me, since you know
what I want is the
maximum of contentment
& adjustment for you. You
know too much about the
University of T. H. West. Dept.
to want to go there, too
much about your present
one to want to stay there.
Well, my dear, I know you're
right in all you say, but
also, you must recognize
that in most departments of
most institutions there's

something wrong & that you
would dislike intensely having
to deal with. A most of them,
you won't know what it is
till you're in, but it will be
there, all right - it's just
another necessity for learning
to take things as they are,
like it or not. This is not to
say I think you should
try to get in at H. H. or
stay at Rochester, but
only that you must prepare
to find something equally
wrong, though different, at
whatever place you do choose.
Remember, too, that you are not
really in a position to find &
desist very much & that
you can't go around the
rest of your life forever
moving away from or
avoiding the places that
are not just what you like.
Wherever you go next you
stay - unless you're fired.
You've got to, my dear, this
moving around is bad for
you & for your reputation.
And, my darling, whatever

write to
I would
to
is not to
dislike
me
to
university
I
have
a
contract
with
you

only sane to try to get as wide
a choice as is possible - that
it will be worth a lot of effort.
The reasons why I am so
begging you to try very hard
for a job near here you al-
ready know in full. I think
that is perhaps primarily
selfish in motive, but I
think that the results
would be sufficiently re-
warding to you so that
my selfishness would
have effects that are not
selfish!

Thank God, you've got
some garden - there's one
battle won! I feel that
this job you've got garden,
probably, practically any-
thing can be accom-
plished. The pyjamas
sound just too marvelous
- as a matter of fact, they
sound very like some I
almost bought you, only

never you first, remember
that staying & may enable
you to leave some effect in
clearing it up, moving or
never will.

Now as for you never
being able to be or achieve
what I really want - what
never do you think I want?
Dauling, you are a silly.
My "ambition" will never get
you much of any where,
my dear. What I want, so
far as you are concerned,
is that you should have a
job from which you might
derive a reasonable amount
of satisfaction + which would
yield enough financially for
us to make a home together.
The reason I'm doing all the
pushing + yelling + scream-
ing right now is that I
think it essential for you to
stay wherever you go next
September + therefore it seems

Friday

(21 Jan 1936)

My dearest -

Well, here it is the
end of the week - & now we
can both set down & relax a
bit. It's the kind of week
when I should have had
no engagements at all but
kept at my work and as a
matter of fact, I had more
engagements than I usually
do. So I am now tired &
low in my mind & what
not.

Darling, when are you
getting home? It seems ridic-
ulous to ask now, I know,
but there's something else
I'm going to do something
that day and I want to be
sure it doesn't cut into your
one second! The time is going
to be so terribly short at
best.

So Donald thought it

how days ago.

What have you done about a doctor, darling? The old niggers at it again, horses. Well, what have you? I think you should either go to a clinic + get a complete check-over (you could tell them about the tests you've already had so as to eliminate those) or you should go to a nerve specialist. Your present doctor (who is a general practitioner, I judge) should be able to tell you one. Or you can go to the hospital + ask them. Of course I feel no certainty that anything can be done. About the academic condition, there very likely can be, about the general nervous state, I think it will be a slow business of clearing away the mental + emotional disturbances + getting a stabilized life.

was a good picture of us? And even you are coming 'round! Well, I thought you would. You see, I felt much as you did at the first glance. That I put it up on the book-case to get used to it + once I looked up at it absent-mindedly + had the queer feeling that I was looking in a mirror - suddenly realized that it did look very like me!

I haven't heard from Donald yet - perhaps I still shall - or shall be terribly disappointed if I don't. Of course I've been out most of the time since they got here, so they may have called + not got me. I have the feeling that it gives me a close contact with you, just because I saw you + was with you a

So Donald likes his sherry
with more body? Well, lots of
people do - I like mine
thin + dry, but then, I
never use it for a casual
evening drink, but only as
an aperitif. Besides, a sherry
with more body is inclined
to sweetness. I suspect that
Amantillado has a bit of the
panache about it!

We're leaving a lovely
snowstorm, though it dis-
turbes me so less so
much snow this early. I
have to go up + down that
precipice too many times to
enjoy doing it on a slippery
surface. I've had one fall
already - got a terrible
wrench on the back of my
head that knocked me
dizzy. Oh how I hold you
all this before?

This is a terribly letter-
of-hungary + tired + cross.
How about Temple?
I love you - C.

Thursday -

[21 Jan 1938]

My sweet Angel,

This is my new fountain pen, bought in Mr. Woolworth's department for the tidy little sum of 20 ¢ - & this is its maiden voyage, so I don't really know yet how good it is! It'll be a record voyage, I fear, for brevity, for it's awfully late & I've got to get up to-morrow at dawn & finish up marks, etc. for school. Too bad - I've lots of things to talk about, but simply mustn't take the time.

But, darling, what are you doing about doctors? You

whatever we may think
of the collection of humans
we get involved with in
educational institutions,
I'm telling you they're pretty
refreshing after a good
look at these! This is one
of the better known places,
run by a gipsy, who claims
to be a real Romany, which I
can well believe. Among other
things, I had my palm
read! The man who did it
has quite a reputation, I
was told - & I've decided
he's probably a very acute
judge of human nature who
has been clever enough to trade
on that. Most people, you
know, get me wrong until
they know me well, but
everything he said about me
was true. You can see how
people like that do get a
business, for it gives you a

maintain a sinister silence
on that point. How is your
throat - & how is your
blood count - & pressure, had
have you done anything about
finding some other doctor?

I've spent the evening in
a Greenwich village dive
- god, how they depress
me - there's such a terrible
unreality about them - they're
full of people who are evading
reality because of some inade-
quacy in themselves that
makes it impossible for them
to accept it, and they're
run by people who are
trading on that. Then there
are, too, the people who are
foolish by the whole thing
and think they're seeing
life when they go down
there. The whole business
is pretty unwholesome -

gives feeling to have a total
stranger, who's not even
had time to look at you
carefully but he nail so
neatly on the head. He
took one look at my hands
& shook his head & said
"Oh, you have to have a
great deal of affection - that
is your trouble - you cannot
get along without it. You
are romantic, you are
even sentimental (creek!)
Your head is all right, it
is good, but it is for your
heart that you have to
live, and that has made
life hard for you."
Smart of him, wasn't it?
was embarrassed to death.

