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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.

the movies & there are so many good ones to waste your time on ones on such a low level. I saw that issue of Time picture about Tunisia, too & was impressed much as you were. For you comfort let me say that it has been much criticized for misleading treatment of facts. The laborer, in particular, is rather severe with them in general for dramatizing their facts at the expense of truth. It seems they often do it & are as a result unreliable. They use only those facts which support their thesis - or are likely to, so that what is presented to the public as a revelation of truth is essentially an expression of opinion. That picture did not, for instance, remind you, except in the brief mention of Gibraltar, of

is.
So you want to see "The Son of Frankenstein" - & say you're a highbrow because you think it's terrible! But I don't consider that sufficient evidence - it only brings you up to the level of normal intellectual equipment! Good heavens, darling, what did you expect? A picture like that is made for the people who read the "Daily Mirror" & go to Coney Island on Sunday. I suppose it was your instinct - you know the reputation of "Frankenstein" & don't know that all the movies which stem from it would either make Mary Shelley more triumphant at the post-mortem of her original thesis - that one soul of Mary Shelley would be destroyed by these things of her own creation, it's too bad when you go so rarely to

the fact that if Mussolini
tried to take Tunis, he'd not
only leave France on the
back of his neck, but the
British Empire, which
cannot allow him a
bridge across the Medi-
terranean. I remember one
of the Times correspondents
said the business about
Tunis was just a bluff, that
Mussolini knew he couldn't
get it & wouldn't try, but
would pick up something
that no one else wanted or
would fight for & where he
could leave an inexpensive
success. And within a few
weeks he picked up Albania
& took it home, you will
that he says nothing more
to France about Italy
"rights" in Tunisia. I speak
ing of Europe. I hope you
of taking of you let to
F. D. R. - his move may
will be the one that tips the
scales & saves the peace of
the world. I think it was

Saturday -

Darling -

(17 Apr 39)

Nothing from you
yesterday or today. I find
it a little difficult to
write with no letter to
answer. I am not sure
enough now about when
I come or invite you.
Besides, I keep wonder-
ing why the silence for
two days, especially
since the next will be
Sunday. Are you ill, or
are you annoyed at me?
You see, I am in a state
of nerves about you, looked
at from any direction. I
keep thinking of the impli-
cations of some of the
things you've written
me or wondering if all this

angels touch. I warn
you so that you may not
have the whole picture
ruined by it! The rest
is really magnificent. It
has kept the dark &
sombre atmosphere of the
original to perfection. The
tragedy keeps its inevitability,
the sense of doom
hangs over the whole
like a cloud grow-
ing darker as it ~~approaches~~
its end. Lawrence
Oliver is an amazingly
perfect Heathcliff - the
rest of the cast is very
good, but he's too good
to be good - that is, Heath-
cliff. From now on simply
is Lawrence Oliver, so
far as I am concerned
he built up the character
from the bottom & from the

that you say you've re-
lated to you sub-con-
scious has cropped up
again. Did you write a
letter that you afterward
decided not to send?
You've done that before,
you know. Anyhow, I
can't help going over & over
all the possibilities. So
it is difficult to write fully
↳ I keep thinking per-
haps I'm writing to
someone who'd rather not
be having a letter from
me.

I saw "Wuthering
Heights" this afternoon
with Leone or it may
come your way since it
is a Hollywood product.
Don't miss it. The last
30 seconds are appalling
in the Hollywood abominations.

inside, just as Emily Brontë
did — acting like that can
bring new life to a fine
work of art — he doesn't
follow her, he goes with
her. She must be buried
in her grave — but softly,
& with a sigh of relief &
joy. I suspect she was
in love with Heathcliff
herself & that he is, bring-
ing himself & her to life
again in her own haunted
story of anger & love.
Cathy is not that good, which
is a pity. But I think
it's better as it is than
the other way round. It's
a very beautiful picture,
visually — the wild
background of the moor,
the interior, the use of
light & shadow — particu-
larly the latter which
is used to create mood,
etc. etc.

Sunday -

Well, - it's 24 hours later
- I had been hoping that
there might be a special
from you as these quiet
often is when you've left
me several days without
word. But there wasn't +
- it's really just got me
down - 3 days of total
silence. I don't know
where I am - whether
you're sick or mad at
me. I feel terribly dis-
tressed - and depressed.
And I can't seem to
think of anything else
to say. I've been at
Sister's all day, banking
on finding some word
from you when I got
home + feeling rather
upset about the last

two days, so I didn't
really enjoy myself, +
now I'm even more
upset, so I guess I'll
stop.

much love, darling -
C.

Friday -

[15 Apr 39]

Darling -

About Olive's friend
or yes, I think - in a way
you are right in saying
she should leave sent
you name to them, rather
than mine to you, + 15
years ago she would
have, for that was the
clearly defined convention.
But I think now it is
more often done the other
way, so that the stranger
to whom the courtesy is
extended may be free to
make the contact or not
as he wishes. Either way
has its advantages. I
think the modern one on
the whole has more -
the person you are trying
to please is the stranger.

people - we like a large acquaintance, we get a considerable satisfaction out of making the stranger feel at home. I suppose it's partly the unsocial background of your childhood that makes you feel as you do. It's easy for us because we were always leaving people around who had been told to look Dad up - a Mother - or Boss, & we always loved it, all of us - it was fun having new people keep turning up. Well, Olive feels that way herself, you see & probably her friends do. It will seem to her the most natural thing in the world to receive a note from you, saying that you're a friend of Olive Olive's, have just recently seen her in N.Y.

or uncomes, so you leave the situation in his hands, you can, I am sure, just drop the whole matter - Olive would not resent it in the least. On the other hand, I think she'd get a lot of satisfaction out of feeling she'd done something for you. I don't quite see why you find it so difficult - it seems to me one of the simplest & easiest social situations to deal with - far more so than lots of others you seem to find easy. Perhaps it is because you do not have the feeling most people do of wanting to have a wide & varied number of social contacts. So you feel that you are intruding. Well, my dear, you're not. We Americans are all a kindly & friendly

1) + that she suggested you
look them up. Then ask
if you might call on such
+ such an evening, or
2) afternoon. You'll probably
be asked to tea, dinner, or
what. not. I understand, but

3) + easy — just remembers
that most human beings
are instinctively social
(part of their simian ancestry)
+ relax. Get what pleasure
you can from social con-
tacts + remembers the
chances are you're giving
some — you have charm
& a strong personality
both requisites of a social
success.

Then, I'd no intention of
writing a whole letter about
this, but you seemed in
such genuine distress over
it that I had to try to
help you out of a bit.
We're having spring again
— I hope you are, too, + that

Thursday -

(14 Apr 39)

Angel -

Here I am, very
late again after a long
full day of shopping
with Sister, then lunch
& the afternoon with kids
seeing her off finally for
Hartford - both of us
feeling awful. Then down
to Sister's - very grateful
to her to invite us, too,
for she knew I'd be
feeling low, - for dinner
& then she & I went
to the movies.

I am simply all agog
at the idea of your having
bought me an Easter
present - & so very sweet
of you to think of it, too.

how Auntie should make
her exit. Eva's exploit
dazzles me - the 2 sections
would have had us in
complete turmoil & panic.

I'm glad you got the
pictures of the snowstorm
- your description of it
made it sound magical,
& sunlight must have
made it even better -
I thought perhaps not
quite so magical. We
had snow, too, but
only a bit, then it
cleared. I suppose it
was one hail of your
storm for it hit us yester-
day. Last night went
down to 25 - the day
before had gone well
above 70! I had planned
to take my fur coat to be
stored today, but wore

You'll be interested to
know that Sister got me
a cinnabar bracelet - I'm
feeling better, thank you.
By the way, you'd better
tell me when you do
mail it - things have
a way of hanging around
down in the superinten-
dant's unless I'm on the
watch for them.

Well, darling, what
has gone wrong with
your language sense -
how do you pronounce
"fue" indeed - ca or
qua? Well, how do
you pronounce bézigue
or Martinique - or unique
- ~~unice~~ unice or unique?
I'm so glad you're
got things so comfortably.

it instead. The trees &
shrubs struggle along
against odds, basking big
strides when the weather
isn't looking & then, when
it turns around & sees
them, sneaking along at a
snail's pace.

News from Europe seems
perhaps a bit better -
the democracies are gaining
up on them, after all -
maybe it'll seal 'em off.

how it's just too late to
finish off his sheet so
go to bed.

Bushels of love, dearest -

C.

How's John, the poet?

Tuesday -

(12/7/39)

Dad's -

You wait get much
today - things have been
too involved. I went in town
early to help Sister with
some shopping, then down
to get Joan from school,
entertaining her till Kika
came over for cocktails
& then with her for dinner,
a movie - and now she's
here for the night, & I
should be talking to
her.

There were her letters
from you today, neither
one in a good mood. You
~~and~~ seem to have been
leaving a terrible time,
what with your eyes &
the maintenance
department. I'm sorry

seems to me very strange
to call him strange!
Most people are more
interested in something
else than in working.
But after all his fuss
& making a nuisance of
himself, he did play
golf after all, your next
letter says, He deserves
to be bawled. Very child-
ish behaviour, I call it.

Wednesday.

So that was all you
got yesterday! How nice
another letter from you
— more cheerful in mood,
so I am more cheerful
in mood. I'm so glad I
needn't worry about the
Sunday closing of the
building. It did seem

about the eyes — it's wild.
ad to leave them believe
like that when you need
them so much. Don't
you think possibly you're
overworking, my pet? If
the trouble with your
eyes is a nervous one,
overwork would be the
very worst thing for it
& would aggravate it a
great deal. I think you
should try to spend less
time working this term
& more outdoors — & more
just lazing, too. I doubt
if you can take this
intensive work for so long.

I don't see quite why
you call John "strange"
for being so crazy about
golf. It makes him like
so large a proportion of
the human race that it

absurd & infuriating & I
really felt much distressed
for the hours between yes-
terday & today. Now I'm
delighted that it all worked
out so quickly & so for-
tunately.

Too bad about Donald.
It does seem like a
difficult problem he has
on his hands — & of course
it makes a sort of vicious
circle, since his nerves are
a major factor in the prob-
lem & the problem aggra-
vates the nerves. I wish
his father would come
across & be decent
about it. If there is war
in Europe, they'd have to
come home, of course, & then
what? If there isn't war, he
might drive a bargain

with his father - or might
be. All the difficulties you
describes certainly indicate
a bad state of nerves -
more than should be
accounted for by his ill-
ness. What's the cause?
Has he been to a nerve
specialist? Probably not,
any more than you have!

I change my mind
every day about whether
there will be war very soon
c. it's like the weather
we're having with great
clouds that blow up & then
blow away, & never quite
precipitate. But I shall
think things over on my own
enough so that Donald's
father might be willing
to purchase their return.
How about living in the
south in his country? ♪

went on in Spain & what
military experts are now
saying about gas - with
the present efficiency of
the equipment for making
it, it's too expensive -
you can't kill as many
people or do as much
damage per dollar as with
high explosive. This
game, is it - it? The thing
that seems to me still to
be for the present hopeful
is that the Roux-Berlin
axis is not yet powerful
enough to be able to
wipe up the others & I
feel doubtful whether
they'll dare attempt it.
They've got to be in
better shape than they
are now before they
could hope to win. I
am rather combing on
Mussolini to know this.

I have heard many people
say that you could do it
as cheaply as in Europe,
& in places, for instance,
like Charleston, you could
live with dignity & ease.
It might be an out for
them. Of course for your
sake I am terribly dis-
tressed by the idea of
their staying over there
another year. I know it
will be an awful disor-
derly payment to you - and
a very real one to us, too.
What is the circuitous
route by which they
return to Paris - do
you know? I'm glad
they're getting gas masks,
though I rather doubt
their needing to use them.
The bombproof cellar seems
more useful - at least if
one is to judge by what

to love
to
to
to

Hitler could get carried away by a fantastic dream, but Mussolini is more of a realist. However, his hand may be forced. It seems to me that the democracies are getting more firm by degrees & there will presently I hope be a point where they'll say "this far & no farther"

Too bad you were dragged off for that auto-mobile ride to a shut & burned destination in that more or less willy willy fashion. Never mind sweetie, it probably won't happen often.

And that's all for today and yesterday, except to say I was cheered by your letter today - far less depressing & depressed than

Monday.

(11 Apr 39)

Sweetheart -

Nothing from

you since Saturday, so I
 guess I'll go ~~to~~ on with
 last night's conversation.
 You say I should try to
 nullify the effect of my
 statement to you that you
 had failed to keep me in
 love with you. Well, what
 was the effect - to the
 eye it had none - you
 made no answer, nor did
 any expression indicate
 your reaction. I certainly
 didn't mean it as a bomb-
 shell, + I think - in fact
 I know - that you are quite
 wrong in saying that
 - it's a hopeless foundation
 to build on. It has
 happened to us before. I have
 been in love with ^{you} stopped

further news as to their plans? Very much love
 as to my sweetie -
 to or

something I could do to
justify my existence. At the
same time you offered me
your strength to lean
upon. You gave me self-
respect & security of
spirit. So I very easily
fell in love with you. Now
you have removed those
things from me. You
make me feel that I
have nothing to offer that
you really want - & be-
cause I am as I am, I
am overcome by a sense
of having nothing to
offer worth having. You
destroy my value as human
being. Do you see, my
dear? Don't make the mis-
take of thinking this means
I am a person of much
vanity which must be
constantly catered to. It

being in love with you, and
been won again. I stopped
the first time because you
stopped being interested
- or showing any interest -
in my mind or heart. So
you didn't satisfy my
emotional needs and
though I remained fond
of you I was no longer in
love with you. Then you
came back and did
satisfy my emotional
needs by supplying me
with what I most needed
- belief in myself. You
did it partly in actual
words of direct love &
praise & partly more subtly
by turning to me for
help, listening to me with
respect - making me feel
I was needed, was import-
ant. That there was really

Because I have too little
not too much. I want
you love to be a shelter
to me. You cannot subject
a woman often to humili-
ation & keep her in love
with you - it goes against
something very fundamen-
tal in the relationship
of the sexes & inevitably
has an effect on the char-
acter of her emotion. Do you
see, darling, do you under-
stand this? You can
have me at your feet again
as you have in the past.
You treated me once as a
man treats a loved woman
& things were right between
us. They can be made
right again. And that's
enough of that for tonight.
I had a sweet note
from your mother today
William was to meet her
in N.Y. so I guess they're

Sunday -

(10 Apr 39)

Well, Easter is practically over. Sister + Joan came over this afternoon + they later for dinner - the day went in preparations while they arrived + cleaning up after they left.

By the way, I noticed, as I reread your Easter letter that you refer to Tridactylus Petrides as Fred erica. I remember now that you've spoken of her that way, too - + I call you attention to the mistake now while it occurs to me, not because it is important, but so that when you meet her as you eventually will, you'll pronounce it right! Her husband has anglicized his name, but she has

praised if we didn't.

I think probably your idea of our going off by ourselves for a while as soon as you get back is a good one. It will give us a good start, but I think we should definitely try to build up to it, so that we may set out under sunny skies, and I think, too, that we must recognize the essentially artificial nature of such an expedition - that is, it cuts us off from most of the stresses and strains of ordinary day by day living - and especially those that are irritating to you. The world we lived in those first 2 weeks was essentially the world as you

preferred not to, so remember - it ends with an "ique" not an "ica" & is pronounced accordingly!

About your other letter - thank you for saying I had dealt more generously with you than with me - any word of praise, or even semi-praise cheers me & helps me. Yes, I think I understand the situation better than you, but that doesn't mean I think it can be "boiled down" into a simple formula - such a thing as a relationship between 2 complex people couldn't possibly be. But that doesn't make me despair at all. We are both intelligent, we both have the will to succeed - I should be very much sur-

want it — I had quite an
 approximation to one you
 might deliberately arrange,
 I say this so that we'll
 be sure to get those 10 days
 or 2 weeks in their proper
 relationship to us & our
 life together. Do you see
 what I mean, darling?
 We must learn to live
 together, not just to go on
 holidays together. But I
 expect the holiday would
 be an excellent start, I
 think, too. You're right in
 saying we should try
 to get things pretty well
 ballked out before we
 start. So there you are.
 There is more to say, but
 not just now more time,
 so this will end here.
 Let me know how your
 mother's trip comes out. I'm
 so sorry she has to go
 through it — but I don't
 think Annie will die or be

boards to love + in Easter
 some
 time
 old
 way

Saturday -

10 Apr 39

Angel -

Two letters today!

And they were such sweet ones. It was dear of you to think to write me a special one for Easter - to remember that it would please me & then make the effort, even though you thought it silly! I purposely didn't send you an Easter letter because I knew you thought it silly & I didn't want to annoy you. Besides, I'd already given you an Easter present. I suppose the day has significance for me partly because it has for the society in which

of flowers in their arms
so that all these simple
homes will tomorrow
be lightened by fragrance
& beauty. I like even
the association of new
clothes with the occasion
— the laying aside of the
heavy dark things we've
covered ourselves with, for
brightness, color, gaiety.
Besides, I think any festi-
val that is more or less
universal — that is, shared
by vast numbers of people
is a very healthy thing.
It is a bond, it brings out
the kinship of human be-
ings. God knows the things
we celebrate tomorrow are
fundamental to us all, whether
we choose to embody its
meaning in a resurrected
god or in some other sym-

I live — and partly be-
cause of childish asso-
ciations. On the whole
I think it's a nice festi-
val — and a very ancient
one, for it's the celebration
of the coming of spring,
the renewal of life and
hope and fertility. I
suppose men in northern
countries where there is
a frozen winter, have
celebrated it in one way
or another since they be-
came articulate and their
lives took on some sort
of form. It's association
with flowers is of course
symbolic — but also inter-
ly charming. I liked
seeing the men coming
home from work today
with great pots or sheafs

bol - an armful of flowers
or a chocolate bunny! Cer-
tainly if there is any mo-
ment in the march of
the seasons which man
has reason to celebrate
- it is the one when the
year turns from death
to life. I wish that
you were here - or better
that we were together in
some gentler spot where
we might be more clearly
aware of the renewal of
life. But I shall think
of you tomorrow - and
reread your letter with
its thoughtfulness of me
and my happiness, its
tenderness and the sweet-
ness of its spirit - all
things that have made
me love you.

Friday -

Angel - (8 Apr 39)

Such a morning as
I have had - trying to
get Easter presents for Si-
ter + Joan, Everyone else
was getting Easter presents,
too - & besides, I knew
just what I wanted, which
is always a disadvantage
for then you have to
keep hunting till you find
what you're after. And
of course there was the
deadline of the train for
Dobbs - which I event-
ually got by a margin
of one minute - mailed
you letter first, though!

life, which has cheated her of a great deal. I have never heard one word of complaint from her. So — when her attitude to stress manages to be a what-can-I-do-for-him one she deserves the reward of feeling she has done something, even though her judgment in picking what to do is not infallibly good.

Then, darling, I put all this down, for I doubt if you know Olive well enough to know all this and it might easily seem a nuisance not worth bothering with if you didn't have a little more understanding of the

The enclosure explains itself, I guess you'd have to do something about it, darling, though I suspect you'd rather not. Olive assumes, you see, that you would like to know as many people as possible. She has no idea, of course, of how hard you work. She is a truly kind person and her natural impulse is to do anything she can for anyone that comes within her orbit. She manages to be unfailingly cheerful, gay, friendly, hospitable, affectionate, helpful — and, any number of other things, though she has many reasons to feel bitter + resentful against

intractions.

Sister got back last night + Joan was returned to the nest. She's really been awfully companionable these last few days and we've had a grand time together. She's very mature in lots of ways - often true, of course, of an only child who is mixed with older people. Yesterday afternoon she sat curled up in my big chair, reading "Alice through the Looking glass" to herself - got half way through it, too, in one session!

Buckets of love, darling-

♀.

Thursday -

(7 Apr 39)

Darling -

Thanks for the special
- it's true that I was
"waiting rather anxiously for
a letter" - but I'm still
waiting anxiously! For you
letter dropped hints of the
awful things you were
going to say without say-
ing them - thus leaving
me in unhappy + fright-
ened suspense. So cheer
and say them, Darling
- get them off your
chest + let them cease to
hang suspended over
my head. In a way it
is too bad to have to
talk this out by letter, but

was gentle + considerate
and in a sense comfort-
ing, because of its ob-
vious reflection of your
intention of going at this
problem thoughtfully,
carefully, seriously, and
with the intention of
solving it.

That's all for tonight,
except to send you my
love - C.

It has - its advantages, too,
for there is more to offset the
emotional effect of the dis-
cussion than if we were
living together. 30.00
ahead - you may begin.
Try to see how what you
say will sound, so as to
make the misunderstand-
ings as slight as possible.
You leave great power to
hurt me, but you leave
also the power to heal +
comfort me.

But I don't want to go
on with this tonight - I
~~am~~ am depressed and
unhappy - partly because
of your letter, I admit
though that is not intended
as a criticism, for the letter

Wednesday -

(6 Apr 39)

Angel -

No word from you
except the brief p.c. - I
hope you've not come
down with anything.

I've had another busy
day, but it had an early
end, as Joan is now in
bed and my evening is
my own - just as well, for
I've just remembered a
book I must return to
school on Fri. + haven't
anywhere nearly finished,
so as soon as this done
+ the dishes - I shall
get it out.

I took Joan to the
Museum yesterday + had
a grand time. She was

ed with meticulous Flemish
realism! I trembled, for Toor
has pined at the sight of
blood + been haunted by
horror pictures in his dreams.
But that stage seems to
have passed + she has
now reached the morbid
fascination one! For would
he have died to watch her
in having once discovered
what was available,
she refused to be satis-
fied by portraits, or
genre, or anything less
violent than a strang-
ling! My chief problem
was in explaining in
some form comprehens-
ible to her the reason
for these events, for of
course the concept of
being willing to submit

was interested than she's
been on any trip here
before. In fact, she bowed
down here because she
preferred to stay in the
museum! The questions
were flowing in a steady
stream and kept me
in quite a state - it's so
difficult to answer them
in terms intelligible to 7
years old. At least, that's
some of some - others
was easy enough, for she
just wanted to know
the stories of the pictures.
We happened to start
in the Flemish galleries,
and it seemed as if
about 3/4 of the pictures
were martyrdoms or
crucifixions - represent-

to torture or death for an
idea was 'way beyond
her. The runner-up to
martyrdom for her interest
was - or was - Egyptian
funeral customs, especially
mummies. Thank heaven
they no longer leave any
unwrapped ones lying
around - and she didn't
ask me what Canopic
jars were for, though I
thought she was going to.
We ran into Leon & Cal
among the Flemish war-
riors - and another friend
of mine just as we were
leaving - it always sur-
prised me to come across
anyone I know any-
where in N. Y. must get
And now I must get
at my book
And here's to you - my
Lamb - C.

Tuesday -
 (6 April 39)
 I had quite a day - de-
 lightful, but full, after a
 rather busy night. Joan
 has really been a grand
 companion for the last
 two days. She's so ready
 to consider everything a
 treat, & so responsive -
 and ready to be interested.
 She's been as good as a
 gold, too. Yesterday the
 major item was going to
 the Petrides's to see the
 baby. Really, you should
 have seen them! Tride's
 origin is a casual mother,
 and was quite willing to

best moment, though, was when T. said to F. "I don't see how you can afford both a canary and a baby." F. said it was difficult as both of them had enormous appetites, at which T. shook his head solemnly & said "yes, it's quite a problem, isn't it?"

