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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.

PARTOR, WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURGH, N. Y.



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Darius -

T +



Plans for looking at

some what further

9/1 so it's now 12:

30 + finding only

a p.e. from you,

I decline to stay up,

+ write the letter I'd

want to. Will talk

all tomorrow.

good night + sweet

dreams - C.



THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY

Mr. G. B. Van Schoek  
 247 Delta St.  
 E. Lansing Mich.

Wednesday -

13 Dec 1937

Enclosed - pp 657-658 -

Tr. 10/11/37

Darling,

I guess this is  
my last to you - & I hope  
as you'll not even get  
this!

I am now expecting  
you Sun. morning, which  
will get you here in  
time for Sister's party. I  
wonder you'd get around  
soon to letting me  
know times since it  
will affect home. I  
don't know whether I'll  
want to come or not,  
how that you're coming  
in the morning - especially  
since I don't know  
whether that means  
early morning or not.  
But I'll be all

what to do about  
dinner so finally  
when Katherine asked  
me to dinner with her  
& some of said yes  
because that gives you  
& Donald the chance  
to have dinner & end  
of the evening to you-  
selves without feeling  
you're leaving me  
alone. Perhaps you'll  
feel I might be in-  
cluded in lunch.

About Sun. —

If you get in at  
7:30, do you think  
you could hang  
around a bit so as

you have so far divulged  
& let her make up her  
own mind!

I finally read a letter  
from Donald, offering me a  
choice of plays & a choice  
of nights, for which I  
blessed him — also asking  
me to get the tickets  
for which — momen-  
tarily — I cursed him!  
It was a sort of last  
straw. But it's all  
right now — I've sub-  
sided — and got the  
tickets — for May large  
Tues. night. Will take  
him to dinner — yes?

About Mon. — I  
didn't know quite

not to arrive before  
8:30 so leave with  
be washed early? She  
gets so little sleep  
at school. I hope,  
doubting, you'll not  
misunderstand all this  
→ it's not that I put  
her before you, but I  
can't do anything but  
go out of my way to  
do what I can for her.  
Very likely she'll  
not come. Anyhow,  
if she does, we'll have  
breakfast all together.  
Great loads of love, my pet  
love - C.  
please excuse



full blame, for I was stu-  
pid and entirely wrong.

As for Donald, I've not  
heard from him & thought  
I'd wait until this  
evening in the hope that  
I'd hear from him offer-  
ing an alternative to  
Mon. night. That's not  
impossible for me but  
it's very definitely in-  
convenient. The combi-  
nation of my schedule &  
the N.Y. Central's schedule  
~~doesn't~~ make tickets on a  
school night altogether  
smooth - & then another  
complication, too, which  
I'll not stop to enumer-  
ate. Yes, I can see  
that Mon. is a good day  
for you to spend together.  
I had, as a matter of fact,  
planned to let you deal  
with wrapping & mailing

to the "Faber" is completely  
sold out + "The Man  
Who Came to Dinner" all  
but box seats at \$3.30  
each. The man in the box  
office was very good - not  
used and said "And I  
don't think they're worth  
55 cents" ! But I did  
get seats for what Sister  
& I had agreed on as  
third choice - "Skydark",  
the quarterly Lawrence  
play. I hope you will  
enjoy it - it will be as  
light as a feather but  
brilliantly done - so much  
so that we'll probably  
be fooled into thinking  
it much better than it  
is! They are for the night  
after Xmas - because it  
was possible to get them  
then! If you don't like  
any of this, I accept the

last night or tonight in a letter  
to tell me if you  
could be here  
on the 21st  
I would be  
glad to see  
you

Xmas bundles that day! I  
know this seems rather nice  
but, darling, I've done the  
loudest part for you! I  
hate to put it off till Tues.  
but to queer it's nearly  
thing to do. I'd do it my-  
self this week, but I am  
swamped with school work,  
the shopping, which is not  
finished, some important  
letters + books coming for  
the week-end. I haven't  
the heart to tell her I have-  
sent time for her just now.  
You're not yet told us just  
when you're coming, there's  
so little time, I'll say now  
— if I'm not at the train,  
call me at home, if I'm  
not there, call me at Sig-  
nia. If you say coming by  
afternoon, everyone would  
be delighted as you are invited  
to a small party here for  
Tom, a few other children  
(2 or 3) + their parents — all.

Friday -  
511 Dec 1935

Darling -

I am feeling blighted  
because I had three dinner  
invitations for tonight + can  
- obviously - accept only one!  
That's from Sister, who is  
having a delightful group of  
people so I shall have  
a good time - but the  
other two are from K. Work-  
ington + Grace + Jay + Joe  
- and to miss either of  
them is a real deprivation!

Well, in the end I didn't  
do what I said I was going  
to for your father! I got to  
thinking about it and of  
the possibility that they might  
already have got one -  
or that other deal made a  
note of your father's wish +  
now getting one - or the fact  
that on so bulky an  
article there would be a  
shipping charge out of prop.  
portion to its value + it would

moments + then carry them  
around for mailing till  
still older ones! Anyhow,  
I didn't hear from you  
last week from Wed. till  
the next mor.!

How interesting about  
the  $\phi$  BK + the Apollo  
Room in the Raleigh Tavern  
I remember that the first  
meeting was held there,  
but I couldn't for the life  
of me have said how  
long ago though now when  
I figure it out I realize  
that that makes it 1776  
— a date one should be  
able to remember!

Your account of the  
address by the historian  
was very interesting —  
particularly because it  
filled in remarkably  
with an article I'd just  
been reading in Harper's

not be easy to exchange to  
etc., etc. + finally decided  
to get a book as you had  
suggested + then if he is still  
wanting a card-table, come  
summer I will get one +  
take it up in the car. O.K.?  
I got Emil Senzgal's "The  
Danube" which from all  
I hear he should be his  
next. He enjoys his story  
— + this is both histor-  
ically sound + vividly +  
passionately written. I  
think it's a fairly safe  
choice.

I have not forgotten  
your mother's birthday +  
shall do something  
about it shortly — be-  
tween + among Christ-  
mas gifts!

So you notice it when  
you don't hear from me  
from Fri. till Tues. Well,  
it must have been because  
of his. All letters in odd

by Harold Laski on the  
attitude his "intellectual"  
should have toward  
current problems - all  
kinds of current problems.  
You must read it when  
you come. Anyhow, the  
main idea is that he  
(the intellectual) cannot  
be impartial! "We may  
be more tolerant or less  
tolerant about ways of  
behaviors we disapprove.  
We cannot be impartial  
about them. For to be  
impartial is to deny that  
experience has validity. It  
is to refuse to admit the  
fact that the function  
of all knowledge is to  
enable men to live  
together more happily  
than in the past." And  
again - "Impartiality, is

any case, is an impossible ideal; experience, whether we will or no, leads us to esteem some values more than we esteem others. Every thought of the intellectual is necessarily penetrated by the choice of values he is compelled to make." And so on — it is an interesting, thesis and, I suspect, a valid one — at least to me, since in my philosophy the relation between any individual + the world in which he lives should be primarily humane. I had for some time been suspecting that ~~the~~ tolerances and impartiality were far less

from them something  
about the conduct of life.  
Knowledge is not enough.  
— we need wisdom. As for  
Hilt — I doubt he is yet  
mature enough to know  
this. For him to be upset  
about it seems to me  
very young. He seems to  
forget his own particular  
intolerance which he  
forced upon another person  
at the point of the sword  
— emotionally speaking  
— which was at the  
opposite pole from the  
dispassionate attitude.  
I sometimes wonder how  
dispassionately he has  
studied the history of  
Catholicism or judged the  
Catholics whom he has  
known. Well, never  
mind Hilt — I hope you  
don't mind my saying

closely related than they  
are generally thought to  
be. So far as <sup>your</sup> ~~his~~ histo-  
ry is concerned, it  
would seem to me as  
to Mr. Lasker that if  
he had not, after all  
three years of close study  
& intellectual effort,  
managed to come to  
some conclusion as to  
what way of life  
seemed most wise and  
most fruitful, then his  
years of work ~~had been~~  
to some extent at best  
wasted. Certainly learning  
historical facts just to  
learn historical facts  
is to content oneself with  
dry bones. If they are to be of  
value, we must learn

what I have about him  
— you know how I feel,  
anyhow. He'll probably  
outgrow it. But I still  
think you historians had  
every right to say what  
he did — & don't quite  
see what you mean  
when you refer to him as  
mysterious — could you  
explain? But anyhow, to  
distrust his capacity for  
the historian's detach-  
ment simply because he  
has come to a conclusion  
about the conduct of  
life seems to me to be  
relating two unrelated  
things. To come to no con-  
clusions, form no judgments,  
make no choices, seems  
to me to conduct one's  
intellectual life on the  
level of learning by rote.  
Don't you really agree  
with me on the whole?  
Quebec's of love, darling —  
C.

Wednesday -

{7 Dec 39}

Darling -

I'm sorry about  
John - sorry because he  
is difficult for you - and  
quite impersonally sorry  
because there seems to be  
a certain waste of good  
material when a person  
with many excellent qual-  
ities makes himself ob-  
noxious. It always seems  
a pity that a man with  
a fine mind should be too  
lazy to use that mind  
to control and govern  
his relations with other  
people - for it is laziness  
except when there's a  
fundamental weakness of  
will which gives no reason  
to believe is true of John.  
It will impair his use-  
fulness, make it difficult  
for him to find the place

feel as I do about the  
diamonds — the finer  
article is a finer article, +  
if I had the money I'd  
like to own it — though  
my ambition goes up high  
er than someone having  
cultured ones, nor do I  
feel resentful that it  
won't. I have, inci-  
dentally, been told since  
I wrote you that the  
"real" ones have a higher  
degree of density of  
structure. Is that the  
right word? Anyhow, they  
are much harder than  
the cultured ones which  
give them the greater  
lustre + makes them  
practically undetectable.  
You underestimate your  
own eye when you  
say you couldn't tell  
the difference between a  
\$20 diamond + a \$500 one

where he can make full  
use of his powers + therefore  
be happy. It's such an  
inevitable circle and if  
he's not careful he'll  
end just a little proba-  
bled old man. It is it as  
if he really gained any-  
thing, any more than he  
bad-tempered child, which  
is what he's behaving  
like. There can't be much  
temporary satisfaction in  
his behaviour and there's  
certainly a considerable  
amount of damage done  
to him self than to his  
victims. I sit there any-  
one to help him? It will  
so soon be too late —  
the habits fixed, the prej-  
udices against him  
firmly established.  
You misunderstand me  
about the pearls! I still

— it's as foolish as saying  
you see no difference be-  
tween a 15 watt bulb +  
a 50 — the increase in  
brilliance as the price  
goes up is very apparent,  
even to an amateur.

Did I ever tell you  
about the store I saw  
in London? Dad + I had  
discovered a little shop  
in High Holborn — one  
tiny room in a triangular  
street corner, with win-  
dows full of old jewelry  
— mostly semi-precious,  
and small objets d'art.  
The little Russian boy  
that used to stand on  
the living-room mantle  
in Webster Hall was  
bought there, as well as  
some beautiful pieces of  
old jewelry — chiefly for  
Bess. The little man —

as quaint & I cornered at  
his shop - who owned it  
fell into conversation with  
us - it wasn't hard with  
Dad! We listened fasci-  
nated to his tales - I  
wish I could remember  
them. He had a fire back  
in his ware - often had  
things he couldn't bear  
to sell because they were  
too beautiful. Finally he  
said "Do you want to  
see something really  
beautiful?" - and drew  
out of his vest pocket  
a little box which he  
opened in the shadow of  
his coat and from  
against a black velvet  
background blazed forth  
the most magnificent  
stone I'd ever seen ex-  
cept among the crowns  
jewels in the Tower. It  
was a tremendous yellow

Diamond - pure flame. The  
whole thing was incredible  
- the little dusty little in-  
the-wall shop, the little  
dusty man - and that  
priceless jewel just fished  
out of his pocket. How he  
got it, I do not know,  
but it was a stone so  
remarkable as to be one of  
those with a name - known  
all over the world. He  
couldn't have got it dis-  
honestly. And he couldn't  
bear to part it away - he  
carried it with him always  
- not because of its value,  
but because of its beauty -  
both the intrinsic beauty of  
the stone + that of the work-  
manship that had brought it  
out. I hope he's been able  
to keep it! I told Rika about  
it + she went there - but  
didn't have the nerve to ask to  
see it for fear he'd suspect  
her intentions.  
Dearest love, sweetie - C.

Monday -

Sweetheart. [5 Dec 39]

Again we both have the same idea at the same time! That is, our letters about the organization of the Xmas holidays crossed. Yours was very sweet - in the way - to turned over to me the arrangements - and it's concern over my disappointment that you will have to leave on New Year's Eve. Of course I am disappointed - very - but there's nothing else to be done. I can see, though - it seems to me an unnecessarily unkind arrangement. You + I are naturally only two among a great many who will leave happily

since we've neither of us  
seen - it. I had hoped  
that Sir Cedric Hardwicke  
would open in Sidney  
Howard's last play in  
time for us to see that  
- but it seems that he  
had other commitments  
before they offered him  
the part so the whole  
thing is being put off.  
I'll think it over a bit  
longer - + wait to see if  
I hear anything more  
from you. I thought we  
might go to see the week  
before Xmas, or the  
week after.

So you saw "Our  
Town" ? Well, I did, too  
- a couple of years ago  
in N. Y. and, to tell  
you the truth, found  
it a great disappointment.

plans spoiled.

About the theatre - it was  
sweet of you to say you  
wanted to go + to suggest  
going twice. I shall get  
to work on it at once.  
There are not a great  
many first class things,  
- it's true, though the  
season is waxing, not  
waning at present.  
Thought of taking Sisk +  
Hugh to "The Man Who  
Came to Dinner" or "Life  
with Father" - both comedy  
but of high enough  
quality to be very well  
worth seeing - yet anti-  
taining enough so Hugh  
wouldn't be bored. And  
you + I might go to the  
little "Foxes" which is  
not comedy + pretty good  
so they say. It's a  
last years play but I  
don't think that matters

ment. I could not see why  
all the fuss. It seemed  
to me that something  
was being put over on  
the public - that there  
was something suspicious  
about it - intellectually,  
emotionally, & dramati-  
cally. Now don't forget  
that I am in the min-  
ority - far more  
people felt as you do. I  
am under the necessity  
of defending my opinion  
more strenuously than  
you lest I lay myself  
open to the accusation of  
trying to be "different"  
- or of being too lazy  
to try to understand.  
I mistrust Thornton  
Wildes, anyhow - I think  
he sold himself to the  
American public with  
a sort of literary virtu-

osity that was like a cut  
glass bowl - a sparkling  
outside containing empti-  
ness. Perhaps, therefore,  
I went to his play as  
prejudiced. But it seemed  
to me fluent, facile -  
and adolescent & I think  
he probably takes him-  
self seriously and saw  
himself as coming from  
the more literary & pro-  
fessional kind of writing to  
the great simplicities  
- eternal verities - or  
whatever you choose to  
call them. And the  
great simplicities are  
very dangerous mate-  
rial for any but those who  
are themselves very  
simple or those who are  
profound. The great ma-  
jority are neither & I'd  
better leave them alone.

remain adolescent, the  
vague mysticism, the  
romantic emotionalism,  
the philosophizing all  
seemed to me very in-  
mature. How should I  
have minded that if I  
hadn't felt all the time  
that this was not a very  
young man just feeling  
his way toward an un-  
derstanding of life &  
human beings, but a  
man who was old  
enough to be less emo-  
tional, less fumbling,  
less impressed with  
his own simplicity &  
profundity. The lack  
of scenery & thought  
a theatrical trick that  
saved the management  
a lot of money, and  
appealed to the audience  
as new and daring. Again  
he was fooling people by

To my mind T. W. is in  
that category. Of course  
is shifful - & there were  
moments when he nearly  
led me - as in the  
wedding scene, or the  
cemetery scene. But then  
I made myself listen to  
the words & asked myself  
what really meant  
& discovered that the  
answer was "almost  
nothing". He starts  
out of course very cleav-  
erly with those adoles-  
cent experiences that  
we've all had - to get  
you with him then &  
then through that most  
ancient device of the  
playwright or novelist  
"recognition". And so you  
follow along. It seems to  
me that for the rest of  
the play the characters  
& the audience with them.

self-conscious simplicity.  
That seemed to me an  
actual cheating of the  
audience - a taking ad-  
vantage of their intellec-  
tual humility. The theatre  
is a visual as well as  
an oral experience, and  
not to take full advant-  
age of modern knowledge  
of what can be done to  
appeal to the eye and  
to heighten + intensify  
meaning + emotional  
quality seems to me to  
be either as I said above  
- cheating - or else a sort  
of self-conscious archaism  
which lacks creativeness  
+ for which I've not much  
respect. You cannot really  
go back to the simplicity  
of an earlier day and I  
had a feeling that in  
that treatment of the  
setting as in the play  
itself there was a sort

of infantilism that whether  
-to conscious or unconscious  
I do not like.

Does any of this seem  
to you reasonable or worth  
paying any attention to?  
I've said none of it to  
anyone but Rikha, to  
whom I would always  
talk freely without fear  
of being misunderstood  
in my notions. That  
is, she knew I'd no  
intention of trying to  
make her feel as I did  
or of trying to be dif-  
ferent from the crowd.  
As a matter of fact,  
she did feel as I did,  
though I didn't know  
it when I talked to  
her at first. But she's  
the only person I've  
heard talk about it

who did. Betty Hubbard  
who took me to it was  
quite overwhelmed by it  
& I never said one word  
to indicate that I was  
not. The fact I did  
the opposite, for it was  
good of her to take me.

But now I must stop  
for we're at the P. C. &  
I've written this both  
coming & going.

loads & loads of love -

C

[4 Dec 39]  
Friday -

Well, darling, I am  
simply overcome. I had  
no idea that anything  
so magnificent awaited  
me when you said  
you'd bought something  
for me, and was just  
overwhelmed when I  
opened the parcel. Of  
course it is perfect  
- it's one of the "classics"  
books on the period, as  
of course you've known  
as well as I, and one  
that I've long wished  
I could have. The plain-  
don press edition must  
be new, isn't it? Her-  
for it has been indis-  
cibly out of reach of  
ordinary mortals. 9.00 each,

I was talking with  
Leone the other day about  
Eva - I had told her of  
the events of the summer  
when I first got back,  
and so when she in-  
quired I told her of Dr.  
Pennis's wish that she  
go to a psychiatric hos-  
pital. That was before I  
got your second letter,  
saying she wasn't go-  
ing for the present. Her  
response was "I was  
certain she'd leave by  
sooner or later from  
what you told me be-  
fore and I guess the  
sooner the better." This  
is not because I think  
Leone's opinion is more  
valuable than that of  
the doctors who can

lead a struggle getting  
the school to buy it for  
me and at that it was  
so expensive that it's  
kept off the regular  
shelves and has to be  
specially asked for. And  
now I have one all my  
own! My morning was  
completely demoralized  
for I dropped everything  
I was doing to go through  
it - no, not to read it  
through. I had to ex-  
plain, but to look at  
all the pictures, which  
are fascinating - and  
remarkably good prints.  
I shall gloat over it  
for ages and we and  
enjoy it for ages more.  
Thanks you, my dear,  
a thousand times.

actually dealing with  
Eva, but I think she  
probably might trust the  
chances are Eva will  
have to do it sooner or  
later. I shouldn't be  
surprised if the postpone-  
ment were in part what  
it seems + claims to be  
- the hope that she  
might be able to help her-  
self - but also in part a  
concession to her particu-  
lar temperament so as  
to rouse as little oppo-  
sition as possible.

Saturday -

At that point I got  
to Dobb's Ferry and  
on the train coming  
back there was another  
teacher whom I rarely  
see, so I had in con-  
tingency to talk to her.

and since then I've had  
no time.

Now - about the va-  
cation - when do you  
want to go to Cox-  
sackie? Are we spend-  
ing Christmas here?

Of course I hope so,  
simply because I  
should be happier here,  
and I'm not sure you  
wouldn't be. I should

like to be with Tom.  
It will be financially  
a poorer Christmas than  
last year - and prob-  
ably much poorer -

But the very fact that  
it will be poorer makes  
us want all the more  
to be with my family.

Well, if that meets with  
your approval then we'll  
go to Coxsackie, either  
the week before or the

since we saw Katherine  
Cornell last July. And  
if we are to go to any-  
thing worth seeing, I  
must get tickets at once  
— and should have  
got onto it sooner. So  
I must know which part  
of the vacation we are  
to be here. I get  
through here the 18<sup>th</sup>  
— at 6:20! I should  
be making a date with  
Katherine W. too.  
And I'm afraid you'll  
find yourself in for going  
for dinner to the Dams-  
hausers — remember the  
two who came in to  
bring us a wedding  
present the morning  
after Christmas last  
year? I had cocktails  
with her the other day  
and she asked me to

week after and I've  
really no preference.  
I think your mother  
will probably be dis-  
appointed if we are not  
to be here, and that  
it might be more fact-  
ful to go after for that  
reason. But you decide  
and let me know  
when & for how  
long. I'd be grateful  
if you'd let me know  
promptly, for the time  
is already short, though  
it seems incredible.  
For one thing, I in-  
tend to invite Sister &  
Hugh to go to a theatre  
with us again. They  
are terribly limited in  
their spending now and  
never go to the theatre.  
I've been myself only once

save an evening. I  
couldn't say a month  
ahead that we were  
all dated up, though I  
know they're not the  
people you'd most pre-  
fer to see. But they're  
very good to me, sailing  
is they go out of their  
way to be. She is a girl  
of thought and another  
of those who has had  
the character to throw  
wealth overboard and  
live on a tiny income  
because she values the  
intangibles more than  
material things. They  
are both charming &  
lovable though not  
intellectuals and  
she's a very good cook,  
so I guess you'll not find  
it too trying. I know  
Well, let me know  
right away, sweetie  
and much, much  
love and a million

travels for the splendid present

Wednesday -

{29 Nov 39}

Darling -

Well, I did start my shopping yesterday but didn't get very far. Oh dear, life is made so much more difficult by financial limitations. What you lack in money you have to make up for in labor & wear & tear on the nerves. I had a terrible struggle over Bessie - ending in defeat for the present. There were any number of things that would have been appropriate for 2 or 3 dollars, but less than that for a child her age is difficult. Of course I shall find something eventually, but "it's so trying" to have to take so much of a beating over

is surprising enough.  
Do you know why the  
difference <sup>in price</sup> between cul-  
tured pearls + oriental  
pearls is so vast? Of course  
the latter are more beauti-  
ful - even my eye can  
see that - but not enough  
for the great discrepancy.  
Am the kind that the  
oyster makes on his  
own harder, more ind-  
istinguishable - is it a slow-  
er process than the one  
artificially stimulated?  
They are not so heavy  
in the hand - the cultured  
ones. I mean - not so  
cold to the touch, but  
they have the same  
characteristic as the  
older variety in gaining  
lustre from contact  
with the skin. Do you  
know anyone who would  
know. After all, you could

so relatively unimportant  
a matter. Of course that's  
not quite fair to poor little  
Bessie, who is an unfortun-  
ate child through no  
fault of her own. Any-  
how, we got something  
for Bess which should  
be a great success. They  
were having a sale of  
cultured pearls at  
Bloomingdale's at plea-  
suraably low prices +  
we got a double string  
for Bess for less than  
\$7.00 - no, just over, with  
the tax. It's from us all  
so your share is small.  
They're really beautiful,  
I think, though they  
have some flaws, but  
I don't know what else  
could be expected. To  
have pearls made by an  
oyster at that price

\$50,000. easily for a fine  
well-matched string of  
oriental pearls which you  
could get in cultured  
pearls for around \$100. —  
it piques my curiosity.  
Anyhow, that is what  
we're giving Bass, and  
I think it's a gift that  
is really quite fine.

Which is enough for  
that. Last evening —  
or rather, late afternoon  
& early evening, we went  
a. all of us including An-  
ton — to see Grebo  
Parlo in "Kinohelka" —  
I guess you'd better put  
it on your list. It's a  
delightful evening's  
entertainment, though  
when you go home &  
think it all over you  
can see all sorts of flaws.  
I suspect it is intended for  
gentle satire — but it gets

so gentle at moments that  
the satire entirely disap-  
pears so that you discover  
that the being is in two  
woods + so its parts don't  
stick together. But of  
course she is marvelous,  
as always — what a fine  
actress! Though I don't  
think the comedy is in  
her acting, but in the  
situation — especially  
the discrepancy between  
herself and her surround-  
ings — both material +  
humor. She's not a  
comedienne, whatever  
they say. But she can  
be fitted into a comedy  
pattern. In fact, I think  
much of the humor,  
particularly in the early  
part of the film, is in

Further, it would be a  
great relief to me if you  
made at least some  
attempt to check up on  
your nervous system,  
for I fear the possibility  
of some collapse or of  
the constantly overstrung  
nerves essentially driving  
you into some sort of  
psychosis. Your nerves  
are never in a normal  
condition, even at their  
best — not even the  
condition of what we  
call a nervous person. Of  
course it has much to  
do with the difficulties  
between us and must  
make almost every-  
thing you do nearly  
twice as difficult as  
it should be. Please  
don't resent this, darling,  
for you must know that

her being a woman with  
no sense of humor — if  
you see what I mean.  
I'm so sorry about  
your eyes, though I very  
much doubt its being  
the steam heat — you  
have the same trouble  
at times of year when  
there is no steam heat.  
Besides, you're always  
searching for some new  
theory as to why your  
eyes burn — each theory  
being discarded in turn.  
I think its altogether  
likely that Dr. Berlin  
is right in his suspi-  
cion that the underlying  
trouble is nervous, &  
couldn't help noticing  
that you never went  
back to him, that you  
never pursued that heavy

it is out of concern for you  
and also for the future of  
our relationship. Eva's  
collapse has not made me  
feel any more secure about  
you. Now, sweetie, I'm not  
trying to scare you - in  
fact, what I'm trying  
to do is to prevent the  
same thing's happening  
to you that did to her.  
I wish you'd have you-  
self tested for thyroid.  
- you certainly hear all  
the remarks of that +  
a number of people have  
asked me if you'd had  
it checked - + have told  
me that I should insist  
you did. Of course, insisting  
you do any thing doesn't  
do us much of any use  
- I've put it off + put it  
off because I dreaded  
mentioning it, but here you  
are with that old trouble  
back again + it just seems

Monday -

Amal -

[28 Nov 39]

The picture of Marian Anderson I just in because this minute I saw it I recognized it as the woman we saw in the Russian Tea Room last summer - before I read the news. I thought it would interest you after our discussions as to whether it was she or not. The bit from the habit I thought would interest you for reasons too obvious to mention.

Now as for Christmas - thanks for being so specific - now I can go ahead very satisfactorily. The only thing I feel inclined to question is the \$5 for Eva, which seems to

the sweater, for I was nervous about it, having made it out of a heap of directions for 3 different sweaters plus your measurements which were different from those of any of the three! I was afraid the result would not be successful and it was an immense satisfaction to know it is. John's remarks about the machine I regard as flattery, for I suppose good hand knitting should, <sup>be</sup> almost machine like. Sorry it's spell didn't hold throughout your golf game. Oh, does it look well with the shades + the tweed

me not enough, considering everything. Supposing instead of \$5 for the two of us, we make it \$4 + \$3 for me? So far as your contributions to my family are concerned - Sister, though + Joan are the main ones - after that Boss, who is exceedingly generous to us, and who is just as generous now as she was before she had another person to support. That's all, so far as I can see, for my friends you have no obligation to. I hope I'm going to get started on this bonnet for it's more than time I did.

How sweet of you to be so enthusiastic about

coat? One can't always  
be sure from just look-  
ing at balls of yarn.  
By the way, I used just  
three of the four balls, so  
I took back one and  
owe you the price of it  
— 67¢, I believe, or  
something like that.  
On the strength of that  
I decided 5 balls would  
be enough for the one  
with ~~all~~ sleeves & took  
back 2, so I feel very  
wealthy! I don't know  
when you'll get that  
one, for I'm now working  
on one for myself, which  
I really need, for I wear  
little else to school —  
and besides it's a dis-  
tinctly winter color, so I

want to get as much  
wear out of it as I can  
before spring comes & it  
begins to look like  
heavy underwear. I had  
a sad interruption in  
its progress, too, when  
it was about a quarter  
done, for I discovered  
it was going to be too  
big & hard to rip it all  
out.

How terribly exciting  
that you leave a pres-  
ent for us! Be sure to  
let us know when you  
do send it - on account  
of Paederson is forgetful  
about letting us know  
if there are parcels for  
us.

I'll see to the cards. I  
thought I'd go into Wes-  
ternman's to look for

beyond a card to the ex-  
tent of a laundry put in  
the envelope with it.

Thanks for all the dope  
about Dickhoff - I'm de-  
lighted that you & knew  
the books! But I knew  
enough to know he was  
an important man in  
the field & thought I might  
be just making a fool of  
myself to be a bit con-  
temptuous of the whole  
business.

