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About the Institute
The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

Tuesday -
[16 Dec 1941]

Darling -

I sent you an Air Mail last night but put it in the wrong box & am afraid it won't get to you. So I'm repeating — perhaps this won't get to you either! I won't stop for anything but essentials.

I do have a date for this evening — you see, it had never entered my head you'd get here before Sat. morning — & I can't get decide what is the least unkind way of dealing with the situation — whether to slight it to D. Y. & then meet you

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seems to me at the moment the best thing is to leave dinner here, but I change my mind every 15 minutes. You have to seem so victimized at just this time you are the one whom need is least — otherwise I'd just throw the whole thing over. And in any case I shall be eating an evening that would normally last till around 2 o'clock down to a fraction of that, which is why I am so seemingly unappreciative as to ask you to wait that half hour before you start there or to leave it here as planned. I'm not going to stop to explain, but I can't break it. Of course I wouldn't have made it had I known you were coming, but now it's done. Supposing I leave it like this — look for me at the train & if I'm not there, go to the waiting-room — by the magazine stand — if I'm not there by 10:00, call me here. If there's no answer, I'm coming so just wait! What

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striving things up!
So — I'll expect my telephone to ring at 10 o'clock if I'm here and if I'm not, it'll be because I'm already with you. I still may get to the train, so do take a look around among the waiting crowd. It's no use calling Sister — they're always out too. And I'll definitely either be there meeting you in the Q.E. at train or may. stand. Loads of love —
C.

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Monday -

16 Dec 41
Unopened

It's midnight & I'm scratching this off in the g. c. so as to mail it & I fear you wouldn't get it tomorrow. I stopped out at school for a party for Evelyn Swartout (who was fascinated to hear about you knowing Frank Waugh) & then came back on the train with her & as I couldn't seem her for several years, couldn't just write a letter!

So this will be just business, not social — we can be social as soon as we

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I shouldn't be there, call the house first + if you get no answer, it'll be because I'm coming, but couldn't make it on the dot, so go to the old rendezvous in the big waiting-room by the magazine stand + I'll get there just as quickly as I can. Also — if you should be unable to get the reservation, will you wire me to that effect + tell me when I should expect you. This is all just because I feel a little guilty about that previous date, and don't want to be either too cruelly abrupt about leaving nor to change the whole thing if you have.

I do have a date for this night which can't be shifted as I have engagements for all the other nights this week, miraculously enough. It has been shifted once because it was originally for last night. Now what I'll do is to shift it from dinner at my house to dinner in town, + then meet your train. I can't break it as it's with a friend who's in misery and wants to talk to me. I'll just leave in time to meet your train at 9:30. But — as a precaution — if

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aren't going to be able
to make it. But unless
I hear from you I'll
see you in the P. C. Fri.
night.
Sister is having a
huge party Mon. & you're
invited but needn't come.
They're inviting literally
everyone they know. At
the moment I feel as if
I simply couldn't face
it myself, but in the end
when I get there I expect
I'll have a very gay
time. You can decide why
you get there. Of course I'd
rather you declined that
one & then went with me
to the smaller ones when
I can't go without you!
I don't know why she has
been quite so wheelish.
You might get Vladimir
that night. We go to
Katharine's Tues. night —
she wouldn't hear of anyone

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Friday -
(12 Dec 41)

Darling -

The most hideous thing has happened - the house in Albion burned down Wednesday night, and Aunt Alice was in it. I don't need to tell you more - you can imagine the rest - as we do - all the time. What there was left to find was on the stairs. It seems almost beyond bearing - so frightful an end to so gentle, so sacrificial a life. Again I am so unutterably glad that Dad is not here. He would have suffered so terribly.

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trying to arrange dates with Katharine, and also Sally Mae Lampson is to be here and I'm arranging dates with her — to see the Shaws etc., and if you are to be here, so much the better, but I should have to so as to be able to arrange either a purely female party, or a mixed one, including you + Tim.

I guess that's all for today. I'm so keen for talks. Would you mind answering the matter of dates + times on the back, as I'm holding off various things till I hear from you.

Much love, darling — E.

Though, as Sister said this morning, had he been alive, he would have seen to it that she was not here alone, whereas the younger generation was too absorbed in its own affairs to really take the responsibility.

Sister and I are leaving for Albion tomorrow night. We should, I expect, be back on Monday.

Will you let me know just when you're arriving on Saturday? And you've said nothing about when you go. I've assumed it would be two weeks after you came — on the 5th. But I'll rather know, as I'm

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Wednesday-

(10 Dec 41)

Sweetie. We've been having air-raid alarms! Can you imagine? Yesterday's were fearfully relaxed, this morning's because 2 unidentified planes had been spotted by air-patrol planes off Long Island. It's astonishing how quickly we are adapting ourselves to possibility of danger, and learning what to do. This morning I felt fear for the first time - highly irrationally. I suspect it was because I was alone, only just awake, and because the siren is a sound that reaches

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Even the people in the streets stopped and listened to loud speakers installed outside buildings.

I think you're right that it's suicide for Japan but I doubt it's being really hari-kari because I doubt she believes it's suicide. It's merely that the aggressive, the power-mad, the ruthless and violent believe in accepting loss to their own invulnerability. Anyhow, from the point of view of immediate practicability in its instant vilification of a confused & divided nation, and from the point of view of the ultimate record in history, this very quickly on the nerves. I'm sure I should've been frightened under other circumstances. For I think the bombing of N.Y. a highly improbable thing. However, since it is not an absolutely impossible thing, we should be trained to know what to do.

I'm glad you got in on the drama from the beginning — not to have would have been to miss something quite unplaceable. You must have heard the president on Mon. & since you class want like one. Here practically no one missed it — offices, stores, schools, all had radios from which everyone could hear.

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could not have happened better. We have not been aggressors, and we have been stabbed in the back. Our national conscience is really clear.

I'm glad the president is being so realistic and has adopted the Churchill technique of telling us with absolute frankness when things are bad — not deluding us, but making us face things, while at the same time showing his faith in our capacity to meet what comes. Did you hear him last night?

No, I didn't forget your mother's birthday. I sent off a lovely necklace yesterday — suitable for one of her years, but lovely for anyone. I expect you'll see it at Christmas. Loads of love — C.

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Monday —

(Style 41)

I suppose you're in somewhat the same state as I am — dazed, appalled, excited — and delighted. Not that, in a way, this is unexpected. But, on the other hand, none of us expected quite this. I find it amazing — this new feeling of war — no matter how many examples are made, no matter how often the pattern is repeated, still it is a blow, still the lightening comes when & where we do not expect it. How we, too, have

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ingal, argumentative, con-
fused bo one solid unit
speaking with one mighty
voice. We can in it, by god
will, because, "God help
us, we could do nothing".

I suppose for, as we,
were left the radio
yesterday and I hope
the college, as did
most places here gave
you the opportunity to
listen today when the
president spoke to con-
gress. It was moving
beyond words — dramatic,
tragic, and solemn.
Think of being able to
participate in such a
moment. That in itself
must do much to
unify us — that we
can all listen breath-
joined by great company
we too, have been
jostled, trucked, and
assaulted — six dead
are added to the hosts
that have died this way.
But we are at last
aroused, we do at last
know — all of us — what
this thing is. The scales
have fallen from our
eyes, and, quite typical
over that actually
happens, we act swiftly
and magnificently. In
24 hours between two
o'clock yesterday and
today we almost incred-
ible. We have changed
from a nation at peace to
a nation at war, but
far more than that — we
have changed from a
nation disunified, disorga-

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we have seen in action, but its sound is
less as the words are spoken
which stir our destiny.
It must do something
to greatly increase the
feeling of dedication
which is God known,
the work in which we
should at least begin
this dreadful and in-
evitable business.
Did you hear Elmslie?
I came into the school
building this afternoon
& hear that magnificent
and unmistakable voice
singing through the halls.
It was indescribable in
its dramatic effect —
the silent building, the
few people who were here
wherever, somber,
still and then going,
splendid, noble words
filling the air.
What a moment we
have lived through, as

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Friday -

(5 Dec 41)

Darling -

I guess I gotta cut it down - apparently you couldn't look time to get that xmas information to me by Tues. though I had figured that you would have. Anyhow, I went ahead on my own as far as I could, as you already know. I couldn't sleep yesterday because I had to go to an art "conference" run by the P.S.T.A. to get some idea of what's being done in my field in other schools. And believe me, I should have satisfaction

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girls into college with Hist. of Art credits. I think it's just typical of the whole attitude of our school — timid & old-fashioned!

I wonder how the newest maid is working out chez vous. Really, I wonder if you shouldn't do something before you leave about another place. Anything might happen in those 2 weeks & it would be horrible to get back & find yourself on the street. Besides, it must be so nerve-wracking living there. However, of course it might also be a mean trick to play on the poor old soul. I'm in reporting that we are doing less than another school I heard about yesterday. Of course I knew it, but my saying so has always been met either with skepticism or indifference. How I come back myself up with information which is definite & up-to-date. I can also ask how we are to compete with other schools that spend so much more of what is invariably a very popular subject. Then they plan adopt the point of view that one must spend money to get money, & in one, they're right. And they're nearly all getting a considerable number of

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you were to blow through the plan with Louis, you'd have an excuse for moving instead of having to say you were going because she was dying. You've never mentioned that again. Have you abandoned it, I can't help feeling that in spite of drawbacks it would be happier & more comfortable for you.

Yes, I know about Mrs. Oddy's illness - in a letter from your mother - really dreadful to her stomach! Mrs. Crothers is back in B.G. with family, so I guess the Rinehart plans is just closed & apparently Mrs. O. is happy to be back. Loads of love, auntie

C.

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Wednesday—

(3 Dec 41)

Sweetie,

Frankly, your arrangement of the vacation suits me perfectly. It seems much the most sensible + I feel better about it now that you have decided it. It all seemed far too elaborate to try to get in the Danbury trip. And it does seem legitimate, since the two years date was made months ago + the Coxsackie visit must be made. But I think it ought to take all this to Donald. I wrote him that I had passed the whole matter over to you, since

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however the gift was small, but I did take the trouble & did it to about instantly after her letter came & I think she might have at least dropped me a p.c.

Well, I will now scold you for no word yet about your Christmas wants. I hoped to deal with them yesterday & when I found your letter on my way out was disappointed to find myself thwarted!

How about Mrs. I.? Are you going to do anything before leaving about a possible war? How about the scheme of joining Louis Ray?

Thanks very much for the visit to Corsehie would be arranged by you. And I definitely think - it's better that you should deal with it so that he may not have the opportunity of thinking that I am trying to manoeuvre you into doing anything in advance of your things. Do point out to him that as you said to me, due to Betty would be too occupied with others to give us a chance to really see anything of them.

This all reminds me that Betty has never in any way acknowledged the books I sent. Have

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the sheets. I haven't added up yet, so I don't know just how things stand! I got your mother a picnic basket - quite big, lined with tin, in 2 compartments, & equipped with plates, cups, knives, forks & spoons. Quite a good idea. I think, for they will have use for it - it's much handier than any equipment they have. I got the twin sweaters for Eva - bright red - a short sleeved pull-over & long-sleeved cardigan. They should suit her. Will tell you the rest later, since I think you should know what you've given people!

Loads of love -

C.

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Monday –

(1 Dec 41)

Darling.

I've just spent a most stimulating evening with Katharine – you should have been there! But perhaps you wouldn't have found it so much fun as I did, because we spent so much time talking about Virginia Woolf. Do you read her? On second thought, I have a vague memory of you being interested in her. Am I wrong? Katharine had just read "Between the Acts" – her last book, as you doubtless

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(oh dear, I've just discovered I started this in the wrong place) hours, and regards it as a true masterpiece. Besides it's of course intensely interesting to buy and discover in it some key to her suicide. Unfortunately, in the excitement of the conversation I forgot to deal with one of the original causes for my going down there for the evening — to see if it were possible to make some arrangement for seeing her during vacation.

That reminds me of all the Stein plans. Your idea for going to Cavalaire might after Xmas seems so nice & simple — much less complicated than trying to deal with all that Sanbury business. Perhaps we'd better just skip that, after all! But I don't want to be responsible for shutting Donald's feelings! What do you want to do? I'd love to have Jean with us again. Seems I do think though, that going the day after Xmas might be difficult. We might be at the Martin's Xmas night, getting home very late, & to get up & all the next morning would be difficult. Xmas day

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is abnormous at best.
And I come with Joan
we'll have to be back
in time for her birthday.
— which has some ad-
vantages as it gives us
an irrefutable
reason for leaving.

I hope Mrs. Harrison
has adequate service
again, so that you are
undisturbed. God, but
was all pretty terrific.
Do you think she's
getting better or worse?
It's amazing how one
yields to live such a
miserable existence.

Alice was here for the
week-end — we saw the
two Hitchcock movies on
Sat. + had "the girls" to
play bridge yesterday.
Much love — E.

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Friday -

(1941)

Darling -

Each time I write I mean to ask you what you want for Christmas, & then I get so involved with other topics that I don't get it in. But here it is, and I want an answer, too - definite, specific, clear! And prompt! Thanks for the further instructions about your family - though they were a bit vague! I'm still stumped about your mother - talk about one way beyond the ones you set, & I think if we gave her salt &

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would you think of Lin Yu Tang's new novel about war-torn China for Donald + Betty? His earlier one was superb.

I am constantly amused by the picture I get of your intellectual life as reflected in your letters — it seems to be a combination of the most profound abstract thought, and the solution of crime. Well, at least I am responsible for your finding a balance to the abstractions!

I'm glad you had such a good time with pepper shakers. She'd put them away, because she has some! How about a wooden salad bowl? I guess I'll get underwear or twin sweaters (they are a cardigan + a pull over to match — can be worn separately or together) for Eva, according to your suggestion. About your father — do you think he'd like the Nation? There is a special gift offer of a $3. subscription. I should like to do it for the sake of the periodical which is always in need. Do you think he'd enjoy it? And what

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Jones. You're gradually finding some people who you really enjoy, aren't you?