Thanks for your p.c. - I hoped there'd be one today so I'd know you were safely back. I was afraid you'd find it cold - it is here, certainly. Pilsa says they drove in a snowstorm most of the morning on Sunday so this day was not so good as I'd hoped. And then

let Joan play with Anas if she were a doll - & of course she is just about the size of T's big doll - only alive. Joan was allowed to hold her, to push her around the park in the carriage, feed her - all sorts of things - & her endless delight. She brushed the baby's hair till the poor little downy wisps almost melted away & brushed corners around her till she almost smothered. She (T.) finally offered her total fortune - \$2.05 - to buy the baby, but trial-enique wouldn't let her go for under \$2.55, so the sale didn't come off! The

2
Shout, with whom I played
bridge at Sister's Sunday
evening said he'd left
snow in Poughkeepsie. 40°
bitter today with a wind
that just about takes the
hair off your head.
I had a sweet note
from Eva on a lovely card
she has the gift of being
very gracious in a few
words + making me feel
very happy. She made me
feel she was really thrilled
with the sweater - so of
course I am really thrilled
and everything in the
garden is lovely.
Do let me hear what
you hear from your mother.
I read the p.c. before I
wondered it, asking by my
code, not yours, but at
least being honest enough
to confess! If you stop to

Thursday -

(17 March 39)

Angel.

This is going to be a
cut line - a bit more - that
kind of letter, crowded
into intervals in a crowd-
ed day.

About Eva - of course
it would be lovely if
we could see her - do
urge it. She seen her
only once, you know &
so briefly. But she'd
better decide as soon as
possible, for things are
likely, as you know, to get
pretty well filled up & break-
ing engagements is difficult
if not impossible - that is to
say, if I break one on the
grounds that Eva is com-
ing, we should simply
be asked to bring her

But, sweetie, I didn't
tell her you'd written it
to Eva already. That's a very
masculine thing to do, & I
think you're at an age now
when perhaps you'd better
learn not to do it. Having
quests is, as you know, in-
convenient for them any-
way - having our quests
makes it impossible for
them to have their own
& also prevents their
having the use of their
living room. You should
not impose this upon her
without first asking her if
you might. She is generous
& gracious & hospitable, as
you know from your own
experience - and she de-
serves to be treated with
consideration. How don't
worry, darling. I don't
think for a minute you

along. Our theatre dates as
the 28 + 30. Those, of
course, cannot be changed.
If she had to come on one
of them, of course I'd give
her my ticket, but I don't
want to - not because I'd
bequidge her the pleasure,
you understand. The "Alec
Sincere" I'd planned to
see with you even since
it opened in October &
I finally made it possible by
getting tickets 6 weeks
ahead! So you can under-
stand what I mean when
I say I'd not want to give
her my ticket! For Heaven's
sake it would be rather awkward
since it is a social as well
as a dramatic evening.
So avoid those dates if
you can. Give spoken to
Bette about the bed which
of course she offers gladly.

had any intention of dis-
courtesy. I know you sim-
ply did not think as near
so often I do. And because
you are always so consid-
erate & thoughtful a quest
I thought you'd prefer to
leave your attention called
to a breach of consideration
& courtesy. I said to her
only that you had wondered
if it would be possible so
she doesn't know you'd
written it to Eva.

Thanks for being so nice
about Leone - you would be
flattered to see how much
she looks forward to seeing
you. I don't know why you
thought she'd invited us to
the theatre, for I assure she
hasn't - she wouldn't think
of it, nor should I accept
it if she did - I merely
meant she asked me if
we would go with them -

Friday -

Sweetheart, (17 March 39)

You words
about Leon bring again
to my mind your feeling
about the vacation and
because I do so want
- it to be happy, I cannot
help mentioning that I
hope terribly that you
will prepare yourself
against disappointment
by not expecting that
we shall spend most
of it in each others
exclusive company, try
to feel, darling, that in
the very sharing of the
things we do there is
satisfaction & joy. It
is fun to do things together,

of what we should. Don't
think this means we're
going to spend the vacation
in one long round of gossip
— for from it. But I think
perhaps you will find it easier
to enjoy what we do do if
you are expecting it rather
than not. At Christmas I
felt that I had to apologize
to you for everything we
did and I felt some
dread of telling you that
meant that I didn't get
from the things we did
the feeling of our doing them
together — the feeling of
having every pleasure
brightened by the fact
we were sharing. Don't
think I say all this
because of myself only.
I say it because of us,

whatever they are — do feel
that, darling. Of course I
love being with you in
company because I love
watching you exert your
charm on others. I am
proud of your manners
and of your appearance.
Besides, it's fun to do
things with you & then
talk them over with you
afterwards — to feel that
there is an intimacy &
closeness of our sharing
of the experience, whatever
it was, that there is not
between us & the others.
Just try, dearest, for both
our sakes, to get all the
juice out of what we
shall have in this week,
rather than fretting for lack

because there must be
more joy in his holiday
than in the last so that
we may when it is over
feel such satisfaction that
it will carry us over the
separation, rather than
bitterness at a parting that
came too soon, before we
had really got anything
from being together.

Darling, I'm sorry I'm
so stupid about Tolst
^{names & initials} think there's no
wilt — excuse for it and I humbly
apologize to you and to
them.

Your yesterday letter
didn't get mailed in a
rush to get this ps ready
this morning to give a test
this afternoon so I'm just
putting this in the same

Monday -

(3 Apr 39)

Well, darling,

The old round
begins again. I think a
little sadly of you remark
yesterday about our getting
on better by letter than
when we're together -
but look forward hope-
fully to the day when
that will not be true.
It will be all right in
the end, for we are both
intelligent people and with
enough character so that
we intend to make it
all right. It's true you
are immature emotion-
ally, but you are very
mature intellectually, and

awful lot of cause for un-
happiness from yourself +
those with whom you either
must or wish to live. You
would not have hurt
Donald, nor your parents,
so you see it's not just a
matter of what you do to
me. I suspect that you are,
as a matter of fact, grad-
ually reaching the point
when you yourself will
accept the fact that you
must accept adult emot-
ional responsibility. It
may even be the trouble
with your eyes! There is
a conflict between the
part of you that wants
to remain emotionally
a child + the part that
is already intellectually
very mature. It's the
intellectual recognition of

that will compensate
+ help you to become more
adult in your emotions.
I think an effort of the
imagination is perhaps
what you need as much
as anything so that you
can project yourself
into the mind of another
— specifically myself of
course, in this instance.
You are not without the
capacity, for you can do
it in the theatre, for
example. But you have
not developed, with con-
scious effort, your natural
ability, which is still in
the adolescent stage. You
would enjoy what you
could do with it, as you
would enjoy any skill
— besides removing an

the emotional immaturity
that makes you unhappy -
& at the same time is an
indication of the eventual
resolution of the problem.
For some reason I've not
yet been able to lay my
finger on, you've not wanted
to grow up & being a boy
& Schachtel, have resisted &
resented - it with a tenacity
that you'll presently learn
to use in a more fruitful
way in reversing your
efforts. I know very well
how much effort you ex-
erted this time you were
here & you know we were
happy those first days -
now, weren't we? You were
sweet & dear - the boy I
love - the man I shall
love much more.
The enclosure explains
itself. I await tomorrow's
mail impatiently for the coming

Tuesday -
#2 March 39

Dearest -

It's well after
midnight + I must be up
betimes tomorrow so as to
meet Rhea when she gets
in, so this wait be long.
I expect I shall write
again, for by the time I
could write tomorrow,
it would be too late for
you to get it before you
leave at the rate my
letters seem to go.

Sister + I had a big
day today celebrating
the end of my school
— want to see the new
Charles Boyer picture
among other things. Now
why do you speak so you

have to live our lives
and we are temporarily
set completely free. The
picture I saw today was
not a thriller, but pure
romance which does the
same thing. The plot
was as flimsy as a
sheet of newspaper &
the characterization the
same, so far as the sec-
ular was concerned. But
Charles Boyer acts with
such skill & such inteq-
uity that he can make
a paper doll seem solid.
Irene Dunne played
opposite him & succeeded
in making a silly part
credible & even dignified.
Maria Ouspenskaya had
a small part which was
written as group & played
so exquisitely that it was

do about "Tessie James"
— in a semi-apologetic
manner? Of course it's of
no importance as a work of
art — but neither is the
one I saw today. Just
the same I liked it! And
I suspect for fundamen-
tally the same reason you
liked "Tessie James" —
it's an escape, if only
from the wear & tear of
of hard work & daily
living. And that is a
perfectly legitimate
reason for going — just
as Dad used to go —
it's relaxing. A thriller
always is, I think, for
it is wholly apart from
the real world. This, I do
not happen according
to the rules by which we

vintage wine. The photog-
raphy was flawless as it
always is from Hollywood
& he cinematic sense
equalled it. So I could
enjoy it & still keep my
self-respect - it wasn't
just that devastating French
man! I haven't seen
"Jesse James" so I can't
say anything about it ex-
cept that I do know that
it's historically all wrong!
But that doesn't make it
cinematically all wrong, I
think it's grand you en-
joyed it.

I'll be expecting you
Sunday around 8:45 -
no more bright for it's
now past one.

Until Sunday, then, my
precious - C.

Monday -

Darling -

20 March 39

I didn't even have time to get my nail this morning. I left in such a rush! I read papers till late last night - then wrote this morning - god, am I glad to see the last of them!

I had been invited to dine tonight at the Littles - to meet Mrs. Little's sister, who is Mrs. Philip Hale (Boston - you know) + also - as you probably wouldn't know, a painter - not important, but good. His daughter is a novelist and short-story writer. Quite a gifted family, isn't it? It's the "Mrs. H." who got me so deeply interested in the arts + began back.

meet me! I took the next
train, but it was $\frac{3}{4}$ of
an hour later & they post-
poned lunch till two. ~~They~~
how, I had a grand time
once I'd got over my
agony. The conversation
was good, the food superb,
and the atmosphere so
full of friendliness &
warmth, as - it always is
here. I do want you to
know them. Hal has de-
cided to wait till next
year to go to Europe in
the hope that we'd go
with her which I said
we very likely should
- provided anyone is
going to Europe next year.

I & all begin to look
pretty bad, doesn't it? I
find myself disliking to
move far from the radio,
All the stations today were

ing her to paint. Well, to
go back to when I was -
I had to decline the dinner
invitation because we were
playing bridge, so then
I was asked to lunch. But
I meant an early train, of
course & cut short my
morning. I looked at
the time-table & told Hal
I'd at 12:30, which I
got to the Q. C. just in
time for an only to discover
that it stops in Yorkers
only to take on passengers!
Can you imagine anything
more awful? My fault
entirely, of course, for I
hadn't read the time-
table carefully enough. I
need you to look after me!
So, in great embarrassment
I called the Littells &
explained what I'd done.
Hal had already left to

constantly interrupting
their broadcasts as they did
last September to give the
latest news from Europe.
It is amazing & appalling
to sit & listen to news talk-
ing from London, Paris,
Prague - & answering
questions asked them by
men in America. Amazing
for obvious reasons - appal-
ling because of the things
they talk about. We had
the radio on while we
played bridge - a good deal
of the time at least. It
was loud on the bridge,
but we couldn't bear to
miss any bit of new infor-
mation. I think perhaps
Hitler is at last over-lead-
ing himself & the rest of
the world won't take it
any more.
Sincerely,
Lovers,
precious - C.

Saturday -

(20 March 39)

Dearest,

Such a day - my
nose has been on one quind-
stone or another all of it
- & only one of the quind-
stones was at all interest-
ing - paper-reading, and
that can pall, as you
may know! The rest was
domestic duties which
I loathe + am uninter-
ably bored by, but which
can be evaded only up
to a point. Papers all
afternoon + evening - I
wish it could some-
how be arranged so
they were staggered, so
that they weren't all writ-
ing the same one at
the same time - that's
what makes it so dead-
ly. The first five are del.

felt the same way, only
on a basis of far less under-
standing, of course. But
I leave for long, and was
disappointed by your in-
different reaction when I
asked you once what you
thought of him. That
made me feel I must be
wrong, so that I feel
vastly pleased by dis-
covering that I wasn't!
I have been old that he
has for years had the
reputation in Europe of
being the conductor of
Mozart among living men.
He has been all his life
a passionate admirer of
that composer and has
devoted an immense amount
of time and energy to in-
creasing his knowledge &
understanding of Mozart
to the highest possible point
he was capable of. He has

initially interesting - after
that you make an effort.
But I learned one trick,
back at Harvard, from
Chandler Post, no less -
to arrange papers rough-
ly in the order of ex-
pected excellence so
that you read the very
dumbest at the begin-
ning when you're fresh &
least irritated (therefore
most fair) by dumbness
and you get the best at
the end when you're
tired & bored & need re-
freshment & encourage-
ment. It works beau-
tifully.

About Bruno Walter
I was delighted by
what you said about
last week's concert, for I

for me inevitably an added
interest because he has been
a victim of Nazi persecution.
I always think of him in
connection with Thomas
Mann - not because I be-
lieve him so important
but because he, like Mann,
is an exponent of Germany's
great creative powers and
instead of leaving his con-
patriots sitting at his feet
& thanking God he's a
German, they drive him
out because he's a dirty
Jew & happens to prefer
Nazism to League - two
sins against the Holy Ghost.
He managed to keep a
jump ahead of the con-
centration camp - per-
haps because he always
moved on in time, per-
haps because he was too con-
spicuous a figure for them
to dare. Of course he was
an important person at

Salzburg, & of course how
longer is. You know Foster-
win's refused to go to Salz-
burg because they had
known out Walter. And
of course Rheinhardt can
no longer do his "Every-
man" - isn't it a pity -
a place known the world
over for its contributions
to the immortality of
great works of art must
step back either into the
ranks of the second-rate or
give it all up & retreat
into obscurity. And all be-
cause one race feels an
angry hatred for another
in the second race, nor-
mally enough, being pec-
uliarly gifted in the in-
terpretation of the artistic
creations of the first
race.

There, I'm sure you know
all I've told you of facts, &

Well, about the human-
ities — of course I include
music & "art" — by which I
assume you mean painting
& sculpture ^{+ architecture} — yes! But not
mathematics — sorry! How
often you ask me all
those well reasoned ques-
tions of course you send
me into a dither & I think
& think. I recognize that
the whole discussion is
dealing with matters evad-
ing definitions and is con-
stantly leading one down
paths that seem to end in
a tangle. As nearly as I
can manage to pin it down,
I should say that the
essential quality is some-
thing that can be classified
as one of the humanities
is that it should bear
some emotional relation-
ship to human life. This
music certainly does —
no matter how intellectual

I have thought all I told you
otherwise, so this is all
coals to Newcastle. Excuse
it, please!

Sorry of mis-spelled ~~Walter~~
Ryder, but all the people of
that name I know or
know of, happened to
spell it Ryder — & I'd never
seen her name written. As
she said nothing of the
Tweedys or her own family
— only spoke of herself &
of Donald & Betty. She was
asked for you. I was
obviously in something of
a hurry and besides,
people were banging into
us & involving us about
no place for long conver-
sation. I'd come to
fasten, I'd have invited
her to lunch — but then,
the same could be said
of her!

Anyhow you didn't
spell Walter right!

+ abstract - its foundations.
So is a thing like a Gothic
cathedral - which must
in order to stand, embody
the most flawless &
subtle logic - which is,
as you say of mathemat-
ics & music "concerned
with relations of more or
less abstract elements"
- But the cathedral also
embodies, expresses &
arouses passionate emotion
- the essence of a particular
moment in the history of
the human spirit - another
of the numberless links in
the chain that tie the
human race together,
another note along the
margin of the book of life
to help us understand
its meaning. Now this is
not to underestimate mat-
ematics, nor the unesti-
mable value of such intel-
lectual disciplines, but
only to attempt to ex-

plain why or on what
grounds it is excluded
from the Humanities when
music is not — for that's
the question you put. You
may be right in saying
that Mozart & the theory
of abstract spaces are ex-
citing to you for the same
reasons — but I'm not
sure you are, all the same!
You're not always so good
at analysing your own ex-
periences as your own thoughts.
Of course, it's really
true, I should be inclined
to say you're missing every
bit as much of Mozart
as I am! That is, to get
from Mozart, as do innum-
erable other human beings,
something that is not
"concerned with relations
of more or less abstract
elements" but which
gives me the greatest de-
light and which could

certainly be expressed in
terms of human emotion.
I think the ideal is to have
both — to be able to look
at the Gothic cathedral
& understand its supreme
logic as well as feel
its ecstasy of ~~total~~ emotion.

But I do really believe
that to come under the
heading of "the human-
ities" a subject (or object)
must have some emo-
tional content, some of the
stuff of life — that is, some
of its own, not just the sub-
jective emotion you experi-
ence in dealing with it.

There, succinctly, that's all
the time for — I've done a
lot of thinking for me!
This is Saturday's + Sun-
day's as you'll have
guessed — about half a
hull.

With dearest love to you,
Alicia — C.

a sort of fundamental
principle + so am sur-
prised to realize that you
apparently didn't realize
it. Never rub an irritated
eye!

Glad you noticed the
page in the Sunday Times
- I thought it an ex-
cellent idea to publish
it + thought the examples
very well chosen. I've
taken it up to school
to put on my bulletin
board. It's a good vivid
way of showing the
general public what
they won't listen to in
words. People who dis-
miss Rouault with
contempt as "crazy"
will stand in reverent
awe before Gothic stained

of school, I am too hand-
pressed to be able to
afford that. So I'll leave
those for tomorrow. ^{though}
It's like putting aside
champaigne - I find that
kind of exchange of
letters so skin-lating.

There's no need for me
to make the oculist
appointment ahead of
time - you can get it
one day before easily,
so I'll leave it till
you come to see when it
fits in. I should think
chalk dust might have
much to do with it -
that checks with the
relief the borax acid
bath gives you. Use it
freely + don't rub. I
thought wth rubbing was

glass, etc. etc. There is
nothing in it to surprise
a person who knows but
it's given a fact
starts to be general
public. The acceptance of
any art form, for the
general public, is so much
a matter of habit, based
on what has been taught
them which in turn was
based on the same discip.
mean, the judgment does
not enter into it. You know
this stained glass is
"supposed to be" (good, low
run into that phrase)
good, so that's easy, but
you come upon Rouault
who armed & he looks unlike
your family doctor - so he's
crazy - it never occurs to
you that he's using many
of the same conventions
you've already unquestioningly
accepted. There, you see?

Wednesday -

(15 March 34)

Sweetheart,

Of course I have to
point you the point that the
documentary film should not
be excluded - we should
have them just as we should
have newspapers, but we
should not overestimate
their importance. Your pas-
sionate defence of "facts"
was quite impressive and
very well put, but it
seemed that you limited
your "facts" to their outward
physical aspect. It seems
to me to matter very little
whether it is the actual feet
of Lenin which makes the
impression on the film or
that of a man taking the
part of Lenin. The important
"facts" about Lenin are not
those recorded by the news.
But what went on in-
side that round Mongolian

stand what Oscar himself
never would. He selects, he
removes irrelevances, he
emphasizes, he allows you
to see what we are capable
of in actual life, & he
shows that this is actual
life of movements as of
individuals. Of course as
you look now at the old
news-reels you are adding
to them those things you
~~do~~ know which are not
there & which you have
got from historians, con-
mentators, interpreters, etc.
— in other words you are
performing something of
the function of the artist
yourself. You say the
autobio movie would give
a picture of the drama &
tragedy — well, so it
does, but it gives more,
too — the understanding
of the place of those events

should and the relation be-
tween those thoughts and
action — the analysis of that
extraordinary personality &
why it had the effect it did
on vast numbers of people
— the degree to which he is
person guided the immense
forces of revolution, & the
degree to which he merely
went with the tide. In other
words, what is his place
in the making of history and
why? What the documentary
does is to give you only the
external aspect of histor-
ical events, the other sort of
film can make you under-
stand the meaning of events.
I should be inclined to be-
lieve that after seeing "Oscar
Wilde" you know more
facts about O. W. than
had you spent that
amount of time — in his
living presence. The artist
can make you see & under-

But in world history, and here
is this - you admit to finding
a large part of the fascinat-
ion in the fact that "those
stabs part didn't know what
was happening" - and that's
pure drama, infused into it
by yourself - the audience
knows what the actors do
not. Of course it's thrilling
& fascinating, but it's
thrilling because of its
essentially dramatic
contrast, not because of
anything to do with facts.
Thus, dealing, does it
sound as if I were trying
to down you in an argument?
If not, I assure you, but only
to provide intellectual prefer-
ence for my preference
for the other sort of movie.
I think perhaps fact & fiction
are not quite so neatly divided
in to their separate compart-
ments as they seem in your
discussion, you find so simple
that it can be found in one kind

Monday -

(13 March 39)

Sweetheart,

As soon this reaches you before you write to Bess - I think our visit is automatically off, anyway, for they're having health troubles. Sally has had several gall bladder attacks - this is serious for a person who could not survive an operation, and of course they are keeping her in cotton wool. Also, May is having nervous difficulties - is at present in a sanitarium but will be at home this week or next probably. I'm sure they'll not want guests. So - be sure to mention sympathetically all these troubles. I'm sorry you've postponed writing so long - Bess is too easily hurt by that sort of thing - nor is she one to understand time, she ought to, but we

Re: guard, She's very senti-
mental.

You've been thinking about
the vacation, and wondering
if it seems to you that these
vacations get arranged to
suit me, not you, In a
sense they do, but it is not,
my dear one, because I intend
it that way. It is because
you come to my world -
literally, physically, I mean
- and it is full of the people
I care about. Were I to go
into seclusion with you, it
would hurt others & make
difficulties for me. Since it
is from these people that
I derive comfort & compan-
ionship & a sense of satis-
faction in living, while I
am without you, I must
not seem to put them aside
the minute I leave you. In
other words, I think we
should not expect to leave

just leave to deal with people
as they are, not as they ought
to be. She never understands
people different from herself,
you know, & she has always
managed a really fabulous
correspondence - even in
the days when she was run-
ning an architectural busi-
ness, teaching at Wellesley
and being Dad's wife with
all the social activities that
implied. In her subjective
way she can't see why any-
one can't do what she can
do - and besides, everything
is personal to her & she
takes offense quickly. For
my father's sake, I am re-
solved that at least the
surface of peace and affection
shall be preserved - so,
darling, will you do a little
subject about not leaving
without? If you tell her you
write to me every day, and
are a bit sentimental
about it, it will get under

a great deal of time to
ourselves during these short
vacations. I'm saying all
this in the hope that you'll
not be disappointed as you
were at Texas, but prepared
for just what it will be like
and so able to enjoy it for
what it is. See, sweetheart?
I make no moves myself
& avoid what I decently
can, but all the same, I
can't avoid everything. Be-
sides, I am proud of you,
and it is a source of satis-
faction to me to have you
to show off.

Then, that's all for today
my duck, for there is no
more time. I'm in an end
of the term jam myself.
All my love to you,
my pet. L.

Saturday -
(13 March 39)

Angel.

The letter I got from you yesterday was very sweet and I'm very grateful - it made me feel very much better and very much happier and more looking forward about the summer.

I expect you're right about the mathematics, though you're not right in thinking that I regarded your preference for it as an "affront". That puts it all on a very much more personal + more petty level than I felt. I was sorry, not offended. Please don't think of me as being quite so small or so much an

to your friends. Labels mean
so little to me that it is a
constant struggle to remem-
ber them, even when they're
attached to people. Any-
way, he's even more
clearly defined in my
mind as a personality. I
don't know just why you
think it a marvel that
she made the concession
— it's happened thousands
probably millions of
times that a woman gave
up this or that belief for
love of a man "My
people shall be my people,
and my god my god"
The trouble is that in
the end she may regret
— and then resent — that
unfair demand. On the other
hand she may not — some
women never do. But on
the whole it is so much

egotist as that word
"affront" implies.