By the way - I got a  
lot of dope from Joe on  
the Assoc. American  
Artists. It seems they're  
a very commercial orga-  
nization & just about  
have the artists in a  
left stick. You know  
they sell their prints for  
\$2 - which they do by  
buying the plate or

cards for the people we  
want to send like one  
to. By that I mean 5¢  
cards instead of 2 for  
5! They have beautiful  
ones - a number of New  
Gerson, which they'll  
very likely not have  
this year & which I  
suppose I'd not quite  
dare send about this  
anti-Gerson country  
anyhow, though I think  
they make the most  
charming ones here  
are. It's a Gerson  
sort of festival, after  
all based on the  
family group, or a great  
deal of warmth of feeling,  
- perhaps a little anti-  
mental. I think for  
Mrs. Delp we'd better go



Friday -

[25 Nov 39]

Sweetie -

How dear of you  
to remember the Thanks-  
giving anniversary - even  
if it was an afterthought!  
You didn't last year, which  
I noticed and felt a little  
sad about - but this  
year matters more, for there  
will not be the dear, warm  
letter from Pica. And I  
was grateful to you for  
sending it special so I  
got it yesterday morning  
before we left for hill-  
dred's - which is an an-  
nual occasion arising  
of course from the common  
memories of three years

particularly on account of  
the "delusions of persecution"  
in her feeling about not  
being wanted at home &  
about her superior at  
St. Louis Hopkins - I forget  
his name. I'm sorry  
about the hospital, but  
I wish she'd accept it  
instead of clinging to the  
idea that she can "un-  
ravel herself" - but as  
foolish as thinking you  
can cure yourself of a  
tumor & has to my mind  
a touch of the Schaeck  
stubbornness about it! The  
trouble will be in deal-  
ing with it, since  
reason cannot be used  
in combating it as the  
whole thing is on an

ago. It is hard to believe,  
as I write that, that it  
is only three years - it  
seems like half a  
lifetime. Only three years  
ago the essential pattern  
of my life was undisturbed  
- if only there weren't some  
way of getting back.

I am terribly distressed  
by what you write of Eva  
- though I am in no sense  
surprised. That is, I had  
not expected at any time  
that she could return  
to normal for a long  
time yet. That the  
difficulty is not one of the  
more serious mental  
ailments is a great relief  
to me for to tell you the  
truth I had been much  
worried about that -

irrational basis — just  
like the feeling that she's  
not wanted at home  
and all the business  
about her. Don't  
count on her "being sens-  
ible enough to have  
learned from the experi-  
ence of last summer",  
darling — she is not in  
a sensible condition. It  
may have an effect —  
quite as easily, may  
not. It was dear of you  
to write me in such de-  
tail about the whole  
thing — you know how  
great my interest is. And  
you will let me know  
what you next hear  
as fully as you can?  
I don't mean by any-

thinking I've said above is  
in any way discourage  
you about Eva - I see  
no reason for that - but  
only that such disorders  
are long + slow in the  
curing. The fact that the  
diabetes is so well under  
control is excellent, isn't  
it? That need not now  
confuse the other issue.  
In spite of the fact that  
you regarded Eva as hav-  
ing some sort of solution  
for her life problem it  
turns out that she, too,  
needs help. Goodness, if  
I ever saw a family  
that was unhappy, con-  
fused + maladjusted,  
yours is it! From what  
I know of your parents,  
I should guess that mine

in the doctor's saying, we should not speak of our concern over her state - working on that same old principle you've heard me harp on so + which Dad taught me was the best thing to work on for mental health - getting away from yourself. That is, we must give her encouragement to brood about herself. I have been often reminded of what Tommy said last summer - that the perfect place for Eva was in a convent. And I think she's right. Eva's natural tendency to religious mysticism - her desire and need to find a place in the world where she is needed & of use -

features of it comes from your mother which combined with your Dutch obstinacy and consequent refusal, let anyone help you manage, you live puts you all into states varying in greater or lesser degree on the psychopathic. I suspect that you have the best chance of all because you're intelligent & fairly healthy - Even the best because she's intelligent - yes, in spite of her present condition which I'm confident can be dealt with. Poor dear child, if she could only learn to give in, to let go - but I expect that's just what the psych. <sup>by do.</sup> will help her. I was interested

together with the fact that  
all economic worry & in-  
security would be removed  
and any necessary care  
in illness unfeigningly  
provided would make  
it perfect. I think the  
freedom from responsibility  
and worry, the knowledge  
of permanent security  
together with the surround-  
ings of peace & gentle-  
ness, would do wonders  
for Eva's emotional dis-  
turbances. Don't think  
I'm recommending it -  
merely remarking that it  
was one of Bruner's  
more penetrating ideas!

Well, I seem to have  
devoted the whole letter to  
Eva, practically - but I  
guess I needn't apologize  
to you for that!  
Very much love, my dear  
sweet - E.

Wednesday -

[22 Nov 39]

Dad, sweet,

How sweet and  
dear of you to remember and  
to think of me last Sat-  
urday when the 7<sup>th</sup>  
Symphony was played.  
I thought of you, too,  
and wondered whether  
the thought would travel  
back and forth between  
us. I am glad that  
it did. I've been enjoy-  
ing Toscanini this fall,  
too, and am reassured  
to know that you have,  
because I know I can  
just as liberally to enjoy  
him when I should sit  
as when I should.  
That is, when I hear  
the 7<sup>th</sup> symphony

Britannica? I should  
think it would be worth  
it to you to have a few  
boys. Don't make 'em  
quite so hard! Couldn't  
you devise some musical  
questions? Last night  
they lost 4 sets of  
Encylop. Brit. to clever  
questioners! One of the  
questions they went  
down on was that each  
man was to give the  
date of his wife's birth-  
day & their wedding  
anniversary! Quite a  
clever question, I think,  
& an opportunity for lots  
of amusing railery.  
Hal & I spent yester-  
day in Croton again

played. I don't know  
who's conducting it, nor  
whether he's conducting  
it well, unless it's very  
bad indeed. I don't  
suppose you've seen the  
article by Oscar Lavant  
in the current Harper's  
on Toscanini, Koussevitzky  
and Stobowski, have  
you? Well, you can read  
it when you come, you  
might enjoy it. I think,  
though you'll not agree  
with it all. His mastery  
of Stobowski is most  
amusing.

Which reminds me -  
do you realize that if  
you can stump refer-  
entations please now you  
get not only the money  
but the Encyclopaedia

with Joe and Grace Jay.  
Of course we had a simply  
swell day. Hal called for  
us at 10 o'clock - she'd  
been staying with a friend  
in Flushing - we took  
a train to Forbes, had  
lunch there. Alf Hamell  
(Eric's brother - his one  
who went to the Fair  
with Hal & me to see the  
pictures - did I tell  
you) called for us in his  
car & drove us to Croton.  
Then what did we do?  
Well, we talked - prac-  
tically from then 'til the  
time we left - about  
eleven in the evening.  
Of course we looked at  
pictures, too - Joe has

started works on three  
new ones since the show  
opened! There's one  
of a little girl leaning  
over to drink from one  
of those outdoor faucets  
— you know, the kind  
they have in horrible  
slum districts, from which  
a whole row of houses  
get their only water. The  
background is so did to  
a degree — the child  
graceful + full of move-  
ment. He said he'd  
been wondering what to  
call it + had suddenly  
hit upon "Slum Nymph".  
Clear, isn't it? Gets all  
the harsh irony of the  
thing in its evocation of  
all the old romantic  
scenes of graceful nymphs

al equality in what he has to say, so that it is not propaganda any more than "papers of Wret" is propaganda.

Which reminds me of part of the conversation yesterday, which somehow led to Tom's talking about his own earlier life — telling the story of his father's last illness and death — and it was like a chapter right out of the Steinbeck book — the same tragedy, the same congealing human dignity. He talks of course very well and carries you with him as the book does. His artist's eye picks out the essential

leaning over to drink from mountain hills, among poetic surroundings. At the moment he was engrossed in what he could do by putting grey over red to build up forms which is a good thing for his eager interest in technical problems will serve as a very important balance wheel for the intense feeling that goes into his work. It is easy to be wandering if feeling gets too strong a hold and an art which verges on propaganda needs very sound technique to assure its quality as art. It seems to me that he is managing to get for the most part a sufficiently univer-

Have you received my Transcribing Volume O.K.?

images, the significant movements, and puts them before you in words. His mother, I suspect, has some something rather magnificent about her. She sounded, as he talked, like Ma Toad - and when you finally meet Ma Toad, you'll see what I mean!

We had a lunch and excellent meal - too much the salad dressing - with garlic - and it was superb!

But I must stop or this will go all tonight.

Please forget the envelope - I've no other with me - I inadvertently pinched my fountain pen!

Dearest love, my land -  
C.

Monday -

[52011139]

Darling -

I'd like to know  
your opinion on the enclosed  
- also any other comment  
you have to make. Have  
you heard of all this be-  
fore? My own reaction is  
to say "So what?". That  
is - artistically speak-  
ing, any good artist  
could produce something  
5 times as significant  
in a fifth the time. How  
about its mathematical  
significance? To the lay-  
man it would seem  
that the 5 hours could  
be more fruitfully spent  
both mathematically and  
artistically. But of course  
I know nothing about  
it from the former point

to do whatever is gracious  
& appropriate. There is  
one other thing I leave  
to say - reluctantly -  
that I must be some-  
what more economical  
than I was last year.  
I spent then over \$60.  
on Christmas - not count-  
ing the suit for you.  
And I just can't afford  
it - which of late  
I should like to give,  
not only generously, but  
extravagantly. I love the  
season and its signif-  
icance - and the people  
to whom I give are  
none of them people to  
whom a gift is just one  
more thing. Some of them  
are old and need their  
hearts warmed, some of  
them are childhood friends  
& the gift is a symbol of  
that - all of them must

of view, so please tell us.  
I am sure to be asked  
and can answer at pres-  
ent only from the one  
point of view.

As for Xmas - our two  
letters crossed, of course.  
I'll wait till I hear  
from you before I say  
anything further about  
your parents or Eva - to  
avoid fresh confusion.  
How about Donald &  
Betty? That whole sit-  
uation is a little confused.  
We can't send them a  
joint gift since they are  
in two places. Sending  
things to Europe is  
problematical at present,  
anyhow. And you remem-  
ber I was not included  
in the gift to you last  
year - would it be more  
helpful if I was just left  
out of it this year? You  
shall decide - I want

for one reason or another go  
without a great many of  
the things they want. I  
should like to give them  
big, grand, exciting things  
instead of the small ones  
I must. And to give even  
less than last year dis-  
tresses me. But I just  
don't see how to help it.  
Last year I took on half  
the expense of the things  
sent to your family -  
and to Donald + Betty.  
But I charged you with  
a much smaller pro-  
portion of those of mine  
you want shares on. That  
seemed to me fair, since  
I knew I'd spend more  
on my family than  
you'd expect to. But I'm  
afraid that the only thing  
I can do this year is to

either pay less than half  
for your family or get less  
expensive things. This  
sounds as if I were just  
trying to cut down on  
your family, but that  
isn't really an accurate  
picture — do you under-  
stand, darling? If, for  
instance, we gave you  
another a toaster, it  
would be expensive, and  
half of it would be quite  
a lot for me, since there  
is also your father, and  
three others in the family.  
I don't know how to  
say this so that it sounds  
right — Oh dear, I'm horribly  
embarrassed.

Well, let's change the  
subject — when exactly  
(day, not hour!) do you get

Quis. Then there is this -  
Grace Toy is very young in-  
deed - she has the flexibil-  
ity of youth, the eager-  
ness, the passionate  
idealism so often found in  
the very young. Besides that,  
she has the physical en-  
durance of youth that can  
sustain a life of exer-  
cise as to a Spartan one  
without collapsing under  
the purely physical strain.  
That is - I think she her-  
self 15 years later could  
not do what she is do-  
ing now. The break with  
your childhood & girlhood is  
much easier than with an  
older woman. This is not  
to minimize what she has  
done, which God knows  
49 girls out of 50 would  
not do. She's a grand girl

here? I remember it was  
unusually early but am  
not sure of the exact day,  
Sunday?

As for Joe & Grace Toy -  
yes, I think that it is the  
more than she that is  
responsible for the remark-  
able quality of the relation-  
ship for he is a really  
remarkable person. She has  
character, intelligence, and  
emotional capacity, but  
she couldn't have started  
when he started & got  
where he is. For see it's  
not just the artist but  
also the man who is an  
achievement. He is the type  
who can cross hero-  
worship in the sort of  
person who has an apti-  
tude for that and when  
one hero-worships one tells  
all that one has to follow

+ a credit to the human  
race. She deserves what  
she has got - which is a  
lot. In few women are so  
much loved or have a  
companionship so rich, so  
varied + so vital. I'm  
invited to bring you out  
at Christmas time, which  
I'd like to do, for you'd  
enjoy it - but it will very  
likely not fit in - there are  
too many other things.

By the way, I passed on  
to Katherine your suggestion  
that she leave dinner with  
us in vacation + she was  
simply delighted at the  
prospect.

What will all the new  
business at Johns Hopkins  
mean for Eva? Or is it im-  
possible to guess? Nice that  
Dr. Snow is dead - I hope  
it was painful! But per-  
haps he had some virtues,  
too - and anyhow, it's a

Friday -

[17 Nov 39]

Suebia -

By the way, if you're interested - I don't agree with you about Hitler's responsibility for the Munich explosion! I don't think it fits the psychological pattern. Of course he is about many things blind & stupid & in really understanding the minds of races other than his own he often makes appalling blunders. Still - if you follow his utterances for the last months I think there is apparent an increasing effort to counteract reports of disaffection & disunity in Germany. I think he is

countrymen are behind  
him, still some are not  
and he takes the thought,  
— and fears the fact, Any-  
thing which might present  
the appearance that his  
power was in the least in-  
secure or resented he  
would avoid as the plague  
— and he deals with  
which he dragged out the  
good old British Big-  
too is the measure of his  
nervousness lest it be  
suspected that there was  
those in Germany who  
wanted him out of the  
way. There, darling, that's  
what I think — it  
seems to me to be  
more true to his  
psychology than the other

somewhat afraid of the  
thing, itself and engaged  
by the thought that other  
countries might believe it  
to be true. I think he  
is also perfectly aware  
that the English — or the  
Allies in general — are doing  
their best to create and  
to believe in such dis-  
unity. And his particular  
kind of blindness is not  
the kind that wouldn't  
realize that the instant  
effect of the humiliated ex-  
position would be to make  
people say "There, I told  
you so — there is going  
to be revolution in  
Germany". He knows  
that while the great  
majority of his fellow

theory, though I know  
he'd be capable of plenty of  
lying if it suited his  
purpose! Besides, I think  
this — perhaps you will  
not agree — but I believe  
him incapable of that par-  
ticular inhumanity. His  
love of the "true" Germans  
— and especially of those  
associated with the  
Beer Hall Putsch is as  
passionate, as fanatical, as  
his hatred of the Jews. I  
think that particular  
gathering is one in which  
he could not conceivably  
set off a bomb. I think  
perhaps you don't alto-  
gether allow for his com-  
plexity, for the mixtures  
of his motives. It just

seems to me that the whole picture of the man seen from the beginning of his career or makes his doing this fit in. The abnormality of his personality doesn't go that way. Had Goering might have done it — or Goebbels — that is, it fits with them. I don't mean I think they did, for it seems to me there's no real reason for hunting for obscure and strange & twisted reasons — it would be so natural for it to have been done by one of the underground societies. It has seemed to me increasingly strange that none of them had attempted it before, for

To change a the subject  
— I don't think I told  
you — or did I — about  
having dinner with  
Connie & Tim? We had  
such hot food that  
— superlative — only I  
couldn't eat all I wished  
I could! They finally  
bought last summer  
that really grand boat  
they were talking about  
when we were there —  
the fulfilment of a dream  
Tim had had since  
was a little boy. They  
spent a wonderful  
week — and on it in  
One Sound. They'll be  
next week — and Tim.

assassination is so much the  
traditional weapon — or  
one of the weapons — of  
such groups. In fact as  
soon as war began I  
thought "how there will  
be an attempt to assass-  
inate the man" — and  
I hope one of them did  
do it simply because I  
want to believe in his  
existence, his courage,  
even his power — in  
spite of Adolf's repeated  
assurances that Ger-  
many is behind him  
to a man (with his ex-  
ception of the Jews & those  
in concentration camps!)  
How event you pleased  
at leaving my opinion?  
Yes, I thought so!!!

went up to sail it  
down to W. I. to be  
placed on the Delaware  
where they always go.  
He had a couple of other  
men with him - and on  
the way down a really  
terrible storm came up,  
which though they were  
all expert sailors was  
too much for them. They  
were lucky to escape  
with their lives which  
they did by getting his  
was enough shore at  
a place where there  
was sand so they could  
jump off with life preservers  
& get carried  
in below they drowned.  
The boat was pounded  
to bits. That's what a  
pity? (usual love, my pet  
+ then more - S.

Tuesday -

Sweetie -

{15 Nov 39}

What would you  
think of the enclosed for  
Eva for Xmas? And while  
I'm on the subject, how  
about Xmas? I must  
get at it at once. To  
whom do you want us to  
shop for you - or don't you?  
A list, please, with any  
suggestions that occur to  
you! I've just received an  
ad from Macy of playing  
cards - unprogrammed to  
order - 2 packs for 94¢.  
It occurred to me that it  
might be an appropriate  
thing for you + me to send  
to Tommy + Glenn, to  
whom we should certainly  
send something. O.K.? I  
think it's silly not to send  
the lace table cloth to you

Harold would like a game  
— I just heard of a new  
one that Sister got at Macy's  
for the neighbors returning to  
China — 87¢! And what,  
my dear, do you want — as  
many suggestions as pos-  
sible, please, to give room  
for choice! Items of varying  
sizes to cover both Sister  
& me!

Wasn't it sweet of  
Bess to send you the  
check (while we're on,  
the subject of gifts) — she's  
awfully generous in such  
ways. Have you thanked  
her? If not, tell her what  
you got with it — it al-  
ways pleases her to know,  
I've discovered, for she  
likes the satisfaction of  
knowing you have a  
thing with her name on

mother — it would be per-  
fect for the living-room  
table & much nicer than the  
current one. I know you  
didn't approve last year,  
but would you perhaps  
reconsider? Whatever con-  
dition the table is in  
wouldn't show through  
— the pattern diverts the  
eye. It's true she might  
not use it — but that's  
her responsibility! And  
the candlesticks do stand  
where they were meant to  
— and Winslow hangs  
hangs over them! Your  
father said several times  
this summer he wished  
someone would give him  
a card table for Xmas —  
shall we? The old one is  
terribly rickety — remember?  
Do you think Wargre &

it, as it were, and not  
just that you know  
- it is with general expenses.

I think it was awfully  
good of you to take time  
& effort to write to Hugh  
→ they appreciated it a  
lot. There are still rever-  
berations from the hos-  
pital → letters every  
day of regret and in-  
dignation. I think just  
no voice has been silent  
→ they were all very fond  
of him. He was a good  
man to work for and  
with. One of the most im-  
portant psychiatrists  
called up yesterday to  
tell Hugh how he felt  
in no uncertain terms &  
ended by asking him  
to lunch, which pleased  
Hugh awfully, for every-

one in the place would be  
objectively grateful for an in-  
vitation to lunch by him.

How sensible of the  
college to ignore Armistice  
Day — those who did not  
made rather uneasy efforts  
to make appropriate re-  
marks without being  
bitter as most of them too  
obviously felt. Still —  
"Armistice Day" was an iron-  
ically true name to give it  
for that's all it's been  
really, isn't it — an armis-  
tice? Don't you find it in-  
teresting to see how much  
— increasingly much —  
talk there is in England  
about the necessity for a  
wise + just peace this time.  
That is, thought is somewhat  
concentrated already on  
seeing to it that this time  
it is peace + not an armis-  
tice. But one is discouraged

today, except a great deal of love, sympathy.

at the same time by the speed with which bitterness has been reborn in France. They have a singular capacity for cherishing resentment. On the same day that Halifax is saying that peace must be so made this time as to treat the vanquished with as much justice as the victor a Frenchman (was it Gamelin?) says passionately that the dreadful mistake of 1918-19 was in not annihilating the Germans. And that mental & moral child in Berlin goes on ranting against the British, whose capacity for learning a lesson & whose natural boldness & sense of sportsmanship will be Germany's chief hope if she is defeated, and courting the French, who already hate them again & who can be fearful in their vindictiveness. Well, I guess that's all for

Saturday.

[13 Nov 39]

Darlingest.

I did truly intend - and wish - to write yesterday, but I was just hectic from morning till night, because a lot of unexpected things came up that had to be attended to - such as make-up work with a girl who had been absent, for which the grade must be handed promptly to the office, etc. And I was tired when it came midnight & everything was finally done.

I was much interested in what you wrote of Hill & his self-instruction in music. It's quite impressive - few would make an effort in that or any other art. But on the whole, as I grow older, I come to the

fail entirely to get its  
quality, because she'd be  
diverted from the essentials  
by the non-essentials. And  
to be honest + at the risk  
of being considered prissy  
I must say I think there  
are some non-essentials.  
I think some of the "un-  
pleasant" parts really  
serve no artistic purpose  
and seem a little bit  
like a rather smart ad-  
lescent who says "See  
how completely frank I  
am, how boldly I face  
all the sordid + revolting  
aspects of existence!" It's  
not just sex, but all sorts  
of other things — a detailed  
description, for instance, of  
a dog run over by a car  
& what he looked like.  
I couldn't for the life of me  
see any purpose that was

conclusion that the en-  
joyment of an art by a  
person who has a complex  
intellectual understanding  
of it differs in <sup>quantity</sup> ~~kind~~ more  
than in quality from that  
of the person who knows  
next to nothing. This is  
not meant as in any  
sense adverse comment  
on him or his achiev-  
ment — simply an ob-  
servation of my own  
based on a certain  
amount of thought and  
observation over a per-  
iod of years.

By the way, I don't be-  
lieve I've told you that  
I've read "Grapes of  
Wrath" at last. I should  
not recommend it to you  
mother, though! I don't  
think she could take  
it — and I think she'd

seemed by his being run  
over, let alone by the vivid  
picture of the resulting  
mess. In fact, it seemed to  
me to divert your mind from  
what it was all about.  
That's just one example, but  
you see what I mean.  
Strangely enough, there is  
less & less of that sort of  
thing as the book goes  
on - the latter half of the  
book is more mature  
than the earlier one. But  
all through I see some  
signs of literary im-  
maturity. There's rather  
too much of it, char-  
acterization sometimes  
weakens - though on the  
whole it's magnificent -  
and there is a literary  
device used which is  
evidently intended to  
beiglebeu effect, but to  
my mind is out of key  
with the rest of the book.

and only lessens his  
affect. But with all its  
faults, it remains really  
rather tremendous. The  
theme of course lends  
itself to something on  
a big scale, and there  
are moments when his  
Steinbeck really achieves  
a sort of universal quality  
so that his people  
assume almost more than  
human stature as sym-  
bols of all brave and  
pitiful souls hunted,  
persecuted, driven from  
place to place - desper-  
ate, tragic and eter-  
nally hungry, both in body  
and in spirit. Amazingly  
enough, he not only  
gets that universal  
quality, but produces  
an intensely real set of  
human beings. The  
ending is immense - one

in them such qualities of nobility and beauty and warm humanity that you feel your own belief in your fellow-man revived at the same time that your anger is aroused against some members of the race! In other words his anger rises from compassion, not from resentment and so becomes admirable.

Well, all this brings me by a more or less logical train of thought to what I did on Thurs. & Fri. Also it is apropos of another question of yours - about Hal. For the record, I will just say before I go on with the story that she's been back from Florence only a couple of weeks

of now seems that you never forget. I think it would shock you more - and in a sense it does anyone - and gets much of its effect from that shock. I think you'll love to read it, sweet-heart - I think it's really important, and though it's an ordeal it's also a thrilling experience. Under all the tragedy and bitterness is a fundamental optimism, for there is a profound belief in the worth, the dignity, the invincibility of the human spirit. Steinbeck loves and admires his character. He follows men with a agony of soul through months after months of their miserable, tormented existence, but he finds

and we went to the Wald's  
Fair art show once -  
and I've been there to  
dinner once. The whole  
Littell family inquires in  
detail for you - that in par-  
ticular. You should have  
been describing you to some-  
one else who doesn't  
know you - it's most  
flattering! Well, to go  
back to where I was -  
Thursday morning, that  
& I went up to Custer  
to spend the day and  
over night with Grace  
Toy Adams and Joe Jones.  
How do you remember  
who they are? I re-  
member you forgot once  
before, incredible as it  
seems to me (!!!) but  
may be you've not this  
time. Anyhow - just in

case — she was Hal's  
best friend at Dobbs,  
was married shortly  
after she left to Henry  
Wallerbrodt (sp.?) — but  
you know who I mean  
and he turned out to be  
a thoroughly spoiled,  
neurotic, immature rich  
man's son. She did her  
best, but I guess it was  
pretty impossible right  
from the beginning. Then  
she met Joe and they  
fell in love with each  
other — profoundly in  
love. She tried to get a  
divorce, but Henry refused  
to give her one, and  
finally she just went  
and lived with Joe.  
What his background  
is as compared to her —  
a rich man's daughter —  
the enclosed clipping will

self-surrender and so  
have built already some-  
thing that is emotionally  
quite tremendous and at  
the same time are both  
far more completely and  
richly themselves than before.  
They knew each other. I  
can see it in her, whom I  
knew before — and in his  
work. It's all so big  
and so absorbing that  
Grace Toy is utterly happy  
in spite of all she has  
given up. And just to  
see it is an experience  
that is good for you  
fairly in humanity. Fox  
is a remarkable person  
— of course you can tell  
that from the story of  
his career, although  
it's somewhat dressed  
up for a newspaper story.  
But still the fact remains

tell you. They are living  
now in a little summer  
bungalow in Cuxton —  
it's ugly, cheap, and  
cramped. There is no  
heat but a coal  
stove in the living-  
room and a little oil  
heater that can be  
carried around, and  
the walls and floors  
seem like sieves when  
the wind blows. Grace  
Toy, whose engagement  
ring came from the  
jewels of a Russian  
princess and who lived  
in a penthouse on Grace  
Sq. with a corps of ser-  
vants, is cooking three  
meals a day, washing,  
cleaning, going without every  
luxury. God, but it's im-  
pressive. Both of them have  
the capacity for complete

That he comes from a background that would make the kind of poverty you, for instance, experienced in your childhood, seem like wealth. He has been starved and beaten, and has lived with dirt and vermin. And through sheer intelligence and character he has dragged himself up from that hideous quick sand. He is painting well enough to be bought by important museums and his friends are men like Roger Baldwin, William Cropper - even Theodore Dreiser. He is a person - perhaps a personage. He talks fluently and well, with a wide and rich vocabulary, and any amount of interesting things to say.

He has become a mature  
and wise person after getting  
himself out of hell. He has  
realized the meaninglessness  
& futility of the sort of re-  
bellion he indulged in in  
his youth - or rather his  
boyhood - and that the  
fault lies not so much  
in the individuals who have  
harmed him as in the  
underlying system behind  
them, and against that he  
uses that language in  
which he can best  
speak - his painting. He  
has, in other words, thought  
things through - has es-  
tablished his relationship  
to society and to himself.  
He's really quite unambitious  
because he's so real and  
has such dignity of char-  
acter. I think it's possible  
that the power of his  
feelings, the richness of his

1  
- humanity, combined with  
his undoubted ability and  
his passion for painting  
may make him some  
day a great artist - but  
I'd not dream of really  
predicting that - there  
aren't many of those, and  
he's certainly not one yet.  
But he's a rather splen-  
did human being, right  
now.

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Well, anyway, we had  
a grand time up there -  
met William Propper & his  
wife, which was interest-  
ing, of course.

Today Hal, Hugh, Sister &  
I went to the opening of Joe's  
show and that was in-  
teresting, too - I saw  
more of the pictures than I  
had before, and had  
some good talks, too.

But now it's nearly 10  
& I've not eaten yet - I  
must go & get some food be-

9/2 send this air mail only, 9/2 sept  
44 extra stamp Wednesday -  
+ the P.C. P.O. is closed {8 NOV 1937}

Angel -

To go further into the  
matter of Hugh + his job -  
yes, the architectural work  
was used as at least the  
chief excuse for his dis-  
missal - but that in itself  
was unjust, for he had  
been most meticulous about  
never taking hospital  
time for it. Mr. Sargents  
(the titles of the W. Y. Hosp.)  
actually had the gall to  
show Hugh an anonymous  
letter he [Mr. S.] had  
received telling of how  
Hugh was making \$50,000  
a year on the side and  
completely neglecting his  
hospital duties. Of course  
any man who pays the  
slightest attention to an-  
onymous letters is open to

followed that by the statement that he would give though no recommendation unless he absolutely "kept his mouth shut" - using his power to bully the helpless. It makes you sick at heart.

The thing that helps Hugh's pride is the wave of indignation which has swept over the place. The first day Hugh was at Com. S. he said the telephone rang incessantly - everyone from the parkers to the top flight psychiatrists calling up to voice their request and their resentment. A delegation came in that evening to say the same thing in greater detail. They said the place was like a morgue all day, everyone was so upset. They also

suspicion on himself at once. The fantastic nature of the accusation he apparently didn't see. He told Hugh he was to leave at once - literally - with only time to go back to the office for his hat. Hugh, who was bonded, said he didn't want to leave till his accounts had been audited. Mr. S. said he'd call the house detectives if Hugh didn't leave instantly. Hugh kept his temper - he's very good at that - but quietly refused to leave. Sergeant, having seen that threats had no effect gave in. Then when H. asked him why he had been given no notice, S. said because he didn't want there to be any talk (a significant confession of how he keeps his power) - and

said that for hours after  
the news got around every  
one who heard it simply  
declined to believe it -  
said it must be a mistake  
because everybody liked  
Mr. Creighton and he did  
his job so well! To know  
you are. The purge has  
been under weigh for some  
months now & Hugh has  
suspected he'd be a vic-  
tim. The real reason  
is not on outside work  
but on fact that Hugh  
has not played up to Ser-  
gent. He felt his job <sup>was</sup> to  
do what the psychiatric  
dept. wanted & needed  
done so he played their  
game, which was not  
Sargent's.