And now I must go to
bed. I love you and
love you and miss
you so bitterly -
C.

Wednesday -

(19 Jan 38)

Darling -

I expect this will be very short, for I am a bit swamped with school work this week and have a lot of engagements too, so something has to be left out - or cut down!

I'm worried about you in this weather, which is so bitter here that it must be simply awful in Rochester. I have practically reached the point of thinking I'll simply have to have a fur coat, somehow or other! I was so terribly cold yesterday. And I'd keep thinking of you, luddily over your electric heater is

may really bear fruit. And
Dress should be written just
as soon as possible. Remember.
Do that any desirable job
will leave plenty of candid
dabbs - being just gives
you an advantage. For
must you postpone the
doctor. You're being unfair
to yourself and to me if
you keep putting off either of
them. Remember you have
the power to make my life
difficult or happy. This is
in a sense not quite fair. I
know - I should not say
it. True though it is, were
it not that of our quite
certain that it is for your
own happiness & peace
of mind too.

But, I really must
stop, dearest. This is not
much of a letter. I know,

you're very warm. So dear.
Can't you get a second coat,
so as to leave them sur-
rounding you? And the
icy roads - good, shall I
be thankful when the
winter is gone.

What have you done
about the matter of doctors?
I'd bet nothing - post-
poning again. You must
what did you think of
h. h. U. proposals of jobs?
Do you really "take note
of all the things I say
about jobs? And what are
you doing? If you feel
you must write all these
letters "on spec" go ahead
& do it, though I fear
it's a waste of time you
can't really afford. But
don't do it till you've
written just one letter that

but I'm in a very worried
mood about you, I think
to think about the jam we're
in + keep slipping
possible exits here + there -
but I'll never get through
them unless you help me.
Your health is an absolute
essential - the job + the
divorce come next. Keep all
that in mind, my sweet.

Have you heard again
from your wife? Or, is she
talking, do you think, or
trying to rouse you, evi-
dently by silence or is she
- pray God - diverted?
I must stop - all
my love to you. My darling -
I wish I was there to
make you a hot whiskey
drink + warm you up!
C.

Tuesday
19 Jan 38

very precious.

Goodness, goodness, what a lot of bad days you've given me this last week! When there was nothing from you last night, my heart went right to the bottom of my shoes. In fact, I couldn't believe it - I closed the empty box + started up stairs - half way up I turned around + went down again to be sure! Then I came up + sat on the sofa in the dark + wept - partly from disappointment, partly from fear. Then the letter this morning straightened me out again - but was this afternoon which means you didn't write yesterday. I am less upset than I was

do leave you. I don't want a horrible
about once week! But a very long
one
just
it
i

ill
long
rain
down

happened to you — Donald
was a very poor idea — you
could be terribly ill for days
before it would ever occur
to your parents to communi-
cate with Donald, yes, I
should learn essentially
that way, but I've got to
feel sure I should know
at once. As for Eva — that's
a better idea (does she
know my address?) but
not perfect. Remember when
your father was so ill last
spring, they never told you
till after she began to get
better. Well, if they didn't tell
you about him, they might
not tell Eva about you.
Do you carry something to
identify you & say whom to
notify? Then why not leave
your mother's name and
Donald's? If I knew he'd
be notified directly & at once

yesterday or last Thursday,
simply because from two
times are so recent, and you
did turn out to be still
alive. So there'd probably
be something to-morrow.
Aunt I awful? Well, con-
sole yourself that I'm as
much of a burden to any-
self as I am to you! Of
course it's what you said
about shidding on Sunday
that's got me in a panic
to-day & will keep me in
one the rest of the winter,
which so far birds fail to
be a bad one for ice & snow.
How this is not a scolding,
darling, — I'm just reliev-
ing my overworked nerves.
Your description of Saturday
& Sunday makes it seem
impossible that you should
have had time to write — as
did you last Thursday.
As for that little system of
learning about anything that

in case you were ill, hurt,
 or killed — & that you'd
 asked him to let me know
 at once — then I'd feel a little
 better.

I feel terribly about the shirt
 — but it's not altogether my
 fault. But remember the
 next time you buy — the more
 characters they have, the more
 they become you — color
 belts, than white, stripes
 belts, than maroon, a
 strong stripe belts, than a
 thin pale one. Have you got
 new garden yet? I cannot
 bear sloppy bushes! So then!
 My love, leave your written
 to Finkhouse — Don't postpone
 it — it should be done at once
 so as to get in touch with the
 man at T. E. & get yourself
 an appointment. You're going to
 have an awfully short time
 here & you're going to have to
 plan carefully to get things
 in. I hate to think of you tak-
 ing time out of those few precious
 days, but oh, my darling, I don't
 hate that the way I hate the
 thought of being without you.

will affect not only ourselves. So we'll keep it.

No, sweetheart, you have not failed to answer any important point I wrote you about, nor have you been inadequate. I sometimes spend large pieces of time just sitting & thinking how adequate you are - & how fortunate I am. I wouldn't you know, a woman never asks a man to give or be or do anything - but devotes her energies & her thought to give, be, & doing herself. From wis in the ways of man will tell you that if you start making demands on them, you start losing them. Yet I have had the temerity to do all these things with you,

some days when I, really can't get time till late, you are so angelic, so regular, so thoughtful, I don't want to do as well by you - but at least this is this to excuse me on my days are very much more irregular than yours. So that's that!

I spent last evening writing to Dr. MacDougal - & I certainly bled over it! It took me hours. That's the sort of thing as much as you do, my love - I don't want to ask favors or full things, but that's the way things are done here & now - & we have to live here & now, so painful as it is, we must do it, & it's for the general good for everyone to be as happy as possible, so though our motive in trying to achieve our own happiness may be chiefly selfish, the ends we gain - if we gain them

and you have responded -
not just. Oh, lucky me! I
once told you a woman was
largely responsible for the
success of a marriage. Well,
she won't be in this one -
it will be something we do
down together - God knows
you're giving more to it than
of men out of 10 - in effort,
thought, generosity & feeling
in every way.