I hope you understood what I wrote about Donald's plan. Of course I was just passing the buck. The thing that I want to be sure of is that Donald's feelings aren't hurt — and I've learned by now that they easily can be — and that he has no opportunity to think I am preventing him from having for what he would have had before I entered into the situation. I'd much rather have you go up there for Easter. But it does seem to me we can both legitimately

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Wednesday -

(26 Nov 41)

Darling -

We've just had a note from Donald, saying that the Yes Tirayre consent was to be sent the 28th, & that they could be up for it — that they could put us up somewhere. He also said the wedding was to be the 27th, we were of course to be invited, and if we wanted to come up the day before for that, they'd take care of us. He said he knew of had charge of the holiday calendar so he was writing to

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know. How do you feel about it, from the point of view of obligation aside from pleasure? Or vice versa. Of course I love going to weddings, but hate wedding receptions, especially when I don't know anyone. You, on the other hand, would know a number of people — & perhaps feel you should go. It seems to me, from the tone of his note, that he has rather set his heart on you coming to the concert. Perhaps you really must go — in fact, the more I think of it, the more likely that seems! Perhaps the thing to do is for you to go up, leaving me. I'm perfectly willing — it's only fair. I

me! How I guess you'll just have to pull yourself together and decide what we do. I don't want Donald to think I'm keeping you away; and am willing to go to quite a lot of trouble not to. On the other hand, I am worried about my Christmas expenses, which will be heavy, as always. Also, both occasions would be full of people I'd never seen & may never again. I am not trying to persuade you one way or the other, because I don't know which way I'd want to persuade you, anyhow! I do feel very strongly about not humiliating Donald, as you

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I expect to be allowed to go to any big party while you do what you did last year. And I do expect it – though very likely there'll not be any. But there's no sense in your making yourself miserable at the kind of party you hate so long as I don't have to be made miserable by staying away! But when does Cappachie start? I do definitely want to be back for two years at the Stokes's. After all I promised that way back last April! Isn't it all difficult – not to hunt Donald or you [illegible] + still get everything in? Anyhow, let me know your reactions to all this! Loads of love – C.

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Monday-
(24 Nov 41)

Darling-

I wonder if your Welsh friend came and had sherry — and appreciated it, as you seemed to think he would! Anyhow, he sounds like a nice person, and your own kind, so I hope the contact, once made, becomes well-established. You must, I am sure, be pleased, you two who can't bear the middle west to get together and be in middle west-ern, at intervals, anyhow. Poor man, I can see how he feels, all right. So would you, were you not [redacted] so

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to Donald's concert the 21st. I have, as a matter of fact, made no plans for the vacation — plenty of things will come up. We must, though, do something about Katherine this time, whatever or whoever else we do or don't! Also I want to see Louis Hastings, so I can get him on my list. Louis is getting a new job — "on the road" and, my god, that leaves me with no one but Charley — nice, sweet, suitable but dull Charley! Oh god, find me a talker! Not just some-

absorbed by your work, and isn't it lucky for you that you are?

I should feel quite disturbed by your disinclination to come up Thanksgiving week-end but you lead the chase at a fast one and turned it down! Of course I could never in the world have done it — and so don't altogether blame Louis for being pained. It's hard to believe that anyone could really not want to go on a trip instead of staying at home alone, and I'm probably couldn't help feeling that you didn't care enough about going with him.

About Christmas — of course we'll plan to go

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one who wears trousers and occupies a chair. Oh dear, that's not quite fair to Charley, for at dinner parties where there are few, and those people he honours, he's fairly talkative and fairly interesting, but at a cocktail party — even mine, which are minute as they go, he relapses into total silence, which no one has any business to do at a cocktail party!

About Canbury — you'd have to decide, but I don't see how it would work very well, either for time or expense. When do you plan to go to Corsepius? And for how long? Lingham.

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Friday
(21 Nov 41)

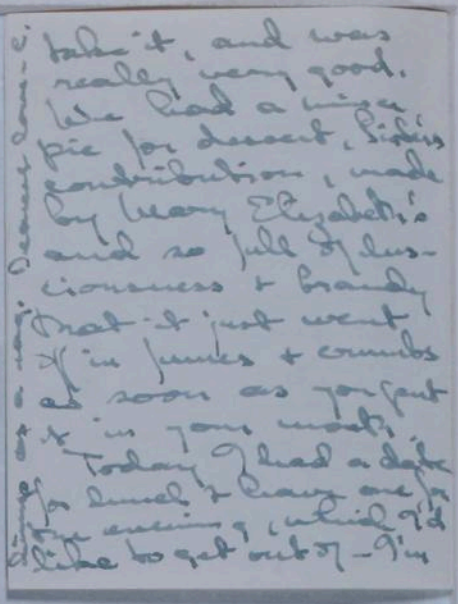
Harding –

This will be all today. There are several other jobs that must be written and no time except train time. Yesterday was hectic. I thought I had everything so organized I'd have time to spare,

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drank what was intended for 4. We all got so gay & witty (at least that was what we thought we were!) that we let the dinner sit too long, which makes mighty serious because we planned it to be super super. The wild rice got too cold & the eagle flower too mushy. But the turkey could

but I was still doing last minute things when the guests came. Then we all got very high - principally because Laurie decided he wanted to mix himself a drink & since that already made the cocktails (making them specially strong & specially many) so us


take it, and was
really very good.
We had a nice
pie for dessert, Pidin's
contribution, made
by dear Elizabeth's
and so full of lus-
ciousness & brandy.
Goat-it just went
in Junes & crumbs
as soon as you put
it in your mouth.
Today I had a day
to dust & tidy up &
the evening, which I'd
like to get out of - I'm

Wednesday -

Sweetie -

Thanks for the very complete and systematic information about Christmas. I shall keep the letter in my pocket-book for reference until the ordeal is over!

I wish you'd been more specific about Eva! What sort of thing to wear? I am always a little troubled at buying her things to wear because of her many notions, prejudices, etc. about what she can & can't wear. Do you mean clothes? Jewelry? Underwear? Has she had a new coat-coat last year?

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by a gift such as you suggest, but I suppose it's foolish of us to give her something to go in a known drawer. Could you think of anything else? Hey, she's difficult to get things for, isn't she — her tastes, like her interests, are so limited. If you've any thoughts on any of these matters, would you write them to me at once?

There, I'm scared this is all I have time for — I've got myself in a jam again because Waldred didn't ask us to Thanksgiving, after all these

two warm weeks. Do you think a lightweight one would be nice? Twin sweaters? Address I wouldn't dare attempt and you certainly couldn't get one "ready nice" for $4.00 & I feel in a quandary.

Yes, I'll send to your mother's birthday, and I think a mechanical or fun would be very nice. But about the Christmas — I doubt the bath powder & toilet water idea is the best — don't think they'd be used. The toilet water we gave her 2 years ago is chloroformy old here! It's very silly I'm sure, and any woman ought to be delighted

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years, and so at the last minute I am having the Maubs. giving dinner — God! the family — including Laurie! But that is plenty, since I already had a busy week. I asked Alice but she couldn't come.

Loads of love, darling.

C.

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Monday –

Darling –

I'm so sorry to hear about Henry Webb. Poor Elizabeth – how sad and lonely she will be. At least I suppose she will, though sometimes to the old and exhausted there are elements of relief in such a situation, which mitigate the loss.

As for Henry, poor old soul, I didn't admire him. He seemed to me small spirited, vain, and opinionated – very much I am afraid, but too ineffectual to do much damage. His integrity you may be right about, but I suspect it of be-

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couldn't help thinking how much of a relief it would be to me if I didn't have to live with him any more, were in Elizabeth's place!

Yes, I should suppose she'd go on living in Wisconsin — why not, after all, except for climate? And where else or how else? There are many people there devoted to her, and I expect she'll find a reasonable degree of contentment.

You said nothing about sending flowers. For fear you have done so, I'll do nothing till I hear from you. Perhaps it's not possible to wire flowers then. But it seems something dreadful — were Hathaway, I thought Elizabeth a saint to have lived with him in peace all those many years. If his quarrel with his church was over doctrine, I'll bet he was on the backward side, and clung to his conviction through obstinacy and vanity, not through passionate faith! Of course his life was miserable, and much of it sad, but his own inadequacy I doubt he ever realized — he thought himself unappreciated. I have a feeling I've said all this to you before. Anyhow, it seems a not very kind obituary. I doesn't it? I suppose I wrote it because I

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tainly seems to us we should do something. Of course the funeral is long over, but the flowers which come after all the others are gone are even more welcome. Can you think of anything else we could do? And do you know at all what her immediate plans are — that is, whether she would be there to receive anything sent?

We must go to Vincent this summer. I'm ashamed that we didn't last summer. And Elizabeth Carroll is so frail there can't be many years more.

I guess this is all for today except loads of love — C.

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Friday -

Darling -

Before anything else — about Christmas. Will you please send me right away a list of the people you want me to get things for, any suggestions you have, and just how much you expect me to spend! Don't expect me to do very well! It's a hard enough job, at best, shopping for your friends & relations (wonky relations!) and with very limited funds - it will be worse, so info and they'll probably all get things they don't want instead of only some of them. Seriously I want to know to whom you want me to send

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spend at home. How could a nervous invalid stand up under it for a week? Your mother would never be able to handle her with skill or understanding or even patience. She'd always know better than Eva better than the doctor, better than what you told her. And the emotional pressure of your mother's moods, to which she gives way completely, is something terrific. Add to that the bickering which is also very hard on the nerves — and you may your father doesn't understand Eva, either.

Besides, I believe the whole thing is a combination of depression and excuse. She has built up reads for us. But the presents are the things I must get at right away.

No, I doubt you'd be able to get WLXR. Can you get any U.S. stations except when they have a national network? I shouldn't expect you to. But it must be as easy to get WOR as any U.S. station. Perhaps eventually they'll have a network too.

Don't worry about Mrs. Delp's return so far as Eva's concerned. At least I shouldn't. Eva should not be at home under any circumstances. It couldn't possibly work for her good. I think I had difficult a time the rest of you, who are normal, have in the very little time you

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This emotional picture of the relationship between herself and her family, because she wanted to feel that way, knew she didn't, felt she ought to, has an inadequate emotional life, etc.. She knows she couldn't tolerate life at home, doesn't want to admit it, lives upon Wm. D. as her reason + then works that up frantically — trying subconsciously to convince herself as well as them. She can't break down that whole setup of the deep devotion to home + family by admitting she doesn't want to go home; so then has to make an alibi. This is all just theory, perhaps wrong. But I'm sure it's strong that Evan should not go home, whoever is there.

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Wednesday -

(1944)

Darling -

I'm so sorry about Mrs. Jamison - poor old soul - what a bleak and miserable way to end your life - in that dreary room, with no one to mourn or to help you through the dread passage. It must be awful for you just now, living within sight and sound of so mournful a dissolution. I hope it will be over quickly.

In the meantime, of course your plans are affected. But do you really know how much? That is, it may be that

rents for the estate. And in Exeter when boys of faculty lived in such circumstances - it would happen every now & then. God knows this may not be at all true in your case, but just don't commit yourself to another arrangement till you know since you so like the place where you are. Of course were I in your place, I'd jump at Louis Ray's suggestion! And I suspect that you'd find it pretty satisfactory if you could find a suitable place. It ends the rent in dull and gives you congenial companionship when you

since the house is largely rented to foreign students, the losses, & the extensions will simply continue to mount, with a caretaker or janitor of some sort - particularly in an academic community where they're pretty sure of keeping tenants till the end of the year. I've known of a number of similar cases. Of course it depends on how the estate is left & who the heirs are, etc., but it often means a lot of saving trouble for all concerned. The original owners of the house on 15th St. where Connie & Jim lived had been dead 10 years & the house was run by the

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want to. Alice had an apartment the last 3 years in which there were 2 rooms with kitchen + bath between so she + Helen (the girl she lived with) could live very separate lives if they chose — as they often did. Each had her own friends + entertained often without reference to the other in her own room. Of course that sort of arrangement wouldn't work with everyone, but I should think it might for you. I think the single room would be useful + should be only a short search.

Lots of love, darling + let me know how C.

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Monday -

Darling,

At last cold weather has come — very cold up in the country — at least to us who had got soft from the long postponement. I slept in the other bed in Joan's room — which is the old day bed from my apartment so you know how hard it is — nothing soft to sink into. And we didn't go to bed till early there, so by that time the bed was just like a lump of ice into which I had to burrow. And then at long last I'd got almost warm enough

at 9:30, Laurie turned the dog into the room & said it was time I got up. I could have killed him, but didn't you will be glad to know. I didn't dare without you there to see the flaws in my plans for destroying the evidence! Why don't you should write detective stories. I'll bet you could devise some very good plots and fill in all the details, too. We might collaborate, like the Coles. Think of the money we'd make. Then we could really build a house.

It's possible that I may go to Trinidad for a month — with Sister &

to go to sleep. Joan began to fret and thrash about, so I crawled out in my nightie and tried to fix her more warmly, then got back in, colder than ever. Oh dear, what a night — she got me up 4 times she bed — the last one she was too light. By then I had paddled around the house and hunted up a quilt to put on her, as well as taking down my coat and putting it over her feet. And every time I had to get warm all over again. It was nearly morning before I went to sleep. And then

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Joan. I hope to heaven they won't - did Lin. It's all very uncertain yet, however, I won't be for 2 or 3 months, in any case.

Now for heavens sake, don't get all excited about the prospect of paying next years income tax this year. You know no thing will whether such a thing will ever happen & you know as well as I do how unlikely it is. Remember how you were practically sure you'd soon be able to get the car back because they wouldn't let you have enough gas. & that they'd be a heavy tax on cars within 2 weeks after we left Alexandria!

So relax, darling!

Lots of love -

E.

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Friday -
Sweetie - (9 NOV 41)

This will be all for today as I have got myself in a jam, on account of Sister has invited me to stay country for the week-end, whereas I expected to leave for work and to devote to school work, with a little leaway for leisure. And

ing from — guess who — no, you never will — Mrs. Bell! I can't imagine what inspired her. She began with a long account of why she hadn't been able to call me up and see me while she was in N.Y. — which is more than your mother did! I was quite touched. The school work cannot be postponed as marks are due on Monday. So I must get papers read, marks made out, & comments written in record time. Having a date for dinner tonight complicates things. I had quite a long letter this morn-

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She writes as I had expected to go to Coxsackie. Which is a relief to me. Also she signed herself "Virginia" so she evidently would like to be called that. I must make a point of it.

It's still Sept. weather — smoky but very pleasant. Love, darling C.

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Wednesday -

5/10/41

Darling,

Here's a clipping I thought would interest you. Certainly Donald ought to be able to get WQXR if it was the most powerful station in B.C. and it seems as if there must be something wrong with his radio if he can't.