It's good of you to feel so  
much concern - and good  
of you to fret of the in-  
surance business. I shall

mention it presently, but  
not yet a very little is  
being said about how the  
thing at present. And he  
less said the better. Sister  
has things awfully hard  
before — her emotional  
stability can't seem to  
take that kind of strain.  
So we are all just assum-  
ing that everything  
will be all right. For  
the present they're all  
right because of Doc  
Ann's house — that is,  
there'll be enough money  
there for some time. And  
also for the present Hugh  
is fully occupied with  
work on that, which he  
had had to neglect for the  
Hospital. We are hoping  
that somehow there will  
be architectural work for  
him — it's what he

a fox terrier - 3 months old  
when they got him - and  
an aristocrat to the bone!  
A cousin of Alice's breeds  
them - but for people who  
want show dogs, and  
his baby had a back just  
a minute scrap too long to  
pass the judges, so she  
couldn't sell him and  
gave him to the neighbors!  
He's a little beauty, and  
smart as a whip. After  
Terry, who is a dear, but  
a bit stupid, he's un-  
believably easy to train.  
He gets an idea so quickly  
and remembers it so well.  
And they're very insistent  
about having a well-  
mannered dog, you know.  
House-breaking is only  
the beginning of the dis-  
cipline he'll receive. He  
is named Stubby, after the

should be doing, of course.  
He has not dared before to  
make the break with the  
hospital job + its regular  
salary, small as it was,  
how he is forced to - per-  
haps - it will be better in  
the end. But it's impossible  
not to worry, for a man  
without a job in these days  
is in a precarious position.  
And I worry about whether  
Sargent will in the end  
give him a recommendation  
- there is talk at the  
hospital - lots - and he  
may decide that started  
it and get back at him  
that way, which would  
be bad.

Well - to change to a  
cheerful subject - I don't  
think I've told you about  
their puppy - acquired  
about 3 weeks ago. He's

little dog that Dad had in  
his childhood - he + the others,  
that is. That dog was shot  
by a brutal man going by  
one day - target practice -  
the dog hadn't attacked  
him. So all four little  
Rogerses gathered solemnly  
together and swore that  
any dog they ever had  
would be named Shubby.  
Dad never had the op-  
portunity, but I have a  
feeling he'd have been very  
pleased to have a little  
dog in the family at last  
with that name. There was  
a picture of Shubby at home  
that Aunt Oema painted  
- did you ever see it? I  
can't remember when it  
hung in the second in-  
surrection of the front St. Louis.  
That's all, I guess, for  
today, my pet. I meant to  
do more about answering

all the interesting  
mud, some  
letters  
are  
from

Sunday -

26 Nov 1939

Darlingest -

Your wife & I had waited one more day to write you that last letter - then I'd not have written it. I can only hope you'll realize that it was meant as explanation rather than accusation. I was really pretty much in despair and was doing my best to say as moderately as I could just what I felt. This last letter of yours touched me so deeply and reassured me so warmly that once more my faith in you is renewed and I am filled with new hope. Your description of the dream was so vivid that it was as if it had been

heart, for telling me about  
it - thank you for speak-  
ing with such beauty of  
Dad, such tenderness of  
me, such moving & humility  
of yourself - thank you  
a million times.

As for your father - yes,  
I had heard what you  
wrote me. I shall with-  
hold judgment for a while,  
I think! Very likely the  
diagnosis is right, but it  
sounds so much like  
~~that~~ the kind made by a  
doctor at least partially  
baffled that I don't feel as-  
sured. The acidity wight, I  
should think, be a con-  
tributory cause instead  
of the primary one. ~~As for~~  
stomach ulcers - I doubt,  
dearling, if you need worry  
about that at all. In  
the first place, the doctor

my own - and made <sup>me</sup> both  
terribly happy and  
terribly sad. Do you un-  
derstand? It's effect on  
you, on the other hand,  
made me only happy. It  
seemed to bring out in  
you all the dear and  
beautiful things, to melt  
the piece of ice in your  
heart as in the old fairy  
tale. When you are like  
that you know without  
need of argument that  
there is no reason why  
"surrender" or "dominat-  
ion" should have any-  
thing to do with our  
relationship. You are  
surrendering, in a sense,  
but not to me - rather  
to your emotion, to the  
fine and generous in  
yourself. Thank you, sweet-

would have told him -  
there is no reason for not  
telling - and in the se-  
cond place, the symptoms  
for stomach ulcers is pain  
in the stomach, after all,  
I am sure any reputable  
doctor would have seen  
to it that a patient he  
thought might have  
them knew it and was  
constantly checked. Be-  
sides, the diet for a per-  
son who really has  
them is liquid for some  
time. So I don't really  
think you need worry  
about that. I do hope  
the doctor is right in  
his diagnosis, for I think  
you father has enough  
wear and tear on his ner-  
vous system without  
having to get along with

nights deprived of sleep  
and full of pain. Any-  
how, let me know  
anything further you  
hear.

By the way, how is  
the diagnosis of wailing  
Hama's trouble - is it  
anaemia - she does seem  
lacking in vitality. I  
hope a cure can be  
achieved by Christmas -  
there are days when I'd  
give a great deal for  
Hama in a state of  
glowing health. To-  
day has been one -  
it's a dreadful day  
with drenching rain out-  
side, so the Spalders  
have been homebound  
and that g. d. radio  
has been going almost  
without a break since

I have to accept your statements as unquestionable, for you do know. Besides, it's high time I knew! I can see that the trial + error system might work with col.iums, but how would it work, for instance, on arachnids? They can't have built a half dozen trial arachnids a couple of hundred feet long! This is not to doubt your statement, but to show I don't see quite how the degree of curvature was determined upon especially in big parts such as arachnids or sphylobats. I accept without question the fact that it was the judgment of the eye rather than a mathematical calculation.

was. Sometimes they've had it low enough so I could brown it out with ours but much of the time the beat of their swing music came right through.

I'm glad you finally went to the party - I'm sure it was good policy and idiotic as those occasions are. I think one is under an obligation to appear at them. It must have made it much pleasanter to have Kathleen andUILT - and going there afterwards must really have taken off the curse.

Thanks for all the information you wrote me ages ago about the partners. Of course

I very much want to read of how to you very precious -

which determined this, but low exercise that on large scale numbers?

The low cartoon of thought would amuse you - it's one of his best, I think - the combination of wit and artistic quality just about perfect. It's worthy of Daumier - not that it's at all like a Daumier, for Mr. Low is himself and like no one else - but merely that he shares the fundamental qualities of Daumier, or Goya or Hogarth or any other artist who has used his medium for that purpose. Would you mind returning it? I'm going to use it sometime in class.

That's all for tonight, I guess - I'm still a man. Pair of school work to do before I go to bed.

4 NOV 1939

Friday -

It is inevitable that we are bound / right hand  
times love -

Well, darling, it's a long  
time since I wrote to you,  
isn't it? When I got your  
long letter a week ago it  
just seemed to me I had  
nothing more to say to you -  
see, I knew I'd get over  
that, so I waited, how it  
seems to me almost incred-  
ible that in a letter which  
was a plea for help - and  
even more for understanding  
- as well as a sort of desperate  
and final attempt to explain  
myself to you so that you might  
see - in this you seemed to  
find nothing but an attack  
against yourself. Against  
that you defended yourself  
not too gently - the rest  
you utterly disregarded. I  
hope that I shall give you  
now. I have said I was  
going to before and then  
the terrible used of what you

adult world. The whole  
force of your indomitable will  
is set against growing up.  
Perhaps that will change  
— I have seen you in mo-  
ments, both with your mother  
and me, when you have  
been otherwise. Perhaps those  
were merely temporary out-  
bursts of a feverish sentiment-  
al emotion, perhaps they  
were something that rose  
from deep wells of real  
feeling, which will eventu-  
ally break through and  
make life over for us both.  
I hope to God I shall  
have the strength to keep  
still while it does — the  
futility of anything else has  
been so often demonstrated.  
Our relationship can't be  
right, of course, but it  
can at least be peaceful.  
You see, I cannot be my-  
self with you — there is  
this that I must not say

can give me but wait, has  
broken down my resolve to  
try again. The only result  
is misery for both of us and  
a closer approach to abso-  
lute despair for me. Perhaps  
sometime you will grow  
up and get your ideas about  
domination straightened  
out. Your ideas of what  
comprises domination are still  
rudimentary — if that were  
what I really wanted, I  
could easily have achieved  
it without you ever knowing  
what was happening. I sus-  
pect you are using it as an  
excuse to evade emotional  
responsibility — very probably  
unconsciously. It's a defense  
mechanism, but not against  
my domination, any more  
than it was against your  
mother's — but against  
assuming an emotionally  
responsible place in the

to you, that that I must  
not tell you - so much  
that is most fundamentally  
myself. But I guess that's  
just all that is possible -  
for the present at least.  
There is one piece of news  
of major importance -  
Hueh has been fired. It is  
an example of dreadful  
injustice in the head of  
the whole place is a little  
Hitler - and Hueh is being  
punished - without notice,  
and most insultingly.  
There is some comfort to  
his pride in the fact that  
the whole hospital is  
seeking about it. But that  
doesn't help the great  
seriousness of his predic-  
ament. I am frightened  
and dreadfully worried.  
There is no longer Daed  
and the home to fall back

Friday -  
 [28 Oct 1929]

I have been no word from you  
 - I am somewhat worried  
 and somewhat frightened.  
 But perhaps there will be  
 tomorrow. It seems a little  
 strange that you would be  
 silent so long in answer to  
 my big letter of last  
 week-end, but perhaps it  
 didn't get to you when I  
 thought it would.

How are your cold capsules  
 working? I suppose they're  
 like inoculations - effective  
 for some people, not for others.  
 But the price won't be much  
 less if they don't work, nor  
 the time put into taking  
 them.

Waint it strange about  
 the broken mile - though I  
 suppose it merely proves  
 what one hears doctors

and equipped for self-defense. True, many of them would die - but that doesn't seem to me at all the same thing as killing a lot of helpless, non-combatant, non-belligerent people just as a method of persuasion. I can no more believe that the English would do that than that you would murder a child in order to persuade his father to join a strike.

How come you're so down on the English? Get it from him? Or is it again your perfectionism & a certain resentment against them for not coming up to some absolute ideal? Personally, I feel that they come nearer to achieving in their relations with others and with themselves, what are my ideals, than any other big nation. Of course they

say that most such injuries <sup>to the ribs</sup> will <sup>be</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>out</sup> <sup>casts</sup>, and that they are often undiscovered. Probably the doctors who took the first X-Rays saw no reason for saying anything about it - that wasn't what they were looking for, nor was it anything that needed attention. Can you remember ever having a lead - lead ball when you were a child?

About Boyce and propaganda - I still cannot see his action as equally culpable with that of sinking a neutral passenger ship - in fact, the moral gulf between the two seems to me immense. He was trying to be one voice in a very large chorus of persuasion - trying to achieve his entry into the war of a large army - adequately trained

are imperfect - of course they  
make terrible blunders. Of  
course they are guilty of ambi-  
plicity, of self-interest, of  
power politics and all the  
rest - but in the long run  
you can count on them -  
they accept social responsi-  
bility, they accept sacrifice,  
they are deeply humanitar-  
ian. They are profoundly des-  
perate - yes, in spite of their  
hereditary aristocracy. If  
the moneyed class is, as you  
say, on top, then it is the  
most high-minded such class  
in the world for it has based  
itself to a fare-you-well. Why  
do you call the government as  
egotistical + grasping? I don't  
quite understand. You don't  
expect them to be without the  
acquisitive instinct, do you, or  
to be indifferent to whether  
they keep what they have?  
No government will be that  
so long as it is composed of

Wednesday -

[35201938]

Dearest,

I've been thinking  
over what I wrote you  
over the week-end, ever  
since, of course - wonder-  
ing somewhat, worry-  
ing somewhat - hoping,  
too, that I had not made  
a mistake. I'd just  
seemed to me that most  
of that needed to be  
said sooner or later,  
that it was better said  
in a letter, even at the  
risk of misunderstand-  
ing, because then I  
could say it without  
interruption and with-  
out the emotional  
disturbance that so often

one, simply because it is so fundamental to me, and any intimate relationship which excludes some understanding of it is impossible. My need now is greater than it was a year ago for reasons I need not repeat - but even so, things would never have been right between us unless you learned to know and feel for that part of my personality. I know of still how Sister, who I fail to appreciate the very great deal she does for me. Of course she understands this all - but there are others who must neces-

causes and accompa-nies our personal discus-sions. You see, I tried 2 years ago to tell you how much I needed you and why - what the fundamental nature of that need was - and it's brought it up often since - sometimes to meet frank disbelief, sometimes just the stat-ment that you found it incomprehensible. Well, I think it can be under-stand, and that letter was an attempt to make it ~~clear~~ <sup>under-</sup>stand, which is at the basis of my relation with any-

sarily engage most of  
her emotional energies.  
She gives me generously  
what she can, but what  
I most need she cannot  
give me because I should  
naturally not be essential  
to her, and I feel all  
the time that I take  
from her more than I  
give for that reason — and  
that I am inevitably  
something of a burden  
to her.

So — it just seemed  
as if I must make  
another and perhaps  
more complete attempt  
to make you under-  
stand. Don't think I  
fail to realize my own  
faults in this whole bus-  
iness — it is something

rarely fail to realize  
anyhow. Some of what I  
have done has been self-  
defense - a sort of par-  
tial attempt to build  
up myself, save my  
self-esteem when it  
seemed to me you were  
bent on destruction. I  
don't take criticism very  
well. I know - not be-  
cause it hurts my van-  
ity, but because I in-  
stantly believe it, and  
am frightened + discour-  
aged by it. That I have  
ever lost my temper  
at you fills me with  
bitter shame and humil-  
iation - I can't say  
more. I think if you made  
a practice of praising  
me for what I am or  
do that pleases you in-

(not literally, but in emotional balance) and this is what I try to explain in all hugs, sheets & sheets. It seems to me now that I've done all I can — been as complete as possible. I can only hope that you will be as receptive and as sweet about it as you have been at times in the past, that it may be the basis of some deeper understanding and so of a more satisfactory relation. I think you are making and have made a great deal of effort — it has been reassuring to me and has filled me with admiration. But the effort

stead of only blaming me you'd find me much easier to get along with. Darling, that doesn't mean that I don't realize you are doing that far more of late than you have for ages — I'm just stating it as a general principle. Now do I want you to think I admire myself prayer of this — far from it, God knows. I have slowly and painfully learned to get along without a great deal that I want and to do it cheerfully and without complaint — but there are just some things that I must have or period

is not enough unless it's  
built on the right foun-  
dations — so that's what  
I've tried to supply.

That's all for today  
next time I'll start  
answering some of your  
letters, which have most  
of them been so very  
conversational of late  
that they fill us with  
the desire to go on  
with the conversation.  
I think those letters of  
yours are proof that you  
are doing a lot — for  
they make us feel that  
perhaps you are interested  
in telling us things and  
talking to us — and even  
in what I say to you, for  
you really do answer my  
letters, not merely send  
me one in exchange, as

Friday -  
[23006] 1937

Dorling -

I had to wait a  
day to calm down after your  
letter before I answered it.  
I suppose that surprises  
you. Your own statement  
about those letters drawing  
us closer makes me realize  
that you did not realize at  
all how your letter sounded.  
I am sure now that you  
did not mean to be unkind,  
but you were all the same.  
It is really amazing how  
little you know of me, of  
women or even of human  
beings. In a sense, I  
think it is inexcusable  
for a man of your age,  
though in a sense I also  
realize that no one ever  
told you in hard words  
you were young and flexible  
and told you it was an  
obligation you had to accept

is by her ego. You can  
hurt her, but even that  
not more than briefly  
except by things that  
strike her more directly  
at her than your relat-  
ions with your wife. But  
we you can destroy, and  
it seems to me often  
that you are working  
systematically at it -  
though I really doubt  
that is true. Belief in  
oneself is essential to a  
normal life and I, like  
my father, was born  
with very little. All  
through my childhood  
I suffered from the  
great drawback of  
being born of remarkable  
parents (that's not to  
minimize the immense ad-

if you accepted life. Your  
own words as to your own  
pleasure in being alive and  
desire to eat as much of it  
as you could I found de-  
lightful, and it reassures me  
for you must essentially  
realize that to live any-  
thing but a flat two-  
dimensional existence you  
must have an interest  
in and understanding of  
human beings. I think,  
with a little ironical  
amusement of your  
saying three years ago  
that the news of your  
broken marriage would  
destroy your mother  
- after all the years  
that you had known  
her intimately you did  
not know how impos-  
sible it is to destroy  
her, walked about as she

vantages, too) and was incessantly being told by almost everyone except the parents themselves how much I had to live up to. People knew too little about child psychology in those days. For a naturally self-confident child that sort of thing would have been a stimulus - for a naturally self-distrustful one it was frightening & discouraging. To tell me how hard I must work to come up to their level was to put the idea of almost certain defeat into my head. And with all <sup>this</sup> went on need of a great deal of affection to give me a

sense of emotional sen-  
sitivity. So all through  
my childhood and yeth-  
hood I went about  
terrified lest people  
shouldn't like me, be-  
cause I wasn't good  
enough, or interesting  
enough, or gracious  
enough - or any number  
of other things. Meeting  
new people was an ag-  
ony to me, for I felt  
sure they were criticiz-  
ing my inadequacy,  
feeling sorry that my  
wonderful parents were  
burdened with a child  
like me. Of course I  
developed lots of protec-  
tive mechanisms - clumsi-  
sily at first, more skill-  
fully later. I learned to

so terribly to be liked.  
All through my childhood  
and adolescence I strug-  
gled with this complex  
wisery (not that I was  
incessantly miserable -  
far from it, of course)  
without of course under-  
standing it at all -  
and because I tried  
so hard to hide it my  
parents didn't understand  
it either. Of course they  
were responsive and  
appreciative and in-  
terested - but that's  
not enough. It made  
my home too important  
to me, and my adjust-  
ment to society too  
easy - for there was  
always a refuge. All

be a good audience, for then  
I didn't have to take the  
initiative and risk  
being boring or irritat-  
ing or wrong. It was a  
good defense, for I soon  
learned to become so  
absorbed in what others  
had to say and in them  
that I forgot myself  
and my inferiority -  
unless he owns the con-  
versation were known  
on me. Of course I  
learned to bluff, to  
pretend a self-assur-  
ance and an independ-  
ence that I didn't  
have, because I saw  
that that was the sort  
of person who was most  
popular, and I wanted

This was why I used to  
get engaged or almost to  
wedding, because I was  
so grateful for being ad-  
mired and wanted that  
I couldn't say "no". It's  
easy to mistake that  
emotion for love when  
you're young enough.  
Then I'd have to get my-  
self out of it and be so  
bitterly unhappy over that  
that all the good that  
had been done me was  
spoiled. Of course event-  
ually I became both  
miserable enough (when  
I was forced into con-  
tact with the world away  
from home) and ar-  
tful enough so  
that it was possible for  
me to talk to Dad  
and equally of course

I found there complete understanding and a great deal of help. Some of the damage was already irreparable, but he did teach me that I must get away from myself, that it was the surest way - on against anything that life may do to you. And so it has proved - the more completely I have achieved that, the more nearly I have found happiness. But there is something else that I must have as a sort of foundation on which to build that detachment - someone very close to me who not only loves me a great deal but finds in me qualities that are admirable, in-

That I, too, had died.  
How, darling, at the  
risk of only making  
things between us worse,  
I must point out to you  
the completely shattering  
effect of your behavior  
the greater part of the  
summer. With another  
man - it would have been  
diabolical - with you  
it wasn't, for there was  
no such intention. But  
in spiritual terms it  
corresponded to a phys-  
ical act of kicking  
and beating a person  
already terribly injured.  
You seemed systematic-  
ally to set about my  
destruction - some-  
times you worked at  
the fundamental things,

interesting, charming, what-  
you-will - so when my  
opinion is important, to  
whom my existence is  
essential. Dad and  
Riba both gave me that  
- they liked the way I  
thought - felt - or acted.  
They praised me, comfort-  
ed me, loved me. And  
so I was able to get  
along, though always  
with a certain amount  
of difficulty. When I  
lost one of them, it  
was almost literally  
losing a part of my-  
self, for something of  
what made it possible  
for me to deal adequately  
with life went with  
him. And when Riba  
went, it seemed to me

sometimes at the superficial - but almost nothing escaped your fire. My whole attitude toward life was wrong - so was wearing red nail polish. Even my understanding of myself was wrong - you admitted somewhat contemptuously that I undoubtedly believed it myself, but you knew better. Remember, darling? You see, you had, to begin with, seemed so warm & beloved to me because you did obviously enjoy me and find me both attractive and interesting - and at the same time you were a person whom I could enjoy immensely as a person and not simply out of

gratitude for his admiration  
of me. Of course your re-  
sponse to me three years  
ago was even more im-  
portant for it was a great-  
er tribute to me than  
your original interest in  
me. You said wonderful  
things to me - things  
that began to rebuild  
what my father's death  
had torn down - that  
made me feel renewed  
belief in myself - and  
made me give the more  
freely because I was  
not afraid lest what  
I gave seem inadequate.  
The eventual discovery  
that practically every-  
thing I had to give  
you regarded as some-  
thing not worth having  
was all the more shatter-

you expect me to make  
you the center of my exist-  
ence, you have to earn  
it." Your interpretation of  
my remarks about the  
good part of my life  
being <sup>or</sup> amazed me - I  
was almost incredulous.  
What <sup>was</sup> I meant, my  
dear, that the complete  
love and understand-  
ing which had been  
as essential to me as  
eyes and ears was  
gone - that I must get  
along the rest of my  
life unaided, in a  
very real sense.

There, my dear - I  
do not know whether  
this will make you  
angry or whether it  
will help to break  
down your obstinate  
resistance to any real

ing. I think probably you  
have not meant to be  
so destructive - in fact,  
surely you have not.  
But, my dear, you have  
consistently refused to  
believe what I have  
told you of myself. This  
last letter, which I am  
sure you meant to do  
me real good, was one  
of the worst you could  
have written - all full  
of advice as to how to  
improve myself. The  
arrogance of you say-  
ing I should want to  
matter to you more than  
anything else made me  
angry, which saved  
me from the worst, for  
the obvious answer to  
that is "You're a man,  
and I'm a woman - if

understanding of me. I  
do not mean to mini-  
mize what effort you  
have made to make  
things go right - I  
have been grateful for  
that and worked it well.  
But you have never  
worked at it from the  
foundations up - you  
have refused to believe  
and to understand or  
merely said you couldn't  
→ the result is the same.  
You can destroy me, for  
you strike at the roots  
of my being, in your  
attacks on my self-  
esteem - you strike  
where I am defenceless  
and where you can do  
infinite damage. You  
can also save me -  
I don't know whether  
that seems to you worth

the effort - very likely  
not - I'm not sure it  
is, myself. What you  
bore down last summer  
cannot be rebuilt in  
a day, but it can  
be rebuilt, if we both  
work at it. You haven't  
done that much yet,  
though I know you've  
often tried - but you've  
mostly just followed  
your emotional impulses.  
If you had put your  
mind on the problem  
you would have known  
from a thousand things  
the truth of what I  
say to you without my  
ever having to say to  
it. Why do you suppose

That in almost any ar-  
gument I always ended  
by quoting my father?  
He would have known at  
once and would have  
given me one of those  
rich smiles and said  
"Now, dear, you don't  
have to justify your  
opinion - it's all right  
just as it stands and  
I respect it." You see, he  
knew that I could re-  
spect my own opinions  
only if someone else  
did.

I guess I've gone over  
this enough - I beg of  
you most humbly and  
most affectionately that  
you put the full points of  
your mind upon it, and  
that somehow you make  
your heart accept it

we may have to  
live on with very much  
of our own  
and that  
I don't  
know  
if  
you

Wednesday -

[18 Oct 1939]

Sweetie -

I hope you don't mind the way I talk about your mother. You never say anything in answer to my remarks, so I sometimes wonder. I am trying, for me, to understand her as completely as possible and to understand her effect on others - partly because the study in itself is interesting, but more because she has had so much effect on you and because a fairly satisfactory relation with her seems to me important and for that I've got to understand her - & understand why she's been so difficult for you. And it seems that you are the obvious person to talk to about it, for then I'm w

comes from no big an operation as Mrs. Delp's + I don't see how she can start out doing housework. And your mother will probably think she's as badly off herself - + will be so far as nervous fears go, which is quite far.

I was puzzled with your description of the northern lights, which was extraordinarily vivid and quite literary - yes, really. You absolutely made me feel I was there with you. I've never seen real ones like that - they never seem to have any such brilliant display around here. There were some that some night at Anders's, but very feeble

some betray her. I think much of you own feeling for her is a matter of "duty" - which is pretty bleak.

I'm glad to have so much news of Eva - thanks for passing it on. It seems as if the seriousness of her predicament might be considerably less than we feared last summer. I hope she won't try to call me if she finds it in the least difficult - and as you say, she's not likely to get me anywhere on her. or Iri. I expect the trip home she will enjoy and it will be nice for your mother to have someone there to make a fuss over her. What are they going to do when she goes? It won't be much time to over

compared to what you  
saw - enough to be  
serene and rather lovely,  
but no "bonfire as big  
as the world" - Oh dear!  
Perhaps before I die I  
& the *Andria Bonalis*  
will be in the same place  
at the same time but  
so far we always miss  
each other.

I don't think I ever  
congratulated you on  
winning the putter - as  
did I? You summer  
rest seems to have done  
you golf good instead  
of setting it back -  
which delights me. I  
think it's swell you  
achieved the putter so  
quickly.

Love + love to Mrs. -  
C.

Tuesday -  
 Dear -  
 I don't  
 think  
 I should  
 write  
 you  
 about  
 this  
 I don't  
 think  
 I should  
 write  
 you  
 about  
 this

V. (80081937)

mother must change  
 Dr. Silke - or maybe  
 interested that when she  
 she merely did it understand it

Here - a card  
 from your mother, which  
 I just plain forgot to  
 send on to you - not  
 that I think it makes  
 any great difference, but I  
 do like to be careful  
 about that sort of  
 thing.

Yes, your letter did  
 reach me too late to call  
 your mother - too late to  
 cause I want in when  
 they brought it around  
 last night, I should  
 have done it. I expect,  
 to please you, though it  
 never would have  
 entered my head. I  
 don't telephone as much  
 as you do, you know -

still leave hesitated, but  
had it been Eva instead  
of your mother, I should  
not have. Nor is that be-  
cause I feel more sorry  
for her, but just because  
the impulse to please her  
comes more naturally to  
me. All of which led to  
further reflection on your  
mother, who seems to  
me both infinitely pa-  
thetic & infinitely irri-  
tating. She is the perfect  
example of the person who  
is her own worst en-  
emy. She hangs all the  
time for something she  
feels she must have &  
which she herself con-  
stantly pushes out of her  
own reach. She has never  
been deeply loved, I suppose  
which is dreadful, but her  
complete absorption in her

trough I expect you are  
right. I know it was  
very thrilling to me when  
you used to call me up  
long distances. I suppose  
- it's just one of the habits  
of my girlhood still  
hanging on - when a long  
distance call was an un-  
heard - of extravaganza ex-  
cept in really vital matters.  
It's funny, for a lot of the  
other pinching economies  
I've dropped quite easily!  
It would have occurred  
to me - & been done with-  
out hesitation - had it  
been you or Sister, but for  
anyone else it simply  
wouldn't have. I thought  
it over as I went in  
tonow this morning &  
reflected upon the fact  
that had the letter got  
here in time, I should

self makes it impossible.  
She has never tried to get  
inside another mind or  
heart - never tried to get  
outside her own, never, or  
an instant been free of her-  
self. And now that she is  
old, that's ~~is~~ terribly sad.  
Perhaps your children have  
been too good to her - had  
you not, she might in des-  
peration, have dragged  
herself free of that subjec-  
tivity, so as to understand  
you. But look at Eva,  
who is in temperament  
much like her, but in  
spiritual + emotional un-  
tivity so very different. I  
suppose she saw - per-  
haps she was forced to by  
the difficulty of her own  
life - and she achieves  
more happiness + a better  
adjustment - because  
she has had the char-  
acter and the intelligence



quite different characters.  
She's typically American,  
but adaptable — with a deep  
interest in + knowledge of  
social, political + economic  
problems from the point of  
view of a person primarily  
concerned in her attitude.  
She has, for instance, worked  
with Uncle Fred in the  
cause of peace.

Then there was a friend  
of Hugh's — an Englishman  
whom he knew at Harvard,  
now in a U. S. architectural  
office — rather charming,  
very good-natured, quite  
silent, but with invariably  
such a look of intelligent  
interest + of receptiveness, of  
pleasure, on his face that  
he always seemed an active  
member of the group.