I'm so glad you had
such a pleasant time with
Miss Cummins & her friends
- or with one set of them,
anyhow. Perhaps, after all, you
should stay in Rochester -
you're building up a circle of
interesting friends. I'm so
glad you'll leave Donald
sometime this week - give
him my love.

I am curious about one thing
- you said your wife's letters to

people in Rochester
were diatribes against Donald & I
about me? Her resentment in the

Saturday -
 17 Jan 38
 My dearest darling, et,
 How I
 did blow off yesterday!
 Well, I hope you under-
 stood - it was not that I
 felt resentful because you'd
 skipped a day, but only
 scared - it's this dread-
 ful separation! As I tried
 to make clear to you, if there
 were some way I could be
 sure that I should know
 at once if anything awful
 happened to you, then an
 empty day would disappoint
 me, but not frighten me.
 Godness knows the letter I
 got yesterday was a grand
 one and enough to make
 up for nothing the day
 before. For one thing, I
 began to hope I was going
 to get somewhere in my

which should be attended
to at once. Don't fool around
with it, don't waste time
but get the ^{best} possible advice
at once. That, in unbelief
extreme form, was what
happened to him died a
year ago, you know, only
she refused to give in to it,
or do anything about it but
hang on & keep going. Then
she collapsed - literally
- came out of hush at
the Algonquin & dropped
on the sidewalk. After
that there were doctors &
hospitals - and two months
of absolutely no work.
You can't afford any of this
- in money or time, you
have to find a job, and
you can't do it from a
hospital bed, nor do you

campaign for getting you
properly looked after. But
I shall keep right on
yapping at your heels till
you do as you're told - a
regular hand of hell, you
see - or shall I be the
hand of heaven? I always
thought the hand of heaven
practically as trying as
the average hell-hand,
not being a mystic (I
not being a mystic - not
the hell-hand!), but
it does seem a more expect-
able beast for pursuing
so respectable a quest as
yourself.

How true, unless I am more
ignorant than I think. That
blood count means you're
aware more of the things
I've had in my mind as a
possibility all along, and

want to leave the reputation
of being in such poor health
that you spend a large part
of your time walking. & if
you get after it right away
you can probably get it
stopped & on the way to
being cured without ever
reaching an acute stage.
9) she, who was obviously
much further gone than you,
got as completely straightened
out in as short a time as
she did, it ought not to be
difficult to do as much for
you. I told you all along,
didn't I, that that ex-
treme exhaustion was
often a symptom of anaemia?
I don't know what she
did - except eat quanti-
ties of red meat, which
surprised her! So start
eating lots of beef, darling.

and buckets of love. And,
please, please, please, my
sweet, get the best possible
advice right away. Just as a
purely practical matter, you
need to keep going the rest of
the year. Just as a matter of
interest, the specialist to
whom Willard went, told her
that a condition like hers
often followed a severe
emotional shock or an
emotionally disturbed period.
You may find that everything
is all tied up together -
nerves & all. No, I don't
mean you can be cured of
being a nervous person, but
only that the present
extreme nervousness may
be involved with all the
rest of this. Oh, God, if
I could only marry you
to-morrow - or maybe
day after to-morrow - we'd

it may get you nowhere at all
to write that - but there is al-
ways the lucky chance +
you'd better gamble on it -
your friends might just happen
to hear of something, and
as for Graustein, there are,
after all, some jobs that come
in at first rate institutions
that don't come from first
rate places. Do there are
appointment bureaus at Harvard?
I suppose there must be as there
is at Radcliffe. You're registered
there, of course? Would you
have any chance at Princeton?
I wish because I have a
good friend who is rapidly
becoming one of the more
distinguished members of
the faculty there + though
he's at Johns Hopkins now,
he'll be back at Princeton
in the second semester + I
could write to him. I feel
pretty certain you're the sort

soon get you into fairly
decent shape again. But
I can't, damn it, I'll -
you can go + get yourself
diagnosed + advised, so do
it at once - I shouldn't
have an easy moment till
you do. I'm sure there will
be something you could do
short of taking two weeks
on a Bermuda beach -
though I wish to high
heaven you could do that
and me with you. Anyhow,
I'm glad your current doctor
is getting something done
for you about - big bus-
iness of just running back +
forth gambling doesn't get you
anywhere, + a streptococcus
infection shouldn't be folded
with.

About Harvard - I see
what you mean, darling, +

He'd admire + enjoy person-
ally + that he'd do any-
thing he could for you, but
what that would be, I don't
know - it's not his depart-
ment, but he's a man who
would be listened to.
God, the bond is certainly
on the trail - when I don't
yap about doctors, I yap
about jobs - I push +
push, + chase + chase till
you must open every letter
with a sigh. But I'm not
a managing woman, really,
sweetheart. Are you appre-
hensive of the job + the
prospect of being incessantly
pushed about? But the job
+ your health seem to me of
immense importance just
now + they concern me vitally
so I draw some right
so slow + silent at you.
I shall you wish to Toscanini
- might? I love the Brahms -
wrong again? At least it's

Friday -

Sweetheart -

14 Jan 38

How listen -

supposing something awful
actually did happen to you
& you were killed or terribly
hurt or terribly ill - who
would there be to let me
know? Just ask yourself
that. And don't be idiotic
& say "But I shan't be".
You don't know anything
about whether you will be
or not - other people are -
there's no reason for think-
ing you're sure to be one
of those who escape. Per-
haps you will be, perhaps
not, & hope to God you will,
but the knowledge that if
you're not, I should learn
of it only at long last, keeps

ought to arrange things
somehow so that there
would be someone to let
us know right away if
anything serious had
happened to you. I can
understand that there are
some days when you just
can't get a letter written,
but I should have then
now philosophically if I
knew that illness didn't
mean disaster.

Well, now that I've got
that off my chest, - how
was your expedition with
Miss Cummins? You haven't
said anything about it.