Thanks for the reminder
about the income tax
— I wish I had you
around to sprinkle re-
minders about this &
that through my for-
getful days!

I have just realized,
to my horror, that I
called Will John's
my little dissertation on
religious prejudices — stupid
of me, but characteristic.
I am ashamed to say,
the personalities of the two
are perfectly clear in my
mind, but the names I
keep getting mixed. I'd
do better if I knew them
in person. Please forgive
it doubling, and don't
take it as indifference

with, and who are of to
pling stones or ^{even} pebbles
↳ so please don't think
I'm being paranoid about
leins. I suppose it hit
a sensitive spot that
I had been trained to
literally from infancy (can
one be trained to a
sensitive spot - never
mind - you get the idea,
I'm sure) so that a sign
of racial or religious prej-
udice immediately makes
me jump to the defense
of the fellow on the down
side - & particularly when
it is religious prejudice.
Of course I was brought
up in a New England town
& the religious prejudice
one encounters, is the
anti-Catholic one which
both my parents made
the greatest effort to be

might. And what will happen
to me if I do? Certainly I'd
never be able to untangle
the mess.

By the way, I think I've
not told you (I wanted to
be sure) that Leon has
been sent an apartment
in N. Y. for the vacation
& Earl will be joining
her here. That will be
another thing to take our
time. I hope you'll not
mind, darling, but you can
see that it is an obligation
of friendship - only I
hope you'll be able to feel
it a pleasure. Leon asked
me if we wouldn't go to
the theatre with them. I
said certainly & she
suggested "Hallelujah".
This I turned down firm-
ly & she said how about
"Henry IV" - so I said O.K.

sure I shouldn't leave.

Sunday -

At that point I stopped,
because it was terribly
late, and because I de-
cided I'd dealt sufficient-
ly with that matter of
anti-Catholic prejudice!

How another day is gone
and I've got a number of
odd jobs done - the biggest,
though not the oddest,
being the Income Tax. Oh
god, why did I marry a
mathematician if I have
to do my own Inc. Tax?
It's such a pesky job & such
a dull one - and I am
always left with an un-
comfortable feeling of inso-
curity for fear I've done it
wrong - which I so easily

I think there are other things you'd very likely prefer, but since I'd declined her first choice I didn't like to do the same to her second and I do think you'll enjoy seeing Maurice Evans as the wretched Jack after seeing him in a tragic role. Personally, I'd rather spend an evening in Earl's company at the Theatre than just in Earl's company! He's not really up my alley, much as I've tried to like him.

We're having ^{terrible} weather - snow, sleet, ice & finally rain - the streets are deep in icy slush. Paula's goodness I've no reason for going out. Good night, my sweet - in another fortnight you'll be here beside me - C.

that you have so many friends from here! But the search is vain so far.

I'm glad you got the letter off to Donald and I'm sure it's effect will be good. I'm terribly touched by what you said of my attitude toward one situation - and terribly grateful to you for not only feeling, but saying it. Any such words of appreciation or admiration from you are more precious to me than you can imagine - and never always to draw me closer to you. They are reassuring, they renew my self-esteem, which needs a good deal of renewal.

like motibales which are merely distasteful to the moth & have no effect on the larvae - which are what do the eating. It won't take you more than a matter of minutes to do this and I've never known it to fail unless you dip in too quantity. Keep things as tightly closed as you can. The odor does not linger in your clothes, either, as the camphor one does.

Your suggestion of going through all your clothes hunting for moths is very old-fashioned!

I have been buying all day to remember who it is I have known from Kazan - for there is some one + I thought it would be amusing to tell you about it now

Speaking of Donald, I
ran smack into Helen
Ryder in Lord & Taylor's
today! She was delightfully
cordial & of course wanted
to know all about you -
as well as to send you
her love. She said she'd
been having a bad
time with neuritis all
winter & was just off
to Charleston to bask in
the sun. I hope she'll
find it! I remember when
huddled went, at just this
time of year, to recuperate
from an illness & never
left off her fur coat! The
sky was gray, the wind
blew off the water & she
sat by the fire - some-
what more expensively
than she could have on
Long Island.
Your account of the
Sunday concert made it

Friday -

(10 March 39)

Sweetie,

Again I caught
my train by too narrow
a margin to mail your
letter as I flew by at
that. It will probably be
mailed before this, as 9:00
was only 10 minutes before
I must start for the
station + then I'll have
friends on the train, so
I'll have to finish it
late tonight after an
evening in town with
Hal Little + another old
girl.

I'm rather surprised at
your friend John's atti-
tude toward Catholicism
in fact, I suspect to

and asking it at a time
when she is under abnor-
mal emotional stress
and may easily make
concessions that she
will later regret, and
which will enable what
right has he to ask
that of her? I really
think it's a piece of pure
male arrogance - "you
can't have me unless
you're willing to do this
and so" All well, it's
just another instance
of what one is forever
coming up against -
how long it really
takes to get free of
religious intolerance.
John has shaken
off some of it, perhaps
his children will be

a hangover from his
methodism! If he'd been
brought up in a liberal
home he'd have no such
prejudices. Why not commit
his children to a faith they
know not of? You commit
children to innumerable
things they know not of
just by bringing them
into the world - few of
them are so easy to get
out of, either, as a faith
they do not want. And if
they do want it, why not
let them have it? It all
seems to me a little just-
enough, to tell you the truth,
and certainly liberal.
There is besides, the fact
that he is asking a grown
woman to give up some-
thing that she may want,

ment. But it's remarkable
also how that old evan-
gelical view of the Catholic
church as the scarlet
woman lingers in one
form or another here.
It would ~~seem~~ occur
me to raise such an
objection as that, but
I expect that is my
bringing up which taught
me to regard all religious
units respect, whether
shared their beliefs or
not. So it is no credit
to me, but as usual to
Dad, for whose prej-
udice was, I think, a
function of the mind
that had simply abso-
luted.

Yes, darling, that's all
for today. Don't tell Helen
I said this - I may
meet him some day!
My dearest love -
G.

- always generous & open-
landed in proportion to
what he had.

Your account of the
Russian gentleman was
vivid and delightful. How
almost incredible that there
should have been that
connection between him
and your other Russian
friends! Perhaps if you in-
vestigated you'd find that
all the other Russians you
know came from Kagan,
too.

It reminds me of an in-
cident Willie was talking of
when I was out there for
dinner. When they were
moving into their house
in St. Alban's a nursery-
man came around to
see if he could sell
them shrubs. Willie asked
he spoke with a German
accent so spoke to him

Will, your dinner sounds
like a great success and
fills me with pride. Weren't
you clever to manage it
so well? Yes, you are right
about the men who are
wiggardly with their families
& nichels. Were they the
same ones who were
playing bridge? They eas-
ily might be since it
seems to me both things
come from an inadequate
realization of your own
relation to society - or of
your own importance in
the social scheme. Of
course your father would
be as you describe him
- never near or petty
with what little he had.
So, my dear, would you
- and are you - I have
noticed it often, and I
love you for it. Dad was,
too, as you would know

in German to which the
man responded with pleas-
ure — and with a Fran-
conian accent so Willi
who is from Franconia, asked
him where he came from and
— as you will have guessed
it was from Willi's own
home — a little town of
only a few thousand in Lab-
stau. Odd, wasn't it? The
man had been to the same
gymnasium that Willi had
& had known Willi's father.

I guess I spoke out of
turn on the movie —
I should have waited to
hear what you said. I
can understand the thrill
you get from the feeling
that you are actually
seeing the thing happen
— in fact, I can feel it.
But I find it in general
more thrilling and more
satisfying to see things

as they appear in the words
of art rather than in reality,
for then they can be
given form, meaning, em-
phasis. Of course the prin-
ciple of selection entered
into the choice of words for
the film you saw, but
that's the only artistic
element. If, for instance,
you compare the parts
about the revolution with
"Ten Days That Shook the
World" you will see what
I mean. The difference, to
me, is that between read-
ing a history text book
→ a correct account of the
facts → and being present
at the time of it self → only
present as God would be
of what was to come of it
all, and with understanding

of its whole significance in
relation to the history of
human freedom - because
a real artist can make
you feel the place that such
an event holds in the
whole pattern of human
destinies - doing it by an-
aphoric lines, elimination
of detail, organization, arrange-
ment, etc. etc. - in other
words by subjecting the
events themselves to some
sort of intellectual analysis
and so arriving at some
conclusions as to their
significance which are
then passed on to you. Don't
you feel this at all? "Did you
see" "10 Days - etc." -
"The End of St. Petersburg?"
"You just been reading "Tech-
nical" - covering the same
ground only with coming so
far forward & beginning
to return back. It's useful.

the career
 takes
 years to
 master
 discipline
 and that
 all life
 is a
 lesson
 - it's not
 just
 about
 the
 lesson - Friday -
 6 Mar 39

no word from you
 today - I'll bet you
 slipped. I'm tempted to, my
 self, being a bit exhausted,
 but I know I'd regret it
 tomorrow, so I'll push
 on! I'm still impossibly
 behind on things & the
 days ahead look very
 crowded, and it all
 frets me. I didn't write
 to you on the train as
 usual, because I was
 madly reading papers
 all the day. After I got
 to school I ran away
 from my classroom class
 I knew I'd be caught
 by girls wanting to see

Department on sentiment.
al memories of Cambridge.
I love you outbreaks - or
outcroppings - of senti-
mentality, anyhow, I'm
building a lot on them.

How interesting about
the daughter - if there's
compensation for being a
cripple, it must lie in
a very rich inner life.

Yes, I see what you
mean about the musician
& the painter & I expect
you're right, but not al-
together - for it's not true
that "even the bird-nests
do get into some sort of
exhibition & are viewed".
It's not so easy to be
exhibited as that - ex-
cept in the Independents,
which hardly counts. Some

me for this & that &
ensconced myself in a
corner of the faculty
common room to go on
with the papers. But it
was only 20 minutes be-
fore the maid brought
in the tea, & that was
the end of my paper-
reading for the after-
noon. And there were 3
people who I knew of
the train coming home,
so I neither wrote to
you nor read papers.
And then there was
dinner to get & clear
away, a washing that
had to be done, etc.
So now it's late & I
have the "letters!"

I love you getting
together with the English

of the kind - values do get
exhibited because they have
such contacts or some such,
but some of those much
better can struggle along
year after year with us one
seeing their works but the
painters - + you know how
it is with the appreciation of
one creative artist for
another. Oh well, I can't
go on with this now, but
if what you mean is that
the composer ^{suffers} from lack of
intelligent + appreciative
understanding of and in-
terest in his works, I
still think the painter does
too - though I do recog-
nize the difference between
the temporal + spatial arts,
though I doubt if that's the
explanation - literature is a
temporal art so is the theatre
+ they're both better off than
painting + music - both for
appreciation and for

money. The cost of getting
music performed is less
than of getting a play
performed — on the stage
or screen — but still let
the playwright has a
better chance than the
composer. Oh dear, where
am I getting? How dare?
Have I got off the sub.
just again? I do think I
know what you mean & I
think I could answer it
with more time & energy.
Anyhow, I think you're
essentially right!

Saturday —

Well, — it was so late
when I stopped writing
last night I thought I
might as well add to
this today & mail both
at once. I am now
sitting in the subway at

pears play at 4, and simply
loved it!

Well, this got stopped
again - the subway train
comes - then there was
dinner + then the theatre -
it's now Sunday morning,
but Sunday morning he-
fore I go to bed, not after
I get up! So I'll (wish)
this off in some least, for
had very little sleep this
week + can't get myself
Sunday morning however
as in the well, I'll not
go into all that, but I
have to get up, anyway.

I was sorry to find such
a cheerless letter from
you today, + sorry to have
a day cut off the vacat-
ion - how am I right in
thinking you go back the
next Sun. night? I hope,

1st Ave + 14 St. waiting for
a train to Union Sq., from
which spot I shall get
a train for 57 St. +
the Russian Tea Room,
where I am to meet
Leone + two others - for
dinner before we go to
see Walter Houston
in "Kaiser's Boats Holiday".

This afternoon we had
a marvelous time -
taking Joan to see the
D'Alroy Caric - "Pirates
by Tony" + the "Pirates
of Penzance" - her first,
of course - though I
don't know why I say
"of course" - lots of them
begin earlier. Nellie Far-
jeon saw her first Shakespeare.

Monday -

6 March 39

Sweetheart,

So you are blossoming out as an arranger of social functions - good for you, my pet! I'm very eager to know how it all came out - especially the difficult social situation. I must say it seemed to me a bit too close to being damned under of those men to go off to play bridge + leave the quest to show in his own juice. I hope he decided to go to the movie + so simplified things for you, though? - it's not much of a movie, from my point of view. The same thing can be done so much better, so much more forcefully, if it's done in artistic form. And those old newspapers are

with me in the one we might
share. Of course I noticed
that I got no answer to the
things I said about what
we might do to increase
our companionship this sum-
mer. It's true that you
rarely do really answer
the things I say to you
which in itself troubles
me, for it seems to indicate
so little interest in what
goes on in my mind - but
I really had expected an
answer to that. I have
wondered whether it meant
invitation or indifference.
It seems to me that we
might make much of the
summer, but not unless
you care about it. I know
that in a sense it is not
fair - that is, that our com-
panionship should be based
more on my inner world than

so bad that I find the phys-
ical discomfort of looking
at them is constantly com-
ing between me and the
effect they try to get. This
is by way of comfort for you
if you didn't go - even if
you did have to deal with
social complications, you
didn't miss anything. I
assure you.

I'm somewhat depressed
by your statement about
preferring the weaving of
mathematical problems to
seeing "Downs" - not
only preferring it, but
finding it "much more
fascinating" than the alter-
native. I don't like to see
you retreating farther & far-
ther into that world where
I can never follow you &
seeing less and less to
be interested in doing

yours - but I cannot come into
yours, because of my intellectual
limitations, so the only basis
on which we can build a
life of shared interests is
one which we can make if
you are willing to come into
my world. My justification for
this is that the foundations of
my world are the Lauranthia
so that it has a more uni-
versal character than the
world of abstract thought.
That is to say - if we can
live together in only one of
the two, it should be
mine, though not because
it's mine.

Do you understand, somewhat
- and not mind my saying
this? It has been ~~indefinite~~
a good deal for some time & I
think needed to be said.

And so good night until
tomorrow - and my dear
love to you, precious -
c.

Sunday -

6 MW 39

Well, darling -

It's after
midnight again & has
been a long day - the
letter will not be long,
therefore!

I was up early & work-
ing as hard as I could
go in the kitchen all
the morning getting
ready a dinner for home,
Marion Vedder (Osbes) &
Sister who were to be
here for the evening.
The rush was because
I also had to go with
the family out to Mil-
dred's for lunch. That
made the day rather

identally, the bottles of wine we gave her.

Bess had to leave at 4 so they drove her to the pt. beach station - the rest of us stayed a bit longer, then came back with Sister stopping here with me. They sat here around, finishing up the meal - which was not quite ready when they arrived. A hour just finished the dishes after a really swell evening - not exciting just good company. Kiba called up in the middle - from Farming, boy! She said she had the curse + was having cramps so she thought she'd call me + commune with

crowded, but - it would have been awkward to decline - + besides, I didn't want to! So I'll we went at noon - unfortunately on a horrid day so we couldn't get the fun from being in the country that we might have. There were snowdrops in the garden! We had a superb meal, of course - why it is called lunch & sometimes wonder - no, I don't really, for I know that's very often "alone" with the vaguely middle-of-the-day Sunday meal. Anyway, we stuffed with roast beef, fresh strawberries + other delicate bit-bits - including, in-

us for a while to raise her
morale. Wasn't it cute of
her? or was she flattered
& thrilled.

Did you see the picture
of the new pope in today's
Times? I saw it a remark-
able face — a touch of the
ascetic but nothing of the
fanatic, a face so unswayed
of self, so full of integrity
of spirit, and withal so
sensitive, so gentle, & so
wise. I think perhaps
he's a great man. Just
look at that mouth.
He's got an awfully tough
row to hoe — he's go-
ing to need remarkable
qualities.

Rev. no more today —
we are now having a se-
vere thunderstorm, believe
it or not.
Boards + loads of love,
suey day — P.

Wednesday -

(5 March 39)

Suebird,

Did you think
you had 'insided' with
this paper? Well, you
hadn't - at any rate
it may crop up again,
you see. Tonight it's
because I'm literally out
of anything else but
post-cards. However,
more is ordered from
Wesley's & soon I shall
be respectable again. Oh
dear, that makes me
feel I'm making fun of
Mrs. Delp, which is a
little mean, & not at
all justified.
What an odd coincid-
ence - that dinner of

causes, in a sense, tran-
scendence of time & place.
But I'm inclined to believe
that it is possible for art
to be both specific &
universal - to plead a
special cause in such
terms that it becomes
an eternal cause. There
is, for instance, Goya, in
the "Honors of War"
etchings - or in the
great painting of the
execution of the Madri-
dians. He was calling
the attention of the world
to a specific moment in
history, rousing (developed)
intense indignation over
that one incident. But it
is, in the first place, plas-
tic painting - original,
bold, powerful, and
aesthetically sound, and

five temporary bachelors.
As I read over the list I
thought I was the luckiest
of the lot - I certainly
prefer N.Y. to Cincinnati
or the insane asylum.
Thanks for telling me about
it - I shall get one. I
had not seen it, but very
definitely would want it,
especially after your dis-
cussion of the picture.
I was terribly interested
in what you said for
the whole subject of the
relation of propaganda
to art interests in a
sensible & of a thoughtful
sort about it - not only
with respect to painting,
but the literary arts
also - notably in theatre.
I'm sure you're right that
any art to be great must

in the second place, it can as well be universal as specific - the eternal tragedy of helplessness opposed to organized brutality, which God knows has so far in the world's history transcended time & place. Does it depend on the skill of the artist in emphasizing those elements in the particular which are universal? No, not altogether, I guess - It's partly that the propagandists who are great artists as well say what they have to say in fundamentally human terms, not political - humanity is universal & eternal, no political system is. If Rivera is specific about communism, he has left the eternal for the temporal. I think Tor has learned that, incidentally. But all this is said, of course, only

Monday -

(4 March '39)

Angel -

Did I tell you that I bought you 4 pairs of socks a week ago tomorrow? And have they come? They have hyperbores now - you might notice whether it makes any difference.

I was glad to have a letter this morning - the first since last Wednesday - I was afraid you were down with the flu or something. It's wonderful to have grown to have as he did, but able to think it was the thing to do to tell him & you were can tell to what extent it will hold in & make some impression in the end. It seems incon-

In the first place a lot of
what I read is about as
difficult to understand as
hot air gone, & in the
second there's nothing
I read you couldn't
understand. If you would
put your mind on it!
Yes, that's true - when
you say you "can't under-
stand it" you're really
just not bothering to
try to understand it. God
knows anything within
my intellectual reach
you'd have to learn over
to pick up. And when I
saw Thomas Mann is
difficult a man difficult
to me. Anyhow, I've had
some fun with "The Be-
loved Returns" now I've
got it done. In I've dis-
covered that it's theme
is a very, difficult topic

sistent with his behaviour
about the Kurlant job - but
I suppose that's just the
way he is. Anyhow, all
in all it looks as if,
after all, you're probably
just as well off for not
going to either of the
two possibilities. And I
should love to know
if it weren't King who
was responsible for you
not getting the Kurlant
job, after Sprague had
already decided he
wanted you. I shouldn't
be a bit surprised, for
I thought, & I really
think you thought, that
Sprague did want you.
It's a lot of nonsense,
by the way, for you to
~~say~~ say that if you did
read the things I do you
wouldn't understand them.

roads to love, pretensions -

In conversation. Everyone has his own ideas as to what the relations of genuine society should be and what his human obligations are. I wish you'd been along when we had a long discussion with Aunt Lillian about it, as to doing in the com-
peters, about whom I tried to remember, but couldn't very well!

Bess was here over the week-end, and, so we spent some time going around eating meals in various places with her! She seemed to be feeling rather low, & I certainly was, so it wasn't a wildly delightful week-end. This Sunday I'm having a cocktail party & praying that it will be successful - yet so good a crowd as before.

Thursday -
(3 m. 59)

Docent -
This has been one
of those wearing days,
full of petty irritations,
→ I'd feel ashamed to put
them down on paper, for
none of them matter, but
I'm in a depressed & ex-
asperated mood - yes,
both at once! And be-
sides, there are papers,
papers, papers. I am
now one whole set
behind.

About Bess - she is to
be here this week-end
and I shall try to
get things smoothly
straightened out. I
shall simply tell her

all do as he did + never
say we are tired or in
pain unless asked + then
dismiss it as unimportant
— and yet no one is
so quick to be sorry
for herself as she. Wo, I
don't suppose it is really
funny — either — so many
human beings expect
more of others than they
are willing to ask of
themselves — + are quite
unaware that they are
doing it, too. Well, any-
how — make her feel
you want to come. She's
sentimental, you know,
and you can please her
awfully easily by mak-
ing over her a bit
which will keep things
pleasant for us all, +
make up for our not go-

that the time is very short,
+ you very tired, so that
I feel you need to stay in
one place + limit your
activities — that at best
we'd be there only briefly,
briefly + we'd rather
come in the summer when
it could be longer! I
should advise you to say
essentially the same.
Write her as warm +
affectionate a letter as
you can — it will please
her awfully + smooth
things nicely. Speak
firmly but briefly of
needing the rest. Of course
she learned from Dad
to disapprove the com-
plainer, so don't go into
detail! It's funny — she
thinks that we should

ing, over which I do feel
guilty. Write enough so
she'll think you really
feel like talking to her.

How sweet of you to
give all that time to poor
Kin Ball. He sounds like
a case of unadjudgment.
Be careful, sweetie - that
sort sometimes get you
involved - simply because
of their own need, which
is perfectly comprehensible
- but you leave you ca-
reer to watch out for at
present & mustn't be
under any suspicion of
taking sides in a dispute
involving your own de-
partment.

I'll write Suzanne about
the enigma canon the minute
I can - at the moment I
am frantic with 100 things
that cannot be postponed.
Dearest & love to my precious -

now have a chance to give
to him, when he needs it.
Perhaps I'm all wrong in
thinking that you'd be in-
clined to let the whole
thing pass with almost
nothing said, and sweet
heart, you mustn't resent
what I say - but I do
want things to be right
between you two, and I
think you've a way of
simply keeping still
when it's better to speak.
Here's your chance, dear
one, to accept your emo-
tional responsibility toward
someone who has always
more than accepted his
toward you. Respond to
him as emotionally as
you can - wait till some
day when you are feeling
very warm toward him
and then let yourself go.

ing. You seem to cheerfully
accept the whole thing
as all over, but I assure ^{you}
such things are never all
over, the wound was not
inflicted by fate, but by
you - you can very easily
reopen it, for some time,
& you can't avoid it by a
simply negative attitude
- you've got to assume a
positive. This is a chal-
lenge to you, my darling, it
really is - things between
you & Donald are not as
they have been, but he
very much wants them
to be, and so he has made
this move - he has brought
things into the open & he
has most generously
blamed himself. Now Donald
has, first & last, gives &
gives & gives to you - you

And don't leave - I stand-
ing that he was stupid
- he was sweet to say
that, but it's not true.
Any stupidity was gone -
yes, darling, you believed,
in a sense, inexcusably -
you humiliated & hurt him
ferribly - he, who has
given you endless love &
sympathy & understanding.
You hit him when he
was down. It hurt, it
hurt like hell - and if
you think he'll get over
it as quickly as this,
you are much deluded.
Only the surface skin
has healed - the least
thing will break through
that. It will be easier for
you to hurt him now than
it has ever been before.
Abuse yourself, darling -
tell him he was not stupid

but that you were — tell
him how dear he is to you,
how you have missed the
sense of close contact &
understanding — that you
need him and want him
as much as ever you did.
If you know more about
human beings, I should
feel that you had betrayed
friendship — but you don't.
I think that, behind the
guard of your obstinacy, you
really want to accept the
emotional responsibilities
of a man and not go
through the world as
your mother has — perma-
nently immature, and
permanently unhappy in
an adult world. Well,
here's your chance, darling
— here's a job for you to
take on and prove you
manhood. Donald will be

Wednesday -

(1 March 59)

Sweetheart,

I left home in
such a tearing hurry today
that I didn't dare even
stop to open the mail box
for fear I'd miss my sub-
way train + then my
Daddy Jerry train. How I
am in a stew for fear there
was an important letter
from you in it that re-
quired a prompt answer -
or from someone else, for
that matter. The last time
I did that there was me,
so now I'm nervous about
it permanently, probably.
I am surprised to hear
that Donald thinks quite -
man so fine - he seems
to me quite delightful when

leave their origin in a sense
of social responsibility & a
genuine love of democratic
principles. But it doesn't
really work out for the
greater of happiness &
successful social adjust-
ment. Presently we'll grow
up & learn that - but it
will take longer than in
Norway.