There were also the di  
Traubers, who live on the  
top floor + are usually

coat + get back into bed!  
I did shut the window, you  
will be pleased to hear!  
Of course that house is like  
a bomb when it's cold. Little  
fires in dining room + living  
room, the stove in the kitchen  
on + all doors + windows  
closed, that part of the  
house was not bad at all,  
but the bedrooms were.  
There was a nice group of  
people — the Manduleys — a  
young Cuban + his Amer-  
ican wife (she was a friend  
of Sister's) who live in  
Penn + are here briefly  
on business. They're both  
of them intelligent + interest-  
ing — he was educated at  
Harvard — in fact, had  
been to school in the U. S.,  
since he was 10 + has the  
breadth + the kind of sophis-  
tication that comes from  
living for long  
periods in civilizations of

good people from a simple  
background but so eager  
to please, so charming in  
their Latin fashion, so  
gentle — & he, at least,  
so intelligent & thought-  
ful (in its original sense)  
that you can't help en-  
joying them. Over a lot  
of others came & went, of  
course, & we went out for  
cabs & taxis on Sun. and  
met some more — quite  
a lot of people first and  
last — very good for us.

Sunday was a mirac-  
ulously beautiful day —  
the sort that you don't  
see for years in this cli-  
mate. The air was incred-  
ibly clear, with that ex-  
traordinary clarity that  
seems almost to elimi-  
nate distance. That blue.

ring of form + color which distance gives seems almost not to exist and the landscape looks as it does in xv century Italian paintings with distant objects as clearly seen as close ones, not flattened + colorless. Trees across the valley and up the far hill have leaves + branches and innumerable variations of color. They stand out in space, three dimensional, solid. The planes of the landscape recede as definitely and lucidly as if it had been organized by an artist. The foliage was at its best — every imaginable variety of color — gold, scarlet, amber, uersoon, deep green — trunks + branches black against the tumultuous color, the

never have seen such a  
day - I can't remember  
ever having seen one in  
his misty, moisty nor-  
thern climate. I've seen  
them in Greece + Italy  
+ Provence - + New Mexico,  
but not here. It was a  
painter's day, when nature  
seemed to share his  
passion for the definition  
of form, for purity of color,  
for the relations of all  
objects to each other in  
space.

This all leads me by an  
easy step to the Parthenon,  
for it is such light as that  
such crystalline atmos-  
phere, that has so much  
to do with its indescrib-  
able beauty. You said  
you didn't know about the  
curves, so just for you in-  
formation - every line of

grasses brown and dark  
red and cream, the sky  
a brilliant + intense blue  
with not one speck of cloud  
- a Mediterranean sky.  
The Catalhills looked to  
be a couple of miles away,  
big + dark + sharply  
defined against the sky.  
The sunset was marvelous,  
to my taste - the kind of  
like much better than the  
garish pink ones - clear,  
pale gold - just a great  
sheet of it across the  
western sky, with the  
mountains like black  
velvet against it -  
+ later just a brilliant  
line of gold running  
along their crests. Oh, I  
did wish you were here  
- you would have been  
in raptures. You may

curves, though of course  
 they appear straight. The  
 usual demonstration for the  
 tourist is to put a man's  
 hat at one end of the step.  
 When you look along the  
 line of the step from the  
 other end the hat has  
 disappeared. Every bit of  
 the building has been  
 checked & there is no line  
 that does not deviate from  
 the straight - & all done  
 by formula, not by guess.  
 Every column swells in the  
 middle (that you know) & at  
 the same time leans inward.  
 All horizontals rise in the  
 middle - gradually, of course,  
 from end to end. It corrects  
 perfectly the optical illusions  
 that make long horizontals  
 sag, tall verticals lean out,  
 etc. - but now know that  
 it gives a vitality, a warmth,  
 a richness to the building  
 that is incomparable - quite  
 literally - for it has won

The  
 lines  
 are  
 all  
 done  
 by  
 formula  
 not  
 by  
 guess

Friday -

(1300514397)

Darling -

I didn't write  
yesterday, though I had  
meant to, but I was  
just too down. I'm  
sorry, sweetheart, but  
I do the best I can  
→ which is perhaps  
pretty inadequate, but  
you see much of the  
time it just seems to  
me that I'm up against  
more than I can deal  
with. Some people are  
born with confidence  
in their own importance  
& their right to live  
and others learn to have  
it given to them. Well,

one - very likely, have all  
be nothing, left with  
leaving, I try, God  
knows, I fight all the  
time - even in my  
dreams - not against  
the facts, but against  
the belief that it matters  
one atom what happens  
to me. That's my only  
way out - to get so  
that I not only know  
that, but feel it. But  
the struggle is terribly  
difficult, my dear, -  
and still I am the  
vanquished far more  
often than the victor.  
Much of the time I am  
miserably lonely, too -  
and with all this, you

I was not born with  
it, and there have been  
two people who have  
given it to me, who  
have cared so much  
about me, wanted so  
much to be with me,  
even admired me,  
that they made me be-  
lieve that I was some-  
thing. To lose one of  
them was not only  
agonizing, but destruct-  
ive - to lose the other  
is devastating. It is  
like standing on water,  
when I had been on  
rock; it is like having  
the bones gone out of  
my body. The adjustment  
is a long and painful

see, I am much of the  
time in a sort of nightmare  
which should be endured,  
not put on paper. I say  
it all this time because  
there are times when I  
cannot write, when all  
my strength must go into  
just keeping still. It's  
like being in intense  
physical pain, when you  
can manage to keep  
from ~~not~~ crying out,  
but cannot carry on a  
normal conversation.

Tomorrow we're all  
going to Arthur's for the  
week-end. I don't want  
to, but see no way out.  
Excuse all this, darling,  
— it is just to explain.  
Dearest love —  
C.

Tuesday -

11 Oct 1939

Well, sweetie, you seem to have settled down to every other day - or is it every third? I've had nothing since the letter you wrote on Friday - which has not been as bad as it might have been since that was so good a letter - one that woulded me for much more than one reading.

Yes, I think you Information Please was too hard - & perhaps not really "Information" - at least I can see it's not the kind of question they leave, & a sense I think it would be not quite fair, for it's something that might be

he were. Now as I know  
really what a colloquium  
is - will you explain?  
I've heard the word used  
often enough + always  
been vague about just  
what it was.

Wednesday -

At that point I stopped  
as it was very late + I was  
tired + not in a good mood,  
so it seemed better to finish  
it today.

This morning I read  
in the Times of the death  
of Ribba's mother + find  
myself overwhelmed almost  
by the sense of bitter  
irony. It almost tempts  
me to believe in some  
malignant power that con-  
trols our destinies - the  
way in which that makes

worked out, but certainly  
couldn't be in the time  
they have. The sort of thing  
they ask is things that  
people who are very well  
informed know + I don't  
think your question  
comes under that - it's  
a bit of curiosa, rather  
than information - see  
what I mean? Try  
again, my pet - I'm  
sure you can devise  
something they will  
accept.

Wes. By the way, is  
the person whom you  
discuss the mother of the  
seminar with who is with  
John? I can't read his  
name! No he anyone I  
ever heard of? I think I  
could read his name if

meaningless life lingered,  
a dragging weight on  
Ritka - on her physical &  
nervous energies, on her  
ambitions, on her resources,  
depriving her of so much  
- only to go too late. If  
only it could have been  
the other way - that it  
might have been Ritka  
who had the few extra  
months, free of that ter-  
rible weight, instead of  
having to carry it to  
her grave.

Oddly enough, I had  
dreamed about her last  
night - one of those long  
vivid dreams whose reality  
seems to linger a bit after  
I wake, so that by a mi-  
nute bit the pain of my  
constant need of her is  
assuaged, I think perhaps

the news of her mother's death struck me all the more violently because of that.

I feel terribly sorry for Connie, who must so soon again go through all that business of arranging a funeral, writing the innumerable letters, answering the questions, talking to the people, all the while feeling, what a mockery it is — keeping up the appearance of dignified sorrow while all the time she feels, as I do, a passionate resentment, how can it be less than a terrible ordeal to stand so soon again in that same spot as a coffin is lowered into an open grave. I am glad, though, that

she, at least, is free of  
the burden that her  
mother's continued life  
must be.

There, darling, - that's  
all for this time - love  
tomorrow.

Dearest love to  
you, my lamb.  
C.

Thank you for  
writing to Bess

Monday -

[9 Oct 1939]

darling -  
I think you must love -

What a good letter today! Is it a terrible effort, sweetheart? Or effort doesn't show - the letter seems spontaneous + natural - so if you really wanted to say these things + say them to me. It is vastly comforting + reassuring. Really, a letter like that every other day is better than the other kind every day - if you see what I mean. Yours p.c., By the way, arrived this morning

on the record.  
As for the Prognosis - I don't believe that story for an instant, and those who do are. I think, guilty of an emotional judgment based not on an understanding of the countries concerned, but on ignorance of them - + possibly a certain amount of mid-western anti-British

to be active - darling + I think you must love -  
to be active - darling + I think you must love -  
to be active - darling + I think you must love -  
to be active - darling + I think you must love -  
to be active - darling + I think you must love -  
to be active - darling + I think you must love -  
to be active - darling + I think you must love -  
to be active - darling + I think you must love -  
to be active - darling + I think you must love -  
to be active - darling + I think you must love -

of propaganda which may be  
Gannax + may be singly  
anti-British.

As for Chamberlain - it  
seems to me that the trouble  
with most judgments of him  
is that they attribute to  
him a subtlety + a devious-  
ness that are not his. The  
more I read of him + es-  
pecially the more I read by  
him, the more I feel that  
I think he ~~is~~ is a benefi-  
cent, frightened person with  
a job too big for him. I  
think he has a high sense  
of responsibility and has  
done all along what after  
the deepest thought +  
widest understanding he  
could give it, seemed to  
him the thing that would  
best serve the nation whom  
he is. I think  
he is, like many Englishmen,  
an innocent idealist who  
has to be pushed very hard

prejudices. The story about Bryce  
may or may not be true, but  
it seems to me to have no  
bearing on the case. Many  
people, even such as he, will  
under strong emotional stress  
deliberately lie to serve  
what seems to them an end  
of major importance. The gap  
between such an action + the  
deliberate destruction of a  
neutral ship, filled with  
neutral passengers in the hope  
(it couldn't be at all a certain-  
ty) that the blame might be  
put on their enemies + make  
good propaganda, is immeas-  
urable. It would be an action  
both immensely cruel + in-  
humanly stupid + the British  
are neither. Of course most  
of us are occasionally  
both - but as the deliberate  
act of a government - we  
my dear. And your friends who  
believe it seem to me to be  
too surprisingly easy dupes

Saturday -

(9 Oct 39)

Dearliest -

I think I'll only  
begin this tonight as it's  
very late and I'm in a  
terribly low mood - just  
one of those days when  
it just seemed to me that  
life as it had been pre-  
sented to me was simply  
not to be borne - and  
I spent the day battling  
for my equilibrium. I read  
papers all the morning  
& spent a lot of the after-  
noon sewing while I  
listened to a Foreign  
Policy Association meeting  
devoted to discussion of  
the war. The papers were  
too dismally poor to do  
much to help me - have

I think if the weather  
had been less perfect  
I'd have felt better -  
which sounds funny,  
but it was such a glo-  
rious, summery day  
- it made me long to  
be out in the country  
or at the very least  
out taking a walk.  
But I was all alone  
& you don't do those  
things by yourself, so  
I sat in the house all  
day, wishing Sister &  
Hugh would invite me  
to go to Conn. with  
them, which they didn't  
- & wishing more that  
you were here and  
would take me in the  
car out somewhere &  
we'd have a picnic.

you ever read papers  
through a steady flow of  
tears? But the 7. P.M.  
meeting was very inter-  
esting, and a great help!  
Another thing that was a  
great help was your  
latest letter - written  
on Wed. It was, I  
think, the best you've  
written since you left  
- that is, the one that  
seemed to leave most  
of you in it, to sound  
as if you had really  
wanted to talk to me  
about those things, not  
as if you were forcing  
yourself to a duty. It  
made me wish you were  
here, but that is a  
happier feeling than not  
wishing you were here!

in the woods + maybe  
a walk, too - but  
you weren't here, so  
stayed in my own juice,  
and very sour juice it  
was, too.

Now tomorrow when  
I'll be feeling better -

Sunday -

Only, strictly speaking,  
it's Monday - Sister  
had some people for  
supper, including us.

"Some people" is almost  
an exaggeration, for Ray  
was only Florence  
Scully (whom you  
may remember last  
time as the girl you  
couldn't believe was

an Irish Catholic be-  
cause you liked her!)  
and Arthur. Florence,  
by the way, spoke of  
how very charming  
you were. I told her how  
much you liked her  
mother & that pleased  
her awfully - remember  
the nice old lady? I  
refrained from telling  
her you thought she (4.)  
was amazingly attrac-  
tive for an Irish Cath.!

I'm delighted to hear  
of the good bookstore  
& I do wish you could  
give it financial as well  
as moral backing.  
How does it seem to  
go - successfully? From

an institution that has  
terribly little to spend  
just as an assemblage  
of color plates much  
better than any other  
you could possibly get  
for the money. But the  
text is much of it trite  
— superficial + opinion-  
ated — & of course giv-  
ing no sound back-  
ground of history or  
descriptive theory. God, if  
you used it for a text,  
a course based on it  
would just be a matter  
of looking at pretty  
pictures + being vaguely  
emotional about them.  
Anyone who knows the  
field knows better than

what you've told me of  
the community, I feel a  
little fearful — The Pleistocene  
Press seems a little too  
much for them. Yes, in-  
deed I am interested  
to know that the "Treo-  
logy of Art Masterpieces"  
is being used as a text  
at Stevens, for it just  
beautifully confirms  
what I had suspected  
of Stevens — that it  
makes a good superfi-  
cial show + has very  
little behind it! I'd be  
ashamed to use that  
book as a text even  
in my silly little  
secondary school course  
for dumbbells. I think  
it's of great value to

much love for you, my darling  
my dear  
my dear

to give Craven a place  
of more than minor im-  
portance.

There, I guess I've made  
my position clear - I'm  
not undervaluing the book  
for the value it has, nor  
do I fail to realize that  
the book is of value to  
the general public to  
whom it may give some  
idea of what the art of  
painting is really about  
& some enthusiasm for  
it. It's having it used  
by an educational  
institution for what  
must purport to be  
serious study that I  
find is inexcusable!

The remark of the  
Dean of women was de-  
licious - I've spread  
it around to the delight

Friday -  
Sweden, (60.2.29)

Give another item  
for your movie list -  
"Four Feathers" - it's  
a thriller, maybe not  
highbrow enough for  
you, or maybe not thrill-  
ing enough, though I  
bought it so! It's in  
the Sudan - battles be-  
tween the British & the  
Arab & African troops,  
also exciting escapes,  
etc. It's in Technicolor  
& was photographed  
actually in Egypt so  
you really see the cat-  
aracts of the Nile, the  
surrounding desert, etc.  
And the troops are all

any dressing up, and  
Spencer Tracy is Star-  
Jay, Cedric Belfrage  
(the Canon - remember?)  
is Livingstone. I've not  
seen myself but intend  
to somehow or other.

A girl just asked  
me how they calculated  
the curves in the Par-  
theon - what a ques-  
tion to ask me - I only  
know they did. Some-  
time it might be a  
good thing if you told  
me. Do you think  
you could get anything  
across to me? It's al-  
ways been almost abra-  
cadabra to me but  
I suppose to a mathematician  
it may be pos.

real ones - English &  
Arab & "Fuzzy Wuzzies"  
- not movie extras. It's  
an English movie, of  
course.

I think you can  
skip the "Wizard of Oz"  
- it was fun to go with  
Loan & would have been  
fun for you, but it isn't  
much in itself. Though  
there are some good  
bits. So the above  
& the "Old Maid" are  
the only ones I have  
do recommend so far.  
If you get a chance  
at "Stanley & Living-  
stone" it must be  
pretty good for the story  
is a swell one without

trivially elementary.

There, darling - I must  
stop for today, for there's  
a letter to your mother  
to be written on my way  
home & I must run for  
my train now. Besides,  
I've not heard from you  
since Wed. & so have  
nothing to answer.

Buckets of love -

C.

Thursday -  
(6 Oct 39)

Darling -

Here I sit in a subway station, leaving just missed a train + making use of my time! I did have a book with me, but I left it somewhere earlier in the day. The awful thing is that it was your "Belly Fulla Straw". How strongly do you feel about it? Was it a present from Donald or a loan? If the latter, I'll buy a copy - also if you

you have to hunt axes  
to find one so exactly  
right? The poor sweet  
seared herself + everyone  
else out of their wits  
yesterday by falling  
half way down the  
stairs in their house. I  
suppose it was the clun-  
sy arm that made her  
lose her balance twice as  
easily as normally. She  
was not hurt beyond  
bruises + the cast got  
even cracked so her  
wrist remains intact,  
thank God. What went  
to pieces was her nerves  
+ heaven knows she  
couldn't be blamed.  
Being still in a some-  
what over-wrought  
state from the original  
shock. The inactivity is

want it yourself. Please  
be beautiful. I don't  
think there's any use  
trying to find it - I've  
been too many places +  
walked too many miles.  
It probably slipped out  
from under my arm at  
some point in my per-  
squinations, being small  
+ light - which of course  
is why I carried it with  
me for subway reading!  
I feel very sorry - +  
very guilty and shall  
be very glad to make  
restitution.

Loanie was complete  
ly delighted with your  
card which she rushed  
to show me the minute  
I got there today. I'd

very hard on her — all  
the things children do out-  
of-doors need both hands.  
She looked so forlorn &  
patriotic this afternoon when  
we went to get her at  
school — sitting all by  
herself on a bench with  
everyone else romping  
around her. Of course we  
want to get her almost  
~~the~~ as soon as she got  
it but she probably felt  
as if it were a long time.  
I'm afraid it's going to be  
a big blow to her when  
the cast comes off & the  
wrist isn't its usual flex-  
ible self.

Have you an explanation  
of Eva's card yet? Wasn't  
it funny?

Thanks for the clipping  
from Mrs. Feniger — she  
has laughed & laughed  
loads of times — C.



he had hoped. In the long run, it does accomplish things - that method. And fighting so often doesn't.

By the way, did Mr. Nathan please take your question & I be distasteful to it two nights, but not heard it unless it went under a non-deplume? What was it, anyway? I'm dying to know.

Thanks for all the sympathies for Leonard & Joan - I'll pass them on. Their recipients will be pleased. Do drop a p.c. to Joan - it would

staff members of notably different quality, of mind & achievement. Another compromise with things as they are, instead of as they should be, is forced upon you. I wish it needn't be, but I guess it has to be. Do tell me which particular compromise you & John finally settled upon as my best, how Dad would have sympathized - in so many years he went through many situations, one after another. But he had the satisfaction of seeing his own opinion & influence slowly becoming stronger, of seeing in the end that his thing he worked for, and made those audacious compromises for, was shaping itself as

please her so much + cost  
you so little effort. You  
haven't forgotten to send  
one to Bess? Did you  
know she went twice  
to see them - once in  
vain, since it was not  
visiting hours (she  
didn't know they'd be  
restricted) but so far  
as effort was concerned,  
that certainly counts  
as much as the time  
she did see them. I  
think it very good of  
her.

I don't know what you  
mean by them not being  
proper safety devices or  
the slide - it's just like  
all other slides. Did I  
never hear of safety  
devices on them any more

Tuesday -

Darling -

(40039)

I was amused  
by the remark about  
you & Mr. Chips - made  
by an untrained eye. I  
should say! You don't  
look at all like Robert  
Donat, though you're both  
good-looking - you more  
than he, though, for his  
bones are not so good  
& they're all covered  
so that all his contours  
are rounded, not clear  
cut like yours. He has  
a rather fleshy nose & a  
rather full mouth & a  
moustache. Do you recog-  
nize yourself? Anyhow,  
you should be able to

she landed in Dobbs  
 Ferry with literally one  
 cent in her purse!  
 How would you like  
 living with a woman  
 who operated on that  
 system? She thinks  
 you're one of nature's  
 wonders — the most  
 fascinating talker she's  
 ever met, among other  
 things! I told her you  
 thought she did pretty  
 well on that score her-  
 self. She also never  
 saw such an interest-  
 ing face — you see  
 new things in it every  
 time you look. I have  
 promised to give her  
 further opportunities to  
 find them! I did wish

remember how he looks  
 — he had the lead in  
 "The Citadel" — remember  
 the young doctor who  
 sacrificed his profession-  
 al integrity to making  
 money + then in the end  
 gave up the money for  
 the integrity?

Yes, your mother got  
 the bed-packet all right  
 — I was troubled for  
 it very promptly.

I spent last evening  
 with Katharine (Worthing-  
 ton) and such tales as  
 she had to tell of her  
 summer, especially the  
 voyage home! At least  
 nothing in the telling  
 either, I promise you.  
 Just as an example —

you were there last  
night - it'll never be  
quite so good as it was  
then - lot of the  
quiddle. She herself says  
that the whole thing  
seems unreal to her now  
as if it was something  
she'd read in a book  
- a sort of nightmare  
quality it had. Did I  
tell you the only res-  
on she wasn't on the  
Athens was that she  
didn't have the  
money to get to Glas-  
gow?

I had a note from  
your mother yesterday  
- what is the name of  
that family in London -  
burg - please tell me right  
away - they're going

Monday -  
(2 Oct 39)  
Well, sweetie, your two  
chief correspondents have  
now both taken a whack  
at you in the same week.  
Poor Lamb! But I expect  
you head is bloody but  
unbowed. I couldn't help  
smiling a little at your  
account of what Donald  
said, just because he was  
the person set up as an ex-  
ample to me because he  
never asked anything. His  
smile was not malicious,  
darkling, but rather tender,  
because you seem rather  
darkling - being slowly  
pushed into a corner where  
you have to respond to the  
demands of others or lose  
things you yourself very  
much want. It would  
have been easier to learn  
- less painful, certainly -  
if you parents had seen to

do it alone - all by yourself  
with the trees and the  
sky, and with us on to  
make you self-conscious  
about the quality of your  
game!

I think I'm going to  
slow down on the letters  
to you mother - I've been  
pretty good for me - and I  
really must manage  
somehow to get letters off  
to a few of my friends  
which I don't see how  
I can manage if I don't  
cut down a bit on the  
Van Schraaks!

you're not yet told  
me about Ketchikan - don't  
want to bother, do you?  
I insist! how does you  
tell me what Will thinks  
about the war - notably  
what his guesses are as  
to its future conduct &  
eventual outcome. Does

it that you learned it at  
a more flexible period. The  
only people who will never  
make demands upon you  
are those who don't really  
care anything about you,  
or those who are negative  
personalities, or those who  
have finally given it up as  
hopeless, from none of them  
- & particularly from the  
last - will you receive  
anywhere nearly all that  
you want, & those you are  
- Donald wants you to write  
to him, I want you to be  
my lover, John wants you  
to cheer him up when he  
has a cold!

I'm glad you had such  
a good day on Thursday -  
you sounded in excellent  
spirits as a result. How is  
the golf - getting steadily  
better? Too bad it's so  
being alone, though I'm  
a little surprised - I  
thought you would be the  
sort to find it restful to

7} everyone talks about it  
8} pretty constantly? They con-  
9} siderably do here - which is a  
10} very good thing, I think.  
11} The more aware we all  
12} become of the whole bus-  
13} iness, the more complete  
14} our information, the more  
15} careful + thoughtful our  
16} judgments - the better is the  
17} chance of there being a  
18} large body of informed +  
19} intelligent public opinion  
20} in this country to help in  
21} the making of a decent  
22} peace. Some of the talk is  
23} just plain argument, some  
24} could be called discussion,  
25} but the bad thing would  
26} be if there were no talk,  
27} if formation is still pretty  
28} complete in a sense, simply  
29} because we get dis patches  
30} from all the capitals, so  
31} that the censorship is on,  
32} the propaganda is on, is  
33} more or less cancelled by



emotional person and  
you're nowhere nearly  
satisfied emotionally,  
partly because of your  
immaturity, it's true, but  
partly because of your  
obstinate clinging to your  
immaturity - thereby  
punishing not only me  
but yourself. Things  
will never be right be-  
tween us till you make  
me fall in love with  
you again. But when  
you do, things will be  
far more right than  
you think possible  
now. And you see that's  
something that you've  
got to do yourself -  
you're the man and it's  
up to you. You're alone

personality - full of some-  
thing of you coming out to  
me. But now you're all  
back inside yourself +  
your letters might most  
of them be written to a  
casual acquaintance.  
You yourself were beginning  
I think, to get back  
to the man I fell in love  
with, - those last weeks be-  
fore you left. Don't just  
drop it there, darling -  
this is not just for my-  
self, truly, though of  
course it is partly - I  
certainly need not again  
tell you how much I  
do need, not just  
to be loved, but to love.  
- but there is also a  
very deep need in you-  
self. You're an intensely

terrible damage to the  
whole relationship which  
will realize it's inevitable  
discrimination much harder,  
but you're just and reason-  
able enough to realize  
all that. This is not to  
minimize the effort you  
made from last weeks,  
nor your sweetness  
now. Don't strain -  
it's like you golf - you'd  
do it better if you relax.  
Do you see what I  
mean, dear? When you  
keep the foundations  
of our relation strong  
& emotionally deep &  
satisfying, the strong  
things don't turn out to be  
far more superficial &  
easily adjusted than you

think - that's absolutely  
true. You are now - or at  
least have been very re-  
cently - in a stage where  
it seemed to you essential  
to make all the adjust-  
ments at once + that  
involved "giving in" or  
"giving up" - over +  
over till you felt you  
self a martyr or made  
me feel myself one!  
Most of it was over purely  
academic matters such  
as where we are to live  
→ a question that is not  
ours to solve now. We'd  
better concentrate on our  
own relation which is  
ours to solve now -  
establish the fundamen-  
tal harmonies between  
us. You'd be three times  
as happy if I were in

will not find me unresponsive — you never leave, I think. Darling, I don't want you to go into a discontented, unsatisfied, self-pitying, miserable old age like your mother's. You're more intelligent than she & you live in an age when the emotions are better understood — you've a very good chance of breaking the spell.

Well, there, that's enough for tonight — all there's time for, anyhow, as it's after 12. To bump something not involved with our relationship, though with our emotions just the same — Joanne has got a broken wrist, poor lamb. It's not bad

love with you & you with me. I stop thinking about all the same things. Think when you write to me — or just think of me — of the things that have been between us, of the things that have drawn you to me — put the mind that can make a game into an intellectual exercise into this — you can arrange your thoughts in this game, too. Deliberately remind yourself of whatever things in me have roused your tenderness, your chivalry, your admirations — take them out & look at them and put aside the others — the things that bore or irritate you. You

But I can't remember just  
the name of the type of  
fracture. It will heal  
fairly quickly, but at least it  
will be too long. She's  
got it all done up in a  
cast, which will get in-  
creasingly uncomfortable  
& irksome, of course. She's  
an absolute brat about  
it now, but of course it  
will get on her nerves  
after a while, as she feels  
increasingly the limita-  
tion of her activities & as  
the tissue itself gets  
more uncomfortable. It  
turns out that the little  
boy actually pushed her  
off because she was in  
his way - it turns you up  
in all that pain and mis-  
ery for the child, the  
worry & expense for the  
parents. The school reported  
it to the boy's parents, but  
they have made no more

Friday -

[29 Sept 1939]

Sweetheart,

How for yesterday -  
Sister & I had planned a big  
day - shopping in the morn-  
ing, a movie in the afternoon,  
bridge in the evening with  
Hugh & Arthur. Not quite so  
big as it sounds though, for  
we didn't meet till 11:30 &  
had to be at J's school by  
4 to get her. I had planned  
to write to you between the  
time we got J. & dinner  
time. But that got all thrown  
off because when we got to  
the school we found Joanie  
had had a fall and was in  
the nurse's office being looked  
after. A little boy had jumped  
off the top of the slide, lost  
his nerve & grabbed Joanie's  
sweater himself. He landed on  
his feet, but she went  
face down - about an 8 foot  
fall on concrete - pretty tough

The wrist had not responded as it should to treatment, so it may be a fracture, not a sprain. She's to be X-rayed this afternoon. Poor lamb, I hope not - it seems such an interminable business to a child, especially one who uses her hands so much. It's her left hand, too, worse than the right. Do just drop her a card - it would please her a lot.

Well, that's why I wrote the letter yesterday. I took it over the amusement of the invalid while her mother did errands, prepared meals, fixed the stuff to soak the wrist in, etc. etc.

Sister + I saw Bette Davis in "The Old Maid" yesterday. Put it on your list at once! It's really wonderful. Besides, it's harrowing from beginning to end, practically! A

on anything so small. She was terribly lacerated of course, had a nose-bleed + quite a number of abrasions, a rather badly lacerated knee + a sprained wrist. Of course it might have been much worse - had she, for instance, struck on her head. She was looking like a little soldier + was terribly something - lying down as white as a sheet except for the swollen + bloody places on her poor little face, with her teeth set to keep her quivering mouth still + tears running down the side - but not one whimper. Of course she was not in agony, but she was in the worst pain she's known + her determined victory over it seems to me a small achievement. How proud her grandfather would have been! So something of his brave + beautiful spirit goes on. Well, this morning

psychological study of two  
women, their relations to one  
man, whom both loved, to  
each other, & to a child.  
D's penetrating, and  
terribly moving, too, done  
with compassion as well  
as penetration - saved  
from sentimentality by the  
amount of bitterness in it,  
as bitter chocolate is  
saved from sickliness.