I went to the Parks
yesterday for tea, which
is always delightful -
you go for tea but stay
hours & hours, look at
pictures & books, have a
lot of good talks, & some

me in an agony of suspense
whenever your letters lapse.
The fact that you have no
telephone aggravates it, since
it leaves me no way of
getting in touch with you
quickly. Now what could
you suggest doing about it?
You've no idea what those
long gaps at Christmas did
do to me. You, after all, are in
a different position, for in the
first place, you don't worry
as I do + in the second
place there is someone who
would know the minute
anything happened to me
& could let you know. Even
since yesterday when I
found no letter from you,
I have been in a panic
- the time of year, with
slippery roads and many
illnesses just makes it
worse. I really think you

good German food + a lot
of warmth + sweetness. You
will enjoy them - particularly
by Mayda who's one of
the finest women I've
ever known.

I've read some more
of your letters + hit some
of the bad spots! I think
he can't quite leave the
19th century behind him.
He was probably as a
young man in the vanguard
+ he has rested too much
upon that. He is very
sound in some ways + in
some fields, but in others
he doesn't really know what
he's talking about!

All my love to you,

Harold -

C.

previous years that we should
be spending together and to
adopt a laissez faire attitude
seems to invite further unhelp-
fulness that might just possibly
be avoided. That's all I
mean or expect. As for your
abilities, I don't think I
overestimate them. My dear,
I know what the big places
want, & I know, too, that
anyone who managed to
get the Harvard doctorate
(remember, it's the highest
standard in the country)
can do perfectly acceptable
research work, whether
brilliant or not — there is
no question of counterfeiting,
no one expects you to be
an Einstein. It is you as
usually too high standard
— one that is as unreal and
as unfair, to yourself & to
them affected by you — as a
too ~~low~~ low one. Just for

about the situation. Oh yes,
I'd thought of the possibility
of your leaving no job, but
I think it is a remote one,
& that, in any case, no good
and can be served by
thinking about it or discuss-
ing it. As for a job near
N.Y. — I don't expect you
to get that — I merely
think that if you did, the
difference it would make in
our happiness would be
immense, & probably in our
general nervous condition,
& because of both, more in
& because of both, more in
our usefulness. All these
things considered, it seems
as if it would be very fool-
ish not to make every effort
for the one chance in a
hundred. We've both made
a good deal of a mess of
our lives so far — the years
are slipping — the good

your own good, I'm going to
tell you that Dad thought
you went too far in your
underestimation of yourself,
& didn't try hard enough
to present yourself to pro-
spective employers in the
best possible light. So -
think that over a bit -
there was never a more
honest man, but when I
told him you couldn't pre-
tend, he said "Well,
he ought to leave outgrow
that by now." Perhaps
you have - I don't know
- perhaps you make more
effort than you used to sell
yourself, to give people the
impression that you're just
the man they want. As
for horse, my darling, I'm
not going to push you too
mercilessly - but I think
probably you're only partly

right about him. I think he
feels that you let him down -
which in a sense you really
did. + in his queer way, he
was very much hurt + disa-
ppointed. I think your
original mistake there was
an unfortunate one -
seriously doubt your version
of his judgment of you intellect-
ually - or if it is true, I think
it arose from the emotional one.

Dadling, Tim is inclined to
think your letter-writing will
get you nowhere + that it's an
awful waste of time + energy.
Every wise adviser I've ever
talked to says not to do it.
If you can get to talk to people,
that's another matter. You can
be very interesting in a
personal interview. Did I tell
you Tim Schoolcraft got offered
a job at Amherst just by going
there + talking to them? As a
matter of fact, it didn't come
through, because the man who
was to have left, didn't, + so
there was no vacancy. But he
had no doctor's degree, + no ex-

experience, except with school boys.
He also got offered a job at Hunker,
which they held for him for a
month & he turned down because
he thought the salary was beneath
him, being less than his former
Eggs one! Which was funny, since
as a result he ended with no
salary for a year! But if I
can get a job in N. Y. you can,
given the breaks! Speaking
of this, would you consider N.
H. University - he could give
you an entire Mass. of course,
& it's not a bad place, I know
Dad had thought of it for you.
Any place where you know
anyone, you should have a try
at. How about that job at
Temple? Do investigate it.
Philadelphia is near enough N. Y.
for us to be really often together
if you were there - trains every
hour & only a short run.
Would there be any other place
in Phil.? Don't forget to get
in touch with Finkhouse & with
the man at Bureau. You'll be here
so short a time in Feb. & April

drafts in her letter. I don't know how much I want - 2

Wednesday,
(13 Jan 38)

My dearest -

I have just mailed a letter to you - remember it, you see! I was surprised that you didn't get on Monday the one I mailed in N. Y. on Sunday afternoon, as well as the other two. I don't seem to be able to tell definitely when things will reach you. I have mailed letters in that same box before that did reach you soon. And Friday night I put your two in the train which I have done before & had to reach you the next day. Maybe they deliver letters in Rochester only as the mood seizes them.

sals on a most interesting
day - quite a good idea
for the record, snow
not nice snow, but the
wet kind that makes
drails frozen mud on the
streets) day got quite
submerged in a most
delightable array of gay
spring silks. So I got
enough to make a couple
of dresses to devastate
you + jolt my spirits
rise - at the thought of
the devastation, of course.

Every time the weather
is bad I worry about
you, for I. I's bed here,
it must be worn in
Rochester. I wish you'd
do something, or insist
on having something
done, about that bed.

Have you written to

Will, I, must be brief
to-day, for I have to evade
my mid-year exam, as well
as do a hundred other
odd jobs - the oddest of them
all will probably be the
exam! I, think it will be
devised mainly for ease in
reading - there's no use
trying to devise one that
will show what they know,
I think the whole business
is very silly, anyhow - it
proves nothing, one way or
the other is a subject like
mine - I'm not sure it does
in any subject, so there!
And it's a burden on every
one, heaven knows, even
though we do get a few
days off.