I was introduced in drawing of the new math. dept. members. The Czech & his wife sound like an asset. Really it's a very good thing, isn't it, for so provincial an institution as U.B.C. to get some of these Europeans. They

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to pride himself on, being a scientist alone. Perhaps we are not yet sufficiently civilized. Perhaps we are too large & our educational discipline is inadequate. By the way, what about the man who is the horticulturist or what have you — the one who finally finally got here last year? You haven't mentioned him for ages. Do you ever see him? Another thing — perhaps leaving a few Europeans will wake up at least that much of the middle west to what is going on, and what the danger hanging over us all is, unless we get it stopped while provide cultural heaven for the slightly soggy middle western loaf. Of course I don't know your particular set but it's likely to be true certainly that the general cultural level of the European intellectual is likely to be higher than that of his American colleague & I guess that's particularly true in the middle west. I remember reading in Zinsser's book apropos of his years of work abroad, his statement that the distinguished scientists of Europe were men of wide interests and genuine culture whereas the American was likely to be combat with; I'm not

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in time. It is tragic that we are so slow — to will which we ourselves share in making payment in the end. And in the meantime the Russians pay hideous price. I feel disturbed about Finland and — what a dilemma. She must choose between those who have already deeply wronged her — not for the first time — and those who will undoubtedly wrong her in the future if it suits their ends. I feel sorry that pressure has been brought to bear on her from us. How can she possibly defend herself from us? How can she possibly remain at this point on friendly terms with Russia?

Sincerely yours,
C.

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Monday-

Darling.

Here it is into November, and still so warm I'm wearing what I usually do in Sept. Have I ever seen such a fall- not particularly beautiful as there's been few of those golden October days we're so likely to have a lot of, and very inadequate color. But no frost, no cold — the woods are still woods, the leaves have fallen from so few trees. There's

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salary cut, make the owning of a car a luxury out of my reach, unless I make some drastic cut elsewhere, such as moving into a one-room apartment — the only really big cut I could make — and it seems to me a foolish one, not only for me, but for you — that is, for the time we live together, particularly the long summer period, we need more space than one room. Otherwise I'd say to let it go, and pay me when it's easy. Why don't you pay your income tax in installments instead of all at once. It seems something a little eerie about it, as if the life processes had stopped — and a little sad, since they have not stopped at a really vital moment.

Thanks for the check, sweetie, and for sending it so promptly. It distresses me to read your account of your financial worries, and of course, I feel guilty at letting you continue to pay me. But I simply don't know what to do about it. The rising cost of living & the great increase in taxes, together with my

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be reasonable being if you have such heavy expenses ahead. I wish you didn't feel so sure so much. Of course you're not extravagant in any respect except that - and I'm sure you don't agree with me about that! But, anyhow, I wish you wouldn't fuss me about the whole thing - I'm worried enough without it.

How depressing that your Hungarian friends have descended & caused measles already! How was the evening there from that? You seemed so bitter about the measles that nothing else remained to be told about. How about Milt & Kathleen? You never did tell me

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Friday—

(310d41)

Darling,

How nice of you to be so encouraging about writing books! You make it sound quite easy, though I shall probably not have the nerve to do anything about it till I have you to bolster me! However, I'd like to know his address in case I suddenly needed an extra man + got up my courage out of sheer social necessity! Do you have it yet — or would Donald be able to give

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from you writing, Pat!)
for they sound like
people up your alley.

My interest in hearing Hawthaiwan was personal rather than musical: I'd like to have seen as well as heard him.

How is Mrs. Tamison? Goodness, what a life! Was it mine, he will to live would long ago have left me. There seems nothing in it worth having. She probably believes — or believes that she believes — in an existence after death, too, and yet clings to this

-it to me if I sent him a p.c.?

That reminds me, I've not had a peep from Betty about the books I sent her. You don't suppose I annoyed her in any way, do you? It just seems funny not to acknowledge a gift more promptly. I suppose -it's possible -it went first to a Mongolian -it was sent.

I'm eager to hear about your visit with the people upstairs (I can't be certain how their name is spelled

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miserable half life on earth with all her strength. It's pitiful, isn't it?

The shrubs flowering are an amazing phenomenon. I never heard of such a thing before. I've seen them fooled by mild days in the middle of winter after they've had something of a rap, but before they're really set settled down to sleep - it's extraordinary.

I saw "The Little Foxes" yesterday - a disappointment - emotionally monotonous & so boring to effect. Too many people are so

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Wednesday -

(59 0d 41)

Darling -

I see you didn't care for my remarks about your address system - so I get a cracke about being behind the times! I think it would be more accurate to say you're ahead of them. Maybe you're right - it is more logical though I can't see why it is, except for the person who does the first sorting. I should think it would be harder on the postman. Anyhow, it certainly is now, when we are doing it but you, so that he has to hunt to find who

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to believe you're ascribing to her, as you often do to others, motives you would have yourself. If under the circumstances, would have letter sent. But she has so many times so far shown just that kind of bad sense that it seems to us perfectly in keeping. The whole affair is still makes me sick — not that anyone can help it — but that it seems so tragic that Eva's hysterical notions should have the power to make difficulties + even messes in the lives of others. Were your mother better balanced as an even better informed — of course the

it's for. Sure I get them, but I suspect the poor man is annoyed — since the letter has not been in my box + once it crashed a scribbled notation on it.

How mysterious are Miss Boyd's remarks — but I'm inclined to believe your mother is right — it would fit with the picture I have of Miss Boyd perfectly. But God knows my picture may be all wrong. It comes from a combination of what I've been told + what I've seen in her letters, not from direct personal knowledge. Perhaps she would have better sense, but I'm inclined

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situation would not be so bad, but as it stands it is bad. God knows what lies behind it, but whatever it is, could easily operate again in the case of another woman — the same position. I love Delp goes. However, I hope she won't — entirely, your parents would be hard put to find another solution so satisfactory to all concerned. She was exactly right. Two women could live with your mother with so little friction & at the same time have enough personality not to irritate your father.

Well, that'll do for today's lucubrations, sweetie — I'

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Monday -
[270847]

Sweetie -

I have just caught my train by the skin of my teeth - in fact, the conductor says they heard me coming down the stairs & held it for me! What a scramble - imagine me sitting in the Abbs Ferry station for an hour or so, biting my nails & waiting for the next train!

Thanks for your slight indignation at Betty for the matter of the detective stories. I didn't want to say

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next time he asks you,

Well, my party last night was truly a most orable success. Sister + Hugh had been up in the country, of course + had dined Dorothy + Laurie with them + they all came 3/4 of an hour late which is an awful beginning for a party. The Dawes + Charley who were the stay guests, were prompt, so I had to keep them going the while I worried about the food. And when they did come they were all exhausted from a country weekend, so, but I felt myself a little as if she might have got some herself. It's very easy, now that every corner thing alone has been. However, I didn't mind doing it. But, now that I have done it — and spent my own money on it — I do think she might have thanked me, said she, warmly! Oh well!

Sorry you didn't go to Toledo — it's supposed to be a very good museum. I'd like to have heard about it from you and maybe had some postcards. Do it the

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so beings nature dragged. But the food was all right, which was something. Eventually Lawrence Robert got into a discussion on the war, its aims, its probable outcome, etc. And it was really a very good one — neither one got one down, though they both felt strongly, and defended their ideas to the last ditch. So at least the party went out in a blaze of glory, which was something, loads of love, precious —

C.

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Friday -

Sweetheart - (240841)

How nice about Horace! I mean that he's going to be within our reach. goodness, do you suppose I could invite him to parties when you're not here? That would be a boon - spare men are so hard to find and spare women so easy! I'm always having more women than men, and always - practically - the same men. My repertoire is Arthur (not always available, not always spare), Charley & Lavina, and Charley, though a dear and not

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night. I so frankly forced myself on his attention in the movies) and I guess the others are people you don't know. We all got quite high and pretty noisy, I guess, with the piano going & people singing, or screaming to be heard over the singing. Alex & I went out in the middle to that place on the corner of 18th St. where O. Henry used to hang out, to get some sandwiches. We had a drink at the bar while they made them and listened to the very cacophonous bar tender. It seems that the place is still a hang-out for celebrities. And at about one o'clock at all interesting, to those who know him well is only so so at a party, for he's so shy. So to have someone to add to the list who would be as liberating & as entertaining as Norris would be marvelous. I immediately began building a dinner party around him in my mind!

Dorothy Rovat is here for a week & Sister had a big cocktail party for her last night — a very successful one. The Hawkins were there — and in their best form, Florence Scully, Arthur, Jamie & Charley (the inevitable!) also Ellie (who returned to the

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Arthur + Ollie brought me home and then asked him to come up for a drink — meant as a gesture of gratitude for being driven home — to my surprise they promptly accepted — + stayed till 4! Well, it was definitely a good evening + I had a swell time + downed a tremendous lot of alcohol without it having any effect but exhilaration, thank god!

Did you know that Jim Hamilton is playing in Carnegie Hall Sun. night. I'd go if I weren't having a supper party for Dorothy. She asked in detail about you and was so sorry they'd not seen you

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Wednesday —

(2200894)

Darling —

I didn't write to you on Monday, because I was in a horribly upset emotional state — over something I won't go into, but it's nothing to do with you — and I just couldn't seem to pull myself together enough to write. Anyhow, I had nothing from you till Monday, since the previous Wednesday! — Perhaps there was one I didn't get — perhaps the P.O. got defeated by your strange new system of addressing. What's the idea, anyhow — sort

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something of a migraine. So it will perhaps be no worse in the end, after all. Maybe someone else will take over the house & keep on writing rooms. Anyhow, don't worry too much about it — it'll probably be months yet before you need to.

I'm amazed at you being embarrassed by Qua's saying — or practically saying — she was having another baby. You're the last person I'd have expected to react that way — really. You talk about their peoples pregnancy in mixed company with not so much as a wink or like phonetic spelling: I'd bet the portuguese amongst us didn't. Today I found my letter just stuck on top of the mail boxes I got in my own.

Well, I'm sorry to hear about Mrs. Jamison — poor old soul. It's so awful to outlive yourself & she certainly has. But I can see it will be a problem for you — and a terrific nuisance. I don't suppose you'd ever find a place as cheap, & very likely not so quiet. But it might be a lot pleasanter, God knows. And you said yourself she was getting to be

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one atom of embarrassment, god knows. Well anyhow, give her my love & congratulations, if you can bring yourself to!

The week-end was quite good — sat. it rained, but we were late getting out but it didn't matter much and Sunday was glorious — brilliant & warm. Charles & Joan & I took a walk — no one else had any interest. But it was too short because we had to get back for an early dinner so as to start back in time to avoid traffic — a joke as we got into the very worst of it & later would have avoided it! Loads of love — C

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Friday—
Sweetie [17 Oct 41]

This is all you get today—I've got just too much work. Last night I had a letter from Betty & Tweedy asking me to send her some detective stories to read to Helen, who is recovering well, but — I take it from

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thrown out, & are as good as any of mine. That expedition took time that was to have gone to reading papers that had to be got back, so I read papers on the train — have promised to discuss some school matters with another teacher on the train tonight & Betty's tactful remarks — getting bored & fractious. I thought it was too bad for her to have things she'd have to wrap up & send back — and have on her mind. So I went up to Macy's and picked out a bunch of 25 centers which can be read &

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time for
the dinner
by Jim's bed when he
shall just have the
time to finish going
things to take to Katonah
tomorrow & get
bed at Thursday
night but weather
Hope better —
will yet cloudy & dull
it's now — to be a
going

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full over the week-
end, with myself,
Laurie + Charley
for guests + Jean
imagine it will
be not so good
if we're all cooped
up in the rain,
with Laurie be
monopolizing the
conversation, Jean
resenting it +
putting on scenes
to get attention,

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is really too great. In a sense they're glad as they hated to give it up but they'd already begun to count the money & the saving it would give them to get the house in better shape & therefore make it more saleable.

Charley retiring into total but resentful silence, & Sister being obviously driven mad by the whole thing!

They have with, after all, rented the house — the people decided to go to S. F. instead because the continuing distance

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Dear, you've got
more than I thought
I could manage
in the short
time between
class + train.
So I'll add
buckets of love
and stop —

C.

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Wednesday—

(1500841)

Sweetheart,

I was glad to get your last letter & have the mystery of the baby solved. Your mother had written me that of course you'd told me all about the baby's coming prematurely & that the mother was still desperately ill. I had no idea who she was talking about, but at one point she wrote a name that was completely illegible. But of course I knew it couldn't be anyone we were very closely connected with & I'd have known the baby was expected. She didn't

Edited and corrected by my English friends. Love, Frances.

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something to say in 4 sheets aside from what she had eaten, what the weather had been, what grange meetings she'd been to, etc., Do I seem unkind? I don't feel so — I only feel sad that she must lead so unhappy a life & make others so unhappy because of that intense preoccupation with herself. Though I often feel angry with her when she assumes an attitude of moral superiority. She has a lot of the old Judaic virtues but very few Christian ones. Of course you have the same temperament but are saved by the high quality of your intelligence

say anything about him. Dalp's going to leave him for good. Do you suppose she changed her mind? It was a tremendous letter, though — sheets & sheets. It amazes me how she can go on indefinitely about completely external but personal events. She never says "I think" — she never talks about what happens in that portion of the world & to that section of humanity outside her orbit. Hm, good, it's almost sheeting. Of course our little lives go on in the midst of the cosmic struggle, but it seems to me that any person not wholly egocentric should find

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which is capable of comparable objectivity even though you're emotionally so subjective. Do you suppose you'd have been like her had you not had your splendid education & your wider world? Of course it's a pretty academic question, for you're not like her. Thank God!

Speaking of the world outside Cossacksia — I had another letter from Wanetta today — written the 2nd of August. She was expecting hourly to hear from Nürnberg early this month. Yesterday the paper reported a very heavy air-raid there by the R.A.F. The town is pictured as all in ruins. It would be so great a loss to

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Monday.
(30 Oct 41)

Angel.

Well, we had quite a good week-end, after all the omens & portents pointed the other way. The pouring rain of this morning cleared off brilliantly by mid-afternoon, and Alice, with a little pressure, finally decided to come along with me by train. So we got off from D. T. at 6 o'clock, & changed at Harmon to Poughkeepsie. We were supposed to get the Welcome — & have our dinner on the train — but the conductor on our train was so concerned over getting us off to

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route. All main highways up hill & down dale, lookin[g] at autumn scenery, and one of those marvelous pure gold sunsets. It was brilliantly clear & we saw the Catskills as if they'd been about 5 miles off. Of course H. knows them all & the choice views & how to get to the high points with motor-ized outfits. We got home just as evening was drawing in, to find another couple there, with their 2 children — also house guests.

Yesterday was grey, with occasional rain — Alice & I took a short walk, but mostly we were all glad of the house & the fires. There Poughkeepsie but he got us on the wrong train — a horrible local, with no diner, lots of people & the pace of a tortoise. However, the Wolverine was running in 2 sections so when we got in, Arthur was still there, seaming the passengers from the 2nd section. We had visions of spending the night in the Pittsburgh station! We ate hasty sandwiches and then proceeded to Stamford like the rest you can imagine as you know the pattern! Till came up on Sat. afternoon late & Arthur & I met her in Poughkeepsie, coming back by a round about

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was a tremendous party in the afternoon, with people wandering around all over the house, with drinks in their hands, collecting in little knots here & there. I really had a very good time, but Alice felt ill & I had to leave in the middle of it to be sure to be in time for a 7:20 train. A kind guest took us, so Arthur didn't have to leave his own party. We made the train, with 2 extra minutes! Alice left us at Harmon & Jill & I went on to G.C., of course, where we got some dinner in the Grand Central, and so home.