The business of begin-
ning a foreign language
in the first grade may
have some sense in it in
Norway, it would have
essentially none here, I
think. I remember Dad's
telling me that it was
already regarded as ob-
sessed in the idea of be-
ginning a foreign language
in the primary grades.
They learn twice the
amount in half the time

he's being funny, but other-
wise just a good journeyman
poet - who will have been
forgotten 100 years hence.
It's true I don't know
his work intimately or in
detail - I only read it
as I come across it; if
you see what I mean.
I was much interested in
what you wrote of education
in Norway. The principle of
segregation is an excellent
one, and God knows we
need it here, but I sus-
pect it will be a long
time before we get it - so
many people feel strongly
about equality of op-
portunity & about the right
of the individual to buy
for anything he wants to.
Of course it's one of those
idealistic points of view that

later on. And the idea, once
prevalent, that by beginning
it that early, one learns it
as he learns his own tongue
- "naturally" is mistaken,
for that process takes place
only with the language you
live in. And in any case, there
is little to be gained by it.

Did you hear Paderewski
Sunday afternoon? And
what did you think? I
should like very much
to know. The Schubert he
had played at the concert in
Boston which Buel took me
to - years & years ago -
and the Chopin Ballade
which Buel himself used
to play often - & of course
the Liszt I used to play
myself (like everyone else)
so I had quite a nostalgic
hour! Loads of love, my
angel - C.

Monday -

(2871839)

Dearest Angel,

This will be short, for the day has turned out differently from what I expected, + no time in a jam for time. I got up early to do a morning's work when Sister called me to ask what I'd look at some hats at a sale with her. Well, as a woman wants to buy a hat without a second opinion + I couldn't let her down, I went. So then I read papers practically all the way out on the train in-
stead of writing to you. Then I was going to go on with them at school, but there was a man selling art

you declining of the summer school job - it's great to give the idea that you're quite above such things as money. I don't want you to have a nervous breakdown - Dad's was caused by overwork. Well, come to think of it, it was a combination of overwork & worry - & the worry was financial, which made him overwork & so the vicious circle was established. That's why I will not live with you until the financial situation is such that I can be sure that I shall not be the cause of that same circle starting in your life. I'll work with you now, you'd have to take the summer job. Oh, it's a beautiful profession!

The account of Norway was interesting - I'd like

books & I had to see him. Then something went wrong with my lantern & I had to hunt up the electrician. And I discovered everybody (in our group) was all set for an evening of bridge so they went the evening. And now it's 11:30 & I'm on the train going home. I've got one other letter that has to be written tonight - & by the time I get home it will be getting on toward one. Besides all this, I'm very tired, what with leaving the cruise & not having had an 8 hour night for quite a while. Then, does that sound an adequate reason for a short letter? I'm so glad you made a good impression with

to learn more as they do in many ways have a pretty ideal life, those Scandinavians, don't they? But you can do things in a small homogeneous group that you can't in a vast, amorphous country like ours — at least, not so quickly.

Well, no more now, sweetie, except to send buckets of love to my pet — C.

Friday -
(28 Feb 39)

Darling,

I want to answer
last time you mention
of Donald's music to be
played on Wb Yc. I had,
as a matter of fact, al-
ready seen the announce-
ment that it was to be
played, more or less by
accident, for I don't very
often read through pro-
grammes. So I turned
it on at the stated time
but got a totally dif-
ferent programme! It
was Washington's birth-
day & instead of music I
got patriotic speeches.
I don't know what
happened or why, but
I was disappointed, &

away & horribly hurt him.
He, pinned down on the
dead body & another man,
calmly telling the others
what to do & what not
to do, keeping their cour-
age up & hysteria
down. To get back to
Mrs. Hamell - after go-
ing through that, when
they were finally found,
he went straight to
the nearest airport &
went on with his jour-
ney as can you imagine?
That's getting back to
one hour as soon as
you're down, all right.

Another bit of a
different kind - Joan
said yesterday "Mummy,
what's a cummer for
hard?" Got it? She

course. And I had called
up Sister & told her to
listen to!

As a bit of mildly in-
teresting news as you re-
member Eric Hamell, whom
you met at the Russian
Tea Room with Hal? His
father was in the big
airplane accident yes-
terday & the only per-
son who was almost
unhurt. What an exper-
ience! The description of
it in the morning paper
is like a sort of nightmare
- the dead & dying &
wounded all lying in a
heap with the tangled
wreckage of the plane, in
darkness & cold, with
Eddie Kilsbacker be-
having as heroes are
supposed to behave, in

meant synonyms - which
is quite a word, anyhow,
and an admirable thing
to try to achieve.

She got a p.c. from
your mother the other
day, incidentally, & was
thrilled, of course, but
it's taking a lot of
effort to get her to send
one in return - effort
not yet successful!

Bess is here tonight &
I'm taking her & the Knight
on to dinner in a bliz-
zard - and I mean bliz-
zard! The wind howls
madly & the snow beats
against the window.
Maybe they'll have decided
to give it up by the time
I get back to D.C.
Loads of love, darling -
C.

(27 July 99)
Sunday

Well, here I am again -
a horrid day both inter-
nally (because I've just got
the cure) + externally
(because - it's dark +
gloomy + pouring with
rain.

About the relative ad-
vantages of being a paint-
er or a musician, in the
XX century - I suspect
they're just about 50:50.
You can see for the compos-
er sounds very good - I
could put up one as
good for the painter, I
think. The truth is they
both have a pretty bad
time of it unless they
happen to have luck -

at the Auditor at yesterday — a delight to her, but a strain on us. She was plunged into an agony of indecision by that endless array of little glass boxes. She had to look in every one, creeping along inch by inch, with the crowd pushing & shoving around her & pretty well annoyed at her, as you can imagine. She was so exhausted by the time she made up her mind that she could hardly eat her final choice. Just the same, she was under the impression she'd had a big treat! We went to a movie in the

or perhaps really unusual merit. Anyhow, it's worth-
ing like the quiet days of the patrons, in either art. The creative artist that has the best chance now is the writer — of course he hasn't the position & the security he'd have had in Elizabethan England, for instance — but more people want to buy books than paintings, & more people want to see new plays than hear new music.

I'm so glad the bores acid is doing some-
thing for your eyes, so that the strain is relieved. We took Joan to lunch

I should have
said I was
wondering
if you
would
like
to
go
with
me
to
the
Bard
with
my
sister
and
I
lead.

afternoon - "Sweethearts"
with my meat, was Sister
but it was a musical
Comedy in Technicolor
so I can't think it was
small - it went on &
on & on for hours & we
thought we could pay
her loose before we'd seen
it all the way around to
where we came in - but
never, she wouldn't budge.
We nearly died of boredom.
There was a good Donald
Duck, though, & that helped.
I've got tickets for one
treate for you & me - The
Lincoln - said to be the
finest thing this year, shot
of Mr. Evans' excursions with
the Bard. Everything I've heard
about it - both play & perfor-
mance would lead me to be-
lieve you'd enjoy it immensely.
But after I'd got the seats, I said!

diverge not, since no fields are irremovable! Anyhow the
diverger plan is more important - in some. Your words
from tonight
& about
to get
sitting
leave
alone.
Blaise you
- my sweet -

Saturday -

Angel - It's well after mid-
night - I spent the day
with Sister + Joan + the
evening doing jobs - send-
ing out a print order (that
takes ages) doing a bit on
Eva's sweaters that demand-
ed close attention + could-
it be done while I read,
mending, writing an im-
portant letter, etc. - not
in a interesting, but they
had to be done. The letter
was to go with the copy of
Dad's biography which
was sent to me for "addit-
ions or corrections". After
much thought I finally took
the bit in my teeth +
changed a couple of words!

make a flat dull sound
that immediately ceases to
exist. It seems to me inex-
cusable that in a company
whose business is biogra-
phy they shouldn't have
men doing it who have a
flair for words and the gift
of understanding and
evaluating personality.
You could write that and
about Dad and make
everyone who read it
wish he'd known him
— as it stands, anyone
reading it 100 years from
now would have forgot-
ten it in 5 minutes. It
starts out by saying he
was a scholarly, sym-
pathetic person — such a
juxtaposition of ideas — God
writing. And what a silly
thing to say about Dad —
sure he was scholarly &

They were in the part which
was not factual, but inter-
pretive, and I just couldn't
leave it alone. It was very
badly done, I thought —
from a meagre vocabulary
& done by a person who
had no feeling for the mean-
ing & force of words. The
result was a flat, two-
dimensional picture, with-
out any solidity. There
was nothing in it to really
give you the quality of that
mind & personality. I could
have done it better myself,
though writing biogra-
phies is not my business
— and not because I
know him so well, either,
but just because I've got
some feeling for words &
know that some words
reverberate while others

sympathetic — so are thou-
sands of nice old school-
teachers + that he wasn't,
Scholarship was ~~not~~ the
least important thing
about him, intellectually
speaking — + its connotations
are all wrong for him. Sym-
pathetic is an over-worked
word — + generally misused,
too — which I'd never dream
of using in ~~such~~ a bit of
serious writing, no matter
how brief + unimportant,
It also describes him as
"cowardous" — fancy that —
instead of being a fool,
like most school teachers,
I substituted "quacious"
for that, which is at least
a little nearer getting the
quality of his manner.
Well, I'd cease this
outburst — + the letter, too,
for tonight — more tomorrow,
precisely — but dearest love,
Wm. J. Baker

Wednesday -

(2972639)

Angel -

Thank you for the long letter, and thank you more for being so considerate as to wait till you hear from me before you send your final answer to Havana - it is sweet of you to pay such deference to my opinion & my wishes when your own desires are already so clearly formulated.

As a matter of fact of course, there's really nothing I can say, anyhow, except that I don't see how you could possibly do anything but decline, feeling as you do.

It sounds, from your account of the visit and in some ways that was a pity, particularly when I read your account of

know, and nothing, of course, is of anywhere nearly equal importance. That gives me a feeling of confidence in your decisions and in your ultimate achievement. Naturally, it would be impossible for you to accept the job when you see so clearly that it would mean leaving the road you have now clearly & deliberately & knowingly chosen.

As for how much I tell whom - E. Lansing, who one day, do say something about that! I know that involved so inadequately. But I will say just this much - which you may quite disregard - that it seems to me too bad that since I know

the president and remember you passionate diatribe against the baby chick man! That I cannot but regret for you - also in a sense I regret for you - the opportunity to do that kind of semi-creative work - the building up of a department, which I think you would do well & which would use some of your capacities which will now probably not be used. In other words, the choice doesn't seem to me perfectly inevitable & clear-cut. However, all this is small in comparison to you. I'm certainly as to what you want and where you are going. It's the first time I have felt sure that you

knows you were considered
for a good job & turned
down. He shouldn't
know that you had not
been considered for a good
job - & that you had
turned it down. Maybe
other considerations can-
cel his - I wouldn't
know. But I shouldn't
think he'd have to know
all the details & yet
could know why you'd
refused it, which would
build up any impression
you value that might
have been a little weak-
ened by your having re-
ceived a "down-down"
decision. It seems to me
there's something to be
said for his knowing that
you are not to be at
Mich. next year only be-
cause you're nowhere
else to go & no one else
wants you. What do you

Friday -

(25 Feb 39)

Dearest -

Does this name mean anything to you? She was a friend of my mother's - how strange to find that she came from Cox-sachie! Mother was a member (honorary) of the class of '96 at Mt. Holyoke, you know, - she & Dad were married in the Mt. Holyoke chapel & the whole class was at the wedding. That was the connection with Edith, too - that is, she was a member of '96. The Leathers came to visit us once when I was a child - I adored them - they were wonderful with children, as I think

have a very happy time, if
you wanted to do the things I
enjoy, but I just don't know
whether you do. It would
be a lovely chance for a
rich companionship —
sharing all sorts of things
— but of course they are
my sort of thing! I should
love to spend days in
the Metropolitan with you
& just poking about. I
should love to read with
you. We've never really done
that, and it seems to me a
great pity, since I was
brought up in a reading-
loving family. We all read
to each other — I'd often
have 4 books going — I by
myself, I with mother, I with
Sister & I that Dad was
reading to us all. And it's
a form of companionship I

missionaries often are — not
because of a profound under-
standing of human beings
(though some of them have
that) but because they are
childlike themselves. I
wonder how they would
seem to me now. I think
mother was very fond of her,
I imagine they were both
sweet & gentle spirits. 101
years the name of Mother was
glamorous to me — all the
aura of strength & far-off
places together with person-
alities very attractive to
me.

Darling, you misunder-
stood me about the
summer — it's you I'm wor-
rying about. I've seen you
bored & restless — and I've
heard you say a good deal,
you know, about this dreadful
the place. I think we could

I don't think about Europe this
year or I will leave about Europe this
year or I will leave about Europe this
year or I will leave about Europe this
year or I will leave about Europe this

think very rewarding, I
have missed terribly not
doing it with you. It's a very
civilized form of entertain-
ment. And there are the
air-cooled movies - I might
even get you to respect
the art of the cinema!

I don't think I'm consid-
ering very seriously going to
Europe - next year is the
one I really have in my
mind because I'll leave my
Exeter Coop. money by then.
But I have not definitely
dismissed the idea. Of course
it would be fun for me to have
Hed around part of the
time because she's an ex-
pert in my own field - I get
the same sort of satisfaction
from her that Donald must
get from you, so far as
what might be called pro-
fessional companionship is
concerned.

So, my love, good night -
C.

Thursday.

(2472639)

Dearnt,

No letter from you today but the one I didn't get yesterday - if you follow me - anything wrong?

You'll get practically nothing from me tonight for my day turned out very unexpectedly - Suzanne Weaver (wife of Glen W. - the Princeton psychologist) was in town, asked me to leave lunch with her, and they wanted me to play about the rest

were loans from Rochester.

By the way, she said she found an enigma canon the other day - the date 1590 - by a George Van Schaeck! A bit that interesting? Ever hear of him?

Well, as I was saying - we went from the museum to the music hall & what with this & that it is was about " & I had already figured that to get necessary work done for tomorrow I must work 3 hrs. this evening. You can see where that will

of the day. I'd not seen her for 2 years & she's been very nice to me in one way or another, so I should have felt unable & unfriendly to say I couldn't. We went to an exhibition of music - old books & covers for sheet music, some of them designed by men of such distinction as Toulouse-Lотреc - ranging through the XVI, XVII, XVIII, XIX, & XX centuries. She knew so much about them that it was really fascinating. A number

land me - I'll be dead
tomorrow - so I must
stop.

One new man you work
about just burns me up
- why, shouldn't you
have that job?

I wish you wouldn't
wait to hear from Roch-
ester before you go to the
oculist - you may get
nothing. If you do, he'll
probably just have looked
it up in his books & say-
how - he didn't diag-
nose you successfully so
I think you'd better
start afresh.

Loads of love, angel-

C.

Wednesday -

[237137]

3 weeks -

no word from you.
day - not your fault, I know.
But George Washington's - at
least, I hope so.

Winter is upon us again
- the temperature has gone
down & down and an icy
wind howls about us. I
faced it all the way down
the hill tonight & it was
terrible. My catkins plus
a brisk pace kept my
middle warm, but the two
ends were in a bad way!
I managed to save my ears
for future use by hunching
up my coat collar, but
there was nothing I could
do about my face except
arrange it in a suitable
expression for freezing. When

dinner.

About "grand illusion" -
it achieved on this that
in general only the artist
on a level of greatness
really achieves - a combined
love of the individual & the
universal. All the major
characters had that qual-
ity in the aristocrat, the
bourgeois, the Jew, etc.
- and yet each one of
them is a fully realized in-
dividual personality. It's
quite marvelous - each is
the voice of one thing he
represents, and yet speaks
as a person also. When
you take all those bytest
all those characters & ex-
pose them to the common
experiences of war, they
get an extremely interest-
ing & extremely complex
red pattern with play-
interplay of feeling & thought

I got down to the station &
met at a friend's a loud
crack recorded. And day
before yesterday I got up to
70! You can't tell from
morning to night what it
will be. If you start out in
a heavy coat you go around
dripping with perspiration all
day & yet if you wear a
light coat to keep from
getting overheated a wind
from the arctic sweeps in
& you are chilled to the bone.
I don't know why the white
population hasn't pneumonia
last week the winter's warm-
& coldest days came one after
the other with a drop of 50°!
Are you leaving a holiday
today, angel? I expect
so - state institutions
are likely to witness the
father of his country. The
best Bobbs did for us was
to leave cherry pie for

+ temperament - not to mention fundamental concepts of life - differing according to class, race, etc. Did you notice how subtly and how completely each character was analyzed and portrayed - so that almost every move, every flicker of expression counted in the elaborate structure. Remember the cutting of the Germanium? The Frenchman wouldn't have done it - too sentimental, but just right for the German who always has that soft vein in his hardness. And he cut it with scissors - a narrow touch, that.

Then, I finished this when I got home - after one o'clock - so it won't be mailed till tomorrow.
Dearest love, my pet -
C.

Tuesday -

Sweet Angel.

(22 Feb 39)

This is going to
be short - gotta be -
though don't count on its
being sweet, I am up
to ^{the} neck in papers - with
another set coming in
tomorrow + I feel as if
I was chasing a bus
down the street without
much chance of catching
it!

It was good to get
your long letter today
after nothing yesterday,
though I hate to hear
that your eyes are still
so bad - I must say
it sounds as if it will

job in the east; I do hope
they'll manage to get
something for Eva - what
a relief it would be, wouldn't
it, to know she had a
decent job. I can see that
you have an advantage
over her in having a sub-
ject that is so necessary
for those studying a lot of
other things & not just
for itself. (to check)

Bess sent me today the
last copy of Dad's bio-
graphy for the Dictionary of
American Biography -
nice to know he's going
to be in it, isn't it?

I'm half (?) through
Eva's sweater, so I
guess she'll get it
eventually!

be nervous, but God knows
it might be a lot of other
things, & you certainly
won't postpone seeing
an oculist beyond this
week-end. I don't feel
comfortable till I know
more of what's wrong.

I didn't hear Roseamini
myself & Sunday so I can't
say if you missed some-
thing, but as it was all
Sibelius, I'd be surprised
if you thought you'd
missed anything.

I'm pleased to hear that
the agency people called
on you - I like to think
their interest in you is
as personal as that. Did
you impress upon them
the fact that what
you really want is a

Your discourse on music
& musicians was interest-
ing & stimulating - partic-
ularly when you said you
thought the painters
"at all" (meaning?) were
better off! It's all I can
do to close this letter
without answering that
- I'll leave to some-
time!

So - until tomorrow -
good night, my sweet
Lamb -
C.

Monday -

{2072839}

Dearest -

I've just been having
a long talk with Leone about
"Grand Illusion" which
she saw this afternoon! You
will be glad to know she
agreed with you!

As for John's criticism -
he's right - photographically
it's poor and I don't
think there's much excuse
for it really. To my mind,
it's a bit of French arro-
gance - they have been for
so long so sure of their
artistic superiority that
they can't bring themselves
to show the humility that
Russia, Germany, + England
did + just go to Hollywood
+ learn. There's no doubt
that Hollywood achieved

Knowledge long since acquired
& quite within his reach. Well,
that's what the French are
doing - just not using broad
edge quite within their reach.
Lighting, camera angles,
various trick shots, etc.
- especially lighting. At
its best the cinema is a
very fine black & white art
but it takes expert handling
to make it so, and they
won't learn. So there you
are!

But - and the but is so
much more important - they
can do everything else.
They can produce actors
whose quality is such that
there simply are no actors
there - only human beings.
It's the star system that
ruins Hollywood acting - all
that to do with. Almost never
can you get in Hollywood
what you can get over &
over again. Time after time, in

mastery first of the medium
- that is, medium in the sense
in which tempera is a medium
for the painter or marble for the
sculptor. But learning how to
chew marble doesn't make a
sculptor, nor does knowing
how to photograph make a
great movie! It makes, we
mad that the French won't
bother to learn, because from
every other angle they can
reach something that might
easily be great. It's like
this - Giotto is as great an
artist as Michelangelo though
he cannot begin to draw a
body as Michelangelo can.
He had no way of learning to
draw like that - he knew no
anatomy, he was using, to the
full, all tools within his reach
& inventing new ones. But if
Michelangelo drew no better
than Giotto, he'd be a far
lesser artist than G, because
he'd not have been using

France - or in England - of
Russia - a movie in which there
seems to be not one discordant
note in the acting, not one
person who is "pretending".
It creates, of course, an
absolute illusion, and when
you can take your audience
completely into the world you
have created, then you can
say to them with great force
anything you have to say,
because you make them say
it to themselves, since you
have made the experience
which embodies it their
experience. Of course they will
get what it is within their
capacity to get just as they
will from life - some will
see deeper than others.

But I'll have to finish
my remarks on this tonight
now - we're in the tunnel
& I want to nail this tonight.
I want love to my precious -
C.

all around you S.P. made me laugh & laugh & very cute!

Saturday -

52072014397

Sweetheart.

Nothing from you today, but then, there so rarely is on Saturday. It's not yet come to the conclusion that you've eluded from eye-strain or even skipped!

By the way, I think you're foolish to put up with the strain of working where someone whistles for 2 hours. I think it's rather sweet of you, but I don't think it's wise, on the whole! It's perfectly possible to ask him to stop in such a way that you are, as it were, putting yourself in the wrong - that is, treat it as

I'm sure I couldn't stand
it - in fact, I couldn't
have stood it for 2 hours,
but should have dealt
with it then & there. You
see, my patience is not
equal to yours!

I've been having a
simply swell day - with
Hal Pittell as one of our
diners, which consisted in
this case entirely of art
shows & eating & drink-
ing. We saw a great
many pictures, drank a
great many cocktails
& ate a great deal of
excellent food, since we
had both lunch & dinner
in French restaurants.
There were some really
grand meals & the best

if it were just your own
weakness that made it
impossible for you to work
with that going on - forget
the idea? That gives him a
chance to feel unacquainted
& even a little superior
rather than just feeling that
he's been irritating. Good
really be doing a good deed
& not just for yourself, but
in general, for he should
learn to be considerate of
the work of others. It's
just a sort of childish
thoughtlessness & if you
handle it right it will
stop. It's foolish to let
yourself be driven out by
it - I doubt if he'd
want you so. If you do it
with a light touch, make
it a sort of joke on yourself,
it should work pretty well.

show we saw - beautifully
organized, clearly understood
arrangements of planes +
perspectives, with a delicate
ly sensitive feeling for color
+ simplified line. They
are pictures one could live
with, which of course
doesn't put them on the
top level - the greatest
things you can't live with
- they're not on the level
of ordinary living and
make too severe demands
on both mind and soul.