So - leaving said my
say about that, I will
pass on to other topics. Sister
I went shopping yesterday
at a most enticing

to your wife? Did you agree
with what he said about
her on Sunday, or whenever
it was? How many times
have you heard from her
lately & in what mood?
Do you think it would or
would not be tactful or
politic for you to say you
think it's fine for her to ex-
press her feelings & thoughts
so freely & fully as she does
to you & think it is true
that you are interested, you
wonder if it wouldn't be
better for her to write - or
talk - like that to some-
one else who can give her
more & with whom a relation-
ship can grow instead of
coming to an inevitable end.
Tell her that these letters are in
themselves evidence that she
has the capacity for a many-
sided contact with other persons,

Tuesday -

(10 Jan 32)

My precious -

Well, a week is gone, and I have got through it, one way or another, but there are too many ahead! I am still feeling miserable about the letter you didn't get on Saturday - oh, dear. I've felt so unhappy about that, first & last, that I'm sure I'll never forget again!

It's fun to know that you listened to the concert Saturday. Yes, I enjoyed the symphony, in my simple schoolgirl fashion. I've cut the Bliss Downes review out for you just because I thought it was rather amusing - though I suspect you burn up your

tell them to get plenty of
sleep + fresh air. Then you
make out a couple of pre-
scriptions, + send 'em home.
Vitamin C, indeed — for
nervousness like yours! Oh,
George, don't be an idiot,
And as for your lack of as-
sessment — to ascribe that to
your indoor life is certainly
— very silly — unless he
has made a complete check
of every other possibility.
And since the other pos-
sibilities might be serious,
I think it's the limit for
him to diddle around
with Vitamin C + more
outdoor exercise. You're
outdoors as much as most
people who are indoor
workers + more than
many — + yet that bird of

was at O. D.

Don't save the wine,
dearest, or I'll get you wine.
If there's anything you
enjoy that I can get for you
I shall so love doing it.

About the doctor — I feel
very sceptical — and
amused at you for wasting
time + money on a doctor
whom you admit you don't
think is very good — and
certainly only a very good
general practitioner is equipped
to do you any good at
present. It all sounds —
what you tell — very peculiar.
— it's the bird of things a
doctor always says to and
a case when he doesn't
really know anything to
do. It's all perfectly harm-
less — + perfectly negative.
If they're nice, you advise
a couple of months in Ber-
muda; if they're not, you

expansion, doesn't seem to
be universal among them!
Of course it would probably
be a good thing for you to
be out now - it would be
all of us, but I don't be-
lieve for a minute that there's
anything as simple as that
at the root of your difficulty,
any layman knows that
it is a frequent, if not
inevitable accompaniment
of a bad nervous condition.
It is also a symptom
of anaemia, + of t.b.. Of
course you know you
haven't the latter, but
that's about all you know.
It may, for all I know be
a symptom of any number
of other ~~things~~ diseases.
But I do know that that
feeling, intensified to an acute

degree, preceded Dad's nervous
collapse, & that wildred felt
that way - always tired &
dragging - till she dropped
unconscious on the N.Y.
street. Now none of these
things may be wrong with
you, but I'd certainly not
leave it at too little out-
door air - especially when
you combine the weariness
with other obviously nervous
troubles. You know I don't
want to exaggerate what's
wrong with you, but I do
want you to know what
there is to be known & if
there's nothing to do, all
right, but if there is some-
thing to do, I want you to
do it - & I want you to
have expert opinion & advice.
Stop fooling around. You
haven't the money to waste,
nor the time. I still think
you'd be better if we were

married, not only for the obvious physical reasons, which must be a source of constant strain to a delicately organized nervous system, but for innumerable other reasons - little ones, like not leaving to go out for meals. Besides which, the present uncertainty & indefiniteness must grieve you. There's enough disturbance & instability in ordinary day by day living for one of your temperament, without the added difficulty of major difficulties. Perhaps things will gradually smooth out when we are married & your difficulties will cure themselves, in so far as they are curable.

But I've had a long day & it's getting later & later, & I must stop.

I send you a heartfelt
of love & my constant thought,
C.

Monday -
(10 June 38)

My darling -

I am so sorry you were disappointed at not having my letter on Friday. You see, I wrote it complete Thursday evening and brought it right as well, but it is too late in town to mail. I'm making a run, as you know, to go to mail it in the station. I'll feel terribly if you did it at all till to-day - it's the sort of stupidity you'd never be guilty of.

So you're working on a budget? Well, dearest, don't work very hard - you haven't got enough data yet - you can't make a budget on the basis of 3 months. And you've got too many other things to do, anyhow. I'm worried by the amount of that Press is - I wish constantly that I were

Thank goodness I've spared
that kind of invitation, since
I am my whole department.
But you should hear those
who aren't! Of course I am
very lucky, & live in my
work, & in the fact that I don't
have to live with it, as most
of the others do. I happened
to drop in for my tea one other
day when the headmistress,
the assistant ditto, & the
dean were all here, and
really the conversation made
my blood run cold. It's
amazing how good the report
is when it's in hands like
those. But I am learning,
as you must be, too, what
extraordinarily imperfect
institutions most education-
al ones are, and in what
incompetent hands their
guidance rests. I suppose
it's just the imperfection
of humanity. The partial
sacrifice of my integrity as a

with you - I see ought to be
some things I could do for you.

Another thing that worries
me is the temperature of your
rooms. Sweetheart, if you are
cold, you must complain, you
could have a second electric
heater - or an electric
radiator. But you must
keep warm - sitting & working
in a cold room is the height
of foolishness. We're having
a very cold spell for N.Y. &
I keep thinking of you &
worrying about you. You'd
just have to insist on your
landlady's giving you what
ever extra things you need
for warmth. Really, darling
→ you haven't got enough
vitality or resistance to
stand being frequently
chilled & having to work
in that state.

It's a shame about
the exam situation -

Teacher, which I am forced to
make, is very trying at
times, as I need hardly tell
you! Try not to be too troubled,
dear - I remember Dad's
telling me I'd be very lucky
indeed if I didn't have to
buck that kind of thing
whenever I brought a treat
to some. I learned it the
better for my self & for my
work. But that's superfluous
- you know this as well
as I, as your letter shows.
No, I didn't hear last
week's "Town Meeting" -
I often can't bring busy
with other things, but I
think it's a very worthy
enterprise, though not
always as good as it
sometimes is. However,
the town idea for the radio
is a fine one, I think,
how interesting, but you
recognized Mr. Fairchild.
One learns very little of him
these days - is his day over?