Are you having a holiday today? I wish we were. Loads of love,

C.

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Friday –
(10 Oct 41)

Darling.

Such a morning as
I've had! Alice & I (don't
remember whether I've told
you this) were going to
Antrim's for the week end
– leaving in Alice's car
right after school tonight.
Then this morning Alice
called to say her car had
been smashed up – stand-
ing right in front of the
house – crashed into by,
I suppose, some drunk.
She was just about as
crushed as her car, poor
dear. She's terribly pinched
for money, anyhow & her car
was her one luxury. It's
going to cost $75. to have it
going

too, just to make it all harder! So I had to call her, call Arthur in Louisville, call the grand Central, call Alice, call Sister to see if she knew how to get Arthur in Poughkeepsie. Everything was arranged & rearranged 5 times. And whether the present solution will finally go through, goodness knows. It all depends on whether Alice can be persuaded that 2 or 3 dollars on top of the cost of the car right, just as well be spent. So, we're taking a train to Harmon where we'll get an express

fixed if old parts are used, $110 if new. And the person or persons who did it just vanished into the night. There's a police alarm out for them, but not much chance of getting them, I fear. It's amazing that after doing such sweeping damage they were able to go on their ways. Well, then immediate action was to see she couldn't go for the week-end & of course I felt very strongly that that was a mistake. It's just the time for her to get right away & have a lot to occupy her mind. So I spent my morning changing & reorganizing all the plans 5 times over. Life was involved,

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to Poughkeepsie, where Father will meet us. But I may end in an awful anti-climax & plod sadly home, suitcase & all!

Glad your picnic went off so well, though it was to be expected, really; it always does, doesn't it?

I guess that's about all for today, except to send you lots of love -

C.

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Wednesday -

(90841)

Darling,

We're still having summer weather, though the radio keeps muttering about how it's going to turn cold in the next 12 hours. It's unbelievable, really, to have it quite so warm — to go around in the evening with a silk dress & no coat. All my fall clothes hang in the closet, while I continue to wear the summer ones which should long since have been sent to the cleaners & put away. They get dirtier & more repulsive every day, but

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of course — being able to say "All right, if you're going to insist on my behaving like that you can take the consequences." And it's a problem that's been not uncommon in our generation so I've seen it with a lot of my friends & seen the different ways they've handled it. Certainly I've never seen a really happy relationship between parents & children based on deceit, & I have seen happy ones based on complete frankness, even though there was profound disagreement. This is not all meant as a crack at you. I can't get along for 4 or 5 days without them at the present rate!

I was interested in what you wrote of the books Donald gave you. Glad you've found something to read that interests you! The bit about rebellion against parental authority I hope you not only noticed, but took to heart! I sometimes think that — unconsciously — the child whose rebellion is kept secret & hidden is to a certain extent getting back at his parents for what he has resented in their authority over him. It's a weapon,

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I see perfectly why you've done as you have done, even though I think it was a mistake. Also I know plenty of others who do the same thing — Hugh, for instance. Anyhow, it's a problem that is very rare among the present younger generation + what a good thing that is, to set off against the things that are deplored about the younger generation.

Well, having finished this disquisition on tempora + mores, and also my sheet, I will now stop.

Much love, precious E.

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monday —

(60c541)

Darling,

Thanks for sitting up to write to me, when you wanted to go to bed — though you were typically optimistic about the speed with which your letter would reach me, so I didn't get it till today + the messages to Joe + Grace Sept. 3rd were in vain!

We did go to Fishkill + had a marvelous time. Joe was at his best + talked about everything from his parents to his

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least effective. By the way, Joe seemed worried about whether you had a good time the day we were there. He asked me several times if I thought you enjoyed it. He'd say — rather tonelessly — "I guess George had a good time. He did, didn't he?" He obviously suspected that you didn't, & cared whether you did. I think you'd better make an effort to stay awake next time.

The baby is getting terribly cute — I think personality must emerge between the 2nd & 4th

philosophy of art with fluency, vividness & brilliance. His talk is better than that of almost anyone I know — the combination of a high degree of intelligence, great emotional capacity, and a very rich humanity is about the best you can get. I guess. How he & Dad would have delighted each other! He's been doing some painting, in the Pennsylvania Dutch manner, on the outside of the house — "hex signs", conventionalized birds & flowers, etc.. all in very strong colors and

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months. There's all the difference in the world certainly between what he was like when you & I saw him & what he was like yesterday. He's so alert & responsive and so much a person now. We had a wonderful meal — and with the Chiclets I took up some more of those wonderful mint leaves, most welcome as the day, believe it or not, was literally like July — the official temperature was 91, & the air as wet & heavy as it was in the summer. It was strangely incongruous with the gorgeous coloring the

Friday -

(40841)

Sweetie,

I was quite dazzled when I opened your letter this morning and found $40.! Not only dazzled, either, for what with our cut in salary, together with the added cost of everything, it was a great relief to us to have a nice big lump like that coming in. The school is for this month not even paying us our full cut salary (if you see what I mean) but a partial sum, so we're all in a pretty cramped state

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you went through Oberlin & hesitated to call her up because of the hour. She protested strongly and said I was to tell you never to do it again, that they were practically always up early, anyhow, & her mother invariably so — and that her mother would have been pleased & flattered by having you call. So next time I guess you'd better make a point of it.

I saw "Citizen Kane" again yesterday and it improves with more seeing as of course any first rate work of art does. You are financially, and a check for $40. is certainly a sight to delight the eye.

You will be interested to know that the people across the hall — suggested purloiners of newspapers have moved out. So now that both people have gone, I guess perhaps our paper will remain for us, unless some new readers move in, of course!

I saw Sally on Tuesday — for a brief session in the Longchamps bar. She was here only for a day. She asked for you, of course, and I told her

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more, to one seeing — details missed the first time, bits of dialogue you'd not heard clearly, movements you'd not seen. And I'm more than ever impressed by the technical freshness, the ignoring of old patterns & established formulae, both in the construction of the scenario, and in the photography — not to mention the acting. Of course all this was true of Orson Welles' ventures in the theatre, too. Only hope he keeps going.

Loads of love, mytet.

C.

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Wednesday ~
(1 Oct 41)

Darling,

What a pity you had to take a walk by yourself when I was in Cross River visiting I had you to take a walk with me, however, I expect you really didn't mind going alone very much.

I'm glad you got the candlesticks delivered & that they were a success. We were in such a stew for so long deciding whether to give them those that it's a comfort to know our final decision was not

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entirely about domestic matters of the least interesting sort — such as washing diapers (you'd be surprised how long that lasted as a conversational topic) and how the curtains shrank & why. She was deadly, I thought — but maybe I've got the wrong woman!

I'm so glad you have such interesting people over you — maybe you'll get to know them better, which would be nice, to — friends in the house, I mean.

Thanks for the Thomas Mann clipping, which I is/actory to have met. concerned. Have you given Tolni's baby her tidbit yet? two nice & Lois Ray come darling night over to see you — & Lou Flatteing! I think you'd better make an effort to keep that friendship in a really live state. Your other two pals seem to have sort of petered out on you, and this one is up your alley, I'm all I mean, at least.

Yes, I think I remember Mrs. Oresad — smallish with dark hair & non-descript features. I remember her because she talked

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know I should find interesting. Did you read it yourself first? I notice you make no comment on it, so perhaps you just decided I was the one to do Thomas' share in the family!

I'm so sorry about Mrs. Delf. It won't be easy to get someone else who fits as well. Are they trying do you know? They certainly should have someone since they can afford it, & it's unlikely better for your mother's state of mind & therefore for the welfare of the household.

Much love, sweetie — C.

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Monday —
(30 sept 41)

Lieutenant —

I do appreciate the promptitude & spirit with which you took up the enquiry for me, though I feel a little ashamed for having complained. However, it's very comforting to know someone who wants to defend me! Of course your advice is quite right — to fill up my time by with other people, though it's really easier said than done, like so many things that it would be wise to do. Peoples week-ends are so full — with those that they "belong

of us. I spent most of my time with the children, as the grown-ups were occupied with themselves & besides, the children were the only ones I could get to go for walks with me! I began to laugh when I think of how you asked Laurie if he liked to walk. He didn't even walk down the hill to Cross River with us! So I don't think he'd have been much use to you as a hiker — I can do better myself, and I'd be twice as well!

I've been reading "Shalott" — a London at war novel

an sort of unattached & irrelevant person like myself has some difficulty. But anyhow, I've started by making a date with Alice for next Sunday. Then we're going to drive up & see Joe & Grace for, but haven't had an answer yet to the note I wrote asking if we might. But I'm sure I hope Alice will do something else with me.

Sister did write me for his last week-end, and I went, after, I admit, swallowing my pride. Laurie was there, of course, & an older friend of Laurie's, so there were quite a lot

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the most vivid thing I've read yet. So which I bought to put into the book club at school, but have decided it's too strong meat for our older members! As a novel, it is not so much, but as a picture & a comment it's quite extraordinary — drawn, one guesses, largely from the author's own experience, and a picture of what happens to the "intellectual" — bud on the cynicism & disillusionment of the twenties & thirties when confronted with the uncompromising & appalling reality of London under the Blitz-fring. I find it profoundly interesting & certainly

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Friday -

Sweetie - [26 Sept 41]

Thanks for the pictures of Joe Grauert your own head (if you follow me!) — what an amusing coincidence that you found them side by side. I'm so glad Hannah seems to be turning out well, after all. Do send me the speech, & when you get it. His face — if one can judge from a newspaper picture — is rather a fine one — strong, intelligent and even sensitive. In fact, your letter makes me feel that you and us

jammed — it took us half an hour to get to the counter — or nearly that. And when I got there, the girl who waited on me had evidently been brought in for the emergency & didn't know anything. Also, she insisted on running around & getting all the things I was ordering, though they were to be sent. She'd plough through all the stray clerks, falling over cases of liquor & knocking things off the counter — generally coming back with the wrong bottle & then beginning all over again. I felt as if I ought to leave a rebate by the time I got through, just for wear & tear. I should

longer worry about the president's wrecking the college, but that the road manner is the doom. He sounds pretty appalling and as if he might make trouble for your department, too, if he has it in for Grove. Don't worry about that, for I really get to feel more & more that Grove is a pretty good egg.

Well, I cannot done anything very interesting since I last wrote — at least not interesting to you. I went shopping with Sister yesterday — had one last fling at the liquor store before our new tax goes on. Mary's wash

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have enough to last a year now — if I don't get too social.

I wore my new ear-rings yesterday with a Florentine silver bracelet I'd forgotten I had, but fished out & cleaned up — and my wine red hat & dress. The effect was really very good. The silver is set off by the dark red. I thought gratefully & lovingly of you — and of what a nice day we had the day we bought them.

Loads of love, darling-

C.

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Wednesday –
(24 Sept 41)

Darling –

This time I have stamps & pen, so I shall not only have to write to you, but to Mum as well – having no excuse for not doing it!

I had tea at Alberta's yesterday – she had a little party for Sister Anna Gabriel – her own sister. It was pleasant, but hardly exciting. There was an old lady there, though, who really was something – full of salt and so entertaining & interesting, though she's obviously

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at the Valmers in accordance with prophecy + that you had such a pleasant time. Tommy sounds quite remarkable. I do wish I might see him. And John is absorbed in his domestic relations, is he? Wait it Jimmy! after his being so bachelor-ish a bachelor? You seem to be getting back nicely into the social milieu, even if you've not had time to unpack + organize completely. How about Will + Kathleen? Oh, and did you get John's paper signed, sealed, + delivered to him, and very old. God, I'd like to be like that if I live that long — not one atom out of touch with life — intensely aware of + interested in all that goes on in the world about her. That sort of person is such a credit to the human race.

Alberta asked about you several times — she's mad impressed by you. She says you're delightful when but simply wonderful when a bit tight! She says she doesn't know anyone who gets quite so nicely tight! So I guess I'll have to stop buying so darn many drinks for you down! So I'm glad you had time

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does he seem in any danger at all, except in his own mind, of being drafted?

I had lunch yesterday with Tilly. She spoke again with the most humble gratitude of all we'd done for her — though it seems little enough to me. She, too, admires you enormously. She got into another fix when her things she'd decided to leave in Brooklyn arrived & her landlady, lately re-found to allow them to be brought in! She has now decided to move to a place where she'll have more rights & privileges.

Much love, auntie — C.

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Monday —
(22 Sept 41)

Darling —

Tib called me up this morning as I was just about ready to leave, so I had to run — & left behind my pen & stamps. A pencil will do the writing, & I shall struggle with the mailing machine when I get into the G. C. — I may achieve success & I may not!

No, I didn't go away for the week-end — as a matter of fact, I was terribly upset & depressed about it — still am, really. I assumed I'd be invited — or rather, expected — for every week-end as in the fall & spring, but when I called

but no trouble, love & kisses, Sister!

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worthy being awfully hurt. She's pushed me out of the family + given someone else my place.

So there I was left on Sat. with a completely blank week-end. I finally got my courage up to try + get someone else to do something with me — + by a lucky chance I finally succeeded in getting Charley to come over for dinner. It was a good thing, for I'd have just died if I'd had to be alone, but it wasn't unmitigated delight, for by that time I'd been through so much emotional turmoil that I'd got myself into a state of physical turmoil, too. However, I did have someone to talk to me about things

Sister up, she said no. It was not — I was only to come when invited — + I felt completely crushed. I felt as if I'd been treated like someone who is allowed to eat with the family till guests come, + then has to eat in the kitchen. So now she has Jennie there, who is more entertaining + more interesting than I, so he's treated like a member of the family + I'm not. She invites him to dinner at least once a week, too — but doesn't invite me more than 2 or 3 times a year, and it's so damned humiliating. Anyhow, I was just heartbroken over it — partly sheer disappointment over losing my good week-ends, but

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unrelated to my own problems. Also he said he + Sue were going to Mildred's the next day + Ben was going to show all his pictures of the Gaspé; so why didn't I come, too. So I did - + that was a very good idea. It was a gorgeous day + Mildred + I went for a walk through the woods with the dog, then came back + looked around the garden till dark, had sandwiches + highballs by the living-room fire, and then saw the pictures - which was fun, because I'd been there + besides, they were beautiful anyhow - a lot of botanical ones, of course, of flowers found in the woods + swamps. So at

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Friday –

(1944?)