Thus, I guess I'll stop
for tonight, since it's after
midnight, and finish off
tomorrow.

So - I kiss you good-
night + wish I really
could!

Sunday -

Well, darling, you gave me both a thrill & a scare with the air-mail - special delivery - only in reverse order - I was scared first, then thrilled! Thanks a lot, my angel.

About the summer - I still hesitate to express an opinion - it is so hard for me to know how you really feel - or will feel in Tunis. If the difficulty with your eyes is nervous, then certainly you must decline. I wonder a little if you'll get bored & restless. You often say you have nothing to read, but I notice that when you do have, you don't really want very much to do it. There will be long, empty stretches, you know. I think we should consider your professional advancement. (7)

The Hogg's are going to Eng-
land June 2 - so we can't
go there. I feel very much
disappointed - it's the place
I had most wanted to go,
really.

Could you work in the
Library of Congress? I
know Tommy would offer us
almost unlimited hospital-
ity + a hilltop over the
Potomac would be a pleas-
ure place than a b. h.
apartment.

Will it get you "out of
favor" to decline the offer?
Or make it unlikely you'd
be asked again?

You see it's really not offer-
ing anything constructive,
one way or the other. To me
there is much to be said on
both sides, but to go back
in the end to what I said
in the beginning - that you

course - + that, I judge, is
an argument against summer
teaching - that it would
leave you no time for ^{research} that.

Of course the \$100 is not to
be squeezed at, but I do
think the other things were
important - that is, health
+ career. But remember, dear
one, that you're going to
have to be willing to pay
for that vacation, which
will inevitably mean do-
ing here a lot. There will
be very little money to do
other things on. It is true
that we can make visits
in places outside the city
→ where our expenses would
be very small → but we
can't make any of them
indefinitely long. By the
way, one thing I'd wanted
on has gone up the spout-

I'd like to say that the decorations in underlined parts

should consider health first + career second - everything else is relatively unimportant. If it's good for you prestige with the college to stay, that's one thing, if it's better for it to do research that's another.

I have even considered going abroad. I don't want to postpone it indefinitely - both on account of Edith + of the possibility of war. I'd a little rather go next year, but have not altogether discarded the possibility of this one. Mrs. Little wants me to go + act as semi-chaperone for Hal. I am somewhat tempted. I want to go before it's all blown up + show it to you. Have you any opinion?

Tomorrow I'll answer your letter about Grand Illusion - no more time tonight for any thing except snatches of love to my sweetie C.

I want
 to write
 today as I
 expected to leave so this
 will be rather hasty, rather
 than over-invasive!
 About your eyes - I don't
 know why you tell me
 not to worry, after telling
 me the most appalling
 things about how you
 felt - I can hardly
 help worrying, nor do I
 understand why they should
 be in such terrible con-
 dition. You're not mak-
 ing the mistake again of
 thinking that the nervous
 twitching is a symptom of
 eye trouble, are you? I
 remember you had that idea

clinic in that field. You see
my way here is heard of that
J. Hagg's clinic — it's always
a high recommendation. Then
when you go to see him tell
him your circumstances + that
you must have a reasonable
rate. He will either give it
to you or send you to another
man who will give it to you.
The chances are he'll be
reasonable himself. I think
you should go to Detroit,
for I don't understand this
extreme difficulty — though
I suspect it is nervous +
that you are overworking.
Anyhow, you should get an
absolutely first class diag-
nosis this time. The Roch-
ester man evidently never
got to the bottom of the
trouble. Anyhow, I get
some satisfaction out of
knowing that the diag-
nosing pink glasses are not

until the Rochester man told
you it was nervous — + some-
thing you said once at Xerox
made me wonder if you were
fooling yourself that way
again. As for asking my
oculist — I can't until
he's here, as he'll not be at his
office + then it would be
before you get the letter. The
chances are 9 out of 10 he'd
know no one — they never
do. You Rochester man
might, as he has middle
Western contacts + possibly
training. What Consumer
Research says you should
always do when wanting
medical care in a strange
place is to call — or write —
the biggest + best hospital
& ask them to recommend
men in the field you want
advice in — or ask them
who is at the head of their

a solution!
About summer school. You
thought + thought - shall
probably write more tomorrow.
But of course you must de-
cide. I think you should
not decide till you've seen
the oculist, anyhow. I think
your health should be
considered first + your career
next - what either of us
would like or enjoy should
be definitely last. If you de-
cide against it on either
of the above grounds, use
the second in telling the boss.
The first is better, in a sense,
but does not make a good
impression. I remember Dad's
telling me never to give an
employer an impression that
I was in anything, but the
most rude health, if it could
possibly be avoided, you being
ambitious enough to want to
do some work during the
summer or you may be
well advised. You will know

Thursday -

17 Feb 1933

Bessie -

I think I will not
go into the summer school
matter tonight, but sleep
on it. I expect a letter
will come tomorrow will get
to you at essentially the
same time as this one,
mailed tomorrow.

Thanks for your remarks
about whether you were or
weren't unympathetic
about my plan. I under-
stand now better than I
have before on a number
of occasions - your first
remark was illuminating
- "you had made rather
light of it yourself so I
replied in the same spirit"
I guess you're just unfa-

tenderest love
in the spring
in the summer
in the fall
in the winter

proportion to the way they
feel instead of the way they
admit to feeling, it is like
Balm on an open wound, or
that emotional warmth
gives them a sort of ^{reinforce-}
ment of the nerves that
helps them to resist ^{for better,}
I don't mean from all
this that you should
have given me a vast
outpouring of sympathy
over so minor an ailment
as the flu - this is more
or less in general & an
explanation of the way I
felt at your reaction. My
misery last week was as
much emotional & ner-
vous as physical. Anyhow
the dreariness of being
sick all alone, that's
what you could leave
mitigated, leave + I like both

milieu with the code which
I'd thought a sufficiently
universal Anglo-Saxon one,
so that everyone sensed
— one makes light of his
own aches & pains but
never of anyone else's. It's
just, you see, a graceful
way of dealing with the
situation — you keep your
dignity by not ^{emphatically}
complaining about how
you feel, but at the same
time you get the sympathy
that we all need when our
sensitivity is somewhat
weakened by pain, discou-
rage, sorrow or whatever.
Most women, it is safe to
assume, feel about twice
as rotten as they admit
to feeling, and if they get
sympathy, help, support
or what leave you, in

Monday -

137.6639

Sweatheart -

I am writing
under difficulties, as the
train is twice as crowded
as usual - holiday traffic,
I suppose - so I leave
the usual seat to myself.
So I am holding all my
paraphernalia in my lap
& writing on top of the
heap! Besides, the car is very
hot & I am just coming to
the boil in my fur coat,
but find the complications
of getting out of it & climb-
ing over the other lady in
my seat to put it up in
the rack - all to be
done so soon again in
reverse order - just too

enough to pick out the
same one. It wasn't from
the low pollen trough, but
from Stage - not that it
matters - in either case you'd
know it was from the top
of some expert on the beach.

I'm glad you had the
trip to Ann Arbor which
would be a pleasant break
in your routine. What was
it you were going to see?
That bit was not very
delectable - it looked like
a magician - but that
seems an odd thing to go
to Ann Arbor for, so it
seems as if I must be mis-
reading it.

The orchids arrived this
morning, and since they
were signed I guess it's
all right to thank you!
How sweet of you to remember

me! It's easier to be un-
comfortable!

I am so glad to hear
your news of next year, such
as it is - and I must say
it sounds pretty definite,
though I can see how you
felt about their being really
definite - and of course they
should be by this time.
However, it doesn't worry
me at all - you're a
lover of a quality
they're not likely to find
very often, and it's certain
they realize it. It's sure
you can stay there just
as long as you want to.
How's the health now?
Any more fatalities? Any
more cases?

Yes, the clipping about
the Oscar Wilde seems I sent
because you'd been asked

Ben, darling — I am sure
not many men do — at least,
not husbands — you get
flowers and what, not from
your admirer, but the few
cases with matrimony —
or maybe it's divorced! Heh!
is the remembering kind,
though, so it's a great
satisfaction to me to be able
to say I got a valentine
from my husband! Joan
has been cutting out red
hearts constantly for the last
10 days and writing tender
messages on them, as well
as covering them, herself,
& most of the furniture
with paste.

3. had's all for today —
except baskets of love to
my very sweet Valentine.
E.

Saturday -

(13 Feb 39)

Suzuki,

This won't be long,
and will have to be
finished tomorrow. I meant
to get at it earlier in the
day, but was just too
crowded for time with dull
and prosaic tasks. Now
Rika is here - we are just
back from the theatre,
and are sitting in the
living-room consuming
highballs and conversation.
So I don't want to de-
vote all my attention to
you for a very long time.

We've been to "Patience"
the second time I've seen
it - the first being four
years ago one week and

delight to watch any-
thing, so perfectly done.

Rika says to give
you her love and say
she's got her lights right
with her!

And I guess that's all
for tonight, my precious -

Sunday

Well, another day has
flown past - it's not so
late as last night, but
I need to make up last
night's sleep!

Rika went off right
after breakfast to D. J.
and I sat on with
the morning paper, work-
ing what to do to
raise my low spirits.
Then Sister called to say
it was such a lovely

when Dad came down
and we all, with Mildred
and Alice, went to see
the Savoy Players. It
was the first time I'd
seen them, and a small
introduction for I do think
- it's one of the very best
- and Martyr Green is
at his very best in it
which is going some, for
he is simply superlative
always. I have never seen
anyone handle his body
with such really exquisite
skill - at least never with
more. He can express any-
thing with it, and with
the greatest subtlety, so
that you can't see how
he does it. You can't miss
what he wants you to
know, and yet he never
overstates. Oh, it is a

day they wanted to get
out into the country &
did I want to drive
by hillside's with them.
So of course I did. We
got out there around the
middle of the afternoon &
went for a walk. But
the day looked better
than it felt — the
bright clear sunshine
wasn't warming the air
very much & really
couldn't compete at
all with a good strong
wind off the water. So
we didn't stay out
terribly long, but
came back to the
open fire, hot coffee and
a bottle of Scotch.
There was also very

good company - definitely
on the intellectual side -
the conversation was both
witty and interesting.
There was an Englishman
introduced as Mr. For-
rester, looking, in that in-
evitable English fashion,
quite distinguished in
clothes that he had ap-
parently slept in for 3
weeks and that were
parts of a bunch of old
suits in the first place.
I wondered who he was
- felt pretty sure he
figured somehow in the
English literary scene,
from his conversation &
the fact that he was at
Lindley's - finally decid-
ed he might be C. S.
Forrester, the novelist,

Well, of course he didn't, either, but it was plenty good enough. He had the curiosity about life and the keen interest in it that any novelist should have, and he had as well a fundamentally kindly attitude toward other human beings and their ways and their ideas that was delightful — not too salty, for it was salted occasionally by a good dig (mixed figures — sorry) at cheapness or vulgarity. His account of Hollywood was marvellous — not that it was surprising in any way, but it's fun to get it first-hand from someone who experienced it first-hand.

tried really to remember what books of his I'd read — and finally got one nailed. By then it was time to go home! Anyway, I was right about who he was. I suppose you don't know his work — it's better known in England than here, anyhow. I think it's definitely good — quite subtle — though sometimes with touches that can hardly be described that way. His conversation was awfully good — much better than that of literary people often is. One has a way of expecting them to talk as well as they write, but they so rarely do!

He has thrown them over-
board - walked out on them
to their vast surprise &
indignation, although he
did, I judge, a fair amount
of work for them before he
got too fed up.
I wished often for you -
such good talk you'd have
enjoyed. Of course I always
especially want you when
it's out here, anyhow, for
the association is very
close with you. Besides,
I've been feeling homesick
for you lately, anyhow.
Just when shall you be
here, sweetheart - will you
let me know at once, as I
have to get some tickets
tickets for Rika & me for
our vacation. Do you get
here the 26th or the next
week? We want to see B.
Pelle - & there's no getting
seats at our price unless

Tuesday -
(10 Feb 39)

Angel -

I am surviving the shock of finding that your envelope & paper don't match quite well - in fact, you may even be able to submit me to it again with no probability.

I had a good laugh over the "story" (not quite the word) you sent, though I don't think they were really awfully clever, if you stopped to think - or if you really know the cases concerned! The French girl, for instance, would never in the world ask for a new dress - that's just an American (middle. western?) idea of what a French girl would be like! I couldn't

because it appeals to a certain aspect of my sense of humor that is very Jewish! It's sort of the same kind of story as the orchard one.

I spent some time this afternoon talking with a mother about what was the trouble with her daughter's work - in the daughter's presence. I was annoyed at leaving the child present until as the conversation went on I began to realize that the mother wanted to be backed up with the daughter. Poor soul - I can see the girl is a good deal of a problem.

read the first word on what the Jewish girl said. So do tell me what it was - the rest of her remarks was good. But how did you remember them all? I shouldn't be able to for 5 minutes - too many of them!

But why a garage ad? I can't see any connection. Times, modern advertising often doesn't seem to need any connection, but I just wondered.

I've got a new story, too - not the same kind (alien) - but it really has to be told, not written. I think it's very funny, but that's

But if she was to believe
her mother knew how to
deal with life + education
she'd have to be con-
vinced of it before she
reached 17.

Then, I guess that's all
for today, sweetie, - I
feel uninspired, besides
there's nothing to talk
about as nothing has
happened either in my
external or internal
life in the last 24
hours - Besides, there
are things to be done.
All my love to you,
sweetheart -

C.

Thursday -

(1092839)

Well, darling - so I got
over the flu in 48 hours -
now, fancy that! I didn't
know it - where did you
hear about it? As a matter
of fact that whole little
incident as I see it re-
flected in your letters seems
very much less important
than it did, ^{to me} while I was
undergoing it! Are you
trying to reproach me for
bewailing my sad state?
I didn't mean to -
honestly I didn't. You
know how I was brought
up - not to complain,
but to pretend to feel
wise as well as I really
do, whether it's a case of

dearest sweetheart -

training companion he must be!

The German money must have been interesting - Dad had some of the inflation notes, too - did you see any? He had some of the Russian ones, too - rubles in those same fantastic quantities. ^{The} ^(Ser. ones) dates printed on them, were often, so I'm told, essentially meaningless - maybe I told you, for instance, of money issued in the morning and worthless by night! That, of course, was at the very end just before everything blew up.

Speaking of Germany, I listened this morning, while I did some mending,

mental or physical pain. Of course that's right, and - it's how we should all be. leave, but of course I wouldn't. If Dad had really wanted me to be the complete stoic he shouldn't have given me sympathy so richly, so that I find it hard to get along without it. Did I ask for too much, darling? I did try not to, honestly - and I'm sure I didn't wail half as much as I really wanted to, for I was nearly dying of homesickness.

I laughed delightedly at the tale of John & the incidental music - is he always as quick on the trigger? What an enter-

to the city's welcome to
Benes - especially to La.
Guardia's speech & the one
Benes made in reply, I got
much satisfaction from
the whole thing, and felt
considerable pride in my
native land which, for all
its stupidities, its faults,
its weaknesses, still is a
spot where a fine, coura-
geous, idealistic spirit like
that can find not only a
refuge, but a welcome. I
also felt considerable pride
in my humanity, which I
hold in common with such
individuals. It was a beauti-
ful speech he gave - so
lofty in feeling, so gentle,
so unambittered - and un-
defeated. I understand per-
fectly the profound esteem
in which he is held by
those who have watched
know the man and his

Dear
Dad
I
love
you
I
love
you
I
love
you

Wednesday -
(7/13/39)

Darling.

I am on my way to school again - back in the old routine, and about to deal with the problem of those who missed their mid-year exams - oh dear! My exam is such a nuisance, being all pictorial - so one can manage it but myself, so the practical complications of getting it made up are considerable.

Well, I didn't get much sympathy for being sick, did I? You're a funny boy - I can't tell what you're going to get - sometimes you are so sweet, sometimes so casual, I suppose it depends on your mood - sometimes

The last page, I realized suddenly — but perfectly clearly — what the underlying pattern was, that what he had been talking about all the time was education — and the relation of education to life. And I think, for the most part, his ideas are wise and good — at least, even if they weren't, I shouldn't care — anything bold like that is beyond price, no matter whether it's underlying there is important or not. It is funny in the utterly delightful fashion of such as Lewis Carroll — divinely inspired nonsense, but lest you tire of humor, there is a great quantity of fascinating nature lore — you are transported to the world of the fish — the plover — no, you are

other people's miseries seem real & important to you — at times they just don't.

You might bring me the book Donald sent you — I'd be interested to have a go at it because you are interested in it — though it's a bit rich of general g'n. a bit rich of immigrant families in the middle west! However, this sounds like a somewhat different approach.

Speaking of books, I have found a gem, of pursuit ray series, a luscious morsel, a paragon — in short, a wonder! It's "The Sword in the Stone" — have you heard about it, has it reached E. Lansing? It should be required reading for all members of our profession. When I had read

a fiend or a felon. There are
all fantastic adventures, with
high imaginative quality,
moments of gaiety & charm,
and occasional touching ones
when in a few words a scene
so vivid is evoked that your
eyes fill with tears. And all
against a background of an
unusually complete and
vivid background of life in
medieval England. He uses
the bones only of the early
chapters of the Arabian
story, though he dedicates
the book most charmingly to
"Sir Thomas Malory's Knight"
"I shall presently buy it
& shall carry it about with me,
and read it to all who will
listen - it cries to be read
aloud. The only thing you
think that is sensibly like
it in flavor is "The Croak of
Gold" - are you interested with
that? Oh dear, that makes me
think of Dad & of how he loved

Tuesday -
(18 Feb 29)

Precious -

My, but it was good
to get you nice double
letter today - very cheering
& uplifting - it was, too.
You were a good husband
& and a dear one - he
wrote me all that in the
middle of the night after
such a long day. I appre-
iated to the full not only
the fact that you did it,
but the letter itself, which
didn't sound as if it in-
volved the effort it must
have. If you had known
I was in, of course
you'd have stayed up to
write to me - it must
give you great satisfac-
tion to have done it any-
way.

so bad about it is the length
of time it takes to get rid
of it and its recurrent
interruption of your normal
activities and drag on your
energies & vitality. So please
don't get it, my love —
stop drinking milk! The
fact that such a serious
thing got loose in an in-
stitution does seem shock-
ing — so you suppose
they know who is respon-
sible?

Your second letter with
its account of your splen-
did night's sleep was
good reading. It made
me wonder if perhaps the
pillow might not be a
good idea — just that much
more relaxing. I wonder
if you've kept on with
it, by any chance. A per-

About the indulgent favor
— our letters crossed. You
will know by now that I
have read of it & that I
was troubled, though not
terribly, because the second
in the paper seemed to in-
dicate that you'd probably
be safe. It was good of
you to write in such de-
tailed detail about it,
adding, I happen
to know a fair amount
about it, simply because
I've known quite
a few people who have been victims
of it. It's not uncommon
in the near-East — and
I've had so many contacts
with that part of the
world, for one reason or
another. But people prop-
erly cared for don't often
die of it — the thing that's

Days it was just good reward-
ing you for sitting up and
writing to me the night be-
fore!

How was the concert on
Sunday? Yes, you are right
& good to make the effort
to support them - and
sweet to say you wished
I were going to be with
you. So do I - mostly
just to be doing something
with you, but partly be-
cause I enjoy XVII century
music.

I am very definitely on
the mend, though still
with some temperature &
a bacillae I seem un-
able to kill, though I
think it's weakening!

And I guess that's all
for today, my sweet -
Buckets of love -
C.

Monday -

(721839)

Angel.

The enclosed gives me supposed to amuse you for today - I'm not in an epistolary mood. Only a p.c. from you, oh dear, oh dear. I know this is late, not mailed (or at least only with mail!) for if you'd known I was sick I know you'd have not shipped a day, even though it did take effort. Personally, I think I'm doing pretty well with ships.

I'm staying home from school today, but it's not exactly a treat - I'm very bored with myself and believe me, I'm going on Wed. unless I'm dead! I'm really better, of course, + if I didn't

academic history? Seems
as if they must have had
it in July.

Dad, it worries me to
have you living on so little
— \$75 is terribly pinched.
I'm afraid you're not getting
enough good food, I
know it's your own fault,
in a way, for taking on a
savings program out of
scale with your earning
power, but I hate you
having to pay for it like
this, all the same, and
our having to pay for it.

There, precious, I've
little energy + no enthus-
iasms + I'm just going
shop for today. Tomorrow
I'll probably be bursting
with both.

Dearest love to you, my
Lamb — C.

asked + feel dizzy + being
should go, anyhow, I
wish you were here, con-
ing home at dusk to bring
me a bit of the outside
world, cheer me + squeeze
me oranges!

What about this index
lent fever? No, for heavens'
sake, be careful — I've
known two people who
had it — + it hung on for
years + years — it's a wicked
business.

How did you get along
with "Farmers Wash" —
did they drive you out of
the cafeteria + leave
you to roost for nuts +
berries in the woods?

And what about the
questionnaire you filled out
for the dean? To it for
last year? And why —
haven't they got all your

Saturday -
(672637)

Sweet Angel -

Two letters today

— the first time it ever
happened on a Saturday!
And it couldn't have been
more opportune, for I have
got the flu, which is a very
desolate business all by
yourself, and to find those
two really excellent letters
from my sweetie was more
comfort + delight than you
can imagine. I almost
didn't go down to look -
it seemed an awful effort,
the way I felt this morn-
ing + there so often is
nothing from you on Sat-
urdays. But I certainly
was rewarded when I
did make the effort.

I'll not regale you
with an account of my
symptoms, fascinating as

have it first hand, either by
reading what they write or
hearing what they say, it is
the old way that has won.
Remember that Fascism is
always conservative, that
in Spain the "Loyalists"
represented a pretty mixed
group, politically speaking,
— a lot of anarchists +
communists shined into the
Republican brew, and that
they were trying to accom-
plish was to keep alive his
new-born infant — modern
Spain, a Spain in which
the ancient slavery im-
posed on so large a pro-
portion of the population by
the church, by wealth, by
the aristocracy, might be
broken. You say it was a
way of life "perhaps de-
adent, but a comfortable
one" — well, it was con-
fortable for those on top
— there was blacker poverty
there than anywhere else in
Europe, so I have heard.

they are — they're on the wave
+ I shall be full of beans
again in no time.

Why was you surprised
at my letter mailed Mon. not
reaching you till Wed.?
I put that a normal time, it
is for you to me.

About Spain again — I
see what you mean + don't
misunderstand you, and of
course I agree with you
about the destruction of
all lovely + significant
things — from the passionate
vitality of young men to
the pain things of El Greco
— but darling, I am in-
clined to think you are
wrong about the destruc-
tion of "a way of life — the
Spanish way" — so far
as I can gather from
what I know of the old
Spain + what I know of
the present conflict (all
that I know is, of course,
second hand but only that
— I get it from those who

from people well equipped to know. As for being decadent so they were, in a way, and in a way it was the other end of the scale - they were only half-civilized, or so I have been told by a Spaniard I used to know very well, who has that combination of emotional subjectivity & intellectual objectivity so common in the Latin races. I have read the same thing in the writings of the distinguished Spanish philosopher whose name I stupidly can't remember, but who has been at Geneva for years - or probably remember. Anyhow, the ancient Spanish way of life, I'll bet dollars to doughnuts, will survive under Franco a hell of a lot more than had he been beaten and the new & modern + republican Spain kept the reins in its hands! But I can't keep a pen in my hand any longer - my

temperature is going up &
I must abandon you for
tonight, my sweet.