See my love
you - my dear, dear
love

Saturday -

(9 Jan 38)

My darling Boy -

You have
written me such sweet letters
since you got back. The
one I found late last night
though - it began by saying
you'd no time for me well
as to be so altogether as
false that I didn't mind
at all its being short, but
simply read it so many
times over that it occupied
the time of a good long one!

I've been thinking over
the ones I wrote you the
last two days & hoping
they didn't upset you. I
don't want you to think
I'm simply trying to run
your whole life for you, I
don't mean to do that - but
my own life is now so

relationship & hers with you
was not. She has lost a com-
panion & an audience & she
wants both very much, I don't
get this just from what she
says, but from the underly-
ing tone of all her letters.
She is deeply wounded - yes -
but it is not the particular
kind of wound that she
herself thinks it is. She wants
an outlet badly - another
woman would really serve
just as well if she could
herself believe it. So far as
men are concerned, she
wants the inhibition of just
a woman, rather than a de-
voted lover. Her tenacity makes
her unwilling to relinquish
you in either of these
roles (that is, friend or
lover) but to tell you the
truth, I doubt if she really
wants you half so much

deeply involved with you
that what happens to you
happens to me. It seems to
me now that I cannot sur-
vive another year without
you - in fact, it sometimes
seems to me that another
day is more than I can
manage. Tell on you, I
know, sweetheart - I'm
sure your wife never be-
haved like this.

Which reminds me of her
present behavior. I've been
thinking over those letters
& have come to this con-
clusion - which will
sound familiar to you - she
is not in love with you! She
is not in love with you!
or not in love with a woman
deeply in love who has lost
her lover. I think it is partly
this which accounts for her
lack of pride. That partic-
ular kind of pride goes with
an essentially man-woman

as she thinks, I believe
that any person - man or
woman - who would seek
her out, court her, pursue
her & be found of her inter-
ested in her could defeat
her from her desire for you
in no time. She wants
terribly something she's
not got & she identifies it
with you - which is a natural
enough self-deceit. I think
it is bound to die out
slowly if nothing happens
to make it burst into
flame. So - write to her
now & then, but only now
& then, & only very briefly.
None of the sentences I
use exists only in
her imagination - which
is just as dangerous as if
it were real, but it's not
likely to be so permanent.

She lacks delicacy of feeling
& sensitiveness, so I suppose
what to me would be a
killing coldness in your letters
she hardly feels. The letter
you told me of that she
wrote to Rodusta & that
conversation with Donald
about whether you would or
wouldn't sleep with her would
show that if nothing else
had. God knows how it
will come out, for she's sweet-
ly & kindly, unreliable - and she
is both tenacious & capable
of vindictiveness - but it still
seems to me that the chances
are she'll go through with
it. If only she could find
a new & interesting & inter-
esting friend I should feel
reasonably secure.

Well, that's that for her.
Don't worry about the
doctor business - be sure to
tell whomever you go to that

should write a definite
plea to Prof. Morse - all
full of humble pie & what-
not. You don't want to dis-
sur, but, my dearest, he's
a big man & can do things
for you if you can make
him want to. Harsh, but
it is - but terribly necessary.
Most of the letters you will
write will be pure waste of
time - jobs don't come that
way - but personal contacts
count for an enormous lot.
You must see as many
people as you possibly can
& pull every string you
can lay your hands on.
I remember someone said
to me "Pain every door-bell
you know & keep ringing
them."

So - I shall shortly
burn on the radio & listen
to Mr. Toscanini conducting
the Pastoral Symphony - pro-
gram music & flowers! And

you are so exhausted by
mid-afternoon that you have
to sleep three hours. That is
not at all normal & it's very
striking & impressive as an
indication of your general
state. I think it's quite
possible that it is the thing
that saves you & that your
chief feeling about it should
be one of gratitude that it
is possible for insomnia is
the more usual accompani-
ment of bad nerves & is of
course always an aggravat-
ion of them. Still, your
need of so much more sleep
than the normal adult
gets is certainly a symp-
tom as well & should be
treated as such.

And about the job - you'll
write to Starward, won't you?
I think it's one of the most
important letters you could
possibly write, so treat it as
such. Also I think you

full of cheap news, & I'd
wages. Besides, Toscanini
is too Italian to understand
the hardies — and despite all
that, I shall — somewhat
sceptically + apologetically,
but I'm afraid genuinely,
enjoy it. Do you think you
can see life with that? I
shall probably get worse as
time goes on, too — certainly
more & more absurd revol-
utions will be made until
some day as I listen enrapt-
ured to — say, Gounod's *Travi-
ata* — you will steal up be-
hind me and shoot me.

All this reminds me —
Thursday as I was about to
leave the hotel by a big
revolving door, a little man
popped out of the partition
was just going to step into
right into my arms practically
— + it was Toscanini! I do
now I have him + William
Powell lined up side by side
— some combination!

And all of this just leads my mind to one of the circles it has been tracing, round & round. That's the whole practical side of the problem of our marriage. I am not mercenary, nor am I unwilling to make sacrifices or to work hard - even at tasks which are very boring to me. All this I am sure you know. But I think we must recognize that there is a practical problem, in spite of all that. Where you may go, you don't know yourself, but it does go - and without any self-indulgence on your part. And then is the financial aspect of the divorce still to be dealt with. Where you will be financially by next September, I don't know, but I can guess! Looking ahead, there is certainly as your mind ever more than mine, you concern about Eva, and what her needs may be. There is, too,

was so sweet and so heart-warming that it mitigated the disappointment it conveyed. Of course you know me well enough by now to know how great that was. How many of them to change - you should know, so I just over one dummy, too. I just at the moment. I suppose you're right about which one of the bits left we'd better take. The fact that it comes further along in the long full bill Euter is a very powerful argument. Of course I was distressed by the check, though your argument made me feel it was all right. If you're sending it to me as a safe repository, that's O.K. But it just seems to me that if you have money to pay off debts it should go toward your real debt - so, don't really count, you know.