Sweetheart,

Thanks for the p.c. which I got today & so know you've got at least so far as Genoa! I hope tomorrow is soon – you've got as far as Pisa – or perhaps Rome – & are going – in the same direction and will the next stop be Nice?

Anyhow, you seem to have had an amusing time in Rochester.

Well, I am, as you see, back from Boston, and at work again. I now feel practically back into the routine again – after the first plunge.

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which I'm sure is excessive.

I spent the evening with Alice + the girl she's living with here — sitting by an open fire, drinking highballs + talking about everything from "Citizen Kane" to "Berlin Diary" + the war situation — very good talk, too. So now it's very late + I should be home like nearly one.

I don't think I told you a bit of war drama — Hollie, who you remember lost her trousers on the Rawalpindi. And as you probably observe, I am back to writing letters in the train.

The school is very small — 240 — the normal being 300. So we are going to have a salary cut — we hope only 10% which of course is a less than I feared when I was expecting only one class, but it still to be reckoned with in a year of rising prices + taxes. Everyone is fairly cheerful but of course everyone always is at this time of year. Rose is an exception — she insists she "sees the writing on the wall" and expects to lose her job,

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has now heard that both her stepmother & her sister-in-law have been killed in air-raids in London. That's rather a lot for one family, isn't it?

And in the meantime, it's rather depressing about the war from Russia. I do wish we'd come out of our complacent coma & realize we must do something more positive & active than we've ever begun to.

Loads of love, precious-

C.

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Wednesday –

17 Sept 41

Darling –

Here I am in Dr. Warner's waiting-room – waiting, not for him, but for it to be time for me to meet Hal + Bella for lunch. I have just finished my first session – + shall probably be done after two more, all right, + so back to D.C. in time to have dinner with Sister. So I shall survive, financially + physically.

Well, when I got back to my seat yesterday I found a gum-chewing gent in it – that is, in the stren

a club you didn't belong to!

Hollie met me at the South Station & we went right out to Cambridge & had liver & bacon (simply delectable liver — you should have been there) in the Harvard Sq. Schrafft's. Then to Craigie St. for a quiet evening of talks & knitting. It was boiling hot, of course, up on Hollie's third floor, but cooled off somewhat in the course of the night. Rain tonight, and today is not bad.

And where are you, my sweet, by now — 12:30 Wednesday morning? Did half. He went as far as Providence, but was really an excellent companion because he spent most of his time in the club car, diner, or smoker & I had the seat to myself. The train was full of sailors, walking back & forth, & I kept smiling to myself at the thought of what their pants looked like inside! The rest of the passengers were mostly school & college children who also ramped up & down all the time, visiting all their friends, going for smokes, etc.. You sort of felt as if you were in

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you spend last night at home & did you think of giving them my love? I didn't, just because I thought of you as going to E. Lansing, not Coxsackie.

Now that the summer is over, it seems to have gone in a breath — I wish it might have been twice as long. I shall miss you so. And besides, I feel not pleased with myself in it. I think I should have done better. I hope I shall next year.

And so much love, my pet — C

I hope you took some of your gasoline in Coxsackie!

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Saturday
~~Friday~~ —

[31 Jan 41]

Sweetie,

I guess if you're to get this it'll have to be sent quick-quick. I don't know just why you need to get it — it will be rather interesting not important but just because I somehow didn't realize how time was going I didn't think my most recent letter to you was the last, & there must be a last (for some reason I don't understand. As you see, I didn't

Then would be no recognizable bit of you left — even the contents of your pockets reduced to a bloody pulp. But eventually they picked out a bent + twisted license plate, washed the blood off + published the number in the papers. Thus Schell discovered who you were burned up. God, what a gruesome idea on your part.

Glad your visit to Kalamazoo was at least somewhat successful after all. I read it & so many times I've changed plans in the last 10 days we'd have enough to take a vacation on! I don't even know for certain now when I'm coming back, but I am leaving as soon as I get this scribbled + my coat on.

Thanks for the license number, though it has a sinister ring to you to send it to me — sounds stately as if you expected so complete a smash-up that

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encouraging — your
mother's report was so
discouraging, but of
course came from this
Boyd who is an anteater.
Yes, of course any
physical difficulties
should be cleared up
— it would be the
first thing they'd do in
any good psychiatric
hospital. But the
situation as a whole
is terribly
depressing, don't it.
If you're going to be
much later than say
3 or thus, you'll write
me so I won't be too
worried. You said
yesterday you'd be through
— but after 3 — or 4?

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What about one of Joe's lithographs for a wed. present - Sweetheart - or Charlie?

20 June 41

Thursday -

Alice's address is Maple Ave., Doylestown, Pa. — name Walker. But I really think there's not much sense in my giving it to you, for my plans are in a very fluid state & I think now I may come back here sooner — Sally is going to be here & I want to see her. Alice also is having a dinner party here with several people I know & I don't want to miss it. So I think I'll go to Doylestown for the week-end

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knows where we'll be when, except surely in D. on Fri. Sat. & Sun.

Well, there's one item of interesting news hereabouts — Tom & Grace are going to have a baby! Don't that swell ya? You'll have heard at the announcement written on a P.C. by Tom to the effect that Peter ~~Pan~~ Paul Tom announces the arrival of his proud poppy for on the — — — etc. We are invited to come up & see them as soon as you get here & I want to do it very much. Anyhow, we'll better do as much running around only. Anyhow, if you should need to get hold of me, telephone Sam. Then you'd know whether I got it or not! I don't see how you could possibly be earlier, anyhow, & if you have to be later, I'd surely be here to get the word — either in the house or just out for lunch or something. The plans for Dorothea are all in a turmoil, anyhow, as Alice wrote me a letter & sent it to N.Y.C. so I got it 5 days after she wrote it & now there's no time to deal with it properly! Also Arthur & Emily were invited & they are tentatively — changing plans every 15 min. So God

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as we can as soon as we can, before we run out of gasoline!

Sister + Joan are gone to New England — Joan for the summer — Sister till the end of next week.

I had cocktails yesterday with Leone + she's off too, in no time. So the summer is really under way.

About cigarettes — I think I'm been paying $1.39 a carton for Philip Morris. It seems likely they'll be cheaper in Wisc. with all our taxes, but of course you can get them at cut-rate places there.

Bachelors love darling C.

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Tuesday -
(17 June 41)

Angel -

I'm just a little worried because I haven't heard from you yet this week. Think I suppose that's silly - but it's so unusual to have no letter from you on Mon. that when none came today either I was a bit disturbed. Of course how are plans & people so let me know if anything bad happened to you, as I'm being unduly. I guess what has got me down is all these road-ing about automobile accidents in which. Of course you've told me how they occur - & I've seen it too, but certainly the statistical evidence

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I read - it! Apparently she's now having a reaction & has gone to bed with it — poor dear, she just can't cope, can she? What an incessant struggle & turmoil her life must have been.

Today is Sister's birthday & Jim taking her to a nice place for cocktails. We had our real celebration last Fri. — dinner, theatre, & then drinks — because Hugh doesn't like to go out late except week-end nights. It wasn't altogether a roaring success, for the play was somewhat disappointing, & the night was one of drenching confirms the evidence of our senses! Did you know that Cal. had the 2nd highest record in the country for serious accidents over the Memorial Day week-end? Cal. was first, of course, with the summer-ist & everyone else trailing 'way behind. You can imagine how relieved I was to hear you were safely home after I'd read that!

Well, your mother is safely back, anyhow, for I had a note from her this morning, saying she got back at 4:55 (or whatever) D.S.T. — a touch which is so typical & so funny that I laughed right out loud when

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rain, which always takes the edge off an evening when you're going from place to place. However, we had fun up to a point!

Hugh is really working very hard. He goes to work at 8:30 — that is, gets to the office at 8:30 — & leaves at 5:30 & works under high pressure all the time he's there. It just goes to show things really are getting done. But he's being successful — he has had some ideas of his own accepted although he's theoretically only head draughtsman. The only thing is that it's being done so fast it will be over that much sooner! Did you

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Saturday -
13 June 41

Sweetie,

Here I am on the dawn at Cross River — writing to you, but with only the vaguest idea when this will get mailed. I meant to write this yesterday, but I got pretty involved & so just didn't get to it.

You know by now, I guess, that your mother stayed till Sat. morning, poor dear. She is very touching, you know, even though she can also be so irritating! I think she rather settled down to this, Louise & I, as one of her sisters & took it much better & more easily as

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practically, I am the Albert. I think she enjoyed that — & then Evan came along.

She talks a great deal about Eva, whom she says Miss Boyd reports as no better — physically yes, but otherwise not. She seems to think the doctor is baffled. Is that true? She says "I am seeing him before you come east & that's just fine, because certainly something more must be done now, since there is no improvement & you are about to leave that part of the country," so that all the responsibility essentially

time went on. I meant to see her on Friday, but when I called to tell her so, she was wailing so about a terrible headache that I thought it was better not to. Though afterwards I thought I was probably wrong, for she exaggerates her sufferings & would have liked the attention. I thought of course of asking her here, (no, I mean L. I. C.) but she seemed so overcome by the complications of minor journeys in the city, that I thought a trip out here would be more frightening than pleasant, so I broke her to Dixie, at that nice Schaffner at 42nd around the corner

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Wednesday -

(11 June 41)

Darling -

Look what I found - and after I thought I'd used it all up!

Well, I got a big shock yesterday when my telephone rang & it was your mother. You can you haven't heard from her, though I'll bet you have, your Aunt Addie (?) has had a heart attack & is possibly dying. Well, I went down to the hospital & found your mother practically hysterical. She can't deal with a crisis at all, can she? It's amazing how she can have lived so long-

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do, because the poor old thing felt forlorn & unloved & to be forsaken in the face of death would be cruel. And your mother said she just couldn't stay, because she was "a nervous type" & it was too much of a strain & besides, she had a family to look after at home! Why, I was appalled at such a refusal of a fundamental human responsibility. And when I saw the expression on the doctor's face, I was ashamed for her. But he went to work on her — very skilfully too, & presently she began to weaken & then turned to me, reached for my hand & said in the most pathetic tone "What shall I do?" Well, I suppose that was terribly touching, as it not with an easy, pampered life, either, & still dead with such moments as this so inadequately. I was by turns touched by her & shocked by her. Of course I can see that your aunt is maddening, but your mother is so absorbed in her own emotions that she seems without pity. I was present at an interview with the doctor, in which she said she had to go home yesterday & he made a brief but eloquent plea for her to stay — essentially saying that it might make the difference between life & death, & that in any case it would do more than doctors or nurses could

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was her acceptance of my saying she should stay, but think of it — she's an old woman + she behaved as if she were 15 or 16. She talks only of what she is enduring, never once a word of pity or sympathy for her sister + after all, whether you like her or not, she's in hell now + she's a human being. It's pitiful, because it makes your mother's whole life so really meaningless.

Well, that's that — she's staying till tomorrow, when presumably it will be possible to make some more definite prognosis.

Please don't think me unkind, Ja, don't feel that way at all — I really had only said about the loads of love + whole thing.

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Saturday -

(7 June 41)

Darling -

I guess I'll have to stuff this with wrapper today. I've got myself in a jam for time. Joan has been staying with me for several days & I've been spending all my time doing things with her. So now I've got a thousand things that must be done before I set off for the week-end at 12:30.

Wait 'til the heroine of the short clipping has got Dick Bath back with him the time we had dinner together at the Russian Tea Room!

I'm glad you liked such a swell time

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you work - and, so that it was worth the effort + sacrifice of sleep.

I took it to see "That Hamilton Woman" — Laurence Olivier as Nelson + Vivien Leigh as Lady Hamilton as you probably know. Not a great movie, but pretty good, all the same — very well acted + very beautiful to look at. It was fun to see Lord's reactions. She absolutely loved it + demands to see it again. She's always fascinated by the idea that she's seeing history + is troubled that she hasn't seen Nelson fall on the deck of the "Victory" at Trafalgar! Did I tell you she was mad about "the Great Dictator" too?

Bachelor of Love — C

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Saturday -

5 June 41

Sweetheart -

How I sit, in shorts + a halter on the lawn (sic) at Old Cricket, basking in a good hot, but not too hot, sun. Sister is in the shade of the walnut tree, reading the morning Times, Joan is sprawled beside me, tough + Bert have gone off to Ridgefield on some sort of shopping expedition for lumber or something. The day is heavenly, neither hot nor cold, + so was yesterday. The nights are still very chilly, though.

Yesterday was extraordinarily perfect, but I'll

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children — but I doubt they will.

But the biggest disaster was the climax of our day when Hugh had a bad fall and sprained his ankle. Of course that's not terrible either, but seared us because we thought it was broken. He was in agonizing pain all the way up to his hip and within 5 minutes after he fell there was a great lump on his ankle the size of an egg. Sister & Bart got him into the car & I'll be damned if Joan & I didn't have to walk back to the house. They finally returned a little after ten, leaving Hugh

of troubles, minor & major. First there was no ice (forgotten!) & the milk went sour & the meat got a bit high. Then there was no hot water because Hugh had forgotten to get coal & housework was complicated. But such matters were minor, for presently Joan, who was slashing at weeds with a sickle hit Stubby — just a half inch above his eye — & cut him right to the bone. Of course that could be dealt with all right, but the escape was narrow, and I really think they ought to learn how to use that a sickle is no toy to

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to the hot. Kiaes hospital
for x-rays (the doctor
thought it was broken
too) and finally had
it strapped up. Of
course he was relieved
by its lack of serious-
ness but it was a very
bad sprain, and Joanne
said been in intense pain
and still was. We
filled him up with
whiskey and aspirin &
put him to bed.
So that was our first
day. We trust that
today will be without
event!
I'm dying to hear
about your week-end,
which sounds very
special indeed.
Loads of love, Peter-
C.

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Wednesday.

(5 June 41)

Sweetie -

Got that yesterday - never a letter when all I got was that record - the picture of St. Ignatius together! Good!

Yes, I heard Roosevelt speak and thought it very stirring — in his restrained way. It went just as far as the head of a democratic nation could go, and he stood to win, and this required no words. His words were good, too. But it's never the classic quality of Churchill's, but it does to whom words we listen these days.

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but they're strange bedfellows, aren't they — to when you throw in the Williams + Tabor couple. you certainly have a pretty queer assortment for a socialist + an idealist to be hanging around street corners with.

Well, I don't know how I got onto that — I didn't intend to!