Sunday -

Well, about the Queas & Ayles
(to go on with yesterday) -
yes, there was greatness there
and of course the useless
& bloody destruction of it
by Spain was dreadful, and
yet - ! Now, sweetheart,
don't think I'm just trying
to put you in the wrong
about everything - I'm
only keeping the discus-
sion going - you may
now put me in the wrong,
if you feel so inclined.
But I rather believe that
so far as the Queas & Ayles
were concerned, their
best energies were spent,
for the most part, what
they had to give had been

I want to give this to
her to mail in her way
home.

I'm certainly better -
my temperature is almost
normal + though I still
feel achey + sort of
"mean" or expect I shall
be out on the rampage
tomorrow. I still have
papers to read - though
I've spent every minute
on them I felt equal
to it. The mails have
to be in tomorrow, damn
-r!

All my love to you,
dear heart, don't you
get this foul plague -
that is our advantage
of you not being here,
you see! ←

given, their civilization had
reached a stage of great
rigidity - it was static, on
the whole. Something I
read just the other day
explained this as being the
result of their keeping
knowledge secret - that
is, the exclusive property
of one class which was
also the priestly class. This
concentrated enormous
power in the hands of one
part of the population +
was weakening to the
group as a whole, as
well as becoming
quickly sterile.

How about it, what
do you think?

Are you going to visit
more now, for Sister has
been here to bring me
supplies, cheer me, etc. +

heads
of
the
plant

Friday -

(372639)

Sweetheart,

I am sitting with
one eye on my little book
wires as they write down
for me all they know, as well
as what they can guess at.
With the other eye + all of
my attention I concentrate
on you.

I guess I didn't tell you
how I laughed over your
account of the projective
plane, which (the account,
not the plane) was very
witty, I thought. I laughed
right out loud, which one
rarely does alone. Dave
boy - save it for conver-
sational use. I think it's
doing extremely well to be
what would seem such
unpromising material +
make it so very amusing.

all
the
time
I
am
not
even
dream

deal of a state about it.
Also I didn't realize you
walked so much - that
should give you adequate
exercise, I admit. The
satisfaction of feeling that
you've done a good day's
work must be great and
I am so glad that you
leave it.

I'm not sure I wouldn't
have been better to en-
courage her. I don't know
if you may want it, you
know, + it's too bad to
shut the door on it, though
of course you just as
liberally may not.

How's your snow now?
Ours is vanishing, ever as
I watch it, under a
drizzling rain. I'm glad
to see it go, really -
getting up + down this

How dear of you to always
think of me along with the
7th symphony - it always
bushes me very much +
makes me feel warm and
protected and cherished,
and so deeply grateful to
you - and for you.

Have you read the book
Donald sent you at all? I
vaguely remember reading
about it, but can't remem-
ber at all what critical
opinion of it was.

Your letters about your
tiredness or non-tiredness
was very reassuring. My
spirits lifted. I had begun
really keeping track of
your expressions of weariness +
you did literally
either begin or end every
letter with one - + often
both begin + end! So of
you getting into a good

precipices over snow & ice is
also wearing. But in spite of
today's rain we have so far
had the most severe winter
in years - what a break
that I got my fur coat for
it! I expect by E. Lansing
standards, though, it's pretty
inferior.

I think I'm getting the flu
at least maybe - for I
ache + feel other fluish
symptoms. Besides, the doctor
told Sister they were having
a very contagious variety &
I was there most of the day
on Wed. So don't be
troubled if there is a lichen
in letters - I shall merely
be staying indoors so as to
be ready to come back to
school on Monday. Sister
says they are all on
the mend, so it's evidently
light, but if I have any
fever, I shall keep it in

Thursday -

(27.11.39)

Sweet Lamb.

Yesterday 9 p.m.

2 letters + today 2 - I am
ecstatic - but holding my
breath for fear there will now
follow a large empty void!

I did need sleeping, too -
both yesterday and today.

This morning I is called
to tell me they all have
the flu - she + Joan having
caught it from Hugh evi-
dently. She is a bit annoyed

at him for not just staying
at the hospital + keeping
it to himself. It is pretty
hard on her, of course, for

she has to take care of the
other two, even though
she is, sick herself, which
doesn't exactly speed her
own recovery. But her
temperature is 2° lower
than Hugh's + she is hoping

same time — not because
I wasn't interested, though, for
I was, a great deal. It's the
kind of "human interest" story
that lingers in my mind &
keeps cropping up. It's a
touching story — & a very
American one, for it has so
many elements in it that
are characteristic of us more
than other nations. For one
thing, by & large, we have
respect for education that is
at times almost superstiti-
ous — as if by getting it
we could perform deeds by
magic that otherwise we
could not. I doubt if you'd
find that young man in any
other country in the world.
Personally, I think that, in
spite of all the mistakes it
leads to, still it is a good
thing. The desire to lift our-
selves by our own boot-
straps — together with the
belief that we can — is char-
acteristic of us, too, and I

to leave a light case, though
of course she feels abso-
lutely wretched at present.
I went over today to take
some food & some enter-
tainment for Joan & to do
what I could, but she
insisted on my leaving
at once for fear I'd catch
it, which would be bad,
since I am so isolated.
So I left them to their mis-
ery. It really was a
pretty dreary household
— dark & rainy out. It
doors, the house some-
what gummy, for Sister
limits her efforts to the
essentials, and everyone
feeling & looking miserable
by conscience. Both say
that I didn't stay — I
was too easily persuaded
to escape.

I never did answer your
letter about the man who is
trying to support a family &
get an education at the

think that has something
rather splendid about it, too,
for it always involves a
long struggle & often a
losing one. Of course he'd
be better off in a trade school
that lacks of realism in his
outlook is American, too, but
it? Well, it's all part of living
in a democracy and
through many — probably in-
cluding your young man —
we are doomed to go down, still
I think that it is good & right,
in the long run, that we
should be free to take the
responsibility for the directing
of our own lives — even free
to direct them stupidly. In
Germany he couldn't do this
— & perhaps he'd be a more
useful citizen for being put
where he belonged by a pa-
ternalistic government —
would he? I don't know, I
honestly don't know, nor
can I say with absolute cer-
tainty which way is better.

I wasn't sure + didn't want
to embarrass you, so I put
the question as I did.

Let me know what news
of the summer school job. I
was a bit low to bring my-
self into it that way - + I
retract. Anyhow, the opportunity
to make even that much
money advances by just so
much the day of our perma-
nent togetherness, so it would
be silly to pass, even from a
selfish point of view! But I
think it should be considered
carefully from every angle -
health, policy, finance, pro-
fessional advantage, etc.
When shall you know?

How fortunate Eva is to have
met Clara Hamilton - almost
be an exceedingly vital + in-
teresting personality. I think
you must be familiar with
her woodcuts, even though
not by name - they appear
so often in reproduction here
+ there. Didn't you read Vera

of writing + waiting. And the
other day you just shipped
- even so, the one mailed the
29th was unusually slow in
~~not~~ getting here - from early
the 29th to the morning of
the 1st. Goodness, I feel like
a different person today -
yesterday was such a
nightmare. It deprives me
of all my sense of security,
not to have your letters come,
or not to write to you, even.
You see, I'm building my life
on the foundation you've given
it - which I needed so des-
perately - + just because
of the depth of that need + in
direct proportion to it is my
fear lest it be shattered +
I find myself again with
the rocks gone from be-
neath my feet and only
the waste of water about
me.

About Harper's - I did
say you'd said 2 years, but

Britain's "Testament of Youth"?
Perhaps not, though nearly
everyone did - & nearly every-
one should - certainly by every-
one who is interested in the
place of women in the modern
world & the relation between
that place & her emotional &
intellectual equipment. And
don't ever think that group
shouldn't include you! This
is a divergence, but she was
in connection because Clara
Keightley is in the book (it was
her brother, killed in France
in 1915, whose name ^{was} Vera
Britain makes the ^{most} beau-
tiful part of the
book) and is one of that group
of young - or youngish - women
who are now well-known in
England's literary, artistic,
sociological or even political
world & who are justifying
themselves in claiming a
place for themselves in the
active world that women
before them had not dared
to claim. Donald is being just
a touch dramatic, perhaps & say-
ing in a (metaphorically) loud
voice - "He doesn't need us any

Tuesday -
[31 Jan 39]

Darling -

I am just about
wild - no letter from you
today + on yesterday
only one that you wrote
last Thursday. That
means you did not write
Fri., Sat., or Sun. +
probably not Mon. I am
really terrified. If, when
you get this, you are not
sure that I'll have had
word from you by then,
please send me a tel-
egram right away.
I know there's a big
storm out where you
are + that would delay

nails somewhat, but not
anywhere nearly that
much.

I was miserable yesterday
because you had
not written. Today I am
badly frightened, I
can't write any more
because I can't think
of anything else. I
have reread your recent
letters to see if there might
be any reason for your
silence, but can't find
any. Please reassure
me quickly.

C.

(30 Jan 27)

Saturday -
 Darling -
 I hope you will
 get the letter
 I wrote you
 about the
 Spanish
 situation.
 I hope you
 will get it
 in time to
 read it.
 I hope you
 will get it
 in time to
 read it.
 I hope you
 will get it
 in time to
 read it.

Hallway - us, a
 mid of the way - through
 the week - end siege of us
 letter from you! It's so
 long from Friday to Mon-
 day.

But I did have a good
 one yesterday - all about
 how you felt about Spain.
 How that's my idea of a
 real letter - interesting,
 stimulating, provocative.
 It has the quality of
 good conversation - makes
 you want to pass the ball
 back. I think that's
 what the real function
 of correspondence is -
 correspondence, as dis-
 tinguished from an
 occasional exchange of

ent in them. It's as if
you'd got home for tea +
told me the little odds +
ends of the day as you
unwashed you cinnamon
toast. It has a feeling of
casual domesticity about
it and is delightful.

All the same, I think
it is well that we should
write the other sort of
letters, too, because I
think it will broaden +
enrich our relationship.
We don't either of us
want only casual do-
mesticity. It should be
possible for us to find in
each other a very re-
warding intellectual
companionship, and I
think it would be a
pity not to build it up
in our letters — it's one
of the things we can do

letters. A correspondence
should have the quality
of companionship in it +
the interchange of ideas, the
interaction of minds. Per-
sonally, I think that, the
habit once acquired, it's
the easiest sort of letter
writing — most of what's
interesting in the daily
lives of ordinary people
goes on inside their heads,
and the search for exterior
events worth recording is
always discouraging +
all too likely to be dull.

Now, darling, that
doesn't mean to find you
letters dull — when one
cares a great deal for
someone, the minutiae
of his day-by-day life
take on a certain amount
of color that is not inher-

in letters. I sometimes wonder if you are interested in what goes on in my mind. Of course in your defiant moments you say you're not, but still I think you are - to some extent, at least. But you see, when I write you that sort of thing, you leave it unanswered - you don't boss me back. I sometimes feel rebuffed, sometimes only disappointed, because I wanted to know what you thought about whatever it was.

Don't think I'm complaining - this is, if any thing, only a suggestion, and all set off, you see, by your own very excellent letter of yesterday! And don't think I

fail to realize how often my
own letters are as dull as
dull can be.

Well, about Spain - I
understand very well how
you felt - or have been pretty
depressed about it myself.
All the same, tragic, unjust
and pitiful though it is,
I do not think it's so
bad as you feel it to be
- "as if something had
died which was of value
and would never come
again". I think not, darling,
- individuals have died,
but not the idea or ideal
for which they sacrificed
themselves. That's the thing
that gives one courage -
ideas are so unassailable.
Mussolini & Hitler & Franco
together cannot crush one.
Stand on a mountain-top
and look off over the
panorama of human
history and see what life

end. It is only that one must
in the end take the long
view simply in order to keep
enough hope for humanity
& faith in it to be able to
endure its daily martyr-
dom. You didn't read
"Personal History", did you?

There is a moment in that at
the end of the book, when
he finds some sort of spirit-
ual adjustment at a time
of great inward confusion,
of great inward confusion,
chiefly caused by the
spectacle of "man's in-
humanity to man" and
a profound discouragem-
ent resulting from it. It
struck me with great force
when I first read it, be-
cause he finds it, standing
in the Parthenon, "which is
so exactly how one should
feel, standing in the
Parthenon, that incompar-
able expression of one of
the most perfect adjustments

There is in ideas, when they are
of value in human terms,
and certainly democracy
is one of those. Look 'way
over to the horizon - 2000
years + more - and see
little Athens crushed under
the heel of Sparta, & then
of Macedonia, & then of
Rome - democracy going
down before fascism
(for if ever there was a
fascist state, Sparta was
it) and then imperialism.
But the idea has been immor-
tal, nor is it slain in Bar-
celona. Don't think of fail-
ing to see how shocking,
how dreadful, how black
this moment is, nor fail
to realize how it must
be like ashes in the
mouth to those men who
have fought so long, so
passionately, so sacrific-
ially, only to lose in the

ever made between man &
the world in which he must
live. I copied most of it to
read it to the girls regularly
so that they may realize
that the building is not
the ruin of ~~the~~ long-dead
civilizations, but the embod-
iment of an immortal
idea - ~~the~~ point of view
which is made vivid by
seeing its effect on a
young & modern man. I'm
copying it for you, too, just
because I think it's so
good an answer to your
feeling that something
has died which will never
come again.

"The more I looked the more
it seemed to live, to frame the
Brown hills & the blue sky to
compose with them into an in-
comparable perfection of life
preserved through cycle
upon cycle of years. The miracle
was there to be seen by any-
body; I did not imagine it,
but to have seen it as I did!

without foreknowledge of its per-
fection was to be sure, in a
single moment, of duration in
the life of man, survival of his
best and attrition of his worst,
in the unending conflict by
which he stretches his powers
against time. In this place
where Juries as concentrated
as those of the Holy Land [a ref-
erence to the Arab-Turkish up-
heaval he'd been witnessing]
had perished without a sign,
the entasis still embraced
with its living arms, the living
hills of Greece. Here you had
to take the long view, as the
view would do, as the view
was possible, although dura-
tion was not in itself a proof
of good, the parts of the past
that still expressed most
vividly the continuous con-
sciousness of man, communi-
cating in a language under-
stood of the people for cen-
tury after century, were, like
his strange marvel, the best
and not the worst parts.
And you had to get it in, as

he has fairly recently sus-
tained a heavy drain on
all his vital resources which
is certain to affect his
emotional life somewhat,
for the time being, and
besides, there is the fact that
his "career" has been some-
what broken, confused, &
unsuccessful, which is
bound to exaggerate the im-
portance of the emotional
relationships in his life.
Take all this into consid-
eration and then remem-
ber that there is of neces-
sity a certain amount
of change in your relation
to him involved in your
marriage, and do you
see? He was the most im-
portant person in your life
and it was important to
him - it was good for his
pride & his self-esteem - be-
sides, he loves you a great
deal. You lost marriage.

view of the world that left it
out would be clear or com-
plete, you had to take the
Parthenon with the Haron-
esh - Sherif, the age of Pericles
with the age of Wall St., Zion-
ism and pogroms and cap-
italist imperialism along
with Athens and her temple;
you had somehow to see
the whole thing, if you could,
by whatever light you could
find, before it was too late.

Well, I guess I kept up
my end of the conversation
that time! So much for
Spain!

About Donald - I don't
blame you for feeling be-
wildered - it is odd that
you don't hear from him.
I suspect that it is a
symptom of a certain amount
of emotional difficulty or
confusion. You see, he is an
extremely emotional person,

had some effect on him be-
cause of your wife's feelings
for him. But fundamentally
- it didn't affect him because
he was still the person most im-
portant to you - you still ran
to him for help + understand-
ing + sympathy. Well, he
knows this marriage is
different - he really wants
it to be and wants, for your
sake, that I should come
first in your life, but all the
same, he's finding it some-
thing to adjust to. You
remember his reaction to
the news last summer?
That was all rationalizing
- he didn't want you to
worry me so he thought
of reasons why you shouldn't.
Don't let it worry you, dar-
ling - it all fits into the
pattern, and it will all
work out. His feelings for
you has been in some ways
perhaps a little over-
emotional, and it would be

strange if he didn't find
this marriage of yours cause
for some readjustment, he
one who has occupied first
place likes being put in
second. At the same time
he is far too intelligent, and
far too genuinely devoted to
you not to realize that you
should marry, least of all
this he would probably never
admit, even to himself, but
it is true, I'm sure, and
I'm also sure it will event-
ually pass and that every-
thing will be fine. The
night we went to Dan-
bury I felt conscious of the
difficulty, felt very much
aware that he wished me
away - not in anything he
said or did, of course - but
in the air. The next day it
was gone. He said some-
thing to me about leaving
felt too tired the night before
and being afraid he'd not

Friday -

Dearest - [27] or 39

I am now using
most of my energies in keep-
ing warm! We're having
a cold spell - even the
mushrooms said completely
deal with it. It's colder
than I've seen it in a
good many years - I use
the amount of ice in the
Anderson as my gauge!

Wednesday I set off
for school in my oldest
(because heaviest) tweed
shirt, a warm but definite-
ly sporty sweater, heavy
sport shoes with socks +
an ancient hat that I
thought would stay on
in the high wind better
than any other. I looked
slightly shabby and ex-

Did I tell you the story
of the post? I don't think
I did. I kept wondering
why I'd not had any
acknowledgment from
Mrs. Littel, who would
be very meticulous about
prompt thanks - and
wondering a little, not
much, why I had no
thanks from Mildred,
who would be grateful,
but not prompt! Then,
last week I finally heard
from Mildred, and she
said she guessed they
must have mixed the
cards because her had
been addressed to Mrs.
Littel! I said "it's funny"
to Mrs. Littel had got
one "from George & Lou"
& which was practically
anonymous so far as she

truly informal but thought
- it wouldn't matter at all,
just going to school.
Then, as my last class
walked, I popped Hal
Littel, announcing that
she was here to take me
home to dinner! At first I
declined - it seemed just
too much to appear at
a really rather elegant
dinner table looking like
that. But she was very
persistent, and finally I
went, horrible clothes
and all. Of course I had
a very good time, though
I'd have enjoyed it
more if I'd felt myself
appropriately dressed.
They opened the bottle
of post I'd sent them for
Christmas and boarded
you and me - any number
of times.

was concerned. I had
 been stewing around,
 working on first one theory
 & then another - & then of
 course, she got a note
 from me complete with
 explanation. She had
 not dared to open the
 bottle until then. So
 they opened it last
 night & were most
 charmingly appreciative
 - made me feel as if I'd
 given them some rare
 old vintage. I had a
 simply grand evening
 with them, talking of this
 & that. They have such
 wide interests - human
 & intellectual.
 No more for today, sweetie
 - I leave my new glasses &
 they make me feel vaguely

for - beautiful
 December
 1927

family is prepared by my leaving home to Dr. Weller in
Boston who, like myself, is one of the most distinguished eye
specialists in the
country.
My own
account
of the
visit
to
Waller -

Thursday -
(27 Jan 39)

Such an evening
as I've spent - setting
down on paper my analy-
ses of the moods & charac-
ters of my current intel-
lectual charges. Could I
speak with complete free-
dom it would be easier,
but the knowledge that
these remarks will go to
the parents complicates the
task. Just how much
must I say to explain
adequately why the child
got a C instead of an A
and yet what will do
some good without anger-
ing the parents - parents
whom I do not know, &
therefore whose capacity
for taking a pill I can't

humbled by the thought that
in this way and that I
disappointed him, and
your quick and lovingly
reassuring response to
my need of reassurance
was so wonderful. It
was so exactly what
Dad would have done,
given me some of his
strength like that - he
believed in me and so ~~restored~~
restored my belief in my-
self. Bless you, my dearest,
a thousand, thousand
times.

Otherwise your letter
disturbed me for you
spoke so often of how
exhausted you were.
There's practically never
a letter these days that
doesn't start - and
generally finish - with some

judges! I rather enjoy it for
it's a human problem with
intellectual elements and
rather up my alley. Just to
you I will tell something
that was said to me just
before Dad died and which
I had treasured to tell
him that Thanksgiving -
that one dear told me I
wrote better ones than
anyone else on the staff.
I've never repeated it to
anyone & would have told
it to him not as a boast
but because it was really
a credit to him - and
because any success of
mine pleased him so. And
why do I tell it to you?
Because, my dear love, of
the altogether sweet, and
so tender consideration for
me of the letter that came
from you today. I am so

Wednesday -

[26 Jan 39]

Dearest,

So you may get the summer school job after all? Well, I don't know whether to be afraid you will or to hope you will! I see the financial advantage, but hate to think of you doing that much more work - I think you need the 3 months away from teaching. And I don't exactly look forward to all that time by myself, with you too busy to be a companion, and me in a strange place where there's essentially nothing to do.

I have a letter from your mother today telling me about how you work too hard, which I really think you do, and that's why it does trouble me to think of you going on with it in the summer.

her without giving away
any secrets at all. She'd
probably assume the gal
was being considered for a
job at Dobbs Ferry! Or
aren't you curious? Or am
I quite a bit. I think you
always get curious side-
lights on a man from
what the girl is like he
intends to marry - and
more - than from the
reverse situation.

How is your weather?
We're having the "mild"
winter in a number of years.
Of course I don't like it,
but at least our better
side to withstand its
rigors for having all
those slaughtered mush-
rats between me & it!

Do you know, I had
already made up my
mind that if we were to

I'm so glad you found
you other a love - those
being among your least
possessions, I'd hate to think
they were gone so soon.

Speaking of possessions,
I've decided that of those
I've acquired in the last 6
months or so the two that
give me most satisfaction
are my fur coat + my brief
case! I can't imagine how
I ever got along without
them - they have become so
indispensable. Certainly I
never get along so comfortably
without them - nor so effi-
ciently. Everyone at school
admires the brief case - a
few have ones of the same
type - the stress among mine.

By the way, I do know
someone at Conn. College.
Tell me the girl's name -
I mean Kilt's fiancée's. It's
easy enough to find out
what Estey thinks about

Colorado, we certainly
should go on to the
Grand Canyon, for the dis-
tance is little or more
anyby western roads -
a long day or 2 short
ones + it would be a
pity for you to miss it,
when you're so near.

I'm sorry you got so
little from me on Mon-
day - I expect I should
have mailed the Fri.
letter as one to the Sat.
do a second - in fact,
I don't quite know
why I didn't - there
seems no real reason for
doing it as I did ex-
cept that I meant to
write the Sat. one in the
morning & mail them both
together in town, but of
course I didn't get it

long
night
leave out
some
vide
roads

Tuesday -

(25 Jan 39)

Sweet Lamb -

Before I for-
get it - what about Har-
per's? It's still coming
but hasn't the subscript-
ion expired? I thought
I'd better find out for sure
before I did anything. And
you didn't take the ones
you were supposed to
take at Xmas time, either.
That's why you had to
fall back on Cinderella
in all its grim horror!