your own health, which
will never allow you to drive
yourself as some men can,
aside from expenses it may
involve you in. It's of course just
what your professional job
is we don't know - you
may essentially earn a big
salary, but you may very
well not - there aren't so
very many in the academic
world - you started late
with some handicaps, to
marry on a shoestring &
some debts, in your early
twenties is not very foolish,
but in your middle thirties
- & not the best of health,
- it's another matter. This
is not selfishness, my darling,
it is primarily you that I
am thinking of - there are
just simply some burdens
that I cannot let you
carry. At the same time,
I do honestly believe that
not being married is a

burden too. I think that for
your sake (and, God knows,
for my own) we should be
married as soon as you are
free. But it seems to me
it would be rash for us to
give up my own job and add
to your load until you are
earning a good deal more,
or at least until we have
got square and somewhat
ahead. Of course it would be
wonderful if you could get a
job around here. Don't think
my sweet. I've just had
this scheme up my sleeve
all the time with the intention
of getting you to try to come to
a place you hate just because
I'd like to live there. I had
quite definitely & finally made
up my mind to leave N. Y.
— & without any protest, because
I couldn't dream of trying to
make you do something so dis-
tasteful to you. But as time goes

be done at once, so that
there will be time to get the
necessary correspondence
accomplished & get yourself
an appointment to see him
when you are here in Feb. Don't
ask him if there's a job, but
ask him if you may see
him & talk to him. You
never can tell - he may
have some further contacts
that would benefit you and
always, always, always,
it's better to see than to
write. I know that from my
own experience - & Dad told
me so, & so has everyone
who has ever given me
advice about job-hunting.
They'll often do things for
you face to face that they'll
never be bothered with by
mail. And you should make
use of your contact at
Queen's College (University?)
at the same time, too. Darling.

on, & I, begin to see the situation
clearly in its more dreary &
less emotional aspects, I begin
to realize that you are con-
fronted with a choice or evils.
I do believe that with effort
& thought, I could so con-
tribute as to make it possible
for you to live in or near D.C.
with me far more happily than
in Rochester without me. Of
course I recognize that it
will be nothing, but a lucky
break if it can be achieved,
but I think we must make
a very definite effort to give
back as much of a shove
in our direction as we
possibly can. I shall write
to Dr. Hae Douglall - which
may well come to nothing,
but it's a shove to him.
And, darling, I do think you
really should write to
Mr. Finkhouse to get you an
introduction to the man at
T.C. and I think it should

Don't think I should leave
you taking time out of those
kindly brief days for all
this, but I think, for both
our sakes, that you must. It
will very likely lead to nothing,
but we must systematically
turn every available stone
& even some that seem
out of reach. It's all so important.
How about
C. C. G. Y. ? Or are you anti-
Sanito? I think you should
get yourself appointments
with as many people as possible
→ made before you come, or
you'll never get them filled
in. Sweetheart, I leave ad
this — I leave it for you.
I don't want you to leave to
do it. But I can see no choice
→ or at least I don't like
the choice I see, nor do I
think you do. Naturally, what
ever you do or don't get, I shall

want to marry you at the
first possible moment, but
unless there's some imponderable
breaks, such as a job that
will be a good bit more
profitable than your present
one, it would seem unwise
for you to take on the support
of another person just yet.
Yes, I'm taking it into account
my own income, which would
of course make a difference,
but it's not very large, &
with the present economic
situation, it might be a
lot cut & shouldn't be too
strongly counted on. Of course
it's perfectly possible for us to
marry & not live together
during the working months.
We'd still have a lot of
time together & the night to
spend & wholly together, which
God knows would be an invaluable
happy arrangement may

the present one, and I shan't
allow myself to be too miserable
if that's the way it works out
but I think we both need
the more complete relationship,
with a life fully shared and
with the constant comfort &
strength of one another's
company.

Now, does all this seem
reasonable + not too grim? I
hated it when I began to realize
that I must face it, but now
that I have faced it, I am
beginning to feel reasonably
cheerful + hopeful. It's not
very heavenly, but at the
worst it's something + at
the best, it's very much.
Once that damned divorce is
out of the way, we can work
out the rest of our problems,
no matter how difficult.

I want you so much, my
dear one - when I came in
late this afternoon, I thought
how sweet it would be if you
were here waiting for me to come

Friday -

(9 Jan 58)

My darling Angel -

I am very
much annoyed at myself, for
I've just realized that the
letter I wrote you last
night & brought in to mail
in the P. O., is still in my
bag - damn! My mind was
going round & round on
another track & so I walked
right through the station to
my train without ever
doing anything about it. I
hope that will not mean
you won't get any better,
but I'm afraid it may.

I feel as if you'd already
been given a water with
very discouraging.

Now, having dealt yesterday
with one of the major items
on my mind, I shall go on
day to another, and that's
the matter of your health. You
say you think I don't understand.

don't think I'm so foolish,
as to be sure) that your
difficulties are largely nervous.
This is partly, of course, be-
cause my father thought so
& all your symptoms were
familiar to him, & you are
so clearly a person with an
inadequate nervous equipment.
And he did say, as I told
you, that he thought you
had your mind ^{out} too much.
It is dangerous, you know.
Yes, my sweet, I expect this
all sounds brutal & I ex-
pect you natural reaction
will be to feel that I am not
being very sympathetic &
that I don't understand or
realize at all how you feel.
But that would be for you
to mis-understand me. I am
very deeply aware of how
you feel & how, knows
I am terribly concerned
about it. When I think the
pains in your interior are
caused by your nerves, not

stand your physical condition,
well, perhaps I, don't - but
I'll tell you the truth, I don't
think you do either. You ex-
perience it, but I doubt if
you understand it. You go
around making up your own
mind that you have this, that,
or the other, & then dosing
yourself, dieting yourself,
treating yourself accordingly.
You're too intelligent for that,
my dear. That's not under-
standing your condition, that's
guessing at it, then which
nothing can be less scien-
tific. Besides, it keeps you
thinking about yourself &
how you feel, which I know
quite well is very difficult
not to do when you feel so
wretched, but it is quite
possible that there is some-
thing of a vicious circle there
& that you aggravate your
own condition. Of course
you know that I am in-
clined to believe I though