No, I'm not read Robertson books though I'd very much like to, + yes, I did get a thrill out of the sinking of the Bismarck, although I'm ashamed to say it. It's a shocking thing to be jubilant over 1400 hundred human beings sent to

guess he comes second. It's a comfort to hear him — strong, uncompromising, and logical — after the outbursts of Lindbergh + his crew. I am glad the opposition can still speak in this country, + that any who choose may listen, but I wish it were a more respectable opposition. Not that I doubt his sincerity, but I doubt profoundly his essential humanity + respect for the individual — which all adds up to his not wishing the world to be democratic. That's not true, I guess, I know Norman Thomas — my

wanted can be seen. But wait towards Rumble
the bottom of the sea, not
to mention what it rep-
resents in terms of waste
of money, labor, time,
etc. when so valuable a
piece of property is de-
stroyed. Think what
the equivalent could have
done to save instead
of destroy. Oh God, why
must that madman rule
the world + with him
this apocalyptic violence
+ destruction, so that
decent people like you +
me rejoice at so hideous
a business?

how I'll return to
earth - bang - + say, yes,
I think a light gabardine
would be well - either
blue or brown, I should think
looks best. I should think
I'd like plain better than
hair line since you tropical

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9-June-41

Just as soon as you can, will you let me know when you expect to get here — what hour, what day! This is because I'm invited to visit Alice & the dates would depend to some extent on when I must get back here to be here when you arrive, if you see what I mean. Alice's sister is being married shortly, so I shan't go till after that's all over, naturally, which does bring it close to your return. This doesn't mean, darling, that I'm

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have to officiate at a wedding besides. Anyhow I don't see any sense in breaking your neck over the packing & staying up till all hours & then arriving all tense & exhausted. I'd much rather you were leisurely. I do though you're right about the shortness of the summer, I still can't seem to feel that a day or two make any difference — I'd rather you arrived moderately rested on the 26th than tired to death on the 24th since you have to pack! Do you know how much time the wedding will take? Where is it, by the way?

less than eager for your return, only that I'm devoted to Alice, & if I could be sitting around talking with her or doing things with her, it would be more fun than coming back here to sit on my fanny & bite my nails just because you might come on one day, but don't come till 2 days later. Sister & Joan will be gone to Baton & practically everyone I know is out of town, so I'd be lonely & bored. I just don't see how you can get here on the 24th since that was the day you set originally & now you

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And while we're on plans — I suppose you expect to go to Coxsackie shortly after you get here. When do you think? I really should write Tommy about when (roughly only) we'd be likely to come there. Shall we stay a week? Or less? I'd like the week, but I don't want to drag you away from your work for too long. They're expecting us Laines in Aug. so it would be something in July. Why don't we go to Cox. in small pieces — a bit here, a bit there? I think that works better — neither you nor your mother get into such states!

Are you likely to get here Saturday in the day? That is, if, for instance, you arrived on the 26th, could you get back

Monday –

Sweetie. (2 Jan 43

I guess you'll probably get two letters together again, for the one I wrote Saturday I/c- got to take down to Cross River to mail + didn't done mail in the box at the corner of our own road – probably foolishly – but we've been here so little that I'm afraid the postman isn't in the habit of looking for our little red flag.

Well, the rest of our week-end went off very well with no further disasters. And as a matter of fact, Hugh's whole head is tight

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walks on Saturday — up to the fire-tower — remember? Only we go on a trail through the woods instead of along the road. We spent some time in the little museum talking to the curator — or whatever one calls the man in charge of such a museum. He certainly is a round peg in a round hole. He knows intimately every living thing within his geographical range — plant, insect, animal, bird, etc. — knows their habits, their appearance, the sounds they make. I swear they must think him one of themselves. It's quite

side. It at least kept him from hoeing up any more of the landscape! Burt stayed around till Sat. night & did all the masculine jobs, such as cutting up wood, shovelling coal, etc. He also drove to Ridgefield to errands & generally made himself invaluable. The weather remained perfect all day Saturday, though it broke soon after dark with pouring rain, and was unpleasant all day yesterday — cold, gray, & raw with rain off & on. So we came home early yesterday. But we did manage to get in a

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fascinating to listen to him + realize that he has a special set of awarenesses that open a whole world to him which is closed to me and to many of us. Not that I particularly want to inhabit it — not that of have it as world which is just as closed to him — but just that it is good to realize how various experience is, + how various human capacities. Thank God we still live — all of us — in a world where those individual values are recognized and allowed to flourish. And pray God we somehow manage to preserve that world from those who would destroy it. Doesn't love

C

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[29 May 47]

No, it's Wednesday - that's what happens when school closes - I can't tell one day from another, + because we're all to Glass River tomorrow, I thought it must be Fri. !

There, now I've already talked so much I can hardly write back + begin my letter! Anyhow, we are all to the country tomorrow for the weekend & the best we'll leave till July 4th, since it's a 3 day week-end - leaving as soon as tough jobs through work tomorrow.

Will your bridal duties make you late getting

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how. I do think it's nice you were asked, even if you're later getting here — it's nice to know you are a friend to someone who needs one — and that he wants you with him at this crucial point.

Speaking of Charlie reminds me of Charley Dorey, who was asked to cross Niva this week-end, but in vain, since he was going to Buffalo with Ben. I'm awfully sorry, because Hugh has started going steady with Nina on the place, chopping down trees, pruning shrubs, doing things to the lawn, etc., without knowing one thing about what he's doing.

Have, or do you still expect to get here on the 24th as before stated? I suppose you may have to be a day later, since that will take a good bunch of time. Not that a day more or less on the summer really matters. Are there going to be any pre-marital festivities that you'll be expected to attend? Well, of course if there are any you will be expected — after all, you're the next most important man to the bridegroom! Golly, poor little Charlie will be washed out by leaving you to stand beside him. Don't lose the ring! Aug-

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Even I know some mistakes he is making, but no one can stop him except Charley, whose expert knowledge Hugh respects + is willing to follow. So Sister invited him with the idea of getting the depredations stopped — or at least guided — as soon as possible! He is coming next week-end, but in the meantime Hugh will be loose on the place for 3 days + may leave nothing but the stone walls + a few dandelions by the time he marines get there!

All for today, except to send my love, darling.

C.

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Monday -
[26 May 41]

Darling,

Don't think that just because I'd used up two D's paper you're going to get company paper inevitably from this point on! No. This time you're going to have left-over scraps.

I'm troubled over your being a bad man, though I think it's rather pathetic that Charlie has no very dear friend to whom he could inevitably go. This is not to minimize his affection or admiration for you, but you say yourself that the relation between you is not a close intimate one, so that essentially means that Charlie has no such person which is rather pathetic.

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Yes to the present – Florida it's perfectly "correct" as well as sensible to wait. You know now beautifully the position of a close friend & the family & close friends very often wait till after the wedding, so as to see what others give and so be sure to supply a real want, not just make a gesture. Write a note to the bride and tell her this is what you plan to do, and ask her to keep it in mind and let you know what she likes. Then if she doesn't (and she very likely will), ask her when you're there for the wedding. What are you to wear? It's one of those white flannel weddings, be sure to get some very ones! But I expect it won't be – they're getting well out of style. May this find Alice

your new suit by then, the only reason for urging you to do it at once is that you mentioned a green shade + that shade in gabardine is becoming to very few men. I think it might be tolerably all right - but it might make you look sallow, which you fairly easily do. Get the idea? How about some other color? It seems too bad if you're going to have a new suit not to have it in time for such an occasion.

I just looked at the news about Marion. I'll bet any money they weren't married in Feb. The evidence has been against it before, but now I should say it's practically complete. It's just too neat to be anything else. And if

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course the ideas of John Doits of the washing makes us laugh with malicious glee. He'll do plenty before he's through. And he'll have a tough time for the next few years, too, with innumerable adjustments to make and constant subordinations of his very strong ego. I don't mean to be unkaritable, though, for of course in a sense it's not John's fault that he is as he is. But it is partly his fault, and some discipline, forced upon him by circumstance, will do him no harm — so long as he can take it, and grow as a result of it. Can he, do you think? Anyhow, I don't envy Marian!

Loads of love, precious

C.

[illegible] Army 47

Sunday -

[23 May 41]

Darling,

We just had a long letter from Tommy including an invitation to visit them - remarking, with characteristic modesty, that she was afraid we shouldn't want to come now she couldn't offer seeing Eva as an inducement any more, but perhaps the national park could be one! I should rather be assured that seeing Eva is plenty of inducement, though we might take in the nat. park on the side! Glen's brother Sandy has been sent home from Japan with

Yes, I do know Evelyn Swarthout is not well, but somewhat. Alice knew her well when she was at school. I wrote you about going to a concert & hers at Town Hall last year, but of course she meant nothing to you then, so you've forgotten it. She's a cousin of Gladys Swarthout, you know — and an awfully nice girl as well as a very attractive one. She now lives in Washington as her husband has a job which either is there or takes them (I believe he "travels" much of

surprisingly, of course. And Glenn himself is having difficulties with losing men to the army. Bill Plummer was a reserve officer & is gone — a serious loss, of course.

How interesting that you know someone for the Zangen — I was even brought to read through the list. The latest statement was that the ambulance drivers would be held, all others released. Incidentally, did you realize that the famous book ship not only people but also cargo before sinking the boat? That means ambulances & large quantities of medical supplies.

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the time, though - it's something or other in the music line that he does) and she had already been fairly successful with some recent work in Washington, so the move seemed a good one.

Thanks for the clipping - I was surprised at how strongly Lawrence felt about a matter that no one in U.S. is very excited about! But let us reasonably hope the fish are not to be put out to grass, only out to a new and vastly more up-to-date home - which, it seems, if one is really sympathetic with fish, one has been feeling quite passionately for some time that they needed!

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Wednesday -

[22 May 41]

Sweetie -

Mrs. Dalp's paper is all gone - I hasten to reassure & encourage you & you see, life is not so bad, after all!

Well, how did I manage even to tell you about going to Bronx?! Too busy explaining why I'm late with letters, I suppose. Anyhow, we have been for the last 2 weekends. Not long ones, as in the fall, for Hugh has to work until 12:30 on Sat. so, what with walking and traffic and all, it's late by the time

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tree pianos in E. Lansing. And I'm glad you're making the contact with Krauheimer. Sorry I'd missed the "w", but the whole name was more or less of a leap in the dark for me — it was just a lot of wiggles with a bump in the middle & I guessed was an "h" — and a dot somewhere in the last half that I guessed meant an "i". God knows I'm in no position to throw stones, but I am sometimes stumped completely by words in your letters, names I generally just guess at!

Don't let your music keep you from golf — I'm we get up there & have we have to leave early-ish on Sunday to get ahead of traffic. In other words, they're not such good weekends as they were last fall. But it is beautiful, of course, and a delight to go, even for so short a time.

I'm glad you're enjoying working on the piano so much, even though it does introduce complications, by way of unsatisfied desire. I'm sure you can use Sister's all you want to this summer. Not that it's much of a piano, but probably as good as the pres-

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sure that's been good for you, & anyone in your necessarily overwrought state very definitely needs outdoor exercise.

Glad you got out of the concert, though any good Harvard man ought to feel a twinge at missing "Believe me if All those Endearing Young Charms"!

I think a gabardine suit would be swell - it's a beautiful material & very satisfactory, I believe, if properly cleaned. Just be careful about color & what it does to you also, & how it fits with your shoulders squared!

How good that you had the balcony trip - it should be visualized as I remember the surroundings of E. Lansing! Endless love - E.

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Monday —
[20 VIII 41]

Sweetie,

So you're excited about Mr. Hess, too! Our letters about him must have just about crossed. Perhaps by now you're beginning to feel about it as we do — that it probably has no real significance, except so far as Hess personally is concerned. My guess is that Hess, a man of not very high intelligence, but of fanatic devotion to a leader + a cause, has discovered that the leader is infinitely more subtle than he had imagined + infinitely more of a realist than himself, who has a perfectly clear and in

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personal criticism with his fanatic excesses of anti-Semitism + anti-Bolshevism — as well as all sorts of other things, including the melodramatic flight — would argue against it. I suspect Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, et al, once Hess got over their first shock, are rather glad to have him out from under foot, the must have been a nuisance + I shouldn't be surprised if they'd been treating him rather like one. So there you have my opinion, as of today! It may be very different tomorrow + may, God knows, be very wrong. I think the really serious thing that's been view, but will make any amount of compromise, do any amount of shifting, veering, teaching to attain that end, for the end itself just what which Hess had envisaged. He can't compromise — he's too simple. So he got out — to the one place on that side of the ocean where he was sure he'd be safe! That may not be quite fair, for I think he is the type, not at all uncommon in germany, capable of selfless devotion to a cause + his flight may not have been to save his skin, but to save something outside himself. I doubt for a minute though he's a normal personality — the combination of his

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happening is the sell-out of the Vichy government to Germany. It's been being predicted for some time by the Nation + by a number of French journalists refugeeing in this country. But it's none the less tragic + threatening when it happens. What price the "Lion of Verdun" now? The people of France may be the most civilized in the world — heaven knows we've told it often enough — but they are certainly politically immature.

Well, this is another late letter — I wonder if I'll be able to write this time. But just mail it! Loads of love —

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Friday -
[17 May 41]

Sweetie,

This is going to be about 4 words in a terrible mess — but Dorothy Thompson will ple in your reading time, anyhow! I came across that bus day I got your letter about the bombing of London, + it was so apropos I saved it for you - little as I usually save for D. T.! But I think this, though rather prolix, is good journalism, and of course she lit upon what most of

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them as you have at Harvard, but I've spent a lot there, & have loved those places dearly, feeling them always as a definite part of my heritage, the soil from which I grew. I can't think now of one building of major importance in London which remains undamaged. How vast the loss to the world — not only to the beauty, which is irreplaceable, but to historic significance, & human meaning. England is so much a product of growth, of slow development — the superficial significance of the 3 important buildings, all lit in the same raid, & summing up so neatly the contributions of England to the growth & enrichment of the human spirit.

Yes, I see ~~that~~ why it seems unreal to you — more so than to me, of course, since those places have only a sort of legendary quality to you, while to me they are as real as, say, the Harvard Yard is to you. Not that I've spent so much time among

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velopment + gradual ma-
turing — with a magnif-
icent sense of continuity
as people saw enough
to let the new grow from
the old, rather than de-
stroying + then replacing.
And London was the
microcosm of that growth
— everything was here
from the Roman bath
to the essence of 1930
modernism — there was
no comparable city in
the world + it's tragic
indeed that it should
be so ruthlessly torn
to pieces.

4 words ?! Well, I got
on my hobby horse, I
guess. Dearest love —

C.

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Wednesday -
[14 May 41]

Darling.

I thought this clipping would interest you since you already know the play. It certainly deserved to be officially recognized.