B. O. + Missions Hopkins,  
who played the two  
women, did just about  
perfect jobs. I should  
say, and the whole thing  
is simply absorbing  
from start to finish -  
very beautiful photo-  
graphically, too.

All for today, sweetie-  
more tomorrow.  
Much dear love -  
C.

Wednesday -

[27 Sept 1939]

Provisions -

The rains have  
come to N. Y. - How about  
E. Lansing? I hope not  
for I want you to be play-  
ing golf. That reminds  
me - you haven't told us  
about Kathleen - you only  
tell me that you're gone  
around the golf course  
with her? Does she play  
or just go around? How's  
your friend John - you  
don't mention him. Have  
you read "Doctor's Card"?  
If so, what did you think  
of it? If not, you should,  
- to please Donald. It  
won't take you any time  
at all.  
I am appalled by what

effort to see her since the day we were married, which of course you should have done - & I should have seen that you did, so it's both our faults! But anyway, I couldn't at this point remind her she'd forgotten to do you a favor! So you write your own note of introduction, write it with her hand - it won't be heard - tell her of your connection with Dad & of your knowing Mildred. I don't imagine he'll remember me at all, but at least he'll remember Dad.

'Tis sorry your afternoon is cut down by the 4 o'clock class, though, I imagine you will get used to it & just get your golf in ahead of

you write of the increase in students & its relation to the increase in faculty. It is discouraging, isn't it? I hope and pray that you need not stay there long - for I suppose you getting away is at least a more likely ~~thing~~ probability. I don't like their changing their policy. I wonder, by the way, if it wouldn't be a good thing for you to look up Tom & see his fall! I know you don't want to, but it's certain you'd enjoy him & the contact might be profitable. Mildred has evidently forgotten the whole thing & I haven't the nerve to prod her again when we were so rude as ever to look her up all summer. You've never made any

that.

I was glad to hear  
finally the details of your  
trip out - it certainly  
sounded as if it consisted  
mostly of drawbatches!  
I have a sort of night-  
mare picture of you, half  
blind with the sun, driving  
through the black land,  
with the horn screaming  
in one ear, & a steady  
drumming of Steve's con-  
versation in the other.

I'm thrilled about  
the Information Please  
question, & shall listen  
with great excitement.  
They didn't use it last  
night unless it was at  
the very beginning, when  
I couldn't seem to get  
it. What was the ques-  
tion? Please tell me!  
Buckets of love -  
C.

Friday -

507 Sep 1937

Sweetheart,

What a Van Schoeck  
day this was - two letters  
from you, one from your  
father, one from Mrs. Delp &  
a card from Eva! I feel a  
bit overwhelmed because  
I don't know how I'm go-  
ing to get them all  
adequately answered!

Yes, Bess did very well,  
didn't she? I think it  
was genuinely good of her,  
for they <sup>are</sup> after all, people  
whom she doesn't know,  
I think if you dropped  
her a note, or even a p.c.  
of the college, or something  
concerned with you, to  
thank her she'd be  
awfully flattered. As  
for future flowers, my

distressed him. But again  
→ darling — I'm perfectly  
willing to do more if you  
think I am wrong.

I repeat my remarks  
of yesterday about the an-  
aesthesia — stupid. I  
also repeat that it must  
have been only a cure-  
dage that your mother  
had, that it was true.  
You not a major operat.  
ion + her slow recovery  
is a matter of nerves —  
just as you might ex-  
pect. Don't forget that  
she always suffers as  
much and as long as  
she can + that that  
psychology has its phys-  
ical effect just as the  
reverse does in her. Def.  
She minimizes her suffer-  
ing instead of exaggerating

own feeling is that we  
have done enough —  
flowers twice and other  
gifts once, as well as  
constant letters. Does this  
seem to you ungenerous?  
I/so, of course, I'll concede  
the point — she's your  
mother + I'll do as seems  
to you right. But neither  
one of us is wealthy and  
between us we've already  
spent a good deal. It  
seems to me that if we  
keep up the letters (which  
for both of us mean extra  
effort + are a proof of  
affection + concern) we  
are doing all that need  
be done. I should do  
more for you — but you  
are in a unique position.  
I should not have for  
Dad — it would have

It. Are you sure your mother  
was denied food rather than  
refusing to eat it? It's very  
hard to believe - & the other  
is easy to believe, for she  
always does that when  
she feels sorry for herself  
& wants other people to feel  
sorry for her! I suppose that  
years ago these little plays  
for sympathy of her ceased  
to be conscious - possibly,  
they never were, though  
probably they were. Some-  
times they annoy us be-  
yond words - no one has  
any right to live into old  
age still imposing child-  
ishness on those with whom  
she lives. That's when I'm  
feeling sorry for you  
father and resentful  
at the burdens she has  
imposed upon you chil-  
dren through her own  
persistent immaturity. At

Other times I feel more  
detached, and compassion-  
ate and am aware of how  
she has made herself  
miserable all her life  
through that intense  
focusing of her attention  
herself, so that here she  
is, not far from dead,  
and as unhappy as an  
unhappy child for all  
those years - a constant  
invitation to those from  
whom she passionately  
longs for devotion. It's  
pitiful, isn't it? She has  
never tried to get free  
of herself but only beat  
her head against a wall  
by the opposite proced-  
ure.

Well, that's enough  
for her this time! I'm

so glad you're getting  
some golf and terribly  
pleased that you feel you  
are more relaxed. I think  
perhaps you are learning  
slowly a little of the  
technique of relaxation.  
And don't forget it is a  
technique - you'll find  
it easier & easier & more  
& more rewarding as you  
soon drop lower & you  
stop dropping thermos  
bottles!

I'm so glad Eva is see-  
ing Mrs. Delp in a more  
normal light - I was  
sure she would event-  
ually - she's too sweet  
herself not to.  
There, now I must  
write to you mother.  
Any amount of love, my  
Lamb - C.

Monday -

[25 Sept 1939]

Darling,

You just had a card  
from your father with thanks  
for the flowers - though no  
indication of whether they  
were via Bess or the ones  
you'd asked him to get!  
Gosh, what a family! I leave  
it to you now to deal with  
that & tell him what to  
do with your check if he's  
not yet used it. He said  
your mother had a slight  
setback "yesterday" (Thurs.)  
but was alright "today".  
That's normal, from what  
I've known of surgical  
cases - the 3<sup>rd</sup> day is just  
about the time when there  
seems to be a setback -  
I don't know why. Your mother  
is fortunate that it is slight.

proportions, together with  
great strength of character.  
This is not to say that any-  
one going through the  
business of an operation  
doesn't rate sympathy,  
→ But you get the idea,  
know, and since any re-  
fection or one member of  
your family is made up for  
by the tribute to another,  
I guess you'll not take  
offense, particularly since  
your own feeling for Eva  
is as deep and as full of  
admiration as it is.

While we're on the mat-  
ter of sympathy → here's  
someone else who really  
deserves some — some.  
She's had another kick  
in the teeth. The psychol-  
ogy course at school has been

I remember Eva's was se-  
vere and intensely painful.  
I still think the doctor's  
point of view toward an-  
aesthesia antiquated — extra  
for an abdominal operation,  
and a local for a nervous  
person. Well, there's nothing  
so worry about now cer-  
tainly, and at this point  
by sympathy, so far as  
your family is concerned, re-  
turns to where it was —  
with Eva, because she's  
absoical where you mother  
complains — my inevitable  
point of view, you see! I  
suspect that it is a tri-  
umph of the spirit too, for  
in temperament she is  
much like you mother —  
nervous, sensitive, & easily  
frightened. But she's more  
intelligent than your mother  
& therefore has a finer sense of

dropped from the curri-  
-culus. That was the one  
thing about her job that  
she really thoroughly en-  
joyed, + it's a bitter blow to  
her. The remedial work  
remains, but the big dif-  
ference in salary made by  
dropping the psych. course  
is made up by putting her  
in charge of a dormitory  
floor — a job very hard  
on the nerves and very  
confusing. Besides, it is de-  
grading, for that sort of job is  
given generally to women  
below the intellectual and  
academic standard of teach-  
ers. She will have a very  
hard year, though everyone  
in the place is full of sym-  
-paty for her. We had  
lunch today in D. Y. + she  
3 spoke of you at some length,  
wishing she might see you.  
She's very fond of you.

Saturday -

24 Sept 1937

Well, sweetheart, how well you did for me these last two days - a letter yesterday and today! I was terribly grateful, too - they were needed.

I'm relieved that you're being so wise about the golf - indeed you should play now while you can - winter will be upon us all too soon.

How careless of father not to have sent you the address - Faraway Tearoom, 540 S. 43<sup>rd</sup> St.

Evidently we are expected to send mail first I expect it will be at least as quick as sending it to the hospital

post her to be out be-  
fore Mrs. D. — though per-  
haps on account of her  
age she won't be.

By the way, you  
air mail letters had not  
been postmarked at all  
so the stamps are un-  
cancelled! Would you  
like them back to  
soak off & use again?

Here's an interesting  
bit of school gossip  
that has enough gen-  
eral interest to men-  
tion something to you. A girl  
I had a few years ago  
— charming and high-  
ly intelligent — has just  
married Ernest Pabbling!  
He's 40 years older than

where they are often slow  
in getting it sorted & de-  
livered. God, you finally  
certainly has got me into  
the letter-writing business  
— what with yourself —  
Eva, toward whom I feel  
both affection & responsi-  
bility, and your mother,  
to whom I try to get  
off something every  
day — not to mention  
Mrs. D.! My own friends  
& relations have to go  
on the board! I'm won-  
dering how long your  
mother will stay in the  
hospital. Whatever the  
operation was precisely,  
it was not a major  
one, so I should ex-

she! She was one of the most mature girls I've ever had, always preferred the company of her elders to that of her contemporaries, and was most deeply interested in the arts - and those who were connected with them. But even so - 40 years is fantastic.

We had a very good day at the fair - relatively quiet as Tommy and Nancy were pretty well tired out from a full day yesterday, letting till is at night from 9 in the morning. I took Joan to see the Maque Charta, so that she might leave it to

remembers — even now  
she was able to under-  
stand a little. Besides,  
it's very effectively set  
— against heavy crim-  
son velvet curtains, flood-  
ed with light in the  
midst of a rather shad-  
owed space. A child is  
quick to respond to that.  
It's a strangely — almost  
dramatically insignificant  
little object when you  
finally get to it — a rather  
gray, not very big, piece  
of parchment, with a great  
deal of terribly fine,  
scrabably writing all over  
it and it really made  
you feel shivery to think  
that in those few square  
inches lay the beginnings  
of human liberty in the

those laughing voices are  
the perfect memorial. The  
right of youth to health,  
freedom + happiness is one  
of the essential treasures  
of a free people. I must  
confess I came home  
feeling more strongly  
than ever that that  
great first step, and  
the long, slow upward  
climb since then must  
not be in vain - that  
they must not go back  
- ethically, at least, to  
the days before that  
fateful document was  
signed by a reluctant  
but frightened King. The  
clause, for instance, about  
the right of a man to be  
tried in an open court  
by a jury of his peers  
before he might be punished

western world - the rights  
of the individual man, the  
rights of the weak against  
the strong. Nearly many  
of the important clauses  
are translated and they  
are pretty impressive -  
the first immense + difficult  
step had been taken,  
from that foundation a  
great structure could  
rise. I've seen that  
meadow by the river  
- alive with the voices  
of English boys and  
girls at play, with  
nothing but the sign  
near the road "Runy-  
mede" to tell you the  
significance of the spot  
- so English, and some-  
how so really right -

for any crime — and think  
what happens to men who  
commit "crimes" against  
the Nazi regime. The many  
limitations imposed upon  
the power of the ruler —  
limitations ignored by  
almost any dictator.

I'm so sorry you  
didn't see it — nor the  
rest of the building — I  
enjoyed it all immensely,  
perhaps partly because  
of my deep love for Eng-  
land — but anyhow,  
you should have seen  
a lot of foreign exhibits  
for they will almost sur-  
ely not be here next year.

Did you see that Charles  
Boyer is in active service  
in France? Too bad to fire  
guns at that sort of thing  
— talent isn't too easily  
replaced.  
With lots and lots of love,  
Sweetie — C



Eva if you like + let her  
work it out! I'll add a  
word to his tomorrow to  
say what I got, for I  
intend to go in on my  
way to school if I don't  
get too jammed. I  
think I'll get a bed.  
Jacket - true, she'll  
never use it afterwards,  
probably (though she might,  
if she had one) but, as  
Sister said when I was  
talking it over with her,  
she has to have one now  
→ one can't wear a long  
thing in bed.

Thanks for the special  
air mail sailing - it  
was thoughtful of you and  
was rather badly needed.  
→ I was really quite  
sunk after the trip to

her with a dressmaker's  
eye! Besides, the current  
fashions in lower-coats  
would be unbecoming to  
her - emphasizing her  
worst points. An absolutely  
tailored dressing gown  
might do or one of the  
oriental garments, which  
are often quite charming  
→ a coolie coat or a  
binono or an abba -  
they're given their fit  
merely by the way you  
wrap yourself into them.  
On the other hand, they  
might make her look  
too bulky unless they  
were very fine silk - +  
a strictly tailored robe  
would be too severe for  
her, so there you are!  
However, suggest it to



Friday -

[22 Sept 1938]

Darling, just,

Back to writing  
on the train again - I'll  
have to get used to it all  
over, I guess - it seems  
harder than I remembered!

Well, I relieved my  
slipping this morning, by  
ditching of getting up at  
dawn, but I know it  
should be done today, so  
I just made myself do it.  
Sister went with me & we  
looked at everything that  
might be appropriate &  
finally settled on a red-  
jacket - hand-crocheted  
lavender wool - as soft  
as a bunny's fur, and I  
thought a shrewd com-  
promise between some-  
thing new & smart & some-

box of deliciously spicy  
bath powder with toilet  
water "to match" - both  
charmingly got up. Sister  
says the nurses use them  
when they rub you after  
your bath and that  
they are very welcome  
gifts. I think Mrs. D.  
would particularly enjoy  
a bit of feminine privacy  
anyhow!

So that's that - I hope  
this all meets your ap-  
proval. I've had no news  
from P. & C. since Tues.  
but suppose things must  
be going all right or I  
should have heard.

Incidentally, Maeyo  
has a new institution  
called the Quilford shop,  
which consists of authentic  
reproductions of early  
American furniture & fur.

thing appropriate to her  
years. It can't help fitting  
for it's soft - it will either  
stretch or cling. We looked  
at lounge-coats, etc. but  
saw nothing that seemed  
to me at all possible - all  
these puffy sleeves + bill  
up shoulders are very  
trying for someone who  
has a short neck + whose  
weight is disproportionately  
in the upper part of her  
body. Of course there must  
be some she could wear  
but I wouldn't dare get  
one without seeing her  
on her! For righties I  
really ought to know  
the size, though I could  
probably make a reason-  
ably successful guess -  
she wouldn't be so fussy  
about the fit as I should.  
For Mrs. D. help we got a

wishings — all made by  
the original processes, etc.  
→ the same sort of things  
as the Williamsburg ones.  
I'm going to look them  
for decanters.

That reminds me —  
have you given Will his  
beer mugs yet? And what  
is his wife like?

→ I had a lovely long  
letter from Eva yester-  
day → she seems en-  
tirely delighted by the  
wedding + the wood —  
she's a very satisfactory  
person to give things to,  
isn't she — there never  
seems to be any reserva-  
tions in her pleasure and  
anything you give seems  
to please.

Hope Tom is out on the  
golf links this heavenly day.  
Loads of love - C.

Wednesday -

1905/4/13/13

Darling -

Still no letter from  
you - oh dear, oh dear -  
how do you expect us to  
get along?! I had a p.c.  
from your father yesterday  
which I managed to de-  
cipher with some difficulty  
but finally achieved -  
of course you've had one,  
too so I won't repeat  
the news. The fact that  
your mother had only  
a local anaesthetic  
makes me think it  
must have been only a  
curtage, after all, so  
she's not had a major  
operation - all to the  
good, I guess. He thanked

two boys of Tommy's  
are delightful and I'm  
immensely fond of them.  
You should have heard  
them talking about the  
war - I was awfully  
impressed. They were ex-  
ceedingly well informed,  
judicial in their point of  
view & intensely interested.  
When I compare it with  
my own point of view  
in 1914, I am ashamed.  
They read so much  
about it & think so  
much about it and  
are so unemotional in  
their judgments.

We got up there in  
time for lunch, spent  
the afternoon getting them

me for writing to Mrs.  
Delp and said how  
very much it pleased  
her! She was terribly  
sick from the ether -  
a surprise to me, for I  
thought good hospitals  
no longer gave ether  
for abdominal operations.  
Of all the people I know  
who've had them in  
recent years, not one  
has been given ether.  
I just had the idea  
of writing Bess to send  
flowers to the hospital  
- it will save the  
telegraph charge, which  
is a good deal for two,  
and I don't think  
she'd mind.

I had a very good  
day yesterday - those

settled + looking over  
the school, then drove  
back at a more leisurely  
pace, dining on the way,  
+ reaching B. Y. shortly  
after eleven. Tommy  
wanted to know all the  
news of Eva - she is so  
genuinely + warmly inter-  
ested - had even con-  
sidered opening Eva's  
house, complete with  
Maggie, while they were  
away the first of the week!  
She didn't do it, because  
she thought E. wouldn't  
want it + would find  
it embarrassing. They  
were in Quebec over the  
Labor Day week end -  
isn't that funny? She  
insisted on taking me to  
dinner last night because  
she said I was doing her

Monday -

Darling Boy,

(182p814225)

Recd. letter of 10/11/48

Such a lamb as you were to send me the wire! I was just getting in a stew because David had been no word from you today, though I'd counted on at least a p.c. - so now you're all serene again.

The enclosure from your mother explains itself - I'm sorry the operation was more serious though not altogether surprising. At least she didn't have the ordeal of a major operation hanging over her head for weeks, but only for a couple of days. It's too bad - she takes it hard, as she does everything, and the nervous shock of such an operation at her age.

Our second thought - probably false - sounds as if it might be only a minor operation.

or whether sending to  
Sanderburg for forwarding  
would be awfully slow.

Today I've spent get-  
ting the house clean &  
in order & then doing some  
shopping - small items  
& very posy - Sister &  
Tom were along & I  
finished off with tea  
down here.

Tomorrow you'll  
probably not hear from  
me at all - I mean I  
shall probably not write,  
for Tommy has invited  
me to drive up to Louis  
with her to take the boys  
to school - up & back  
in one day, so it will  
be a long one. But it  
will be very pleasant  
- the company is ex-

and with her temperament  
will take a long, long  
time to recover from. But  
by now - 8 o'clock at  
night - it's all over &  
over enough so that to  
safety over, since there  
has been no word to the  
contrary. Anyhow, with  
her items gone, she'll  
be safe from the most  
dangerous & most fre-  
quent source of cancer  
in women & that is  
much to be thankful  
for. What she says of  
Mrs. D. is pretty vague,  
isn't it, leaving one with  
no definite idea of just  
what's up. I've not  
heard from "Pa" & feel  
in a grand way about  
where to send a letter,  
- whether the hospital  
address given is enough

cellent and the car con-  
fortable and - it will be  
a whole day - dawn  
so dark - when I shall  
not be lonely!

Hugh is knocking off  
his disease quite quickly  
& + no one else has  
symptoms yet, so I  
guess it's not going to  
be like last winter.

I notice that a Ger-  
man paper from Berlin to the  
Times says the Germans  
are worried by the U.S.S.R.  
invasion of Poland - afraid  
of being double-crossed,  
after all. I don't know  
whether there's any cause  
for it, but it's interesting,  
anyhow. What does Witt  
think of this war?

Dearest Love,  
C.

Please read your kind address & we  
will get out my mail, too.

Landenberg, Pa.  
Sept. 16, 1939

Dear Laurence -

It was so good to get your letter  
this afternoon on our return from Phil.  
It was so thorough & full of you to remember  
Mrs D. and me at this very trying time  
and we both appreciate it and thank you.  
I have been thinking of you to-day, in relation  
the other very pressing thoughts in my mind  
and I know you are Landenberg after his de-  
parture - yes, we will look forward to the holi-  
days for a happy re-union.

We got started Friday before 9 am. and  
did not hurry - came down a new way to  
all of us so it was more enjoyable but got hotter  
each mile - it is quite warm to-day - we  
reached here 5.30 & found Mrs Delf's sister &  
her husband glad to welcome us with open  
arms. This is a typical farm home with lovely  
views - and such a restful atmosphere!  
We left for Phil. to see the Specialists at  
about 9.30 - we all had an examination.  
Mrs D's case is not so bad in some respects  
but worse in others. I had a complete X-ray  
(The back is osteoporotic, 48% of St. Phil.)

Since for my trouble comes mainly from  
the uterus and this will be an entirely dif-  
ferent kind of operation unless the doctor's  
fears are shattered after the diagnosis is  
made. We must go again Sunday after-  
noon and we have arranged for Mrs D.  
+ me to be together in a 2 bed room so  
we can "looli" each other. Pa will stay  
in a private home nearby + see us every day.  
We will probably have to be here 4 or 5 weeks  
tho' not as long as that in the hospital. The  
operations will take place probably at  
8 or 9 am. Monday the 15<sup>th</sup> - I'll tell Pa  
to send you a card when possible. He can re-  
port. I fear it is going to be hard on him but  
he says not - he will see Phil as he never has  
before. He had a treatment to-day for his head  
+ is going to have more tho' the doctor doesn't  
claim a cure. He is a fine man + we are well  
pleased. I haven't lost my nerve yet. He calls  
my operation a prophylactic or preventative one.  
I feel I am no better than other women who  
have had to go thro' similar experiences. I will  
send a card to Geo about our safe arrival here +  
you can send him this letter if you think best.  
Love mother.



ent way to have dinner  
at home, with Hugh in  
bed in one room + Joan  
in the other, so we decided  
to go out. Roger, who  
was invited for 7, arrived  
at 8:10! We went over  
to the German American  
for dinner, ate roast beef +  
drank beer - & tried to  
keep the conversation  
going, which is about  
like dragging a bunch  
down the block. You  
see - a day that just  
sort of went down.

Yesterday was lovely,  
though - the country  
was beautiful, the  
day a summer one, and  
the atmosphere serene  
and peaceful. We sat  
on the grass, walked in

lins, and is only too  
likely to result in the  
whole family's coming  
down. Then this after-  
noon Sister + I were  
taking Joan to see  
Robin Hood at the modern  
Museum, but got there  
only to find that every  
seat was taken - &  
that 15 minutes before  
it began, too. So we  
went to a news reel &  
everyone was feeling  
disappointed as it  
wasn't too entertaining.  
Then we went back  
to 17<sup>1/2</sup> St. where I'd  
been invited for dinner.  
In the meantime Roger  
Lutton had called up +  
been invited to dinner.  
There seemed no con-  
-

the woods, bathed + read  
+ finished off by going to  
sea at the place along  
the road they'd pointed  
out the week before -  
remember? It's a simply  
+ charming place and  
the food absolutely super  
and not expensive.  
There was a little garden  
just the kind I love  
looking, very English  
circular plot of  
lawn with one nice old  
apple tree on it - in  
center, the circle inscribed  
in a square, defined by  
a cedar hedge, and the  
corners filled in with  
flowers which contin-  
ued down the sides of  
the square. It's as pri-  
vate as a room - inti-  
mate, and yet sufficiently

to me is what you  
a lion and his  
- it could be  
Dear  
to you  
but you  
thought  
we  
good  
with  
salami

Saturday -

(17 Sept 1932)

Sweetheart,

Patricia sadly

picks up my pen to begin

the old pattern again.

There is no comforting

feeling of communica-

tion with you - but that's

not enough to make

up for the loss of

your presence. How

strong and how vital

your personality is I

realize tonight more

than ever before, after

three months of leaving

it always with me.

The house seems so

quiet, so empty - as

if five people were gone.

realize how infinitely precious  
to me. I should be thanking  
you for this

when she's in the hospital.  
Do you want me to have  
flowers wired or to send  
her some other sort of gift  
such as a book? I thought  
of a bed jacket - one of the  
traditional gifts - but she'll  
be in bed so short a time  
compared to a major  
operation + I doubt if  
she'd ever use it again.  
A house coat is no use in  
bed + I shouldn't out-  
wise to guess at size, any-  
how - besides doubling I  
could get one readily  
made to really become  
her. Perhaps you have  
plans of your own, but  
anyhow, let me know  
right away! I'd like to  
send something to her.  
Help, too - do you prefer  
to share or not?  
of any hoping this will

not one! You have filled  
this place so with yourself  
and it seems strangely  
empty without you. I  
expect I shall get  
used to it in time, but  
I'm not yet. For a while  
I shall be just plain  
miserable with loneliness  
for which there seems  
no cure, only assuage-  
ment - like having  
a pain that can be  
eased by drugs, but  
the fundamental cause  
of which remains un-  
touched.

But quietly - before I  
forget it as I have for-  
gotten it half a dozen times  
in the last days - what  
do you want me to do  
about gifts for your mother

reach E. Lansing, the day  
 you do. But I don't  
 suppose it will. If you  
 had left earlier or had  
 not gone to Com. I'd have  
 got it off this morning -  
 but the opportunity to cut  
 a large piece off the first  
 lonely, empty day was  
 too much for me. This is  
 the first time I've been  
 alone since Peter's death,  
 and so in a sense the  
 first time I really come  
 to grips with my life  
 without her. My great  
 help, my darling, is the  
 sense of renewed faith  
 in you that the last two  
 weeks have brought me.  
 I do need it so terribly,  
 my precious - to be in love  
 with you again & to have  
 you in love with me so  
 that there may be some  
 assurance for me but the as-  
 surance of loss - resignation  
 of seem unable to achieve.

I'm not  
 sure  
 I can  
 write  
 this  
 down  
 but  
 I  
 must  
 try  
 to  
 do  
 it  
 as  
 well  
 as  
 I  
 can  
 I  
 don't  
 know  
 if  
 you  
 will  
 see  
 it  
 but  
 I  
 must  
 try  
 to  
 do  
 it  
 as  
 well  
 as  
 I  
 can  
 I  
 don't  
 know  
 if  
 you  
 will  
 see  
 it  
 but  
 I  
 must  
 try  
 to  
 do  
 it  
 as  
 well  
 as  
 I  
 can

Thursday

[154481931]

Dearest

I guess my inquiry about just when you were coming, must have reached you by telepatry before it did by mail - since it was so neatly answered in your letter that reached here today. I can now get the theatre tickets for Ribba. Your trip to Hurn Harbor sounded delightful. Who + what is Port. Scott - other than being a widower and an excellent host - what field does her room in? Sorry you didn't get into the main library - but it'll give you a reason for going again. And I am still mystified by the magician - why, when visiting a

know if anything should be done. I'd so recently you had your glasses changed that it shouldn't be necessary again unless those were wrong.

I listened to the Pope's funeral this morning - the broadcasting was very well done so that it really was a visual as well as an auditory experience. I'm sorry he's dead - he was a man of good will, and there are too few of them in high places. His power and influence were used almost entirely toward ends which all right-thinking men and women must have at heart. He was what he should be and what popes not always are - a spiritual leader and a passionate exponent of the Christian way of life. I

neighboring university go to a magician show? I was amused by your account of how you try to figure out the tricks - I'm just the same about detective stories - that is, I have to try & figure them out. But if I succeed my ambitious one mixed - I'm unple that I could do it, but disappointment at not getting the surprise.

About your eyes - I think it would be well for you to go to my oculist when you are here - it may be that you simply have weak eyes & that they will always bother you somewhat when you're overworking them - or it may be a wholly nervous phenomenon. But I'd find out what I could, if I were you, and it would be worth your while to go to an absolutely first class man - even if at least you'll

really wished you were here  
to listen with me - just be-  
cause it was so beautiful.  
The music you will be able  
to imagine - ancient chants  
sung by, I suppose, one  
of the most perfect choirs  
in the world - floating up  
into the great dome till  
it must have seemed the  
air was filled with the  
singing of celestial choirs.  
The only sound that  
accompanied them was  
the tolling of the great  
bells - deep-throated,  
rich, measured, resonant  
- against it the voices  
seemed even more fragile  
and heavenly. But even  
had you been here you  
couldn't see it as I could,  
for you've never been in  
Rome, nor stood in St. Peter's  
thru which there is no more

magificent setting for splen-  
did ritual. It is an inter-  
ior so vast that it has almost  
lost the character of an in-  
terior and becomes imperis-  
oned space. There is no more  
striking example of the dra-  
matic discrepancy between  
the physical size and power  
of man, and the products of  
his mind. That little, sick-  
ly body — already that of  
an old man, the pinched,  
marred visage — and then  
the soaring imagination  
that conceived those mighty  
harmonies composed of  
vast spaces, colossal vol-  
umes — unsurpassable, de-  
fying time and decay —  
stone placed on stone under  
the direction of that lofty  
creative imagination, though  
the body that held that  
mind would so soon be  
a handful of dust in a

little church in Florence.  
Well this seems to have  
turned into a letter about  
Michelangelo! But how can  
one write otherwise of any-  
thing that happens on that  
spot? Even the splendid gold  
& blue 16<sup>th</sup> century uniforms  
of those magnificent spec-  
imens of humanity - the  
Swiss Guard - were designed  
by Michelangelo! And in the  
Sistine Chapel where the  
body of the Pope lay till it  
was taken to St. Peter's -  
you cannot write of Rome  
without writing of Michel-  
angelo - those nervous,  
powerful hands left a  
stronger imprint on the  
eternal city than any of  
the Caesars.