your appendix. It doesn't
mean you are one of those who
say "Oh, it's just nerves"
— on the contrary, for an
appendix is for now easily
dealt with than a bad ver-
vous system. I should be
greatly relieved if you had
some recognizable — + curable —
disease. But I want to know,
+ I think you should want
to know, which is of course
the real reason why I write
this. You are not following in
a sane + sensible fashion
→ you're governing your
of yourself largely by your
own notions + things people
tell you. You simply must
do something else about it.
I should think a nerve
specialist would be a good
idea → tell him everything,
too — both your physical
symptoms + at least some
things of your causes for
mental strain. Oh go + get
an A to Z physical exam. in

a clinic - or both. The main
thing is to do something.
To go on swimming against
so strong a current is the
height of foolishness. And
members, my darling, that
you hold my happiness in
your hands - you haven't
a right to take more risks
than you must! Of course,
it may be all wrong, but at
the same time, certainly
none of your own fooling
around has got you any
wiser. Perhaps nothing can,
but I shall not accept
that, till you've had really
expert advice. As a thing
over the last year, I realize
that you have been under
an abnormal strain almost
constantly when, with your
nervous constitution, what
it is, you should have been
living the most normal life
possible. Every sort of thing
has gone wrong with you, &

it weighs on me every bit
as much as you could think
it should. I worry about
you incessantly + am ^{indeed}
very fears for you all the time.
I'd rather know now. If I've
got to worry - and I have -
I'd rather know just what
about. God, I wish I
could be with you + watch
you - I'll never feel even
two bit comfortable about you
till I can. I sit this a
hell of a life? Don't
think I for a minute want
you not to take care of
yourself - but I want you
to know what there is to
take care of, and I do
think that once you know
that, the less you think
about how you feel, the
better. Don't imagine I think

you are not equipped to take
that without paying for it. I
think that from now on you
will understand yourself +
life better, + that some of
these strains will be removed
+ not repeated. Some of
them, however, are imposed
upon you by circumstances
beyond your control + you
will have to meet them as
best you can. Anything
that can be done to
strengthen you to meet them,
must be done - + you must
find out if there is. I do
earnestly believe that
marriage will help you,
for that lack, both phys-
ically + emotionally is in-
volved, a strain on your
nervous system. Don't
think I underestimate the
state of your health - I
merely estimate it differently
from yourself, + I am sure

That's easy, but I know
- it can, to some extent, be done
+ for one of your temperaments
- it is on the whole a whole-
some way of meeting things.
All this, of course, I learned
from Dad - and I am well
aware that I may be all
wrong - but I know that
all his life he had much
of what you have to deal
with + that his technique
must be something of a
guide. Oh darling, I wish you'd
just come + live with me + let
me look after you. Then
I'd be so worry about you quite
so much.

My lamb, I think about you
incessantly, + long for you - you
did make me so happy this
time. I know it meant enormous
+ definite effort on your part + for
every scrap of it I thank you.
You are a very unselfish + a very
generous lover. How I wish this
were a week ago! Bubbles of love,
my sweet - C.

Wednesday -

6 Jan 1938

My dearest darling -

I meant
to write you a long, long
letter before I went in
town this noon - but I
slept right through my
alarm & never opened
my eyes till quarter of
eleven! O, very, very
routely sleep to any such
hour, so I suppose that
must indicate that I
needed it, but I was aw-
fully mad - so many
things are not done -
our letters among them.
So now there's time only
to tell you how much I
love you, and how happy

daring - on made every-
thing we did together so
satisfying, and were so
beautifully responsive. It
is hard to have you stay
so far away and so long
half the day & have al-
ways the problem of get-
ting back late at night
for one of us - but I
suppose that's just some-
thing we'll have to put
up with till we can be
really together.

And now, my love, I
must stop, or I'll be
late for Rishi's Meade
party. Though there are
many, many things I
want to say, it is
silly & seems almost

you make me, I don't know
what you technique^{was} was
how much - it was a con-
scious technique - but I
do know that you let your-
self go out this time as
you had not the time
before, and that it was
immeasurably sweet and
reassuring to me. It
throbbed & felt close
even while you were in
but this time it was quite
different - I felt that you
were close beside me, not
just physically, but in a
deeper sense - and I do
so need just that to keep
me going. Not that it's at
I said, heaven knows -
I want you - right here,
& right now. You were a
perfect companion; my

meaning, less so keep
saying, over + over -
"O, how you" - but I do
not know how else to
say it - + if I filled
this sheet with those
words still it would
not be enough. And
then I should fill another
with "O, thank you" -
for your endless thought
& generosity + care for
me. You make ^{me} feel
humble in my gladness.

C.

instead of getting bulky &
shapeless. And, darling, I
think that you bothered to
do them all up in Christmas
paper! That touched my
heart so — and the lovely
little card that was in the
packages — wherever did
you find that — it has more
elegance than any I've
ever been able to find, my
sweetest one, if you fully
realize my delight and
my gratitude for everything
— all the effort, the gloves
themselves, the sweet message
with them — I know you'd
feel it was worth it, because
I know that pleasing me
really does make you happy
and you have pleased me
so much this time. How
you don't wish you'd give

me of the packages — my
pet, they are perfect beyond
my most fond dreams. Really,
my most fond dreams. Really,
dearest, they're far too fine for
wonderly me — but oh, do I
like 'em? Of course they're
much lovelier than any I
own and I shall feel like
a queen — or maybe the
Duchess of Windsor — every
time I put them on. I do
get a little put out of having
a few things that are really
fine — not just cheap ones
that will do. The color is
exactly right — they match
my spring coat & of course
are an effective contrast
to my winter one. They fit
flawlessly and have that
marvelous feeling on
your hands that cheap
ones never have — exquis-
itely soft but firm enough
to keep their shape in.

The money is the Salvation
Army, do you?

I am a little worried at
hearing nothing from you
to-day, which must mean
that you wrote neither Sat.
nor Sun. - which is perfectly
legitimate over the Christmas
week, and I wouldn't worry
me if you hadn't been in
bed when you wrote on
Friday. In case I don't
meet you when you arrive
on Thursday, go straight
to Sister's. It's the day of
Joan's birthday party, and
I might not be able to
meet you. But let me
know when you'll get
here, so I can, if possible,
do it almost day after to-mor-
row, though I shall not be
sure it will I see you - and
welcome you. We're going to
have such a lovely time,