I got to thinking about
that last night after I'd
gone to bed - a fascinat-
ing topic. Someone could
write a doctor's thesis
on it - the element of
horror, brutality, blood-
lust, what - you - will in

be interesting to check up
+ find how much of that
sort of thing is pre-Christ-
ian in its origins - not
necessarily before Christ,
but before the doctrines of
the gentle Jesus had
been accepted in the region
from which the particular
story springs. So many
of the fairy tales we are
most familiar are German.
ie - coming from the
dark forests + bleak
seas of northern Europe
long before that mystical
oriental religion had
reached them. Little Red
Riding Hood - the ravenous
wolf always lurking in
the forest - innocent
childhood born in pieces
by it with considerable
relish in details of horror
- of course modern child-
ren hear a more squeaky-

ancient tales. I thought
of heroic Achilles dragging
the bloody body of noble
Hector round and round
the walls of Troy,
through the dust, be-
hind his galloping
horses. Even in the middle
ages that would have
been shocking behaviour
in a hero toward a noble
enemy (and Homer does
make Hector noble) slain
in fair fight. Lamentation of
a corpse - it's pretty hor-
rible. Or Odysseus' method
of dealing with his wife's
suitors - mass slaughter
of unarmed men with any
amount of bloody detail.
Again the behaviour of a
hero he's telling about.
A sort of gratuitous sat-
isfaction in bloodiness for
its own sake. It would

in version. And think
of the Edda — how it runs
with blood + compare it
with a post-Christian body
of legends such as the
Arthurian ones where the
shedding of blood is al-
ways for some definite
end, generally in the
eternal battle between
good + evil. It would
be interesting to compare
Beowulf + the works of Arthur.

Well, you're getting a bit
carried away — in fact,
you've been carried right
past 12 o'clock at which
time I was planning to
go to bed. So this is
all for tonight, my angel,
except to say I love you
which you know but
I'll just tell you to re-
mind you — C.

Monday -

Sweetheart, [23 Jan 39]

What a blow - you didn't write just because you couldn't think of anything to say - at least that seems to be what I am expected to infer from the beginning of your Saturday letter. Oh dear - nothing in a whole twenty-four hours that you want to say to me? You know, you don't have to limit your conversation to what has been happening in E. Lansing! Tell me some of the things you think about - or don't you think about anything but mathematics? If you don't, you should!

About Philadelphia - I think you're perfectly right and I'll try to fix it - I hope I can fix it. Of course it's all very delicate, for Ross

sweet about you - wanted to
hear everything I could tell
her about your health, your
job, your spirits, etc., etc.

When do you get through
in June? I did say we'd
come in the summer when
she spoke of it today - but
that will be to their summer
place on the N.I. coast.

I'm sorry you'll not get
the summer job - or think
you want - as I can see
it would be a good thing
in many ways. But I think
not having it can be a
good thing, too. Don't worry
about the summer - S.P.C.
is not so bad as you
picture it, particularly with
a car. Besides, we can visit
in Epeter, in Mysie, in
Alexandria, in Cossachis,
in Pavalatta (Bess), and
very liberally in other places
- all in the country. (I
Scituate - Dabur + Dowdry

is theoretically my family -
a fiction that we both make
a considerable effort to main-
tain. That makes it a little
complicated, since we would
be down at Xmas, I'll do
my best, darling - and you
know I want to stay in
N. Y. with you, which res-
pects I shall manage some-
how. If we should have to
go, it is at least an easier
& shorter trip than the one
to Cossachis. (I) course you
or know and she knows
that if Dad were here with
her we'd go like a shot
- that's what makes it
difficult. I had lunch with
her today, as a matter of
fact - Sister + I together
- but I had only just
read your letter and hadn't
had time to think out a
peaceful way of dealing
with the situation, so said
nothing. She was in an
excellent mood and was very

want us to visit them. You see, we could do our round of visits to the north & one to the south. Then we're invited to Wisconsin - remember! And I should think that for a little while, any how, we could go into the mountains & pay our own way.

Interesting about the Cinderella story - that's the old version & is supposed to indicate the early origin of the story. Almost all really ancient tales have bloody elements - mutilations & such. A certain amount of violence was essential to make the story exciting & it was the only way, to a semi-barbaric imagination, of dealing with evil. So many of our fairy tales have been censored for our own - humane modern children!

Dearest love to you, my precious - C.

Sunday -

[23 Jan 39]

Dearest,

Such a long dull day as I've had, getting things done — the sort of thing of keep putting off + putting off until finally a lot of them have piled up + have to be dealt with. I am somewhat rewarded by the pleasant feeling of having cleared things away, but somewhat depressed by not having cleared away so many as I had expected to be able to! And now I've not much time to write if I am to get at all a reasonable night's sleep.

was about as breadbare
as one could find. Nothing
very important was said,
nothing very exciting
happened, but still
enough. It was really
because you were made
to feel so interested in
the people that you want-
ed to know how their
problems were resolved.
Personally, I find it
refreshing now and then
to see a comedy that
is gentle rather than
smart. It was beautifully
done by an all-English
cast, so that you could
believe it.

And the rest of our time
we spent eating and
talking — were talking

I guess I didn't tell you,
did, that Alice Walter & I
went to the Theatre
yesterday? We saw
"Spring Meeting" — an
English comedy, in the
manner they do so
perfectly — better than
any American seems to
be able to. It was per-
fectly delightful — light,
of course, but never in-
sulting your intelligence,
cleverness, and peopled
by perfectly credible
human beings — also
much better, for instance,
than "You Can't Take It
With You" in which the
people were all "charac-
ters" and where the plot

than eating, Alice is a
good holder and an appreci-
ative listener - not a
very frequent combination.

So that was my yesterday - my today would
only bow you - Besides,
it's already passed the
deadline for stopping
this letter. Just as well
- it's not a good one, it
much better not prolong
it.

Dearest love to you,
my angel - and again
my gratitude for your
sweetness this week -
when I get low or think
of how you said "I
stretch out my heart
and my hand to you" -

C.

Friday -

[20 Jan 39]

Dearest -

It is, contrary to
my custom on a school day
- 12:45. Yes, that's an
oddish sentence - full of
elision, you see. I trust
you to realize that I mean
I generally write to you
earlier on school days. It
sounds rather as if I thought
I was God + was not
accustomed to leaving as
many hours in Fridays as
in some other days. So I
shall probably write
only briefly tonight +
finish tomorrow. I really
am tired,

Thanks you, my angel, a
million times for your sweet-
ness and understanding

circumstances, understand?
This is wholly by way of ex-
planation - not an attempt
to prove anything, or con-
vict you to anything,
- just so that you will
understand the nature &
cause of my emotional
retreat and be correspond-
ingly patient & sweet
as you were in your
letter!

I was amused at your
preliminary paragraph about
your clerical work for it
just hit a nail very neatly
on the head - here 2
weeks being full of that
sort of nonsense for us
- much of it seems to be
nonsense & a waste of
energy that should be
going into the educative
process. Oh, God, the time I
spent today on a punch.

toward my letters. I shall
try very hard to live up
to what you say - but
I expect you will have to
be a little patient, too! ^{19th}
A virtue easier to sustain
at a distance & I shall
probably lose it at times
- then you'll have to
babe over! There is one
thing I think I didn't
mention that is a factor
in the situation - remem-
ber that a woman's in-
stinct to retreat from a
man who retreats from
her is even more funda-
mental than yours to
resist possession - it's a
sort of primal instinct.
That is, when you push
me away, I have to
fall back on affection,
or romantic love. I cannot
rely upon under those

ability report (I bet you don't
have to do that) entered on
a separate sheet for each
girl - another learned back
at buying to do the same
thing at the same time
→ consequent confusion of
the sheets + general furmoid
lots of us had to get it
done here + there or miss
trains. All the little lambs
have to sign up when they're
late, giving the reason, +
then I have to go over my
list + ~~decide~~ decide if their
excuses were adequate or
if they get a black mark
→ they do the recording.
And it always comes when
you're in a state over sea-
demic grades, make-up work,
etc. etc. You'll probably
get slipshy letters this week.
That's all for tonight, my
love - I'll add more
damein.

Well, darling, it is now
Saturday night - I had
meant to add to this in
the morning and get it
off to you earlier in the
day, but I just didn't
have time. So, though it's
not so late as last night,
it's not early enough to
get this mailed to you
today.

It was good to have a
letter from you this morn-
ing - so often I don't get
one on Saturday.

I was interested, of course,
in all you wrote of your
buddy built - it all helps
to make him more vivid as
a personality. As for his
learning of German, of
course I'm awfully im-
pressed - such an accom-
plishment being so far out

thought of such intricacy
& profundity - to follow the
difficult paths hour after hour
through those interminable
German lectures and know
what you were getting.
Did I tell you we found
his notes? The most remark-
able note-books I ever saw
- so perfectly organized, so
legible, and they must, I
think, have been very
complete, from the volume
of them. Oh dear, how
disappointed he must
have been in me - how
he must have hoped
for me, too, to have a
mind of such distinction
& energy - only to get
that feeble instrument
with which I dabble
around here & there.
I think he found my mind
fairly interesting - certainly,

my reach. But you could
do it as easily (if you call
it easy!) as he. I'm certain
you've the right kind of
mind. I suspect, and it
is partly that, you know -
at least as much so as
the tenacity & firmness of
purpose. I've no aptitude
for that sort of thing &
should have to toil 3 times
as hard - or 3 times as long,
I ad did much the same
sort of thing, though I'd
had a little before. But
in one summer, living with
a German family in Bres-
lau, he got a sufficiently
expert knowledge to
attend lectures in philoso-
phy with perfect under-
standing - no mean achiev-
ement, for you have to know
a language very well in-
deed to deal in it with.

There was real intellectual
companionship between us,
but it's not distinguished
& has achieved nothing
beyond, as it were, nourish-
ing itself. How I wish
he might have lived to
know that you had come
into his family — he would
have had a kind of pride
in you he was never able
to have in his own chil-
dren, nor in their original
choice of husbands!

Are you leaving Tosca-
rini tonight? I am about
to, though I shall per-
haps not listen to talk.
I wish you were here to
listen with me — we'd sip
some sherry and make
a few crackers and smoke
a few cigarettes — all
sitting close together on
the couch. Then if we
didn't care for Berlioz, we

Thursday -
[20 Jan 37]

Darlingest.

I'm so sorry
you went and had another
bad day, and all over that
blooming paper. I can't
believe it's as futile as
you seem to think - w, I
guess I don't mean quite
that, but that I'm sure
the work you did on it
made it worth other peo-
ples while. Anyhow, it
makes you a conspicuous
figure in the department,
& that's all to be good.
I expect one way or
another it's worth your
trouble, so don't let it
get too much under
your skin, poor lamb.

warmed over, they're ex-
actly as better. He evi-
dently fancies himself as
a philosopher - of the
cracker barrel variety -
and believes his audience
sits in lushed expectancy
waiting for these jewels of
homely wisdom. Personally,
I thought they were about
on a 15-year old level.

By the way, there's a bit
bit, apropos of theater, that
should interest you. You
know, they've just opened
"The Importance of Being
Earnest" - well, the direc-
tor had the swell idea
of seating a small
claque in ^{the} back of the
orchestra, ^{on the first night} who as soon
as the first few curtain
calls had been taken,
would start shouting

Thanks again, my darling,
for what you said of my
two letters and for your
receptive and gentle
acceptance of them. You
have been terribly sweet
about them.

Sister and I saw
"The Merchant of Venice"
last night - Thornton
Wildes's newest, and not
worth the price. Fane
Coul was in it & did her
excellent best to save it,
but it would take more
than one woman to drag
that weight along. I
think his great success
of last year went to his
head. He used a lot of the
same tricks over again. I
never thought they were
very good ones, and

"Author, Author", from
Robert Morley, whose theatre
is nearby, would appear,
still in his Oscar Wilde
costume & make-up &
give the speech that O.W.
gave on the original open-
ing night of "The Import-
ance of Being Earnest".
Wasn't that a marvelous
idea? But Morley's pro-
ducer put his foot down,
said he wouldn't have
his actor appearing on
someone else's stage.
Doesn't that burn you
up? R. M. himself was
enchanted with the idea
and accepted it at
once.

And that's all for today,
my dearest love to
my dearest boy -
C.

for them. I'm awfully glad
to see the faces of your two
buddies, of whom I hear so
constantly — nice-looking
boys they are, too. I guess
you've chosen pretty well.
It looks to me as if the
next thing you needed was
a heavy sport sweater or
leather jacket or some such.
You look quite pathetic,
all bundled up in your
winter overcoat, with
the other two so differently
dressed — gives you an un-
leading, old gentleman
look. Why the hat if it
was warm enough for the
other two to be without?
Whose dog?

As for the money — it is
discouraging + depressing, I
don't blame you + feel the
same way. I think perhaps
we'd better really go over
figures together in our next

I've often thought if I ever
did have a real home in a
smallish community I'd
have Sun. morning break-
fast parties! My mother
used to — altogether charm-
ing ones, with great golden
omelets, fragrant coffee,
hot biscuits with honey-
ous honey — mounds water-
ing breakfasts served
in our front B. dining-
room, in the lovely morn-
ing sunlight on a most
charmingly arrayed table
and ~~the~~ set of 11, spiced,
surrounded by that in-
table combination of gay-
ety and graciousness which
she could achieve better
than anyone I've ever
known except Edith.
I thought the snapelets
good and am very grateful

vacation. I suspect the root of
the difficulty is that you are
sawing out of proportion for a
man earning what you are.
Of course it would be fine to
save a lot now, but you are
not rich enough. I suspect
you carry too much insur-
ance of one sort & another.
To make it impossible for you
& me to establish a home
together so as to provide
for possible emergencies
seems like a mistake.
But we can go into that
much better when we are
together. Just don't take on
any more - life slips through
our fingers while you put
away money for an old age
we may never live to see,
or for other even less likely
contingencies. I know being
without it is a gamble, but
so is being without each other.
I wish I were not without
you now - tonight - this
minute - as a poor conse-

Monday -

[16 Jan 39]

Darling -

I've just been buying
you for a sweater for Eva -
not because I've yet reached
the stage for knitting it - I've
still one sweater to go for my-
self - but because there was
a very good sale! I got a
delightable shade of coppery
pink or maybe pinky copper
- anyhow, I'd like it my-
self. It's light enough so
that with the blue shirt it will
make a springlike costume,
which is just as well con-
sidering when she's likely
to get it!

I am still stewing over the
watters I've been writing about
these last days - but I guess
I won't say anything more
about them for the present,
perhaps you'd rather I never
did - I know it's upsetting

\$2,000,000 for faculty salaries!
It's one of the things about our
plutoocrats that always brings
me to the point of rage. Give
out of ten of them give their
money that way - for a big
show piece to which their names
can be attached, not to help
out the struggling men and
women who do the work &
who must in the end be the
ones to create & preserve the
quality of the institution.
You should hear them talk
at the Museum, for instance
- the Metropolitan - when money
is practically never given for
anything but the purchase of
objects to be exhibited, tagged
with the donor's name. There's
so much money for that that
they're sometimes hard put to
it to find enough things
worth buying to use up a
year's income. But the staff
- a group of highly trained

for you, but all the same, you
must feel the need of getting
things better straightened out
as much as you do. I find
great comfort in going back
over our more perfect times
together, reliving them, rejoicing
in them all over again, and
looking in them for what
is lasting and fundamental.

I'm so glad your trip to
Ann Arbor was successful &
stimulating, and what a
pity you can't do it often-
ly for your own satisfaction
and for the good it might do
you professionally to be fairly
well known in a university
that has as much prestige
as that. How far is it, actually?
You didn't say. Nice of her
to plant to take you all to
dinner, though you would
be should do! The \$2,000,000
building makes me a bit
sick. I should like to be a
very wealthy person just for
the sake of landing, but my

and excessively hard working
experts, scratch along on their
meagre salaries as best they
can. Of course there are some
grand exceptions like Mr. Hall
here, who realizes that Egypt
will be a bitter school - if the
teachers are free of the fear
of economic insecurity, and
able to expand & relax in the
sunshine of moderate comfort.
He supports the Egyptian
expedition at the Metropolitan,
too, & does it well.

Goodness, how I got di-
verted - I didn't intend to
discuss this topic at all,
but then quite unrelated
ones. However, it doesn't
matter - they'll do for so
tomorrow.

Oh the reaction - I love
you, sweetheart - always, no
matter what, and I wish
you were here - also always.

C.

Sunday -

[16 Jan 33]

Dearest -

Of course I am now
as usual - wondering what
effect my letter of the last
2 days will have on you,
and feeling considerably
worried. Perhaps I ought
not to have written it -
and yet it just seems as
if we must somehow
get things better straight-
ened out between us. If
you have any ideas or
suggestions, please offer
them. God knows I am
fully aware of my own
shortcomings and inad-
equacies. And though you
may have found me
critical, I assure you
that when it comes to

of the difficulty, if when you so firmly set aside my ideas or attitudes, it is partly that you wish to defend yourself against domination ~~against~~ by me, but also partly to convince yourself of your own adequacy.

However, I still think the underlying difficulty is the other way - it's the only way to account for your rejection in me of what you accept in others.

Of course I know that I have brought my father into it far more than I should have - I hope you understand why I do it. It is both a little frightening and rather humiliating to have my ideas treated as being so wrong and in self-defense I bring up my father, for

such a thing as a question of which of us I have most respect for, feel is of the most value, it would be answered by the fact that I think it is you - without any doubt.

I have thought several times today of you and that afternoon in Corvallis of "I'm so inadequate" + wondered if that voiced a temporary mood, or a quavering + frequent thought. Of course it's as false an idea as the one that I'm trying to possess you. When you are most completely, freely, + spontaneously yourself you are one of the most adequate persons I've ever known. Of course if you think otherwise, it's my fault. But I now wonder if that is part

whom I know you'll feel
respect. I shouldn't — it
will presently make you
think of him with annoy-
ance — and besides, I know
that in the long run any
ideas or feelings of mine
that are worth respecting
you will respect. Just try
to see, sweetheart, that it
is my feeling of my in-
equacy that makes me
do it. I take refuge in a
higher intelligence, a greater
wisdom, a finer spirit be-
cause I've no confidence
in my own. When you are
as you so many times have
been with me, I feel the
same humility with you that
I did with him.

Anyway, I think writing
that letter did me good —
it broke up some ice that
had been forming in my
heart. I felt dear evening,

more in love with you
than for quite a while
as if by bringing some of
all this trouble out to
the light of day it could
be melted. The special
that arrived at 10:30
last night was like an
answer to prayer - such
a dear letter - and so
dear of you to send it
so that I might not
have to wait until
Monday for it.

Don't worry too much
about any of this - it's
bound to all straighten
out in the end. The attrac-
tion between us is of too
long standing, bound
up with innumerable things
- large & small - in both
of our lives, and founded

on things that are funda-
mental and essentially
unchanging in us both.

I never cease to love you
enough & sometimes do
to be in love with you
& I think the same is
really true of you. All the
difficulties will be resolved
eventually inevitably —
only I think we should
try to accomplish it as
soon as possible.

to me today, darling,
except to embrace you
most tenderly, to wish
that you were here, and
reach out to you in my
heart —
G.

Friday -

[14 Jan 39]

Dearest,

I can't really thank
you properly for your letter of
consolation and comfort, which
was sweet and very heart-
warming. Yes, I had been
disappointed to get home and
find only one letter for I had
expected three. But I felt
well better about it when
your letter came. But I can't
find success in the same way
in which you can, you know.
Like all women, I live in in-
tensely personal life - when
things go wrong on that level
it is on that level that I
must find forgiveness.

What depressed me so
terribly - at least, what
formed the foundation of the
depression - was not, just that
you were gone, but that while
you were here things were not
as they should be between us,
so that there is not a sense
of deep satisfaction and delight

say. But I don't want to talk about faults, or whose the fault is — in a sense, there is none. We should, I think, try to understand the trouble rather than assign blame. Besides, there really isn't any that can be very accurately fixed — so much of it goes back to the difference in our backgrounds, and to the difference in our temperaments. I can see that you fought all your childhood + boyhood against domination — the instinctive behaviour of a strong personality. I now think it was a mistake — that you mother could have been very much more easily dealt with by some other method — and both of you so much happier. But that, God knows, I

to carry me on through the coming weeks, I think about it a great deal, for it's a great pity — we are wasting time, and we haven't enough time together to waste any of it. I go over and over things in my mind, trying to get to the very bottom and find out what the root of the trouble is. I think I have it. I think it's your fear of being possessed by me, which makes you pull away from me, refuse to respond to me, resent my demands. Thus I am left both frightened and unsatisfied — as well as humiliated, which is a very bad thing for the relation between us. This produces a very fundamental disloyalty which finds expression in all sorts of ways. I am resentful of your very unlovely attitude and I don't behave like a lofty soul that is above resentments. I'm ashamed to

couldn't feel was your fault
— only an abnormally or
preconsciously astute child
could even see such a thing.
So far as there is fault, it
is hers. But any harm, the
harm is done — it's like
a child who's beaten too
much — his arm goes up
to protect his head at
any move toward him,
even though it is intended
as a caress. But now you're
grown-up, sweetheart, and
you can, I think, control
somewhat even instinctive
reactions. You must — for
both our sakes — try to stop
believing, to stop feeling
that I am trying or wishing
to dominate you or possess
you. It is so profound a
misunderstanding of what
I want of you. You speak
not infrequently ~~in~~ in such
phrases as "holding out a

little longer" or "not giving in
yet" or "surrender" — my
darling, what are you holding
out against? You are Don
Quixote tilting against wind-
mills. I don't want you to
give in to anything. You some-
how seem to think I'm try-
ing to force you into another
pattern than your own. This
fundamental misconception of
what I want of you is doing
harm to us both. I don't
think it's always conscious
with you, but in one way or
another — it's been a large
part of the time, making a
sort of underlying antagon-
ism. You often consciously
try "give in" — to please,
to keep harmony or what-
ever — but it's not that that
will do us any good — you
must somehow feel, not
that you "give in" but that
you voluntarily take my
hand and walk with me
— side by side, in sweet

that I thought would bring
you joy only to have them
cast aside as encumbrances.
The same things offered you
by Donald - or by my father
- or once by me - I have
seen you accept in so eager
& charming a fashion that
it was one of the things
that made me fall in
love with you. You forgot
about your ego & the neces-
sity of protecting it against
invasion. Now, I think,
would you feel that you
had lost any of you in-
tegrity as a personality
because you had been
willing to go along with
them. But now you sud-
denly get a distorted view
of the whole situation &
begin to want to get
away. It began last
year, of course. And I sup-
pose it began when I began
asking you for things.