At 1/2 after midnight - of the  
still dishes to wash, etc. for  
you to go to bed - so we  
were, my sweet - except  
a Valentine heart full of love -  
C.

Wednesday -

Sweetest,

Again I've not mailed  
you yesterday's letter - I  
mean the letter for you - but  
I just couldn't make it - no  
time. When I got into the  
lower level lobby I still  
had about 30 records & the  
mail box was at the store  
and - I didn't have time!  
Such a time as I had this  
morning. Someone from school  
called us up and asked me  
if I'd get some theatre  
tickets, so of course I said  
I would & thought it would  
be a fine time to get the  
ones for Rika and me as the  
two theatres were right back  
to back - a block apart. I  
started out 40 minutes be-  
fore I normally do, thinking  
that would be much more  
than enough time. I took

came, but packed with  
people. By that time 25  
minutes of my spare time  
was gone. Finally a train  
came in & I got on - spent  
the time as I rode figuring  
whether to get out at  
6<sup>th</sup> Ave. or Times Sq. (which  
is really 41<sup>st</sup> St.) - finally  
settled on 6<sup>th</sup> Ave. because  
it would be easier to run  
on than 8<sup>th</sup> Ave. - and did  
I run - like a hare - up  
6<sup>th</sup> Ave. + across 46<sup>th</sup> St.  
- ignoring lights, leaping  
between taxis & trucks,  
finally getting there, waiting  
my turn at the window,  
getting the tickets at 2:00  
- the train went at 2:11!  
I boarded a passing  
taxi - and prayed. And  
as you see God listened  
- I don't know why -  
I should hardly think

the B. M. T. so I could get  
out at 47<sup>th</sup> St. (or 46<sup>th</sup>  
St. Theatre. You remember  
you have to change at Queens  
Plaza for a Manhattan train?  
Well, the Manhattan train was  
there, but with the doors  
closed. So I waited - and  
waited - and the crowd be-  
gan piling up, & then Third-  
Avenue train came in  
& more & more people got off  
them. Finally they announced  
there'd be no more N. Y. train  
for an indefinite period &  
we'd all have to change  
to the G. R. T. So we all  
streamed down the stairs  
& through the gate - where  
there was a terrible jam & we  
crept along inch by inch.  
Finally I got out, & over  
to the G. R. T. entrance,  
up those stairs & onto the  
platform - empty, of course  
- so far as trains were con-

He would - to me. But I  
didn't get the tickets for  
me - a nuisance.

It is now hours late &  
Din on my way home. When  
I left home this morning  
the temperature was 60 + there  
was a drenching rain - just  
to make things go heads!  
I wore a silk dress & my  
least heavy coat. When  
I left school tonight I  
found I had to walk down  
the hill in the teeth of a  
blizzard - the thermometer  
had dropped more than  
30 degrees. The rain changed  
to snow & there was a terrific  
wind. By the time I reached  
the station I was chilled  
to the bone & my face felt  
as if some creature had  
been gnawing on it,  
Gosh, what a day!  
Pounds of love, my angel  
C.

Friday -

[17 June 1939]

Darling -

I don't know  
how to say what I have  
to tell you - it seems so  
unbearable when it's put  
into words on paper. Rita  
died Tuesday night. They  
tried to get Sister all  
day Wed. so that she  
could tell us, but of  
course she was at the  
hospital with Tom +  
it wasn't until late  
that night that a telegram  
finally reached her. So  
it was not until very  
early yesterday morning  
that I heard, when  
Sister came over to tell  
us. I thought of send -

course, but Riha was gone before she got there.

I can't talk about it, darling - it is, in a way, the worst thing that has ever happened to me, for my father's death I was in a sense braced for, since he was a generation older. Riha I expected to have with me the rest of my life. I have told you she was more like Dad than anyone else I have ever known, and so she was. There is no need to say anything more - nor could I, if I wished, for it is beyond words to describe what she was or what she meant to me. Nothing will ever be the same again.

I am staying over the week - and - the very

ing you a telegram, but it seemed foolish - there was nothing you could do, and it's so hard a way of telling things. Arthur drove Sister + me to Pine Bush yesterday for the funeral, while Hugh stayed with Tom, who was just home from the hospital.

I don't know yet what happened - Connie offered to tell me yesterday, but both of us were too overwrought - I told her to wait. I suppose it was her heart or a blood clot. This much I do know, that she fainted, as she was getting ready for bed, and never recovered consciousness. So she never knew, thank God, thank God. They called Connie at once, &

days that Pilsa would  
have been here - with  
Sister, who is deeply hurt  
herself, but concerned only  
to help us.

Darling, I expect I  
shall not write again  
- there is nothing to  
write about. I shall be  
expecting you on Friday  
- if you should fail to  
get me at home, call  
me at Sister's (Granery, 3-  
1473).

Dearest love -  
C.

Thursday -

(9 June 39)

Dublin -

I'm writing this  
late at night in Yubers.  
Everyone else is in bed & I  
should be, for I had a  
very short night last  
night & leave me long  
drive ahead of me to-  
morrow. But I got so  
sushed today that I  
got no letters written &  
& simply had to get  
something off to you & to  
Pina. I want get off the  
morning, but at least  
it is written on what  
is technically Thursday!  
Yesterday I took Toay  
to see "Elephant Boy"  
just a bit on the  
seamy side for her, but  
I think she enjoyed  
it plenty to make up

restraint and dignity that  
the whole thing becomes  
large + symbolic - so  
passes man - a handful of  
ashes in the wind.

Goodness, the Castrovos  
aren't rich - the word  
"boat" evidently misled  
you. The thing is small,  
& propelled by oars, - in  
other words a common or  
garden row-boat. The  
place where they live  
is not at all grand - a  
suburban contractor's  
house - better than some,  
perhaps, but simple.  
He doesn't make enough  
to keep even that going,  
but she has enough of  
an income so that they  
manage. He was trained  
as a lawyer - a number  
of degrees + honours - evi-  
dently a brilliant man

for the scene, and of  
course I was thrilled to  
have an excuse to see  
it again. It's such a  
beautiful picture. No other  
living thing is so wa-  
jestic as an elephant  
& I have never seen an  
elephant so splendid  
as that one. Sometime  
you must see it. There  
are some really mirac-  
ulously perfect moments  
in it, as when little  
Toumai stoops + picks  
up a handful of his  
father's ashes, after the  
pyre is burned out hold-  
ing them in his palm,  
gazing sorrowfully at  
them; then with a quick  
movement blowing  
them into the wind.  
All done in pantomime,  
of course, with perfect  
timing, & with such



Sunday-

25 June 1939

Angel

You'd never guess where  
I am - out in Sarcelmont!  
Did I tell you about the  
Castroveros who were mem-  
bers of last week's house  
party? Well, he's Italian,  
she American - yes, I did  
tell you, I'm sure, for I can  
remember telling you he'd  
left Italy because he  
loved liberty + knew he'd  
never leave - to me, well,  
she invited me here for  
the week-end - maybe I  
did tell you that, too, but  
this week has been so  
 hectic I don't know what  
I've said or done.

Well, anyhow, here I  
am + having a swell  
time. Arthur's sister Jane

landing float. So this  
afternoon, when it finally  
cleared off after a rainy  
night + morning, Angelo,  
Arthur + I climbed into  
boat + went out into the  
harbor + then into the  
Sound, though we rounded  
around almost at once.

The harbor is simply  
beautiful - the landlocked  
sound, with long arms  
running out on either  
side, filled with mag-  
nificent trees + crowing  
toward each other. That  
makes it, of course, ideal,  
so there are innumerable  
boats. I've never seen  
so many different kinds  
of pleasure boats in my  
life before. And Angelo  
knew what they all were,  
which was rather fun, but  
that I shall remember any

lives in Larchmont, too -  
that's where we stayed  
last Tuesday night - and  
he's out there - or over here -  
for the week-end, so it's  
much the same crowd  
as it was last week, with  
the addition of a few  
natives. I have had a  
great deal to drink, met  
and learned to know some  
new people, and come to  
know much better the  
ones I knew before. We  
didn't "do" things any  
more than last week -  
we talked endlessly in  
stead, danced a little,  
walked a little, ate a  
lot, and went out once  
onto the Sound in a boat.  
The Castrovos have a  
house on an inlet from  
the harbor with their own

of it, but it added by the  
pleasure of the moment. There  
was everything from a  
kayak up to the most  
magnificent steam yacht  
which is like a small liner.  
Boats are such beautiful  
things, aren't they?

But it was the people  
that were the most fun,  
as always. T. S. (my  
brother-in-law - real name, I  
think) is simply a grand  
person. We had a long  
talk this morning, & she  
let down her hair com-  
pletely which of course I  
just love - both for the build-  
up it gives me to be con-  
fided in and for the endless  
fascination of looking deep  
into another person's life.  
That's what makes life  
really exciting - knowing  
more & more people better &  
better. Loads of love, darling.

Friday -  
Darius,

Friday -

[3 June 1939]

Again - it's much  
later than I expected -  
not so late as last  
night, but I'm more  
tired, so I sleep with  
- much.

Do you saw the "White  
Steed" - the east you  
name is not at all bad,  
though I shouldn't ex-  
pect Wifford name to be  
equal to the role of the  
Canon Wesley Adley (poor  
he was Maurice Evans  
(Hobson) night. I imagine  
be better than the U. Y.  
schoolmaster - however,  
the park is a wacky one  
to play - wealthiness &  
negativity are pretty

of human beings.

As for the anti-Catholicism battle, since you brought it up - did you notice Mr. Carroll's remarks, put into the mouth of the canon (who is obviously his own spokesman) to the effect that Shough. Messy belonged in Glasgow, not in Dublin - His attitude toward human beings was that of a Scotch Presbyterian, not a Roman Catholic. Sure a large part of the church is run by his kind - so is a large part of every human institution because his kind are positive, determined & strong & they consequently get themselves into a position to run things, and as for that kind of priest

unachievable - it's the positive qualities that carry across the page. The U. Y. Nora was so magnificently done that by sheer force of contrast she gave the other part life so long as they were on the stage together.

As for what the play was aiming at - I'm not sure it was perfectly clear in Mr. Carroll's mind - just as I felt about "Shadow & Substance". There are several pretty clearly presented conflicts but which is the conflict? And what is their relation to each other? The play is somewhat amorphous, but written with strong feeling and a penetrating knowledge of character as well as a warm love

gaining more and more  
power, which you say hurt  
"knowers" (the underlining is  
yours + unworthy of you) &  
should be very much sur-  
prised if that were not true  
- I cannot think of many  
institutions in which his  
kind are not gaining more  
& more ground - & that goes  
for churches, educational,  
political, social & all other  
kinds of institutions. This is  
the era of power & intolerance  
- you know that, my dear,  
& know better than to join  
the "antis" whether they're  
anti-Semites or anti-Catho-  
lics. You sometimes say  
ridiculous things but they  
are really emotional out-  
bursts - your mind is better  
than that. It's hard to really  
break away from a back-  
ground of religious intolerance  
- hard for you & for him, but

Thursday -

2 June 1939

Angel -

Another very long day  
- that is, it's about one  
and five really very tired.  
I spent all the early  
part of the day with Leone  
and her troubles. She's  
pretty tired + overwrought  
+ immensely discouraged,  
I don't see how she can  
be any thing else. You  
must add her to the list  
along with Risha + Eva.  
And at the top of the list  
should be Betty Safford. If  
you had seen her last  
week - + seen the place  
where she lives - + ~~seen~~  
contemplated her future,  
you'd put her near you-  
self. She is a person of  
whom I really feel that  
life has so little to offer  
that she would probably  
be better dead.

was time I pulled myself together & really faced the situation. So I did - legs & all! It is repulsive, but I got through. There was only one really bad moment when I found a head that had been inadvertently left in!

We played bridge till they left at 11:30 & then I read a long letter that must be written to Kiba, for I am possibly going to Hartford to be with her next week. So you see I am late, late, late - & the dishes are still to be done.

I wonder how your long day of golf was - left you pretty tired. I expect goodness, it's a jummy picture - for as a golf enthusiast I still can't believe my

Did you - a sudden leap of subject - ever hear what I & Jack & Rebecca finally decided to sail? It's this Saturday. So, it's this terrible? I wrote her ages ago asking her to let me know & she never answered. I meant to write again, but simply have not had the time. I have to think of this going with us gift from us.

Well, to come back to my day - the afternoon went to getting dishes ready for Sister, Hugh, & Arthur, & cooked shrimp for the first time in my life - real ones! Such courage & rarely display they're so much better than canned ones & so cheap - I decided it

Wednesday -

[31-May-1939]

Darling,

Yes, I shipped - & shipped! Does my conscience bite? Well, yes - but still I bet on you for the year leaves you well ahead!

The week-end was simply mad & hectic - a big house-party with a lot of extra people coming & going. The house is large & ancient & fabulous - there are no servants & we all sort of clubbed together on the work - got it done, too, somehow or other. There was a great deal of food & a great deal of liquor & a great deal of company. The countryside is heavenly as of course you know -

Have they fixed it! at  
which you literally met  
witnesses + plumbers. The  
plumber, incidentally - the  
only one in the village - is  
also the village drunk! The  
effect on the plumbing is  
what you might expect,  
but everyone is so fond  
of him that they all just  
put up with it - he's  
just so amiable! There's  
a couple - the Canadian, the  
German - who are trying  
to make a go of getting  
back to the land. I /  
the appearance of them-  
selves + their house is  
any indication, they're  
fighting a losing battle.  
She, particularly, looks  
as if her soil were un-  
ceasing - + unremunerative.

Dutchess County near Mill-  
Brook - rolling, beautiful  
hills, lakes + woods. We  
were outdoors practically  
every minute except when  
we were asleep + when  
it was pouring, which it  
did intermittently for 50%  
minutes at a time. The  
people were fascinating as  
studies in personality be-  
cause almost all of them  
are terribly poor, but  
educated + sophisticated.  
The rest are rich or middle  
people from the city who  
have country places + the  
two kinds mix with  
complete success! There  
was one huge party, held  
by some of the latter group  
at an old mill which  
they have fixed over (and

Dearest Lou, and  
among them  
me  
writing to

five. And yet she sits  
down & talks with you  
with intelligence & charm.  
I wished over & over I were  
a writer - I could have  
gathered material for ten  
books. Every one of those  
people is in some ways  
a "character" & these  
they are all thrown into  
the big pudding. Maybe it's  
a sort of microcosm of  
our native land!  
Thanks, darling, for the  
information about the  
Fournier series. I shall pass  
it on to Hal & we will  
hold in reserve the part  
that wants to talk to  
you about them.

I'll write you more to-  
morrow, how the snatching  
the time from a tea party  
is leaving for a few "episodes"  
- myself & home, who is

Wednesday -

26 May 1937

Well, sweetie - in my excitement I left out the clipping yesterday, so here it is.

I am now in a state of upset for I've just had a telephone call from Rika - she began by asking me if I were going to be here this week-end + I said I wasn't, for Jim invited us to Arthur's for over the holiday. Then she said she was coming to D.C. because she has to have an operation in a couple of weeks + she thought the only way to handle her mother on the subject was to tell her herself. Jim simply in state, for it seems terrible

but that will be stonier  
— she will, under that sur-  
face, take it hard + I am  
terribly distressed. Besides,  
she is pretty hard pressed  
for money, as you know, +  
these things are not cheap,  
at the best. Rika could no  
more stand being in the  
room with someone else  
than Leone could or I  
could + there will be the  
surgeon to pay — of course  
he will not be exorbitant  
but whatever he charges  
will be more than she  
can afford. She values  
such a beating, anyhow  
— it will make me mis-  
erable.

Well, the party was an  
immense success — I don't  
think we've ever had one  
quite so much so. Leone

was to be here when I could  
be doing her some good  
but I had told her I was  
going to Arthur's before  
she told me why she  
was coming + she simply  
wouldn't hear of my  
breaking it. I am very  
much distressed — not so  
much about that so about  
the whole business, though,  
for the price is too high, both  
in cash + nervous strength.  
It's not, I judge, a ser-  
ious operation, though she  
had little time to tell me  
anything over the tel-  
ephone, but she expects  
to be in the hospital only  
5 days to a week + then  
a convalescent home for  
another 10 days or so.  
She will not utter one  
word of complaint or fear,

issued out of place - but  
then, alcohol is a great  
leveler - + everyone had  
a good time - there was  
no noticeable exit bill  
nearly 10! I wish you'd  
been here to see how  
you'd leave it, I  
though I think you  
would leave, for I think  
you'd leave been carried  
along on the general us-  
sue, which was con-  
siderable. Of course you  
might leave you con-  
frary-minded + refused  
to be carried! What do  
you think? Most of the  
people you don't know  
- but the Desme's  
were there + Frederique  
Petrides + Olive Olio, who  
asked me if you'd looked

up her friends. I produced  
the best alibi I could man-  
age on the spur of the  
moment, but did not  
say you were leaving for  
too much for playing  
golf to bother!

Hal Little, or was she  
brought with her, Ernest  
Whitworth, Olive, her brother  
John (did you ever meet him?)  
Florence Scully (" " her?)

Charley Dozey (was at Frank's  
giving dinner at Mildred's  
the time you were here) &  
all went on afterwards  
to get something to eat -  
& that was the end. I felt  
very let down leaving it  
over. It was one of those  
times when everything  
jelled perfectly - I was  
just in the right mood for  
being a social success  
with out effort, if you know

unaccustomed" exercises. She,  
to the great pride of the  
family, got a medal for  
swimming! It was the  
only medal of any sort  
to go below the 4<sup>th</sup> grade,  
so you can imagine! She  
marched up + got it with  
the greatest aplomb +  
dignity, but said after-  
wards that "her blood  
got all lop-sided" -  
which is a pretty good  
description of that feeling!  
Then Sister + Hugh went  
off to a lunch date + I  
took Joan to lunch, then  
back to the house where  
I read papers till tea-  
time. Then Sister, Joan,  
+ I went to Betty Safford's  
for tea. Remember her -  
the girl who did Joan's  
head, + who was here

what I mean, my new  
dress was just right, the  
people were just the ones  
I enjoyed plinking or fool-  
ing with - the evening  
just swam, from begin-  
ning to end.

But the next day was  
frantic (this letter is being  
written in bits + pieces on  
a number of days) - some  
errands had to be done  
to be ready for a country  
week-end, there was wash-  
ing, ironing, a couple of  
dresses to shorten + add  
the time papers - I  
read papers even while  
I ate! Just an exhaust-  
ing day with very little  
sleep at the end.

Thursday I was up at  
dawn to over to Sister's  
to go to Joan's "com-

That last time you saw  
Dad? She's a tragic figure,  
poor child - or perhaps a  
terribly pitiful one - half-  
sick, desperately poor, un-  
successful - a human  
derelict. I came away ter-  
ribly depressed, as I always  
do after seeing her. Her  
appearance grows more  
more fantastic & she lives  
literally in a slum - or at  
least a tenement, though  
it's in the E. River district  
& therefore only moderately  
slummy.

Then I went to Sister's  
for more papers, then  
dinner, then bridge, then  
home.

Today - Friday - was  
my last day at school &  
was busy with a thou-  
sand last things to be  
done.  
And that's all for now ex-  
cept bullets of love - E.

Monday -

(23 May 1921)

Darling,

What a letter this will be! None from you to answer which always cramps my style, nothing done all day but sewing like mad & that's hardly a topic which I can expect you to find absorbing. And as for my thoughts - well, I was figuring out what I'd need for clothes this summer & trying to organize my next few days - or maybe it's weeks. I don't know quite why this always happens in the spring but it certainly does - time folds up like an

in it for you than for me  
— such as automobiles,  
information, in all its ram-  
pifications — tires, gas, oil,  
etc.

I haven't written to  
you mother yet — oh  
dear, I meant to but  
simply have not had  
the time for any but  
letters to you & a few  
others that simply had  
to be done — not just  
conversational ones, but  
answers to important  
questions, etc. I sup-  
pose there will be some  
sort of forwarding  
address if I write to  
Coxsackie.

accordion & what looked  
like a lot turns out to be  
very little. I am invari-  
ably in a jam at this  
point & certainly this  
year is no exception. I  
shall presently have to  
begin drawing on the  
night for less amusing  
things than conversation.

About the Consumers  
Union — I don't think I  
ever answered you — or  
did I? Yes the electric  
steam is one one later  
than 1936 so that's no  
use. I thought the sub-  
scrip- called from Rehoboth  
— might & again might  
be of use, or anyhow, interest.  
As for drawing the sub-  
scription in my name —  
do you really think that's  
a good idea? It seems as  
if there might be more

Tuesday -

At that point my iron got hot & I abandoned the letter, intending to finish it before I went to bed, but I didn't get to bed till after one, & was really very tired, so I just left it to finish today. Now I am squeezing in a few lines before I start for Sister's.

Thanks for all the "Best wishes" (what a funny formal phrase for you to use - was it meant for a job? I expect it was.) for the party - I think it will be a success, but I do wish you were here. I'd like you to see how

delightful or coquetish  
party can be. You wouldn't  
like all the people at it  
but a lot of them you  
would. Besides, we need  
another man!

By the way, that  
reminds me by a train  
of thought I'll not stop  
to describe, that Hal has  
a friend who knows quite  
a lot about mathematics  
& music - that is, about  
their relations to each  
other - & is eager to  
meet you. Hal says  
every time she sees  
him, he says "When  
are you going to meet  
that husband of that  
friend of yours?" &  
is much disappointed  
when that husband of

to be either inaccurately reported or reported to be discoveries when they are only experiments. I have too often seen the contempt with which medical men greet that sort of thing. You don't really believe it, do you? It smells of the fabulous to me.

But it distresses me that you find it so alluring. I wish you would really make the effort to acquire a technique of relaxation instead of going about in this incessant state of high tension. That's why you're so tired, why such an idea as that seems so attractive → you never really rest. It shouldn't

that journal remains so unavailable. What, in that connection, is a series that has a name beginning with F + sounds vaguely like "Fournier"? He keeps mentioning it + Hal, being young + self-conscious, doesn't like to admit she doesn't know what he's talking about so doesn't ask him! I said I'd call you + you'd be sure to know.

Yes, I read about the cold storage for humans but I'd have to know a lot more before I believed it — or at least believed it as told. I know too well that "sensational medical discoveries" as reported in the press often turn out

Be at you are that  
days + days of sleep  
seem like something  
devoutly to be desired.  
You could learn to be less  
tense, + I wish to good-  
ness you would feel it  
worth the effort. You'd  
be a much happier +  
better adjusted person.  
Now I must go - I'm  
late already + the others  
will be getting the work  
done without my help  
→ not such a bad idea,  
either!

Loads of love, sweetie.

C.

Saturday -

(25 May 1931)

Angel -

I don't think I ever  
said how sorry I am that  
Eva didn't get the Newark  
job. It would be a great  
relief to know she had  
one and I did hope terribly  
that that would come to  
something. Well, perhaps  
the next one will.

I think it's swell that  
he & his wife will be in N. Y.  
this summer. You're very  
eager to know him & to  
see what sort of girl he's  
marrying. Your remarks  
about him were really  
the first you've ever made  
about him - that is, his  
personality apart from the  
facts of his life - except  
for talking me about the  
matter of his refusal to

you choose to be really  
fond of me always write  
it. You don't write much  
about them, though. You  
know, so - it's hard for me  
to have a very clear picture  
of personalities. What you  
tell me of them is almost  
entirely pure narrative.  
So when you go so far as  
a list of 5 adjectives - 3  
of them dealing with his  
personality - I am really  
quite dazzled!

I am almost wondering  
if you're doing too much  
golf. You seem to think  
of almost nothing else. Is  
that what keeps you  
awake? I keep remem-  
bering how narrow you  
get the minute you begin  
to play bridge. It seems  
as if you ought to be  
able to control that so that

marry a Catholic, that  
being an offense against one  
of the primary articles of the  
creed in which I was raised  
has, I admit, prejudiced me  
- both for its own intolerance  
+ for one's willingness to  
not only accept but de-  
mand that sacrifice from  
a woman. Generosity of  
spirit seems to me a very  
fundamental virtue and  
it would appear that he  
did not possess it. Per-  
haps that's just his blind  
spot. I suppose it is not  
often that one is brought  
up in an atmosphere of  
great intolerance with-  
out leaving some of it  
left. When I know him  
I shall undoubtedly get a  
lot to set off against that  
and shall like him. I  
like people easily and I  
do know that the people

a game you enjoy does not  
produce that extreme state  
of tension. I think you  
probably could if you really  
tried - but if the golf  
does the same thing to  
you, then you must try,  
for it will wear you out,  
& don't think you should  
stop playing - only  
learn to loosen, not  
tighten your nerves. It's  
good for your game, too  
- high nervous tension  
is bad for any physical  
skill. God knows I don't  
want you to stop - I think  
it is in so many ways  
very good for you. You  
say you're "stingy when  
it comes to spending money  
for sheer pleasure" - well,  
I wouldn't put it so stop-  
pily as stingy, but there is  
a streak of asceticism in

you of which that is a part &  
while that can serve itself.  
but ends if it is kept under  
your control, it's a dangerous  
thing for it sets you apart  
from the normal average  
run of human being which  
is, as I know you recog-  
nize, something, no teach-  
er has any right to do,

Sunday -

Your special has just  
come - thanks for sending  
it. Your letters trouble me  
somewhat these days -  
they seem perfunctory &  
mechanical, without interest  
in what goes on in my  
mind or desire to tell  
me what goes on in  
yours. Probably you see  
the reflection of that in  
mine to you - I find  
that a difficult sort of  
letter to answer. I won-

Besides, if you were here, you'd be one of the hosts, along with Hugh & Arthur, + you'd be so busy looking after your guests both physically + spiritually that you'd have no time to be a blabber, wet or dry!

I am practically busy trying to get a new dress finished + still have time for my social life! There is also a little detail like getting papers read. It's some difficulty in knowing whether it's going or coming, but it's leaving a grand time. This afternoon I go to the fair for the first time - with Sister, Hugh, + a visiting preacher. The weather is only so-so, but

des again, as I did yesterday, if you're not taking your golf too hard, so that its wholesome effect is cancelled by its nervous strain. Do you ever make a conscious + determined effort to take things more easily? It seems such a pity to waste your energies so. You have much more than you think you have, but you use them all up in tension instead of fruitfully - at least, you do much of the time.

Of course you'd not be a wet blabber at the party - not unless you chose to be, anyhow! You can be as gracious + entertaining as anyone when you want to be.

floods of love  
year  
but the  
visual  
not the  
architecture  
and  
year

we are pleased as it may  
discourage a few of the  
millions.

Sater -

At that point I had to  
leave - it is now late in  
the evening & I am ready  
for bed - very! It was a  
swell afternoon, though - &  
evening. I am much im-  
pressed by architecture  
& lay-out. I think we  
shall enjoy our visits there  
this summer just from the  
visual point of view. We  
did very little going inside  
things - that's better done  
on another day than Sun-  
day. Outdoors the spaces  
are so great one is never  
pushed & shoved but  
indoors one is. I shall be  
interested to see what  
you think of modern archi-  
tecture after you've seen  
the best of this! But oh,  
it's hard on the feet - w.

[19 May 1939]

Friday -

Well, darling - yesterday was just too much for me + I got no letter written. I left home at 10 to meet Hal in town and that was the end of the day, the night and today! I am now just dead, but I've had a swell time!

In the morning we did the outdoor sculpture show. Have you ever been there? They have them every year in that vacant lot on Park Ave just below the G.C.T. - modern American - or perhaps contemporary would be a better word. There are a few good things, some awful ones + a lot of mediocre. So much is either imitative or a forced attempt to be original. The encouraging thing about it is that there seems

had thought it would be.  
The photography was worse  
than usual & though the  
acting was excellent, the  
direction was not flawless.  
Besides, the idea was not  
so clearly & forcefully man-  
aged as it should have been,  
so that you didn't see, just  
why you can't get rid of  
the idea of organized society  
simply by going off & orga-  
nizing another one.

Well, then we went over  
to Sister's & had some  
drinks & in the meantime  
Hal had persuaded me to  
go home with her for the  
night. She had to be at  
home all evening because  
her parents were going out,  
the Butler was out, & there  
had to be someone to  
answer the doctor's tel-  
ephone. So off I went.  
We got to Yonkers at  
11:30 or 12:00 - up usual &

to be, from year to year, an  
increasing feeling for sculptur-  
al mass & the ability to  
organize that mass in sculp-  
tural patterns. That's certain-  
ly 5 good steps in the right  
direction.