I was interested in & saddened by - what you wrote of the Red Cross in E. Lansing. Oh dear, if we are going to fight for democracy, it is shocking that we must also behave in this Nazi fashion & persecute those who disagree with us politically. It is also dangerous, as well as shocking - those who disagree with us must not be driven to underground

find yourself one if you weren't careful what you said in such a spot as that. You've other functions to perform, but all the same, it must burn you up.

What is your theory about Rudolf Hess? Oh — I'd like to know his — what is Hilton's? How utterly fantastic the whole thing is! And the public press, as well as the radio, is filled with a spate of theories & opinions as to what is behind it — what individual or public plot, what fantasy or belief, what madness or what thought. It is something that couldn't happen outside of a Hollywood movie, ground activity. In England they have their representatives in Parliament & their opportunities to speak openly of what they believe. Yet England is already up to her neck in the desperate struggle — nor does her effort seem impaired by the fact that her citizens still may believe & speak as they choose. They have a right to talk about fighting to democracy. But we poor dumb Yanks, if this goes on, it makes me sick at heart. Of course you are right to be circumspect yourself — being a martyr to a cause is not your métier, any more than it is mine, & you might easily

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and it has happened. Do you suppose we shall ever know what is really at the back of the whole story?

I'm so sorry about Elizabeth Webb, though perhaps it will be with her as I have heard it often is with the old — an wrecked case, easy to control, & really won apart of the general break-up of the body from a disease in itself in the same way it is with those who are young. But it is, in any case, pitiful, — and so unfair.

Loads of love, precious.

C.

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Monday—

(12 May 41)

Darling,

What a complete creature of habit I seem to be! I wrote you as usual on Friday + as usual tucked the letter in my bag to be mailed in the G.C.T. on my way home. Then I was invited to have dinner with Sally Rae, (our crafts teacher + quite an artist as well as a very nice girl) + to do that got off at Marble Hill + took the subway. So just because I didn't follow my usual pattern, I didn't have my usual set of ideas, which include remembering to mail a letter to you as I go through the lower level concourse! The thought struck me during the evening — in the

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them across Siberia overland. The P.O. knew nothing of any such service & in fact said there wasn't any. But I'm sure there is, for Jeanette told me to send many things that way, hers came that way, & what's more both she & Wanda said they had only letters sent that way have much chance of arriving. So I got the stamps that would carry it this mail to Japan, put on a lot more, & mailed it. God knows if it will ever arrive. I thought later that of course the thing to do would have been to call up Franz Boshas - a friend of Willi's & my broker - & ask him to send mail by them. Well, to get back to my restaurant - But by the time we left I was so full of lobster & strawberry shortcake that the main story again eluded me. Then, since my ordinary non-school day pattern doesn't include mailing letters to you unless they're out in sight, I forgot it completely till I began organizing to go to school today & found the letter, along with one to Jeanette. So then I put on an extra stamp & marked it Air Mail, & thought I'd mail it in the station on the way to D.T.. In the meantime I made a trip to the Big P.O. on 45th St. to get information on postage for Jeanette's letter - Air mail to Japan &

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Jardinal above — I got so disturbed over all that that I marched right past the mail boxes without even putting your letter in, so here I am, still carrying it about! There, I've written a whole letter about nothing — how stupid!

Well, I'm glad you want to see the National Gallery — I just didn't want to force you into it, especially after you'd been so firm about the necessity of getting some real work done this summer — a necessity which I do understand & sympathize with, though it sometimes seem not to, I know. I see no reason why you shouldn't enjoy Italian painting, once you've got accustomed to it, & I do quite understand why you don't

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Friday -

<12 May 45>

Darling:

I'm so glad you're working at the piano again, for I'm sure you'll find a lot of satisfaction in it once you get going. And anyhow, do make the most of the contact with Wanklein — there aren't enough people there that you - I don't - can really enjoy, to lose any good opportunities. Besides, he's obviously in a receptive attitude toward you, which shows he knows a good thing when he ~~sees~~ sees it, but also it's true that receptive attitudes don't last indefinitely unless they're responded to. Don't leave for the summer without

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thinks what they mean. Of course I can't even remember what they are, but at least I know what they mean! Of course I know nothing of what divers do exactly, but that just seems like such an enormous figure, considering the size of the thing you're getting! However, Wilbur has no sense, of course, & I suppose he's capable of such a fantastic idea as that. God, how long would it be before you really made any money?

Sorry about Tommy Wilmer's birthday - it would have been nice to give him something, though it seems a little foolish to send all the way from S-G anything heavier, made some definite move in his direction!

Sorry you still don't like your mother's + father's pictures, but I still don't understand why, except that you're not used to the real change in your mother's appearance made by the hair. Well, being 'em along anyhow.

I just can't believe Wilbur's diner cooks that, too, can you? Your mother's remarkable capacity for getting figures fantastically wrong backs me up in a skeptical attitude! Remember how many times we've caught her making strange confusions of figures? She never seems to stop to

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so inexpensive as a child's toy. It would probably have cost as much to send it as to buy it!

Sister & I went yesterday to see Walter Pach's current show - his first one-man show in several years. I felt much pleased by it, for I think he's reaching a considerable degree of artistic maturity: the known where he's going and he has a style which is definite and recognizable, and this even was too common in contemporary artists, who are very likely to be merely a combination of influences.

Buckets of love, mother

C.

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Wednesday -

[7 May 47]

Darling,

I seem to have a
brain in my pen — no, I guess
it's worked out. Excuse the
irrelevance — I merely
wanted to explain why
my writing was more
than usually illegible, now
I have no alibi!

Well, your letter has
just come, & I am filled
with relief & gratitude.
You received mine exactly
as I had hoped — with
sweet reasonableness, as I
said, & the whole matter
will serve rather to in-
crease our understanding
of each other than to
make a cause of discord
between us. Thanks so
my pet, very, very much.

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I'd like to see it with you, but if you prefer not, I can go down before you get here. It's just possible Sister & Hugh might drive down before then, in which case I could get a free ride. Well, you might take it under advisement.

Now I must tell you a major bit of news that happened last week but never got told because I was so concerned over the more personal matters we were discussing. Hugh has another new job — for defense! It's a wonderful job — working on the new base at Trinidad. It's the best paid and the most extraordinary job he's ever had. Head draughtsman

here we can devote ourselves to making the understanding more complete this summer.

And by the way, you do intend to work this summer, don't you? I'm sure that would be all to the good, by way of building for the future, & for your peace of mind, for I'm sure the last two summers of playing have bothered your conscience somewhat. I hope, though you may feel like going to Washington, if even for a few days only, that you will see the Indian exhibit. I don't mean just because I want to, but because a collection of such importance only a couple of hundred miles away, I'd be ashamed — frankly — not to have seen it

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man he is, which means he's the boss essentially — & gets $85. a week. Isn't that superb? They can now catch up on themselves financially. Of course the hope is that it may lead to other things when his position is done. As to tendencies what they are, so far as dancing, etc. are concerned, getting into a responsible job for the government seems like a pretty good bet. It's an immense relief to us all. Of course, to have him not only in congenial work, but also in remunerative work, which the other job was not, leaves [illegible] of depression.

C.

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Monday –

[5 May 47]

Angel,

I am in such a state of nerves – over the letter I last wrote you. I worry & worry over it & think about it all the time. But I don't know what's the use of my saying this – except to emphasize one more that I am not taking to take it all very seriously & that it matters intensely to me what the effect of the letter is on you. So – slide down it now, & turn to answering a less complicated letter of yours.

Who is Alice? Well, she's the librarian at school, whom I've known slightly for years. But for some reason unknown intimately till this year.

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at school with a cousin in E. Lansing. I wish you'd find out who it is + tell me — sheer curiosity on my part, for it can't be anyone I know well, otherwise I'd be aware of it, & so often quote you as the subject of how things are in E. Lansing — all the way from weather to political opinion! By the way, while we're on that topic — what's the feeling in E. Lansing about Lindbergh, his making such a stir + making some people afraid of his power as a leader of public opinion — in the wrong direction! They say his major support is in the west, but how

And that has been my loss, for it's been one of the most rewarding friendships I've known. We share any number of interests + share an attitude toward life. And all that makes our companionship and-dandy delightful, as you can imagine. I do hope you can make it so I could enjoy her enormously. I know it also means a few kinks for you. She's a beautiful gal! But as for a divorce in connection with her — oh no. You must have misread my letter or else I miswrote it. It's Bill who's getting a divorce. Maybe I used some rather vague pronouns which you referred back to the wrong person. But I didn't know there was anyone

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about the middle west?
And did you hear Conant
Yesterday? It was a
swell speech. I thought
— Conant, straight
from the shoulder, with
a perfect balance of re-
alism + idealism in his
statement of the case for
our going into the war.
And of course it was the
speech of a scholar + a
gentleman — in form + in
thought + its delivery, all
of which is refreshing
after you've listened for
Lindbergh — or any number
of others. It could not
conceivably be called
jingoism + you can listen
to it with the greatest
respect for the intellectual
+ emotional integrity of
the speaker + therefore
respect yourself for
agreeing with him.
3 sheets of love, Pat - C.

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Thursday -

[1 May 41]

Sweetheart,

I didn't write this yesterday because I didn't want to write in the confusion of the train an answer to your long letter, which I have taken just as seriously + thoughtfully as you meant me to. As a matter of fact, I had been thinking the whole thing over for some time, because I'd more or less expected it after the earlier letter, which I had not overlooked, nor forgotten, but had intended to answer as

am grateful to you, too, for wanting me to come. But, darling, I, am not yet ready. I don't know how to explain to you in a letter exactly what I mean. It would be easier, were you here. You'll just have to be as understanding & as patient as you were in your letter. I am in a state of insecurity & confusion and do not feel now that I am equal to a very difficult set of readjustments. I know you realize that it would be an uprooting for me. But you do not altogether realize what an uprooting

soon as I had more or less thought it out and had time to write an unhurried answer. Your second letter makes it easier because it's all just much more specifically and definitely, so that I know just what there is to be thought over & answered. And I assure you I have thought — almost constantly, day & night — literally. I am grateful to you for your letter — for it's clarity, for it's "sweet reasonableness", for its deference to my opinions and wishes. I

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ing does to me, nor how intensely I suffer from it. This is not to say that I think myself incapable of ever believing another one, only that I am not now equal to it. The degree to which my stability + emotional security were shattered by my father's death, by the loss of my home, by Rilke's death, is very considerable and not easy for you to understand because of the difference in our temperaments. Often, when I try to explain, you say you don't understand what I mean — and sometimes you don't even believe it. This is not in any

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cause an accusation, nor an expression of resentment on my part. You are as you are and I am as I am — and our very difference will very probably in the end enrich us both. But I am only trying to say that now you must try as much as you can to understand the intense reality of something that is not within your own experience. Nor must you think this is a selfish decision on my part. I am thinking of you every bit as much as of myself. You simply have no conception of the burden that would be imposed on you were I to come right now —

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that would be too hard on you and would come between you and your work as well as disturb your stability. God knows this is not meant as criticism of you, but as a confession of weakness in myself. I should, by coming out there, take on myself something beyond my present strength and I should not be able to take it without more help than you ought — or could safely — give me. Do you remember how hard you found me to live with two summers ago? Well, it would be like that — at least. And on your already unstable & delicately balanced nervous & emotional equipment. I am just beginning to get myself somewhat straightened out and I am definitely not ready for a new severe strain. Think of me as a person who has had several major operations & who must regain a certain amount of strength before having another. I am emotionally very dependant & those on whom I depend are here. Were I to go to E. Lansing I should hang around you much & make demands on you

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you'd be trying to work, with an incessant emotional demand on you.

Wait, darling, wait — till our own relationship is a little deeper, a little clearer, and till I myself am a little stronger.

Of course none of this really answers your letter's specific points, but deals with another aspect of the problem. But it simply seems to me far more major than the financial matters you discussed. So I don't really answer those. Besides, we don't really know much about what shape we're going to be

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in financially. Taxes will go up, but no one knows much about how, & how much. There's a different statement every few days. Neither do we know what will happen to dividends. So I don't feel the pressure you do about taking a financial step now.

There, my pet, I've done the best I can to say what I mean without saying what I do not mean. And I hope you will be able to follow this in the spirit in which I have written it, to know that I am not accusing or criticizing you at all — and to

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know that I am not thinking merely of myself & of what I want, & don't want. I hated to write this, to inflict disappointment on you — I am miserable this minute. But I know myself & you too well, to know that if I did not write it I should in time and with worse than disappointment on you.

Now you may say to me whatever you please, dear, and I shall try to understand.

With a great deal of love —

C.

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(28 Apr 41)

Monday –

Darling – Could be awfully mean was a good deal ashamed to write about myself. Well, I'm now recuperating from a weekend in Stamfordville – aren't you jealous? As a matter of fact, I had a very good time, really. Alice & I drove up Friday, making Antrim on one way to dinner – at one of those restaurants on the parkway. And it really was uncanny, to be was coming from W.P. & we from Dobbs Ferry, with all sorts of irregularities of traffic to deal with, etc., but he drove in just as we stepped out of our car – couldn't have been more than one minute apart! We

for the spring is nowhere nearly so far advanced up there as down here so you felt as if it were march instead of April. In the afternoon Alice went off with Emily in the car & I stayed at home & read — I learned long ago not to go off with Emily in the car — my hair would look greyer than it is. Then Alice & I drove to Paulsboro to meet Charley who was coming by train to join the party. We made another perfect connection, too — his train pulled in just as we pulled up the car at the end & I jumped out, he got off the train just as I reached it & we were back in the car and a very poor dinner, as one generally does in such places — & the worst cocktail I ever downed. I mean they'd flavored it with cinnamon & Arturo loathed, but I made him take it & he conceded the point!

The rest of the evening — after we arrived I mean — we spent sitting by the fire, talking & drinking with Emily. Both Arturo & Emily were at their best this week-end & I really did enjoy them a lot, Arturo can be a delightful person, you know. Sat. we slept late & then Alice & I went for a walk, up through the fields & the woods. It was lovely but a little disappointing

before the motor stopped!
Well, the evening was a
big party as you would
have liked it - very
motley, rather noisy in-
teresting as a study in
human nature, but that
was about all. Of the
dozen guests we fill
in - Dan Hyatt + a former sister-
in-law of Arthur's - one
of those honey-dide
Southerners, but a very
nice woman, all the
same. The party went
till 3:30, then we
changed the clocks + it
was 4:30. Two people
had passed out in the
course of the evening -
one of them had to
have a doctor before he could
be put on the train. That
was the last of them. That
seems to be all there is
time for. But anyhow,

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Friday -
[25 Apr 41]

Sweetie -

I certainly have/ drawn a deep breath/ for the last 48 hours - and a good thing, too,/ for with all the behind-/hand-/ness, I've had no time/ for deep breathing! It's going to Autumn/ for me week-end that provided the impetus, & it seems to be the only way I really get things done. I had a half-made dress that had been lying around, worked on now & then in desultory/ fashion since Feb.! Now I've turned to & finished it, so as to wear it for

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particular people had wished me, + a first invitation should always be accepted. Their name, oddly enough, is Tweedy, but they don't know of any relatives in Danbury. They're nice people, though — perhaps all people named Tweedy are nice!