Companionship. I don't want
you made into a different
person, my love. Though you
seem determined to think
I do. I think you can live
a richer & warmer life
than you do, but that is
not to change, but to
develop. I have noticed,
over & over again, that
you will follow a path with
stones that you will not
follow with me - now they
that you will not follow one
now that you once would
leave. All this is not only
tiring, it is humiliating.
My way of dealing with it
so far as my own emotions
are concerned is of neces-
sity to take refuge in some
other aspect of our relat-
ionship than that of loves.
You see, it's as if I had
brought to our marriage
a little pile of gifts for you

my demands upon you remind-
ed you of your mother's &
at once you began to retreat.
It is unreasoned & instinctive
→ but having once started
you try to rationalize it, &
think of all sorts of reasons
why you should resist. Of
course I know I've probably
asked too much of you, &
that I've been too critical, &
all sorts of other things -
I'm not going to try to ex-
plain or excuse myself - I
don't think it matters for
now. I think if we're going
to get things really right
between us we've got to get
them right from the bottom
up, and I do believe that
this fear of domination is
at the bottom. Over and
over again you flatly decline
to be interested in me, in my
feelings, my thoughts, my
way of life. This is not to

ignore the times when you do
not hate that attitude, of
which I am well aware. Some-
times you relax your vigilance
and are as responsive, as accept-
ive as you used to be, and
sometimes of course you make
a conscious effort to give me
what I want, even though
you feel it as a yielding. But
there is too much struggle, all
the same — you waste your
strength in resisting me in-
stead of letting me lean
to lean upon. It is greater than
my own — that makes you
perfectly safe from domina-
tion. If the problem of our phys-
ical relations is to be really
satisfactorily solved, you
must make me feel that you
are in love with me — and I
with you, not that I leave
you on a leash, at which
you strain. I know per-
fectly well that there are
innumerable ways in which

you wondered if I knew
how contrary-minded you
are. Well, I know, all right!
But I think that you cannot
afford it in the fundamentals
of an important relationship
— it's a dissipation of your
emotional energies that are
needed for something else.
I know that what you
fundamentally want, so far
as I am concerned, is what
I want of you, that you
should fill the place left
so bitterly empty by my
father's death. And you
can do it, better than any
man I have known —
you, the real you, with
all your sweetness, your re-
sponsiveness, your tender-
ness, your eager interest in
what I think or feel. With
all those qualities + many
others you won me years
ago. You let yourself go out
to me, and I know very

you give me to me, in which
you try to please me — and
succeed, too — But under
them all is that resistance
and I can never be sure
when it will break out, I
think you have somehow
got to deal with it — to
turn ~~it~~ on it the bright light
of your mind until you feel
as well as understand how
futile a fear it is. You cannot
be possessed by me even if I
wanted it. I don't want to
turn to others for what you
can give me if you will, but
I find myself doing it. I
should be in despair if I
thought this present relation
were permanent — it's far
too weak. But I know
it's not — only I'd like it
to be a stage as soon re-
covered from as possible —
we're wasting time at it,
you said once last year

well that not only did you
make it a happy — and
even thrilling — companion-
ship for me, but that it
made you happy, too. How
have you been happy when
you have denied it, when
you denied — & even to the
extent of marrying another
woman. I think that
part of your feeling is a
sort of unconscious self
defense against what you
feel to be criticism —
probably my fault — though
I am much less critical
of you than you think.
You and I can be more
richly happy together
than most, because we
are both more sensitive
& more emotional than
most, & because there is
at bottom a sort of under-
lying harmony & unanim-
ity of purpose in our values.
Each of us has something to

give the other - many things,
in fact. We can very effectively
complement one another,
the best of all bases for a
successful marriage. This we
have certainly both felt at
a number of times - there has
often been a really superba-
tive quality in our compar-
isonship. All these things
are fundamental, as our
real selves when we are
natural, free, spontaneous.

Don't think & underestimate
the part that has been played
by the physical difficulty, but
that, of course, has been largely
my fault. But I think, even
so, that that's not at the
bottom - it's only one of
the symptoms - the trouble
began long before that.

Oh dear, I go on and on,
and I'm not sure I get
anywhere at all. Does
this mean anything to you?

Is it at all clear? I do
so want things to be
sweet and harmonious
between us. I do so
want everything to be
right and beautiful.

Don't take it just as one
long criticism of you, for
it's not that at all. I'm
no more inclined to feel
critical of you than of my-
self.

It has taken me two
days to get this written -
so it is Friday's + Satur-
day's. Understand it, sweet
heart, - it, and me - and
love me. Be my lover and
my dear companion as I
long to be yours.

C.

Thursday -

(13 June 39)

My darling,

I guess my name
is mud - and I guess I
deserve it. I can't find
the Xmas card from the
Webbs. I don't understand
it at all, for I remember
putting it aside with all
Yours, even those I was
sure you wouldn't want,
and now it's not with
them. I feel terribly. It
must have somehow
got into the pile with
my own & been destroyed.
I understand perfectly
you wanting to keep it
and it makes me feel like
an absolute beast. I've
just spent a half-hour
going through all the

I'm so glad the "bad" class turned out to be not so bad after all, - I should be depressed by the thought that you had to deal with that all the time. I'm glad the unpromisable Pole calmed down - that's a horrid thing to have to deal with. I wonder if it's possible for you to do what I always do + run through your lists for unpromisable names ahead of time - then consult the office about the pronunciation. I've noticed that most people are slightly annoyed by hearing their names mispronounced, even though it's obvious ignorance.

How exciting about the theorem! I say "How exciting" because I see you are excited + I share the

waste - baskets, my desk, and some other possible + impossible places. The fact that I would never have done - & intentionally makes my guilt - if anything, worse - I was somehow careless and I hate carelessness. You'll just have to forgive me, sweetheart, for I see nothing else to be done. The card from Betty

I'll send you shortly - I've not been able to purchase an envelope the right size (such as an American size!) for it, so I'll have to do it up some other way. Perhaps a much bigger envelope would be all right, but I was afraid - it would get bent or broken that way.

I've written before about the envelope

emotion without understanding it. It is good to see you finding these satisfactions in what is, after all, to be a major part of your life. Glad to good that the Seminar worked out so well for the first meeting & you intellectual offspring a credit to you!

I look forward to hearing about the trip to Ann Arbor, which should have been refreshing & perhaps stimulating.

Too bad about the explanations to Mrs. Tweedy - it would have pleased her & been a satisfaction to ~~you~~ ^{you}, but comfort yourself with the thought that it would have been fairly expensive. You my sweet - C.

Wednesday -

[13 Jan 39]

Dearest,

What a good letter from you today! Yes, it is a compliment to be told you must like work - good for you, my sweet. And it is an enormous satisfaction to have that feeling of having done your job well for the day - so stimulating you could go on & on & feel sorry you have to stop. It even carries over & gets you started on the next day with more than the usual enthusiasm.

But I think you seem very cheerful about the problem of the graduate student, which is a mean one, Josh, doesn't it grieve you to find yourself put in a spot like

the depression — take any-
one who will come. It's a
terrible drawback to be
mended + to have to
have a certain number
every year in order to pay
the overhead.

I just heard today
that Glen Wain (Princeton)
+ his wife were at the
Richmond meetings — too
bad I didn't know it so
My + Eva could have met.
I think we must drive
out to Princeton sometime
when you're here with
the car — you can see
buses, too! They're not what
you'd call exciting people
but they're awfully good
people + in their own fields
extremely interesting. The
quality + character of his
mind has often reminded
me of yours. He told you, I

that because of the low
standards + intellectual in-
difference — or at least kind-
ly — of someone else. Of
course we have the problem
at a school like Johns
all the time, and there is
endless talk among the
teachers about it. There are
so many girls admitted now
who wouldn't have been
once, who are quite incap-
able of meeting the stand-
ard that must be ~~the~~
maintained for those going
to college. We must not
only refrain from failing
them (which is where many
of them stand) but give
them a C, so they can
get a diploma. So our
diploma means two dif-
ferent things. It's unclear
+ amusing. But it's the
method the school has
adopted for dealing with

Wednesday -

Sweet One - (11 Jan 39)
Here I am, off for

school, all dressed up in my new brief case, and simply fiddled with it. I don't know how I got on so long with that cumbersome old one, I find being able to open this out an immense advantage - particularly on the train. And each little pocket has its particular function - it's all so much more workable than the old one.

As for the pen - I got another Woodworth one - it'll do for a while, but I'd love to have the other presently - for Easter or my birthday or some such occasion. These wear out as a respectable one does not. Don't get one more expensive than \$1.00 - then I'd have to bother with having it repaired! Don't worry about the

book seems to have been just
right. She said I must have
been a mind-reader to have
chosen it - they had been
reading reviews of it and
wanting to read it without
any other recent books! She
said they would read it
about together & were starting
- it not very night - they
wanted to have the pleasure
of talking about it together
as they went along. They
are settled in Biarritz, as you
probably heard - very comfort-
ably & happily in a very good
pension. Her letter sounded
happy and enthusiastic.
They seem to be having a
really grand time together.
Donald has a grand piano
in his room and is work-
ing hard, she says. I
think I'll send the
Reader's Digest article to
her when I answer & say
it is for Donald from you
- it seems the most natural

thing. It is a little queer
to send countries which
will so obviously be used in
our home to you only, but
then, Donald sometimes does
queer things. Besides, I'm
sure he has moments of resent-
ing me, though he does not
wish nor intend to, and will
presently forget about it. Betty,
on the other hand, has accept-
ed me whole-heartedly. I
found a long letter from her
last night - how delight-
fully she writes - as fluently
and vividly as she talks.
I wish I had time - & she
had time - to carry on a
real correspondence. I should
find it very stimulating.
She writes of both the things
she does and the things
she thinks - and what her
reactions are to what I
say to her. I felt as if I
wanted to sit down then
and write and write her
an equally long reply. Be-

thing.

Speaking of Xmas presents, I was amused about the inter-charge (1) between you + Riba. I should have straightened it out with her ahead of time. (You see, I remembered that she'd sent things to forward - but she didn't. She spoke to me about it after you'd gone + said she felt very badly about it. She'd considered getting you something, had tried to remember what she did with it. - decided she'd done nothing (because she didn't like him!), didn't want to embarrass you + so let it go. I'd already asked for perfume or she'd have got something for us both together. So that's the story of that present. Probably Donald is feeling embarrassed, too! Next year Riba + I are just going to leave it all clear ahead of time.

That's all for to-day - your Monday letter, which was very sweet, I'll answer to-morrow when I've more time. Till then - I love you -
2,

Tuesday.

Darling,

(10 Jan 39)

I'm sitting in the
cleaning (remember how
cleaning?) waiting-room
of the South Station,
waiting to be a little
hungrier before I go and
get a bit to eat and
then take my train.
I am thinking of the
night you and I had
supper here and then
met Hugh and his father.
You see, practically every-
thing within an area
of 50 miles around Boston
reminds me of you! I'm
not sure whether it's a
compliment or not to

seats - enclosing a check
for \$2.20. And their envelope
came back with two
\$2.20 seats! Another friend
who wrote for the same
thing at the same time
got just what she asked
for, so evidently it was
entirely a mistake. They
were thrilled, for they
never buy seats at that
price.

I don't think I told
you yesterday that there
was a trucking strike
on here - or did I? Cor-
olly couldn't get any
fresh food - not even
bread - they told her with-
in a was being brought
in but with, and
since it was a Monday
there was nothing left
over, or practically nothing.

be so identified with his
town, sometimes I think
yes, sometimes I think
no! Of course I'm senti-
mental about it because
of its associations - so
many and so rich - with
all the people I have
cared most deeply for. And
I suppose I could live
here very contentedly.
All the same, New York
has spoiled me so far as
cities are concerned. Parks,
shops, restaurants, art
galleries, etc. etc. - too
inadequate! By the way,
Dorothy + Duke had a
dusky breakfast yesterday
- wanted to see "Victoria
Regina" and wrote for
tickets for weeks ahead
- 2 \$1.10 second balcony

She had one box also which
the three of us divided among
us! Hollis & I went to
the Cook House for dinner,
wondering if they'd have
simple supplies - which
they did. Oddly enough
we sat at a table
where I distinctly remem-
ber sitting with you - one
of your best nights when
you were simply be-
quiling all through.

Well, sweetheart, I think
I'd better go and eat. The
time is drawing on, and
I want to get a good
rest on the brain.

It's grand to have Dr.
Warner behind me for a
while!

My dearest love to you,
precious -
C.

Monday -

(9 Jan 39)

Angel -

Here it is, twenty-
four hours and more later.
My train was 35 minutes
late last night so it
was nearly nine by the
time I got to Harvard
Sq. - grand hour for
supper when I had
lunch at 12:00! And
poor Nellie was of course
just gnawing her nails.
To-day I had lunch
with the Howards - a de-
lightful one, of course -
they asked in detail
about you, and sent
affectionate messages. Pray

how I'd feel in her place
— it's too important an
occasion for anyone so
close to leave it unmarked
by some permanent
possession. Sister & I
are eventually giving
us an after-dinner coffee
pot — did I tell you?
But I told them not to
buy — we don't really
need it till we have
our own home and
can entertain more
elegantly — or at least
more often.

Did you see how I
started to address the
envelope? It's the first
time I've done that in

Both admired my ring
enormously, by the way.
Dulce is going to make
a tray to fit the husband
iron stand for a wedding
present — is it that
dear of him? Most of
the wedding presents
I've been offered I have
turned down — they were
from people who had
already given me one or
who were too hard up
for me to be willing to
take anything from
them — such as Leone.
But Riba still insists
she's going to give us
something, as soon as
she's able to. I shall
let her because I know

ages. Mollie is talking
to me all the time as I
write so I wrote me-
chanically - and that
was what happened -
The habit of so many
years reasserted itself.

By the way, Dorothy's
mother had a coronary
thrombosis not long ago
& not fatal. Their spec-
ialist said that they
are generally fatal in just
about 50% of the cases
& that if you survive
the first 15 minutes, you are
practically certain with
proper care, not to die.
Interesting, isn't it?

Dearest love to you,
my precious -
C.

Saturday -
(17) Jun 1939

Precious -

I think I'd have
just perished today if it
hadn't been for your speed
— and such a sweet
one, too. I've been feeling
just too horribly hideous-
ly low for words — it
almost frightens me — as
if it were a premonition of
disaster. There is no reason
for it — it's pure emotion.
I wish to heaven you were
here — then I'd feel safe
again, I think. I don't
want to be alone — you
are so out of my reach
— & so are Sister & Ribby.
I want someone here.
Then I'd escape the bad

on that to-night, I'm in no
mood for it, so I shan't, but
shall leave it for still
some other day.

Thank you, too, my duck,
for remembering the unpleas-
ant goal of my trip to
Boston & being so sweetly
sympathetic. I do dread
it always, for it's always
an ordeal. But there will
be pleasant things, too
— I always enjoy Hattie
and I expect to see the
Rowals or at least Dor-
othy. Indeed I shall
salute Cambridge for you
— I always do, in a
sense, for it is so full of
associations with you.
I think an imprint of
your personality must
have been left on

dream feeling. And I wish
I were not going away so
I shall ~~have~~ have no word
from you for 3 days &
shan't know whether you're
all right or whether this
is a precaution. And he,
my sweet, I do love you
so much — and want you
& need you so much. I am
infinitey touched by — &
grateful for — your "apologies"
in yesterday's letter and
today's — not because
you should have made
them, but because it is
so sweet to know that
you wanted to — that
your heart came out to
me like that. Don't feel
so humble, sweetheart —
you needn't. But, though
I had planned to enlarge

The whole region surround-
ing Harvard Sq. I wish
you were going to be there
with me. I wish - I
wish we could go back to
14 years ago + begin
again from there. Oh, I
wish too many things
- chief among them at
the moment that you
were here - that I could
turn from my desk + see
you reading on the sofa, that
you would look up at me
with all the love + tender-
ness in your face that is
so precious to me when I
see it there. Then I'd go
over + sit down beside
you + put my hand out
for your warm reassur-
ing clasp - how beau-
tifully at peace I
should be. There, my love,

Sunday -

18 Jan 39

Sweetheart,

Well, I've pulled a
lover all night. I looked
up Boston 'brains' way back
when I wrote to Hollie
& said I'd leave at 2:20
- got myself all beautifully
organized today, arrived
in very comfortable time
at the P. C. I bought my
ticket & started to look
for the train. But I
couldn't find it, so asked
information, only to make
the horrid discovery that
it left from the Penn.
Station! I imagine my state
of mind - with Hollie
meeting me for supper in
Harvard Sq. at 7:30! You
see I do need you - you'd

people going to Boston for?
There's a nice looking girl
in the other half of my seat,
though looking a bit Red-
cliffy. Her manners are a bit
casual, however. She took
off her fur coat + flung it
up on top of my suitcase
+ also on top of my little
green hat. She then plopped
down in the seat remain-
ing. "I hope there's nothing
squashable up there." So I
said "Well, there's my hat -
I guess I'd better move it" -
thinking she'd rearrange
her coat. But not so, she
sat & smiled. So I climbed
up on the seat + did it
myself. However, judging
from her own williness,
she probably never thought
it would make any
difference if her coat and
suitcase were on top of

never make a dis-
mistake like that. I just
assumed that all trains on
the same time-table left
from the same station -
an unwarranted assump-
tion. I feel distressed on
Hollie's account. Of course
I would like it once, but
it might so easily be
that she'd be out all the
afternoon on a Sunday
& the thought of her
sitting in Schreff's train
hour waiting for no one
in sludger. Oh dear, why
do I do such awful
things?

Well, now that I'm on a
train + have settled myself
for the next few hours, my
equanimity is somewhat
restored, though far from
completely. The train is
jammed to the gunwales
+ whatever are all these

someone's hat.

Well, my spirits have risen since yesterday - I am willing to believe there's a fair chance you are still alive, possibly even well. So don't be troubled about me. I shall presently be normally cheerful again.

Toan remained yesterday morning "I wish I could stay a while with you - but I guess if I did I'd get tired of it" So she has already learned a fundamental bit of the philosophy of living.

My ambition is to get 4 other letters written before the train gets so much on my nerves I can't write any more. So this is all you get, except large quantities of love, my sweet one - S.

Had a sweet letter from you -
I wish the
spirit
really was a success. I still
had very
my sweet
one -
I my
love -

Friday -
(17 Jan 39)

My darling -

What a dear +
sweet letter I had from you
to-day, + how it warmed
my heart! I should
answer it at length, but
must sit to-night - there
isn't time to think it out.
So for now, just bask in
that I think - it warms
dearly of you to write as
you did and that it fills
my heart with gratitude.

I'm so sorry you had
such a wretched trip,
but foresaw it when I
saw where you were -
next the engine with 3/4 of
a mile of cars behind so

credibility makes his
fantastic & melodramatic
stories credible. You are
completely carried
away — swept along on
a mounting tide of excite-
ment till you're on the last
2 inches of your seat. Pre
humor is excellent & there's
just enough of it to give
the needed contrast. Do
watch for it. By & large
any English movies that
get here are a good bet
— that one on "Drums"
or "Beachcomber" or
"Pygmalion" — any one
of them better worth see-
ing than 9 out of 10
Hollywood ones — & just as
exciting, entertaining, or
what have you — not

show up against you with
every stop & start. It
makes me feel almost
guilty over my good even-
ing — from which I
got home at 2:00 so full
of ancient cognac that I
went at once to sleep —
& slept right through my
alarm.

I guess I never did tell
you that Kiba & I went
in Wednesday morning
& saw "The Lady Vanishes"
which was simply swell
— no one has ever done
that sort of thing so well
as Hitchcock — he's really
extraordinary. He chooses
his cast so well & drills
them into such excellent
performances that Preis

"Highbrow".

Well, Joan is occupying
you Ced, having behaved
like an angel ever since I
got her at school. She's
really regarding it all as
a grand spree + is as
cute as can be about it
— makes me feel the
most devastatingly suc-
cessful hostess.

I have cut out the
article for Donald — before
I send it was the Xmas
article sent to us both?
In other words, should I
thank him for that at the
same time? Also, I have
here your Xmas cards, ones
sent to both from friends of
yours — as follows — Tweedy,
Biggs, Annie, Eva, Betty, +
the gentleman who signs
himself Z — do you want
them? I'll not throw them
away till you tell me what

Thursday -

(6) or 39)

Angel -

No word from you
except the p. c. from Detroit,
I shall be worried till
there is - I have a picture
of you smashed to bits
in a bus on an icy road
somewhere between Detroit
& E. Lansing. Oh dear, I
wish you were not so far
away, so I could call
you up to-night without
it's being an extravagance!
I wish I'd given you a p. c.
to drop in a box as soon as
you get into E. Lansing -
I'd certainly have had
that by now.

The sun has not shone

response. Yes, the English
is wrong - but the senti-
ment correct!

To-day Beka left - another
indication that the joys of
the holidays are over. Sister
and I had a nice long
lunch with her before she
left + then saw her off -
I seem to spend a lot of
my time these days in
the lower regions of the
grand Central waving at
faces behind a barrier
of glass. She felt quite
depressed, I think -
she always does at go-
ing back to school.
God knows it is not the
most perfect life - I
don't think I could take
- it half so well as she

since you left - dreary
weather without which
doesn't help along the
dreary weather within!
now it has settled down
to a hard rain with the
wind driving it against
the windows. I remember
how we came out
of "Oscar Wilde" in the
rain - and how we ran
for home from the sub-
way, and how I didn't
mind it because you
were with me. But to-night
is different - the rain
somehow shuts me away
from you, and I feel
lonely + heart sore +
long for you to reach
out a hand to and
find reassurance in you

does.

To-morrow Sister sets out
for Boston, + I take on Joan
Bill Hugh gets through
works on Sat. I go my-
self on Sunday. I thought
of giving you the Cambridge
address, but finally didn't,
for fear there'd be a mis-
calculation about time + I'd
miss a letter! So I shall
find several when I get
back on Tuesday + that
will really be heavenly.

Don't forget me, sweet-
heart, don't forget to love
me - I do need it so.

All mine to you -

S.

Wednesday.

(5 Jan 39)

Dearest.

I begin to feel myself back in the old routine now that I must plan each day so as to get out of it the time for a letter to you! I sent yesterday's air mail so as to leave you wait less long for the first, but I'm afraid it will make a considerable interval, since this one is being written too late to be mailed until tomorrow.

I was glad to have your p. c. to-day, and so to know that you were

tell your theory about caring
(or there) - reference was
also made to the disciple
in your class. Of course
Tim liked you - but
Tim is so outgoing he
just naturally starts out
by liking people - it's
Connie who is highly
selective.

Well, we saw "Beach
comber" last night - you
know, Charles Houghston &
Elsa Lanchester. It was
very good - and I get
so much satisfaction
out of seeing a couple
of first-rate actors,
neither of whom has
anything for looks,
making a big success
as hero & heroine in
spite of the Hollywood
theory that only glamour

safely part of the way, at
least. However did you
find such a one? It was
quite charming but not a
Detroit scene exactly?

Well, Kiba and I went
to dinner + a movie last
night. As we sat over
our Manhattan before
our dinner we talked of our
Sunday night party, + Kiba
said you had been a
very charming + gracious
host. I beamed with pride.
She also said that Connie
thought you were charm-
ing - not just Sunday, but
in general. Connie is busy
as hell, so that's a big
compliment. She also
said you had such an
engaging smile + such
beautiful teeth (I didn't

girls + the Robert Taylor
type can possibly be
acceptable. The story is
one of Somerset Maugham's
South Sea ones + delight-
ful - humorous at many
moments, exciting at
times. It is fascinating
to see his interpretation
of a new + wholly dif-
ferent role - his versatili-
ty cannot be exaggerated,
nor the quality of the
artistry that makes it
possible. This is not an
important part, but it's a
wholly different personality
from Henry the VIIIth or
Rembrandt or Captain
Bligh - + just as com-
pletely conceived.

These sweetheart - no more
to-day except that my
spirits are still at the
bottom of the sea, + that

Tuesday -

(3 Jan 59)

Well, sweetheart -

Here it

is almost 24 hours since
your train crept out of
the p. c. — it seems
more like 24 days. The
weather is gray and
dreary — so is my mood!

I wish we could begin
it again and make it
better. But I'm not
going to talk about that
now. We will next
time — yes? And in the
meantime — I love you,
and am sad and
lonely without you. I

so deep that the conversation is never dull or tiresome - or forced. He, in particular, talks very well. We covered a lot of topics, but perhaps most interesting was the subject of fascism, about which he is very well informed, very sane in his judgment - and very interesting. He, brother, is not only a Nazi, but a prominent one - of some official importance, and he and his wife had been here this summer for several months, so they'd made a pretty close study of the German variety of

actually hated to empty the ash-trays this morning because they were your ashes! Come and make some more, dearest.

Going to the Petrides's last night was a lifesaver, though. I missed you, as I always do when I have a night's rewarding evening, but it was, even so, far better than coming home alone to try and distract myself with a book. They really are simply swell - with interests so wide and

paranoia - that is, of the
psychology. It was interest-
ing, enlightening, and sad.
He is a person of great
gentleness of spirit - and
an idealist. He is also a
man of unusual intelli-
gence - and yet - his
thing possesses him, as
people used to believe
demons possessed one.
I can't go further with
it now - I must go in
to meet Rika. I've
worked hard all day/over
I was up - I got home
at 2:30!) + have been
thinking always as I
worked of you - and us.
Write of that later.
I love you, dear one,
now and always - C.