After that we had lunch  
& quite slowly - & then  
went to see a new French  
movie. It didn't quite come  
off though it had a good  
idea - a bunch of young  
idealists who are fed up  
with life in the modern  
city (Paris) & go off up  
into the Alps to organize  
a Republic, which is to  
be, of course, a Utopia. And  
of course it isn't, but degen-  
erates into a feud between  
2 factions, so you watch  
them discover that to live  
together in unity & freedom  
is not so easy as they

Breakfast  
very home  
- then settled down to talk.  
And did we talk?! Pa &  
Ma came in & want to  
bed, but we went on &  
on. It was to whay of fun,  
ally got into bed! She's  
a swell kid + it is so  
marvelous to have some-  
one who stimulates you  
so + whose mind answers  
to yours so perfectly. We  
talked out about 3/4 of  
the time + people heard  
- no, literature for some of  
it. Such fun!

am  
to  
to  
to  
- We got up today just in  
time for lunch, lay around  
on the porch afterward  
drinking iced tea, then she  
took me to school, stayed  
for my classes + then we  
went on to eat dinner at  
the porch overlooking a lake  
with swans + ducks - hearts  
only - the first time I've  
seen, out this year. And

Wednesday -  
27 May 1934

Darling -

Thanks for the wishes  
for a grand slam - I expect  
they were for last Thursday  
but didn't work! How may-  
be if you'd sent them in  
time for me to get them ~~results~~  
today I'd have got them  
last night - how bad, for  
I needed them, Arthur and  
I were wiped out.

As for the car - no, I  
couldn't thought of our get-  
ting a new one - in fact,  
I don't see how we possibly  
could! I have lived beyond  
my income this year, which  
I cannot continue to do, &  
certainly you, with all those  
debts, should be putting any  
extra money into those, not  
into new cars. What I  
said about Arthur's car  
I said because I couldn't

queens, of course - would I expect it, too. But I have said it - & I shall say it again - and it may be that some day someone will listen.

I suppose you must be right about my not having seen that picture of Auntie in your possession. I know I had seen that same picture (a little one, like a passport picture) and so thought it must have been yours. I vaguely remembered seeing it that day we were going through all your pictures & what-nots - in Cassachic last fall - remember? But very likely not.

occurred to me that in the family there would be any question of paying.

I'm sorry about the distressing department meeting - and it is distressing, I know. It is hard, when you see things being stupidly & clumsily done, to leave it silently by - especially when you know you are going to have to suffer yourself for what they're doing. I can quite understand that it burns you up. It's been leaving some of the same troubles myself, only I voiced an opinion! No, I don't think it was a mistake - I did it with the greatest care & it was neither needless nor rude. I had no practical course

Please excuse the unwe-  
lope - it's the only one  
I leave with me & seems  
to leave me with disast.  
Sister & I are having  
a big party next Tuesday  
- asking about every-  
one we know! D's try-  
ing to get a new dress  
made for it - in fact, I  
must! Also all my  
massive file papers  
are in - D's going to be  
swamped for the next  
few days. Don't know  
how I'll ever get it  
all done, but I've  
very few engagements  
so perhaps I'll manage.  
All for today as  
we're getting into the  
p. r. Bunches of love.

C.

Monday -

Darling -

15 May 39

Why did you "crash,  
tired (+ ashamed), into bed?  
I mean → why ashamed?  
Because you'd played  
golf or because you'd  
played badly? Or possibly,  
(alien) because you remem-  
bered some of the things  
you'd said about golf  
players?

No, I didn't know Harold  
had lived with Auntie -  
that does make some  
difference, though not  
really enough. And his  
being her favorite should  
make no difference. Per-  
haps he cared more for  
her than you did, though  
of course she never knew  
how you felt. But one does

's long hours & days of  
sun against a wall -  
the same rich rose, the  
same glowing gold - no  
gold is not quite right,  
- it's more neutral. He told  
you it was brick with  
stone trim.

I think perhaps what  
bothered me about his  
saying it was the first  
Romanesque --- etc. was  
that I thought he ought  
to be sophisticated enough  
not to be able to feel that  
anything is the finest,  
not that it matters, God  
knows - perhaps I was  
really surprised more  
than anything else. Of  
course he's much more of  
an amateur in the field  
than I am & has a  
right to make an ama-

feel differences like that.

What are anguliform  
shades? I suppose the color  
of S. Serinus (I concede S.  
Sabunius as being the full  
form, since I don't know,  
but I don't concede the  
"locally" - that is the  
great church of its type &  
is known to architectural  
students & medievalists  
the world over as S. Serinus!)  
must differ with the light,  
but when I saw it it  
wasn't like any worm  
ever saw. However, my  
experience of worms is  
limited - just as limited  
as I've been able to make  
it. The day I saw it,  
under a blazing summer  
sun, it looked like color  
I have seen <sup>in</sup> peaches  
rich & ripe & yellow from

Jewish statement, but since  
he is an expert in one field  
& a very cultivated man -  
few in others I didn't  
quite expect that! Anyhow,  
it is the best of it's type  
- the so-called "Pilgrim-  
age Style" - in France  
- best, that is, from the  
point of view of carrying  
out the characteristics of  
the style.

how I must stop -  
we're just getting into the  
P.C.T.

much love, darling -  
C.

Saturday -

(15 May '58)

Angel -

What a Covid dull day I've had - washing, ironing, paying bills, straightening my cheek books, cutting out a dress, etc. etc. What do I write about?

Oh - did you subscribe to Consumer's Union & could you find out what they have to say about these new steam irons? Do you remember our stopping to see one at Macy's one day? I've simply got to have a new iron very soon & if those do what they've said to do I'm going to get one - they are certainly miraculously

Com. for it, too, where it's  
cheaper - no state tax. In  
other words, what with those  
who go to other state +  
those who buy from the  
bootlegger, I very much  
doubt if the large revenue  
they're counting on will  
appear. Short-sighted, I call  
it, to put on a tax so al-  
most certain to be evaded  
by large numbers.

Do you remember my  
telling you that one of  
our teachers (music) made  
her debut in the town  
hall just after Xmas?  
She's playing over WAXR  
tomorrow evening - too  
bad you can't listen for  
I'd like to know what  
you think. She has certain-  
ly been pretty successful  
- that is, her concert  
engagements in other cities

trouble saving + solve so  
many of the nuisances of  
ironing - nothing, I guess,  
makes it less exhausting,  
but if it could be less in-  
vitating, that would be  
something! But if they're  
not as they're supposed  
to be I certainly don't  
want to spend that  
much money. So - if  
you can find out I think  
it would be swell.

Did I tell you I prac-  
tically mortgaged the old  
home the other day to  
lay in a stock of liquor  
before the new tax went  
on? I should be able to  
keep going for months +  
months. I do think it  
was a mistake, though,  
to make the tax so high  
- it will encourage the  
sale of bootleg liquor. A  
lot of people are going to

have been increasingly well  
attended & well reviewed &  
the Town Hall concert was,  
I understand, unusually  
well received for a first  
N.Y. appearance. Her name  
is Swarthout - a cousin of  
Gladys - & of course that's  
good publicity. She's leav-  
ing Dobbs this year since  
she seems no longer to need  
that extra work, & is going to  
devote all her time to her  
own career. Just yesterday  
she also admitted she was  
getting married - but not  
enough to interfere with  
her music, for her husband  
will be in N.Y. only 3 months  
in the year - 1 in the winter,  
2 in the summer. I don't quite  
understand what he does,  
but it's something to do  
with music! The rest of the  
time he's travelling, either  
& you. For her it's a perfect  
arrangement, for she's not

at all domestic + is deter-  
mined to be a real musician  
→ + you know what that  
means in time + energy.

Sunday -

Well, I succeeded in making  
quite a bit out of nothing,  
didn't I? Now it's 24  
hours later + I've not  
much to add. I meant  
to listen to Evelyn's  
half hour on the radio, but  
was at the movies with  
the Creightons + didn't get  
back except for the last  
5 minutes. It seemed to  
me pretty good - that  
bit, which wasn't much  
to go by. I admit,

The movie we saw  
was the one of Arens  
+ Ramon Castle - you  
know? I never saw the  
Castles themselves, but  
Riba, who did a lot of

The inevitable outcome of  
circumstance + character,  
as in "Algiers", or else  
they should come with a  
terrible suddenness + so get  
their effect through sheer  
shock like a terrific  
dissonance in the midst  
of melodious harmonies,  
+ that's what they should  
have done with this one.  
All the same, it was fun  
for the Castles are part  
of the glamorous back-  
ground of my own girl-  
hood, though of course  
their star appeared  
while I was still a  
child - + he was killed  
while I was still a young  
girl. But so much of the  
music was nostalgically  
familiar - the dances I  
did myself, I made my

times, too, - says that  
Fred Astaire + Ginger Rogers  
haven't really got them.  
Too bad - they are two  
such superb dancers at  
their own kind of thing,  
I guess it was a mistake  
to do it. Besides, life  
doesn't arrange itself in  
proper dramatic form,  
so that the tragic ending  
seemed all out of key  
with the rest of the film  
which was all light-  
hearted comedy. I think  
perhaps that was the  
director's fault - + some-  
what the script writer's.  
The only build-up for the  
tragedy leans so heavily  
on the sentimental that  
it's not so moving as it  
should be. I think tragic  
endings should either be

feeble adolescent attempts  
to wear clothes like Lisa  
& was dying for a Castle bob,  
but didn't have the courage!  
So it was quite a senti-  
mental afternoon! Accident-  
ally, you might be amused  
to know that just behind  
us in the theatre sat a  
woman smoking a big  
fat cigar! How should you  
like me to balance up the  
cigar?

They all came back  
with me for dinner - Sister  
stayed on till nearly ten,  
and now, having finished  
the dishes & this letter, I  
shall make myself a  
drink & go to bed with a  
book. Only 2 letters from  
you in the last 4 days -  
brief ones, too. I feel remote  
from you.  
Buckets of love, darling  
G.

Friday-

(13 May 39)

Darling -

I shall scratch this  
off in a hurry - having a  
lot of things that must be  
done today.

What a terrific golf game  
you seem to have had - on  
Wednesday! Well, even that  
new delight is bound to have  
some flaws & off moments.  
You certainly are getting  
more & more involved in it.  
Don't get so you can't get  
along without your daily  
game - it will complicate  
our summer too much!

Has your mother left yet  
for Virginia? I don't know  
just when she expected to  
go except that it was this  
month. I should guess  
now would be the most

could let go ~~about~~ a bit.  
He bid 3 hearts over  
a 3 diamond bid of  
ours - insisted to Sister  
it was the thing to do  
to stop us from get-  
ting a game - + Arthur  
doubled. Hugh went down  
badly & we came off  
with 1400 in penalties!  
In other words, H. just  
wiped out their 2  
rubber scores just to  
prevent our getting a  
washed little game! Seems  
like poor planning! In  
the end we beat them,  
though we shouldn't  
have if it hadn't  
been for the 1400.  
My new pair is fine!

perfect time. Our weather  
has cooled off, so that it's  
no longer summer but  
spring again - much more  
convenient, for no one is  
ready for summer yet.

What is going to be  
done with Arnie's car?  
Is it any better than ours?  
Could we swap? I don't  
suppose you father +  
mother intend to keep on  
running two indelicately.

We had some good  
bridge last night - though  
I'm not sure it would  
be your idea of good  
bridge - too much con-  
versation! Hugh & Sister  
made all the score for  
ages + then had so  
much (two 700 rubbers)  
that Hugh decided he

By the way - I get much  
satisfaction from it.

I'm playing bridge  
again tonight - with  
the Dobbs Terry gang.  
I don't think I'll ever  
be up to your standard  
→ I take it so lightly.

By the way, are you as  
tense when you play golf  
as when you play  
bridge? If so, try to  
get over it - I don't  
want you to neutralize  
the good effects.

loads of love, sweetie -

C.

Thursday -

(11 May 39)

Sweetheart,

This fine I am  
forestalling the late hours &  
writing before I go to bed.  
for some errands! You go-  
ing to Sister's for dinner  
& to play bridge with them  
& Arthur so I expect I'll  
be late getting home.

By the way, why does  
it "break such a precedent  
for the descendants of George  
the III to come over & see  
what he lost" & Edward  
VII + Edward VIII (sic!)  
have both been here

The book for Joan I shall  
investigate as soon as I  
have time - I think  
it was sweet of you to

+ "Substance" you will  
remember. It was interest-  
ing to see it after the  
earlier one, for I think  
it helps to clarify that.  
In both cases he really  
establishes his conflict  
between two different  
types of Catholicism. In  
this case it's between  
two priests - the kindly,  
tolerant, humorous, really  
human one, and the  
harsh, rigid, intolerant  
one. I'm not sure you'd  
have liked it, for the  
former tells the latter he  
should have been born  
a Scotch Presbyterian,  
not a Catholic! And  
at one point he says  
"You go back to Glas-  
gow where you belong".  
So the Irish Catholics

notice it & think of her,  
I'd simply order it by  
telephone, but I think  
that's a little foolish with  
a book for children - it's  
so hard to know if it's  
really right till you've  
looked it over. At the  
moment I must get some  
more vital things done,  
such as baling my fur  
coat in for storage before  
the moths start gnawing.  
Besides, at the moment  
Joan is going through an  
era of "naughtiness" & de-  
serves no presents,  
I don't think I told  
you that I saw "The  
White Steed" last week  
& you know, this year's  
play by Paul Vincent  
Carroll, whose "Shadow

themselves don't want their  
friends intolerant, any less!  
But if you'd seen Barry  
Fitzgerald doing that part,  
I think you'd have en-  
joyed it no end, & he  
would, at least for the time  
being, have made you  
believe there was tolerance  
& humanity in Cathol-  
icism, after all - he was  
so lovable & so engaging.  
The play has technical  
faults, just as "Shadow of  
Substance" had - it's  
somewhat amorphous.  
But it's so warm - &  
so thoughtful - & so per-  
fectly done that it  
can't but be a sat-  
isfying experience.  
So, darling, loads of  
love & good-bye for today -  
C.

Monday -

Darling,

(1939 early -  
no date)

Back on the coast  
again for a few days! On  
Thursday Jan 27 to the  
littles for the night & then  
Hal and I set out for  
Gloucester for the week-end!

How what are your  
plans? I really must  
know. I have waited  
patiently to hear, for you  
have ~~left~~ let me know  
nothing definite, and I  
know your objection to  
being asked. When do you  
expect to get here? I  
know you can't tell me  
the hour, perhaps not even  
the exact day, but I'd  
like to know as nearly as

full of wit and sparkle  
— if anything, better than  
the play is on the stage —  
the tea party, for instance,  
was simply flawless. And  
did you notice the beauty  
of the photography? How  
if the English can do it,  
there's no excuse for the  
French! Some of those  
interiors were master-  
pieces, photographically.  
And wasn't the direction  
marvelous? Didn't you  
laugh you heard of when  
Leslie missed the step  
on the stairs? It's  
long, long ours, coupled  
with that of "Grand Illus-  
ion" help one to believe  
that, given the chance, he

you can tell. Then what  
plans have you immedi-  
ately thereafter? Coxsack?  
Or are we going somewhere  
by ourselves? Or are we  
staying here? Or what?  
Any information would be  
gratefully received, I  
don't want to get my-  
self involved in dates  
that will overlap your  
coming, and I must  
know something of when  
+ where we're going, as  
to plan shopping, etc.  
So you saw "Pygmal-  
ion"? Why do you say  
"In my simple way I  
thought it a very good  
picture"? I don't call  
that simple at all. It's  
a damned clever picture,

public would accept the  
first-rate, both in comedy  
& in tragedy, in spite  
of the firm belief of  
Hollywood that the only  
thing that's good box  
office is at the 9 year  
old level. They do first-  
rate things, admit, but  
only to humor some high  
salaried director & not be-  
cause they really believe  
it can be good business.  
And yet here's "Watering  
Holes" still packing  
them in. Have you seen  
that yet?

Buckets of love, darling-

Had a p.c. from C.  
your mother - they'd been  
in the Kentucky for a while - pro-  
bably you know.

[Letter of 7 May from  
Mrs Van Sice  
- enclosed?]

Wednesday -

(10 May 39)

Darling -

I started out yesterday at noon, expecting to be at home by 6 with a whole evening to write to you. But everything turned out very differently! I went down with Sister after shopping and while we were having tea a Frenchman they'd met over the web and called up + was invited to drop in for a drink, so I stayed to meet him as Sister thought I'd find him interesting (I didn't - he has all the qualities I most dislike in the French + none of those that charm me) - Then Arthur dropped in for a drink too + he asked me out to dinner (the Dartmouth club where we had a really excellent dinner) + then we went to his sister's apartment + played crossword

my measure emotion than  
compassion + love - it  
brings out in you the one  
thing you have in common  
with everyone - your simple  
humanity, which must al-  
ways battle against the  
common enemy - death. So  
your mother's final parting  
with her sister will have  
been with greater harmony  
between them than ever +  
with feelings that were fine  
+ high. She felt no bitterness  
nor irredemption then, no relief  
that she was going, no  
emotion that was for herself  
- so, though it was heart-  
rending + terribly painful  
for her, it will sweeten +  
justify in the end.

I was somewhat embas-  
rassed by the fact that  
a picture of Auntie was es-  
closed. Maybe it was meant  
for you, but I doubt it, as  
I've seen the same one be-  
fore in your possession. I  
understand her sending it in

Lexicon with her + her boy  
friend. Since we didn't  
have dinner till 8:30, the  
whole evening was late  
+ I got home at 2 after  
a really grand evening, but  
with no energy left for writing.  
So there you are!

The enclosure explains  
itself. I thought to myself  
as I read it thinking of the  
terrible ordeal your mother'd  
been through, what a pity  
it was that custom demanded  
we watch people die, but  
my second thought denied  
that. It is, in fact, wise +  
good. If it is someone whom  
you love deeply, anything  
else is unthinkable - you must  
go as far into the darkness with  
them as life will let you. And  
if, as in your mother's case,  
the emotional relationship  
has been confused + unhappy,  
it is healing + comforting for  
one cannot witness that  
last struggle of the body  
against insuperable odds with

Buntings  
that waves of emotion + affection  
which she is too subjective to  
realize as subjective, but of  
kind - it had to be graciously  
grateful for something so  
personal which I want so  
little!

I wish it grand that Donald  
will be back so soon - and  
that there is a possibility of  
his ballet's being done!

How did Donald like the  
Puy - I thought it one of the  
most romantic spots I'd  
ever been in - the country-  
side itself looks like a  
medieval fantasy - you

cannot believe your eyes.  
And what man has done  
Reigniers + accents that  
fantastic quality. How I  
should like to be there  
again! Do tell us where  
they finally decided to go  
next.

Yesterday's Jean Choux  
says there will be no war!  
He is here on an official gov-  
ernment mission + is of course  
exceedingly well-informed.

MRS. M. B. VAN SCHAACK  
ELMSHADE  
COXSACKIE, NEW YORK

May 7/39

Dear Constance-

Your note received Tuesday but I have been so rushed all week, I could not answer before. You have been so faithful in writing me and I do appreciate your comforting messages and thank you for them.

Last Sunday was a perfect day and everything went off beautiful, just as planned. I wanted a private funeral but thought it best to invite all Auntie's friends that have been in the habit of calling on her. Then there were some Hallock relatives around this section and with our own folks the two rooms were full.

The service was very simple, just  
what I wanted - Her Pastor and our  
Pastor both took part.

We had prepared our living  
room for Sister and a nurse - This  
was quite an undertaking as so much  
had to be moved out and other things  
moved in. But it was not to be,  
as she was taken worse the night  
before we meant to move her home  
and steadily failed till the end  
came Thursday night. Wednes-  
day she was able to sit up in bed  
and talked to me a good deal but  
was in great discomfort owing  
to raising phlegm continuously  
and had a hard time to breathe.  
Thursday morning doctor called and

MRS. M. B. VAN SCHAACK  
ELMSHADE  
COXSACKIE, NEW YORK

to say she was dying and we hurried  
down to hospital. She was too weak  
to raise and the galvanum had  
filled one lung and her chest.  
She could not sit up nor talk  
but knew me for she nodded yes  
when I asked her. It hurt me  
so much to see her so uncom-  
fortable but the nurses and doctors  
assured me she had no pain.  
I had to come home almost a wreck  
at 1 o'clock after they gave a hypo-  
dermic and she went into a coma  
from which she did not come out.

She had always conquered and it  
apparently hurt her to be as last de-  
feated. We always thought she  
would pass out in the night quietly,  
or just sit down and collapse  
but it was not to be. It now all  
seems like a horrible nightmare  
but time will erase to some ex-  
tent, the awful sting that is left.

Mrs. Harold and Ira were here and  
Mrs. Delp is still here, so we had plenty  
of help to get dinner and supper for  
eleven. We started Tuesday to break  
up the home and got the most out <sup>next</sup>  
day - Ira was wonderful help - she returned  
to Baltimore Thurs. Mrs. Delp & I plan a  
trip to Virginia or soon as we have every-  
thing in shape to leave. Said this to George  
and I will not repeat anything if I have so  
many causes to acknowledge. Much love - Mother than

Saturday -

(18 May 79)

Dealing -

I am out at Mildred's  
for the week-end, having a  
lovely time. It is, as we were  
saying to each other this after-  
noon, "the most perfect we-  
went of the spring. You  
know - that brief moment  
that comes with the first  
really warm weather when  
everything is still in the  
exquisitely fragile stage  
- all the foliage looks as  
if it came from the  
brush of a Japanese artist.  
The sky is still there &  
yet there is a frail screen  
of tender young leaves between  
you and it. The flowering  
shrubs are some of them  
in full bloom, some of  
them just coming into bloom,

Edna Millay's poem? We  
sat out on the terrace all  
the afternoon, had our high-  
balls there & didn't come in  
till the sun was gone.

I am sleeping in the big  
four-poster - for the first  
time since my last night  
in the Grant St. house  
- it makes me feel very  
sentimental - the associat-  
ions go so far back to  
things like sleeping in  
it on Xmas Eve with  
Sister as a special treat  
& so we shouldn't wake  
up Mother & Dad with  
the excitement over my  
stockings!

Sunday -

Well, that was as far as  
I got last night. So I  
didn't get to say anything  
about Auntie's will! & all  
seems to me perfectly O.K.

but now get gone by. The  
espaliered pear tree is a mass  
of lacy white bloom and  
shining leaves - looking  
very Japanese because  
it's without perspective.  
As he comes by the sun  
porch is a great bed  
of grape hyacinths &  
myrtle, all lovely violet  
blue and sprinkled through  
are narcissi. There's a very  
rare azalea which will  
probably be out tomorrow  
and a wonderfully lovely  
crabapple tree, a solid  
mass of blossoms.

Andrew,  
as I lie propped up in  
the bed, the fragrance of the  
spring night - dew & flowers  
& moist earth - comes in  
the window to me along  
with the sound of the frogs  
- one of the most poignant  
in nature - do you remember

except for you! It just leaves  
me up to have Harold get  
500 + you 100! She should  
have been at least discrim-  
inating enough to give you  
both the same! The 1000  
for Eva is another matter  
& quite right, too. There's  
obvious reason for that  
distinction, but why you  
& Wilbur should be lumped  
together & Harold set apart  
I certainly cannot see.  
I'm glad there'll be as much  
as \$8000 for your mother &  
I hope the settling of the  
estate will be speedy  
enough, so she'll get it  
so soon. I was amazed  
at the <sup>public</sup> reading of the will  
after the funeral. I didn't  
know that had been done  
since the XIX century, golly,  
I wish I'd been there -

such a marvelous scene,  
with all those queer & ill-  
assorted people, all with a  
personal practical interest  
in the will, all in that  
post-<sup>!</sup> mental state of com-  
bined relief & oppression.  
It would have been like  
a scene from a Eugene  
O'Neill play. What a  
mess - and Eva must have  
loved it, I'd love enjoyed it  
- would she? It would  
be such an opportunity  
for watching the extraor-  
dinary episodes of life.

Do let us know what  
happened in Newark. She  
did it tell me anything  
about it except for <sup>in interview</sup> some  
she had the appointment  
What sort of job is it?  
Yes, I'm sure she'd be in

few hours. From the time  
we finished breakfast till  
dark we were out of doors  
except for dinner. They  
certainly live ideally -  
they have both country  
& city. We took a walk  
this morning, partly through  
woods, with quantities of  
wild flowers in bloom, the  
dogwood almost completely  
out & the earth all moist  
& sweet-smelling. The  
leaves weren't big enough  
but that sunlight came  
through, good & strong, so  
that we got back home  
slightly pink on our  
nose arms. All the after-  
noon we sat on the terrace  
- or on the grass - &  
looked at our beautiful  
sunny surroundings as we talked.  
It was hard to believe  
that N.Y. was less than 20

miles shape physically if  
she had the relative security  
of a job, since you  
have told me that her  
nerves are so important  
an element in the control  
of the disease by insulin.  
& so terribly hope she  
got the job. Besides, of  
course I'd be thrilled to  
have her living in Hawaii.  
Of course you would be, too,  
for it would make her  
most as accessible as my  
sister during the times  
when you were in N.Y.  
Well, I'm soon leaving  
a heavenly day - the  
sun has been bright & the  
temperature high - you  
could almost literally see  
things coming into  
bloom - you could at  
least see the change in a

wiles away, but not to-  
morrow (Wed) will be  
getting into evening clothes  
& going to a dinner & theatre  
party. So she has lots  
kinds of fun while living  
in the same place. I think  
it's perfect - each one  
needs you from the other  
& loves you.

You can imagine what  
wonderful food we've had.  
I wish I were like a  
boa constrictor & could eat  
enough to last me all  
the week. I ate more for  
breakfast than I normally  
do for lunch. - a huge  
glass of icy orange juice,  
succulent little sausages,  
tiny popovers that were  
just about 2 big bites  
each & steaming hot,  
Are you eating you chops?  
Bunches of love, sweetie.  
C.

Monday -

Angel -

All this didn't get  
at work mailed today & since I'd  
been sensible enough to  
leave it open I'll add this  
to all the others. The reason  
why it didn't get mailed  
is that I only just got my  
train & the reason for that  
is on subway shortage  
- have you heard about  
that in E. Lansing? The  
service has been cut 25%  
on account of the coal  
shortage. It's pretty  
complicated - or at least  
annoying. The old cal-  
culations for time to  
get places don't hold  
any longer. So I just got  
my train.

Well, I'm sort of dis-  
illusioned about you folks

burg? I wish I were go-  
ing - it's such a perfect  
time. I imagine those  
southern gardens in another  
two weeks!

You will be amused to  
know that we spent  
Saturday evening at Wil-  
liam's over the "Information  
Please" books. It's lots of  
fun - more than most  
of the quiz books because  
there's more variety in  
the form + type of the  
questions. Mildred did  
the best, of course, but  
I wasn't bad. The  
books they give the answers  
+ with them some of the  
remarks made by the  
Information Please gang.  
The one I remember at  
the moment was in answer  
to a question asking for

- you should have left  
me believing you had  
brilliant scores instead  
of being so honest!  
I think it's fine your  
mother's going off on a  
real trip + at the same  
time not surprised - I  
rather thought she'd  
manage it somehow,  
though you seemed so  
sure she wouldn't that  
I thought I must be  
wrong. Virginia should  
be delicious right now  
- I remember how  
heavenly it was in June  
last year. Yes, it is  
wonderful to have her so  
free of that load -  
though I still feel guilty  
when I say that - it  
seems so dreadful to be  
a load someone's dead.  
Will they go to Williams.

66) anonymous & looks in literature  
 + that — F. P. A. suggested "writing  
 than goest" !!  
 By the way, it is S. Serrin  
 at Toulouse — not Saburin.  
 I'm glad Donald got such a  
 kick out of it — it is a  
 grand building, but of course  
 you can't expect me to let  
 him say it's the finest  
 Romanesque in existence  
 when all he means is that  
 he likes it the best of those  
 he has seen! There must  
 be loads of them he has not  
 seen + a sweeping statement  
 like that about a style so  
 various seems to me a little  
 absurd. There cannot be a  
 finest. Beside, doesn't it  
 seem a little absurd to say a  
 church with no facade, is  
 finer than one with 100 facades  
 no rivaling a facade as  
 Pisa? Has he seen Novese,  
 do you know? He must have  
 seen S. Marco in Venice. That

Dear  
C. C.  
Rusell

Thursday

(May 31)

It's nearly two o'clock  
just got in - I'm just going to  
write a note + finish it off to-  
morrow.

I don't think I floundered  
for yesterday for the East  
to present. That was not for us  
but certainly not indifference. I  
because there were many  
between my receiving of it  
my writing to you + my mind  
just got diverted by innum-  
erable things. It was sweet of  
you to remember - it all those  
months + actually get it for us.  
Beaver knows I need it - I've  
got along for ages on 10 before  
Jones - before that on my that  
just more but was worth  
less. Besides, there will be an  
over about this one - I hope  
the first one I ever had which  
Dad gave me + which I don't  
believe it or not, 22 years!  
Then there's another thing  
I think I never said anything

Well, I saw a grand movie  
last night - "Escape From  
Yesterday" - Lurch + abso-  
lutely first rate - except ex-  
cept for the lighting + pho-  
tography in general. However,  
the direction was so superb  
the feeling for cinematic  
qualities that the picture  
would have to be put in  
the first rank. The lead  
was taken by Jean Gabin  
whom you will remember as  
the bourgeois soldier in "Grand  
& Desires" - he is a magnif-  
icent actor + as you must  
remember seems never best  
at all. The story is fasci-  
nating - the Spanish  
Foreign Legion in Morocco  
- very different from  
the Hollywood idea of a  
Foreign Legion - but far  
more charming! The  
last part of it is a

about, because you letter about  
it came in the midst of my  
furnish over Auntie's death,  
- and that's your space,  
or report on what have you  
for the survivors. I was not  
indifferent to the fact that it  
went so well but I'm de-  
lighted + proud - not sur-  
prised, though, of course.

Friday -

At that point I gave up  
last night - a bit weak,  
but I'm not sure it's any  
more so than some of your  
writers!

But speaking of what  
you've written I was made  
very comfortable + happy  
by the letter I found when I  
got home last night - a big  
morning! You were sweet  
about all the confusion over  
Auntie's funeral, + a feel-def-  
initely better. When you hear  
- or if you do - let us know  
whether two things actually  
did occur. I was finished  
for a while - was you?

group of men holding a  
line of fort against the Rifles  
→ slowly dying, one by  
one, of thirst or poisoned  
water — or bullets. And  
when the relief finally  
comes they're all dead  
but one — and is he the  
hero? No, this is Gallic  
is my not California  
romance — it's the  
villain! There's a nar-  
row bit of direction  
when he stands — a scar-  
red crow figure — at attention  
as the relieving officer  
calls off the roll. His figure  
is high in the picture  
against the ragged stones  
of the fort + sprawled  
across the ground at  
his feet is a dead body  
over which his voice moves  
onously in tones in answer  
to each name "Dead or he

Wednesday -

(3 May 39)

Darling -

This is a terribly  
jolly train - worse than  
usual so you'll probably  
not be able to read his.  
Yesterday's letter, you want  
to be able to read it, but, for  
I didn't write it!

Thanks for being so re-  
assuring about my not  
going to Coxochis - I feel  
much better. But I'm still  
sorry we dabbled on the  
flowers. I really think  
you should have let me  
know since you'd never  
answered my inquiries &  
know I felt the necessity  
of doing something. I  
had a long letter from  
Eva - she was here, as of  
course you know, from Pat,  
like today - including thanks

You're certainly a credit to  
your teachers - or maybe  
it's to yourself! Doesn't  
there get to be a score  
below which you can't go  
— or doesn't there? Don't  
reach it too soon (as you  
seem to be doing) for there  
a lot of the spices will be  
gone!

Well, I played my 27  
holes yesterday night in  
the house — or to be true  
from the near Bolshoi —  
Hugh + Sister + Arthur came  
to dinner + what with  
one thing + another it  
seemed to take me all  
day to get ready — +  
a lot of the night to clear  
up! It was a good party  
though — every one was  
in the right mood, all the  
food turned out right + I

for the flowers — but not  
for two lots. Perhaps mine,  
with both our names, got  
there before Wilbur had  
done anything, so he just  
didn't. You didn't say any-  
thing at all in your letter  
of today about it — per-  
haps you're annoyed at  
me for doing it. Eva said  
your mother was doing  
splendidly, so there was  
no reaction yet.

Yes, I remember your  
writing about Carlson last  
year. What fun you  
must have, waiting for  
him to turn up + deliver  
sappier news at you just  
likes.

27 holes of golf is  
simply stupendous — what  
a boy you're getting to be!

even got compliments on the  
drinks from Andrew which is  
doing well, for he's very  
funny. We played bridge  
also dinner - very nice  
fully - that is, I enjoyed  
- a lot!

I'm distressed that the  
fused suit has to be  
fixed so often. Perhaps you  
can't get those wonderfully  
wearing threads at that  
price - perhaps they have to  
be English. We'll get you  
one next summer - provided  
they're not all going into  
uniforms! But I'm begin-  
ning to feel more hopeful  
that they will do.

How's your weather? Ours  
is still pretty - rain, cold,  
high winds, gray skies, no  
spring weather yet. The  
clear trees in Central Park

Saturday.

(1 May 59)

Sweetheart -

Since there was  
no word from you this  
morning, I went to order  
the flowers. As I thought  
it over, I decided that  
since you knew I was  
leaving the matter of  
flowers on my mind, you'd  
know I should do some-  
thing about it, if you didn't  
tell me otherwise, so you  
wouldn't do anything  
without sending me some  
word. If I'd figured it out  
earlier, I'd have wired  
you yesterday, but I  
didn't think of the wire  
till 11 last night & was  
afraid if I sent a night  
letter, it wouldn't be de-

Being that small town  
florists do treat better. I  
figured Catskill would be  
the nearest place of those  
they suggested - & would  
wouldn't it? How would  
a Catskill, <sup>florist</sup> be - any good?

Do write me soon how  
your mother is baking it,  
so far as you can judge.  
I wrote her at once, hop-  
ing it would reach her  
today - would it, mailed  
in the P. O. at noon yes-  
terday? I remember a  
S. D. was no use, which  
seemed a pity. I shall  
write her again some-  
row, just as she'd know  
I thought of the funeral  
even if I didn't try  
to attend it. I'm still  
worrying somewhat over

lived till you'd left in  
the morning. You can see  
my quandary. Perhaps  
I've done the wrong thing  
but I did try to get it  
right, & anyhow, it's  
better that both of us should  
send flowers than neither.  
And if God foresees the  
problem & tried to get  
it straightened out in  
advance, you will admit!  
What I sent cost \$46.00  
& that seemed to me  
enough, particularly since  
there might be a dupli-  
cation - but not too  
much, since it is a per-  
-ly matter. Of course I  
don't know what it'll  
look like - I said a  
spray rather than a  
wreath - in my experience

x. I know funerals in  
small communities are often  
regarded as occasions when  
all members of the family  
within any possible reach  
should congregate. Your  
mother has written to me  
so often recently & with  
so much affection that I  
think she regards me as a  
member of the family & I don't  
want to fail in what she  
expects of me. That's another  
thing I should have gone  
into with you ahead of time.  
I just never thought of it  
because it never occurred  
to me she would expect  
it till I got the telegram.  
You will be amused to  
know that ~~that~~ the  
florist asked me if it was  
"an elderly party" - it  
seems they put that in  
the telegram so if he hasn't  
got what you order, he'll

send something appropriate! I do hope they'll be all right - they can be so awful - and so incredibly beautiful. I shall never forget some of the things that were sent us for Dad - arranged with such skill that the natural beauty of the flowers was heightened and enhanced so that they did become adequate expressions of the intensified emotions of such an occasion - a far cry from the stiff artificiality of the old "funeral piece" - they kept the quality of life instead of being only a reminder of death.

I hope the weather has been not too awful -

no circumstances is it any-  
thing but hard. Perhaps  
a genuine belief in im-  
mortality makes it easier  
but I'm not sure that  
it does at once. You has  
been both so cunning &  
so desperate in his  
attempts to outwit that  
implacable enemy - but  
always sooner or later he  
confronts that open  
grave and knows him-  
self defeated.

This is a jolly letter,  
isn't it - sorry, darling,  
but I can't seem to  
help it - he must have  
happened lately to fill  
my mind with thoughts  
like these. I am de-  
pressed, and seem unable

here. It began to rain  
not long after three, I  
thought of your mother  
constantly all the after-  
noon, and was disturbed  
by the rain. It does  
make a difference - an  
open grave ~~is~~, with its  
grim reminder of our  
mortality, is a sad  
enough place at best  
but to stand by it  
in the rain is forlorn  
indeed. True, it is dif-  
ferent when it is not  
the grave of someone  
you care terribly for,  
with whom the parting  
is an unbearable wrench,  
whose body you find  
it intolerable to abandon  
to the earth. But under

to do anything about it  
— except to shut up,  
which I'll now do. This  
kind of letter is no good  
to you. It was partly  
written on Saturday after  
I got home from dinner  
& a treatise, partly today  
— Sunday — after my  
guests have left. I've  
also written to you with  
some little bits & I should  
go to bed anyhow.

Very much dear  
love to you, sweet one —

C.

Monday -

Angal -

(1 May 59)

I was surprised to have no word from you today except the letter written on Thursday - I had felt certain I'd get word as to what you did about Auntie's funeral. I'm still very uncomfortable for fear my part in the whole business has not been what it should, and I shall be much relieved when I hear from you, - or at least I hope I'll be relieved!

I think your golf is really remarkable. For a person who's not an athlete to have held 79 a new game & do not only steadily better, but exp.

Thanked you just as he  
would had he never seen  
it, + then quietly gives it  
to someone else who wanted  
it - so that your effort +  
thought were rewarded  
by the thing you had  
wanted - to please him.  
I can't think he'd ver-  
y likely be so ungracious.

I didn't tell you, did  
I, that I saw Katherine  
Cornell in her new play  
on Saturday? The plays  
when picked to pieces in  
the cold light of day is  
not first rate, but the  
acting - down to the  
Butler - is practically  
perfect and the produc-  
ion smooth + finished to  
a degree - costumes, set-  
tings, direction - not a  
detail neglected or slop-  
pily done. That sort of

idly better is no consid-  
erable triumph. You must  
be sure to bring your club  
with you this summer. There  
are lots of courses around  
here where we could go  
on week-days when there  
were no crowds. I think  
it was very cute of John  
to leave you send me the  
card which certainly  
looks impressive. I wait  
over it late by late.

Too bad about Donald  
+ the book. Though I'm  
surprised that he should  
tell you he had it, I  
think it must be his  
present state or something.  
It's a thing one simply  
doesn't do + I regard it  
as very backward of him.  
There was nothing that  
could be done about it + he  
should simply leave

I should say that watching these people act.

performance can carry a  
less than perfect play to  
success. It was particular-  
ly interesting to me to see  
Lawrence Olivier in a char-  
acterization so wholly dif-  
ferent from his Heath-  
cliff - going on just a block  
away at the same time!  
Anybody who can do those  
two things + make of each  
of them so well-rounded,  
so completely understood,  
so solid a character, can  
surely act - and it is not  
certain that he can't act  
better than his Cornell!  
The play had some good  
ideas, but they weren't  
really brought through,  
so that the result was  
somewhat vague, with a  
lot of loose ends. Just the  
same, I'd gladly see it  
three more times, just to

Friday -

Dearest,

(28 Apr 39)

I suppose you re-  
ceived a telegram about  
Annie's death this morning,  
as I did. I found myself in  
something of a quandary as  
I didn't feel certain what  
was expected of me. Since  
there was a telegram +  
since it gave the hour of  
the funeral, I thought per-  
haps I was expected to  
come, + yet - it seemed a  
little odd, since I am so  
recently a member of the  
family, + knew Annie not  
at all, really. I wish I'd  
thought to ask you ahead  
of time. The difficulty of  
getting there - + back -  
+ the fact that it would  
involve being absent from

leave any number of people  
around - one always does in  
a country community at such  
a time, & am pleased that  
she thought me enough one  
of the family to send me  
the telegram & I hope it  
won't seem that I'm not do-  
ing what I should in that  
capacity.

Then I don't know what  
to do about the flowers -  
you have not answered my  
letter about that matter  
written a week ago, so I  
don't know what you have  
done or will do. I suspect  
that you postponed doing  
anything, so that flowers  
must be telegraphed & in  
that case it's better done  
from here, as it would be  
cheaper. But I'd hate to  
have us both send them -  
I mean it would be un-  
necessarily expensive as well  
as being an obvious crossing

school on Monday, unless  
the train service is different  
from what it was at times  
seemed to make it legit-  
imate for me to stay here.  
I was leaving people for  
cocktails on Sunday, &  
going to dinner & the theatre  
with Alice tomorrow night,  
& had special appoint-  
ments with 2 girls on  
Mon. before classes - it  
all seemed to make go-  
ing very awkward & while  
I'd not have hesitated  
if it had been someone  
close to me - or even to  
you, I did hesitate as it  
was. Have I done what  
you think right - what  
you'd want me to do? I'd  
do it if I thought it would  
be any help to you, whether  
or not that I doubt. I'll

of signals. Oh dear I wish  
you had answered my letter.  
I did nothing today on the  
off chance that I might hear  
from you tomorrow. If I  
don't - & I don't really  
expect to, I shall send  
something by wire from  
here tomorrow - with your  
name in it as well as mine.  
I should, I guess, have  
wired you today, but didn't  
figure that out before &  
now I don't feel sure you'd  
get it till late tomorrow  
night.

I'm glad it's all over as  
soon - your parents are re-  
lieved of the necessity of  
giving up their living - wain  
& the poor old creature her-  
self of the necessity of bat-  
tling on against brainless  
odds.

Very much love, darling  
C.

Thursday -

Sweetheart, (28 Apr 39)

9:15 12:30 +

9 is just home - quite un-  
expectedly late. I went  
in town to do some errands  
& then down to Sister's for  
tea, intending to be home  
by 6:30 or so. Then Sister  
asked if I'd stay with  
Joan while she & Hugh  
went to the movies, so  
of course I did - and  
here I am! I spent the  
evening reading "Ordeal"  
which she had lying  
around & got through  
the whole book, too! I  
don't think it's all it's  
cracked up to be. If it

no more tonight, darling, except down  
erica's.

Davis in "Dale's Victory"  
on your list - we took  
Aunt Alice to it last  
week & it's very good -  
first class acting, though  
you should be warned  
- it's a tragedy. And  
I enjoyed "Stagecoach"  
a lot - it's the good  
old Western done in the  
modern way - superb  
production. It's most  
blatant fantasies based  
down to credibility, but  
fast-moving, exciting,  
romantic - just in the  
old vein, with the U. S.  
Cavalry dashing up just  
as the sun sets on the  
out. Of course you know  
they will, but still it's so

had been written when  
it was not so "timely", I  
doubt if it would have  
been so much talked  
about. However, reading  
it at the pace I did, it  
was fairly exciting. I just  
think it was done in  
the wrong mood for a war  
book.

Well, so you get stung  
on the movies again -  
poor dear. Why don't your  
friends ever see the decent  
ones? You always seem  
to get caught on these  
terrible ones because  
that's what the rest  
want to see. And there  
really are a lot of good  
ones. Put down Betty

It would love that you feel the  
suspense. It's a Walter  
Wanger picture - you re-  
member Blockade? But  
then, perhaps you wouldn't  
think it exciting - after  
"The Lady Vanishes" I'm  
not sure about your stand-  
ards of thrill which seem  
higher than mine. Maybe  
you'd think "Stagecoach"  
a flooding + unconvincing  
show.

I had a sweet letter  
from your mother today. I  
suppose you know they're  
moving Auntie into their  
living-room. Poor old soul,  
how it drags on & on of  
course poor Ma + Pa, who  
have to have that unhappy  
arrangement made. You  
will be glad to know your  
mother says "I am so much

Wednesday -

(26 Apr 39)

Angel -

Yes, I shipped yesterday - aren't you surprised? I don't just know why, either - I got home at one o'clock, but I've often done that before & sat down & written to you - but last night I just didn't feel in the mood, so there you are. I'd had a grand evening - water-citing, but very good. Arthur Stout had invited Sister, Hugh, myself & his own sister & her boyfriend for cocktails at the Dartmouth Club - a delightful gathering - we all liked each other, the drinks were good, the conversation amusing. The evening was like summer, warm & soft, so

pleasure to bring them out  
& show them to him, even  
if they're different from  
his own.

Well, that's all about  
me or now for you. I'm  
so pleased about you golf  
& terribly proud of the  
way you're bringing it so  
rapidly up - to improve  
so steadily is a real  
achievement. I think  
it's a good thing for you  
to be doing, anyhow -  
you can always get more  
exercise in the same  
amount of time playing  
a game than walking.  
I'm sure it will be phys-  
ically good for you -  
socially, too. It doesn't  
surprise me in the least  
that you're doing so well  
- I'd have expected it.  
You are quick to learn, &

we had the first long, cool  
drinks of the season, with  
the birds singing outside  
the window in the Morgan  
garden & the big dark  
room smelling deliciously  
cool & refreshing. It was  
fun to be in June for an  
evening, though we're  
back in April today. It  
was 23° yesterday, 50° today!  
Then the Crighlons, Arthur  
& I went over by the  
tutor (remember?) for  
dinner & then down to 17°  
to, where we drank  
Pumper Bitters for the  
rest of the evening &  
talked. Arthur talks very  
well - he has wide interests,  
considerable knowledge, a  
great deal of humanity,  
& a way of treating the  
ideas of others with so  
much respect that it's a

you are not physically  
clumsy. I'm sure skill in  
games is affected by the  
nervous system + its sen-  
sitivity. Thanks for telling  
me about the compliment  
to the sweaters. So that  
I'll make you another!

Thanks for the sweet  
letter about Frank. Of course  
you didn't know him, well  
but you seem to have felt  
his quality, as you would,  
for he was the warm-hearted,  
outgoing, humane sort whom  
you always recognize.

I've been thinking  
about your speech + wonder-  
ing how it went - well,  
I'm sure + another picture  
in your cap! But with red  
this time!

Did you finally join the  
Consumer's Union? Are you sure  
Car. Research is defunct? It  
wasn't last summer - or so  
Ezra says. It did split, I  
know.

great quantities to you - darling

Monday -  
(20 Apr 39)

Darling,

It was good to get your longer-than-usual letter today. Your reference to your mother + my remarks about her suddenly made me troubled for fear I might have seemed unkind - when what I meant was the exact opposite. It sounds so terrible to say anyone "enjoys" such an occasion as this - but I meant to use the word in other than it's usual sense. I meant that at such a time as this she is living at the emotional pace for which she was geared. I think she's

power children. Oh well,  
it's pretty silly to arrange  
something, which happened  
so many years ago - but  
you see what I mean -  
her life hasn't fitted her  
- it's always been too  
tight at the seams. She  
wants - & needs - to live  
intensely, & now for a short  
while she can, so there  
is a sort of temporary  
subsidence of the inner  
conflict.

At that point I reached  
Dobbs Ferry & now I'm  
on my way back. My  
train of thought has been  
broken, so I'd better do  
something else. I've a  
letter from Betty Hubbard  
today (I'd written to ask  
her to see to the matter of  
powers for the Culver

head a hell of a life,  
always trying to fit her-  
self into a pattern not  
hers, and so always in  
a state of inner conflict.  
She should have had  
a richly emotional life  
& she's had a terribly thin  
one, with no intellectual  
life to compensate for it.  
She's tried to find satis-  
faction in religion, but it  
was the wrong kind of  
religion to fill her needs  
- too bleak, too stern.  
She should have been a  
Catholic - she'd have been  
a happier & better - adjusted  
person. She'd have loved  
the confessional! She should  
have married a man  
terribly in love with her,  
which I doubt if your  
father ever was, and had



Saturday - and  
Sunday  
(23 Apr 39)

Angel -

Before I forget - you  
asked about Joe Brewer,  
I think you'd better just  
disregard his idea + go  
ahead on your own. She  
means to do something  
about it, but never will,  
unless I literally beg  
her, + that of course I  
can't do. I think prob-  
ably her point of view is  
essentially Olive's - that  
is, she'd leave it up to  
you to make the contact,  
if I'd not specifically  
asked her to do it for you.  
She would expect you of  
course to use her name.  
So I think you'd better,  
now that the weather is

Thats Tom to lunch +  
the movies today - quite  
a binge. We had a very  
good time together - she's  
really awfully compa-  
sionable, especially when  
there are just the two of  
us. I think she feels  
vaguely that it puts her  
on a more grown-up  
plane + she does her  
very best to behave  
like one - with excel-  
lent success. She be-  
haves with a good deal  
of dignity, is quiet +  
well-mannered - + is  
quick + eager in her  
interest in everything  
that goes on. The  
movie was Shirley  
Temple + awful, but

going places is more pro-  
pitious, write him your-  
self, telling him that you  
know her fairly well, that  
you knew Dad ~~fairly~~ well,  
+ that you married  
his daughter at her  
house, if you can follow  
those persons! Say  
you'd like to know him  
as you're interested in  
what he's doing + ask  
if you might drive over.  
I'm sure he'll be very  
gracious to you + very  
ready to find you inter-  
esting + charming. He  
is receptive, responsive,  
+ with a lively interest  
in all human beings,  
especially those who  
think!

I loved it, so that was  
all right. G's intellectual  
level was possibly  $8\frac{1}{2}$ , so  
it's all right for Joan to  
like it! And I didn't  
mind it at all, just be-  
cause it was such fun to  
watch her. As we waited  
on a Madison Ave. corner  
for a bus, after the movie,  
among a number of others,  
Joan remarked in a  
loud voice - "if I should  
get this dress dirty, my  
mother would whip me  
like anything". The  
effect was marvelous, of  
course. The relation of  
her statement to any  
small morsel of truth  
was practically non-exist-  
ent. I think it was the

effect of Shirley Temple,  
whom she <sup>(I)</sup> had been  
seeing as a poor maltreat-  
ed little creature - so  
poor & so maltreated that  
no one but Joan & her  
contemporaries could  
have believed in her for  
5 minutes. Of course the  
audience reacted with  
roars of laughter, for  
Joan was so obviously  
not a child who got  
whipped for getting dirt  
on a dress.

Your account of the  
African explorer doesn't  
make me long to hear  
him. Too bad - it's not  
more effectively done. By  
the way - or apropos -  
if you ever have a chance  
to see "Dark Passage", don't

quarantious, inquisitive, wise,  
friendly, inquisitive, restless  
with no arts + almost no  
crafts, no organization, no  
social consciousness, no  
forethought — in other words  
essentially none of the  
qualities that separate  
the human from the animal.  
There was a very excit-  
ing + interesting sequence  
of the capture + training  
of elephants (not by  
pygmies, of course) — +  
some grand mountain  
pictures. Well, it was  
months ago I saw this  
— I wonder if I've  
written it all to you be-  
fore. Of course it was  
your account of the last.  
You would be glad that

pass it up — that's an  
African expedition, too  
— in movies, not slides,  
with a running comment.  
It ought to be right up  
your alley + it's a fairly  
good documentary, I think.  
There aren't very many  
big game animals, if  
that's what you want  
of an African picture,  
but there are fascinating  
studies of primitive culture  
— notably the so-called  
"giants" + the pygmies,  
who seemed to have re-  
mained about as near to  
our simian forebears as  
any other group of human-  
ans — no, that's not  
what I mean, for they're  
nearer, I imagine, they're

started me off. I apologize, but I've a feeling I never wrote about it at the time.

I'm sorry Annie must fight so long & hard - indeed it is hard on those who must stand by; but, darling, don't forget it's hardest on the person who does the fighting. It's a dreadful business, dying, and what we all long for is that it may be swift & easy for us. It's impossible not to feel immensity now for the poor old creature in spite of the fact that on the whole she'd probably better not have lived at all - but to have death play with her, like an eat with a mouse, is awful. Now I must stop,



an increasing physical hard-  
ship, that her background  
is mostly Boston & Exeter  
— that's enough to go on  
with, for you know how  
she lives in both N. H. &  
Exeter, what she does, &  
what she's like. I can't  
believe you'll really find  
it hard. Besides, you'll  
hardly be expected to de-  
vote your entire conver-  
sation to Olive. As for  
what one does afterwards  
— wait & see. Fish  
around & find out how  
they like to amuse  
themselves & then invite  
them to play golf or  
bridge or go to a movie  
or whatever. If you  
enjoy them, follow up

seem so appropriate. I'll  
show the expense — & see  
that the card is from both  
of us. Very likely you've  
thought of all this, but  
men so often doubt that I  
thought I'd better bring  
it up. It is for your  
mother we're doing it, of  
course, and we must be  
sure that it is done in  
plenty of time.

You certainly are com-  
plicating the business of  
seeing the Schuettes. What  
if you don't know Olive —  
your wife does & you know  
about her — what sort of  
person she is, that she  
is trying to make a liv-  
ing as an artist with  
only partial success, that  
she carries the burden of

Their invitation promptly,  
 if not, put it off for some  
 time - they won't leave  
 time to act again before  
 you leave + by next year  
 it'll all have vanished.  
 But you may very well  
 find them delightful. Try  
 to go with curiosity + interest  
 + try to be responsive, deal-  
 ing. I think you often  
 give the appearance of being  
 bored when you're not just  
 because you're not learned  
 + the little tricks of show-  
 ing interest by smiling,  
 looking alert, "interpolating  
 a word" (literally) here  
 + there, etc. Don't take that  
 as criticism, dealing - it's  
 just like a lot of other  
 elements of good manners  
 - you don't know them by  
 instinct but have to be  
 taught + if no one teaches

Thursday -

(1/4/39)

Darling -

Here's little time  
for writing tonight -  
we've had a long day  
entertaining Hunt Alice,  
And I am in no mood  
for it, either. There was  
news in the evening  
paper of Frank Cuth-  
wa's suicide. I feel ter-  
ribly sad. He has been  
a devoted & loyal friend  
to our family for some-  
thing like thirty years  
- Dad loved him dear-  
ly & admired him a  
great deal. I remember  
Dad's saying, not long  
before his own death,

children. It all makes  
Ambic seem pretty unim-  
portant, doesn't it? A  
useless life fading out  
for which no one really  
cares - and one like  
Frank's, of high social  
value, broken from  
within, for some reason  
which we shall never  
know - & certainly quite  
beyond his own control,  
probably beyond any-  
one's. I'd like to meet  
the god that arranged  
his world.

Darling, I wish you  
were here - I want com-  
fort & the warmth of  
human affection. I  
thought instantly of  
my father this afternoon

that Frank was one of  
the most valuable men  
in the school & that he  
should slow down for  
he was overworking &  
couldn't stand it indef-  
initely. A few weeks  
ago we heard that he  
was having a bad  
nervous breakdown &  
and this afternoon he  
cut his throat. I am  
filled with honor and  
pity. How tragic an  
end to a fine life -  
how searing a memory  
for his family. Betty  
will go in for all her  
days lest she instabi-  
ly that made such a  
thing possible will  
appear again in her

with thankfulness that  
this is one thing he did  
not have to suffer - for  
he would have suffered,  
both through the sense  
of great personal loss,  
and ~~through~~ because  
his heart would have  
been torn with pity -  
for Frank himself, for  
Betty, + for the children.  
But it all takes me  
back so - I am remem-  
bering things he said  
to me the day Dad  
went, + remembering him  
as he helped to carry  
my mother to her grave.  
He was so good a friend  
to us - all of us - always,  
for he had a warm +  
loyal heart. I would  
say, with Prince Hal,  
"Take thee well, great heart."  
And so good night, my

53  
Darling - Tuesday -  
(17 April 31)

I'm going to write  
a very little tonight for I'm  
really very tired, I've  
been to wait shop to am-  
mend, it's nearly one  
o'clock & Sunday is  
the only day I allow  
myself to sleep, so I must  
get along on what is  
left of the night after  
I get myself to bed.  
I'm glad he's off is  
getting you - I think  
it will be physically  
good for you without  
question, also socially  
good for you, & good  
for you too, to realize the

admirable for feeling it & she needs to know that - she's not told it often enough. She is being needed & she loves to be needed & needs to be, too. The same thing that made her stage that amazing scene over the spilled chieftain's making her derive satisfaction from this whole situation of which she is really the central figure - getting all the sympathy & admiration, plus the emotional thrill of being at the center of a dramatic situation, for death is always dramatic, no matter where it is. Don't pity her for this, but for those many, many mis-

due that games have, of which you've been inclined to be a bit contemptuous.

Don't be too worried about your mother. All that you say is true, but so, my dear, is something else - your mother is enjoying all this to a considerable degree, & I've had a letter from her, too, & while I had felt pretty sure of that before, I am certain of it now! She's been emotionally starved most of her life & now she's in the middle of all this emotional turmoil. Even the sense of guilt you speak of can give her an emotional high, for she knows unconsciously that she is

terrible, unwanted, unat-  
tributed years when she  
lived on a starvation  
diet. She's never been  
enough loved. She's tried  
helplessly + blindly to com-  
pensate for that + only  
made a mess. She's wanted  
terribly to be the emo-  
tional center of her family  
+ never succeeded, now  
she is briefly the emo-  
tional center of some-  
thing + she loves it  
though she'd be appalled  
to hear that. Don't regard  
this as a criticism of her -  
that's not what I'm crit-  
icizing! Give her sympathy  
+ admiration - buckets  
of it, so that she may  
fully savor this, as she did,  
on a far smaller scale, the  
clashes disaster. Didn't you

Wednesday -  
(19 Apr 39)

Angel.

What a grand compliment John paid you! Thanks you for telling me, sweetie, - I'm proud of you, + I should think you would be of yourself, how I guess you'll have to take back some of the sharp things you've been saying about him?

I should think the Consumer's Union would be a good idea - after that on Consumer's Research. Such things as tires, gasoline, etc. could probably more than save you the subscription fees.

I still say not to worry so much about your notes. Of course it's a strain, but

know. I'd invite her, if  
there were any way, but  
I can't ask her to share  
a room with me - neither  
of us would like it. And  
Sister is all involved -  
Aunt Alice was, then  
any number of neighbors  
who think they're coming  
in way for the fair - one  
after another. Also they  
plan to go away from  
school for a bit.

I must write now  
if I am to mail this  
tonight. We're in the P.M.  
lunch + I go from  
the train to the theatre  
with Sister + shall get  
home till all hours.

Dearest love, sweetie -

C.

so are lots of things, but  
do you know good friends,  
It's the more or less dreary  
round of her more or less  
unstable factory life that is  
hard on her. That's when  
she gets these attacks of  
pain, etc. It's not as if  
it were your father who was  
dying, so that her really  
would be an agonizing  
parting. She doesn't really  
like Auntie at all & has  
been made miserable by her.  
Not that she'll admit all  
this, but it all enters  
into the situation, just the  
same. She'll probably  
have a reaction afterward  
when it's all over - the  
ambition, the jobs to be  
done, etc., and I hope  
your father will insist  
on her going away for  
a bit. She'd love it, you