I'm terribly sorry about Walt's brother, and I can imagine very well how he's feeling. I know so well what he means when he says they "jitted" — it describes a quality that exists only, I suspect, in a relationship between, of the same generation + the same sex. One is fortunate enough, too, to find it, and benefit indeed, if having had it, he must lose it. Nothing else can

destroy it, + a first invitation should always be accepted. Their name, oddly enough, is Tweedy, but they don't know of any relatives in Danbury. They're nice people, though — perhaps all people named Tweedy are nice!

I'm terribly sorry about Walt's brother, and I can imagine very well how he's feeling. I know so well what he means when he says they "jitted" — it describes a quality that exists only, I suspect, in a relationship between, of the same generation + the same sex. One is fortunate enough, too, to find it, and benefit indeed, if having had it, he must lose it. Nothing else can

Antmar's party. And in the process of getting out my slacks, not worn since Chas., I got out those spring things + got winter ones put away. And so it went — I worked frantically + cruddy etc or went to bed at all, but I got a lot done that is now checked off for the spring, so it was worth it. Tonight I shall eat an enormous dinner + tomorrow I shall sleep till noon + then shall thoroughly enjoy the rest of the week-end. The one pity is that I was invited to a party tomorrow night, which I had to decline, of course, + felt sorry because it was the first time two

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take its place, which of course Will knows to which is of the essence of what he must now be suffering. This is not to say that other relationships cannot mean as much — only that they cannot be the same — that one door is forever closed and the space in which the spirit lives narrowed by that much.

I'm so glad the report was received with the respect due it & that you are optimistic as to it's effect on policy. Both good news & all much to your credit — very likely eventually to your profit.

Now, I must write a note to Elizabeth Purdy (another odd coincidence in the first name, I just realize) so this will be all for

Love, except kisses to C.

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Wednesday -
[23 Apr 47]

Darling.

Thanks for holding me the head of the list. Your dept. agreed with me about the war - it's very comforting & good for my ego! How I shan't dare say what I think again for fear of not hitting it right but time is so spoiling the good impression.

Indeed it would be wonderful to be able to talk it all out with God & to hear what thoughts were the fruit of his wisdom and his knowledge. But at least we know something of what he would have said simply because we know him. And it is something for which I do not cease to be thank-

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but in the same pattern — without hope of present victory, but that there may be eventual victory. Dick it invaluable to see how liberty has meant something real and of inestimable value to the Greeks ever since Greece first gave birth to the idea of the right of the individual to freedom. God knows Greece has been too little and too poor to have allies always taking her freedom from her. But eventually she gets it back again. Did you hear Col. Donovan talk a week or 10 days ago? The wedding of talking with the Greek soldiers on the front — especially the wounded — and of [illegible] that he was spared the necessity of living through another dreadful war. He would have suffered so — especially now, over the agony of Greece — for her own sake and for my mother's. I was thinking only this morning, as I read of how the Greeks were leading Thermopylae, of how this was a sort of parallel now, on a vastly larger scale, of that moment of exalted heroism in Greece's past. The Spartans held Thermopylae till the last man was dead, not because they thought they could stop Persia then, but to give Athens time, so that eventually Marathon might be won. This time it's the whole nation that holds back the invading hordes.

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even and but then we'd probably have
how moved he was to hear
Dean talk so simply + so
passionately of liberty for
which they were quite
ready to die — all
with none of the shame or
embarrassment any Anglo-
Saxon would have felt. I
And, by the way, I wish
someone would take
Colonel Lindbergh + push
him off the Empire State
building. He + his kind
could ruin the works.
I want to hear what
you + Everett got by way
of reaction to your report.
It should give you results,
of course, though that
doesn't follow. It will stay-
here, I'm sure it was good
to be it.
I bought some brackets
for plants yesterday - wish
I had you to help me plan

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Monday –
(21 April 1947)

Sweetheart.

I feel more than frantic every day – just the way you do when you are getting further & further behind myself every day! What is it about the spring that makes that always happen? I guess maybe it's partly what we were talking about a while back – the fact that winter has been a drain on energy & vitality. So I suppose I slow down & get less done in the same time. Anyhow, I'm behind on papers, and behind on all my domestic tasks – from the washing to the spring sewing. And I'm not thanked your mother for the peonies they sent me, or have I written any

so long ago? I don't dare think when. Of course it wasn't an exciting party but it was pleasant & amusing. Lisbet & Bus. Hillehan are equally good story tellers — that is, the sort of gloomy that's just an account of the vacuum cleaner salesman who came that morning or the couple that sat behind her in the bus — you know the sort of thing. Alice is like Rilke in her insatiable interest in human beings, anyhow, & can completely delight/delight by an evening of just studying some kind ones! So I guess it was a success & I have got that obligation off my conscience.

I do hope you will

number of other important letters. Oh dear, oh dear! Well, it always happens, and yet somehow I always get through — some of the things get done late & some never get done, but I survive.

Well, I had a good (too good — for my neglected tasks) week-end. Alice took me to the theatre on Sat. to see "Arsenic & Old Lace" which is an enormously diverting comedy-melodrama about two benign old ladies who are homicidal maniacs — you can imagine the opportunities for humor. Then she came home with me for the night (Alice, not one of the homicidal maniacs!) & yesterday I had a supper party — the chief guests being the Hillehans, whom God knows I'd loved to since

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like the ancestors. Oh Lizzy, too. Clearly wife forgets Dawn her after a while, for I'm going to hate to give her up! I have now taken down all the stiff pictures! They weren't strong enough to carry in competition with the other. I trust this won't hurt your feelings, for it's nothing against the pictures you gave me which are as a matter of fact, much better & greater pictures than the ancestors but too subdued & ordained & too highly sophisticated to compete with her on walls. I think I'm going to put plants in brackets over the sofa, for that wall looks naked. The other is all right with with

Friday –

Swabia – 18 Apr 41

First of all – news came this morning that Uncle John is dead. Of course it is in a sense good news, for the last 10 weeks have been hell for everyone including him. What vitality, when at 85 one can fight death like that – and how dreadful. In a sense, of course, he has been dying ever since just after we left last time. I feel renewed gratitude that Dad & Rika were spared so cruel an end, and I hope to God that no such prolonged agony may be my fate or that of those I love. It makes me sorry again for you that you should be troubled if your mother really has

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for she can hardly stay on alone in that house — and that's not easy, either. I sent flowers from both of us — but of course she'd be awfully pleased & touched if you wrote her just a note of affection & sympathy. I'm glad we were there last summer.

Well, I was interested in your letter this morning about the concert, for I had just been thinking in recent walks about the piano and how I was coming more & more to enjoy it as an instrument to find it increasingly satisfying though for many years I had preferred strings. How I feel that perhaps this shows increasing sophistication in my taste! Voices have never

high blood pressure — it gives her a chance.

But of course right now poor Aunt Alice must be in a dreadful state — after three weeks of terrible strain, and with the ordeal of the funeral to go through, and then the reorganization of her life on a different basis. After you have made one person essentially the center of your life for 35 or 40 years the breach must involve a terrific readjustment. The only way she could live with such a blow would be by complete subordination of herself & that in a sense makes the readjustment more difficult because she has lost what had become her raison d'être. And I suppose she'll have to change her whole way of life, too,

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seemed to me instruments
so equal those made by man,
though I am sometimes
much moved by them.
Too bad you're no way of
hearing WHXR — there's
being a lot of piano
music this month.

Oh, about "Kitty Foyle"
— I was interested in
what you said, for I do
admire Ginger Rogers'
work — she is, as you say,
refreshing after the usual
Hollywood glamour girl —
she has character, per-
sonality & intelligence,
not just looks & sex.
But I haven't seen the
movie, though I've
meant & wanted to. I
didn't think the book
so wonderful, but that's
neither here nor there. I
may get out & change
the movie, & shall watch
for it. Loads of love, Ruth-
C.

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Wednesday -
(16 April 41)

Dearest,

You ask what I think of the war now — well, frankly, it's going about as I expected, though a little faster - at least it was a little faster. You talk as if it were all over & begin to speak of fallen civilizations a thousand years! Well, as I indicate on your remarks, I'm beginning to think I see a familiar pattern in your thoughts. I think, with the Balkan greek successes of the winter (both in material importance & effect on the morale of the democratic world) you (and — to my shame I confess — I) had an attack of extreme optimism & expected the impossible, so that now you are let down & veer to the other extreme. Though you often accuse me

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...fighting guerilla warfare in the mountains. Germany will be victorious but the victory will be costly + she thought it was going to be easy. Also she cannot win the war till she's taken England, and she can't do that when she's being so light elsewhere. I do not see how England can really expect to do anything this year but defend herself as best she can. But I do believe — + I'm almost certain Hitler does — that the war is lost to Germany unless she won this year, and I very much doubt it's being won this year — and Yugoslavia's resistance will have had its very definite part in that. In which Yugoslavia herself, though for a while her lot will be a heavy one, will in the end reap a reward.

No, I don't agree with you that England should of wishful thinking + over-optimism. I think fundamentally I expect less than you + am therefore less subject to disillusionment. I never believed that Hitler would be anything but victorious in the Balkans. But I do think he'll pay high for that victory. He already is, in fact, — both in man + material. That seems to me the function of the Balkan campaign from the Allied point of view — to keep him busy away from England + to make him pay. And what will he have when he's won his victory? Two more small nations to police + keep under control while they recuperate with rebellion + hatred. Yugoslavia was a valuable source of food + minerals to Germany. She will now be war-torn, subject to sabotage, + with large numbers of workers dead or wounded + useless

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Hitler invaded and Poland & waited till she was better prepared. So supposing she had a letter would have known very well what she was doing & seen to it that she went ahead as the same poser himself. It was letting him get the original start that was fatal. And from that point on every time England let down another nation struggling for freedom, the rest of the world grew more cynical about our motives. She should have stacked on the Rhine not the plains of Poland. There is a word from this war, no matter how many medieval ones there may be, & the name England made it clear she was willing to fight for that. The latter, especially from the point of view of what help she was going to get from us, and that is going to be absolutely essential to her. So it is a sentimental notion, & you won't get us into a war

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Monday -

(14 April 41)

Darling -

What a superb Easter present! I managed - but only just - not to open till yesterday; though of course I knew it was a book & pretty certainly an art book on account of size & shape. Then when yesterday actually arrived, I achieved a further moral victory by not opening it till night. I was invited to a party at Charley's & I knew I'd have a let-down after the party & the dismal, lonely trip home on the subway, so I thought I'd save the book till then, & it turned out to

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certainly next, can't quite come up to him, and decided that it was because, in the long run, drawing is more exciting to me than light — it gives an intellectual quality that is a perfect counterbalance for emotion. I am intensely aware that the dynamic, passionate, temperamental feeling is never for an instant out of control of that superb intelligence. I am not sure that draughtmanship is not in the end the most intellectual of the technical achievements of a painter. And certainly he, more than any painter, who ever lived, achieved a

be an excellent idea. I forgot all about the day's excitement being over & had a whole new excitement — or set of excitements — over the book. Of course we knew it at school, so I've seen it & longed for it for a year or two years or however long it is. It really is marvellous, isn't it? I went through it, page by page, at least 3 times before I went to bed & again this morning. It is, I feel renewed conviction, for me the greatest artist who ever lived. I was trying to find exactly why it is — this as I looked at the pictures last night — that Rembrandt, who is

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complete realization of
form through draughts-
manship.

Oddly enough there was
an art program on the
radio yesterday about the
painting of the Sistine
ceiling & I've been going
around all day with
a kaleidoscope of those
pictures whirling in
my mind. Most of it was
done by the director of
the new National Gallery
— very good. He had
seen the pictures a few
years ago when they were
repairing the ceiling —
had been allowed upon
the scaffolding, so that
he saw them as very few
of us ever do, but as one
painter saw them during
those months of agony &
ecstasy & spirit in which
he bore them from his

Friday -
(11 Apr 41)

First I want to say that the book I sent you was a sudden impulse. I meant to send it, but as I walked through the bookshop at Wacy's en route to the gent's Embarkadero, I had the idea - out of the blue - of sending you a detective story for those bored moments. I know it only by reputation - it's one of the so-called highbrow authors, like Dorothy Sayers, supposed to appeal to those who demand not only plot + suspense, but decent literary quality + a degree of intellectual

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Donald this time? I don't mind at all – truly. I got all over minding after my little explosion a year ago! I didn't mind at all in time. So don't hesitate to arrange what you want to.

Well, last night I reorganized – mildly – the table and of the living-room! Did I tell you about the china picture Charley was going to lend me? I think not. Anyhow, the night I was over there with Tilly, he hauled this thing out of a box to show me & when he said he had no place to hang it, I just up & asked him if I could borrow it! Besides, he goes around all the time now – after he's had a couple of drinks – offering the loan to publication. They've acquired quite a reputation. Etc's, as perhaps you know, dramatic critic on one of the big N.Y. papers (I can't remember which one at the moment) and he & his wife wrote a detective story for fun last year, just to see if they could. It was such a success that it has been followed by another. I think it's the second I sent you. Anyhow, I'll be interested to hear what you think of it. Incidentally, bring it when you come so I can read it, too!

And by the way, when do you come – approximately, that is. Are you having an expedition with

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his possessions to all his friends "when I go" — told with a sort of deathbed pain, which it's impossible not to smile at a bit, though god knows there's a grim enough reality behind it. Well — the picture is a little larger than my Japanese painting — both always in it is one of those ancestor paintings — a monumental figure most gorgeously dressed against a rich background. There's a lot of red + gold in it, + some blue, green, yellow, + rose — a bit of black. It's hanging between the scrolls over the table, with the lamp removed so as not to interfere. It makes that end a good balance for the window, and, because it gives it more weight to it than it used before. I'm not sure

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Wednesday -
(9 Apr 41)

Darling -

I'm so sorry about your eyes — and about your general state of mind! But there is this — it's the very worst time of year. It seems to me that I've seen no one in the last two weeks who was not depressed or sick or both. The winter is a long drag on one's vitality under the best conditions, and spring is not yet sufficiently under way to start rebuilding what the winter has worn down. We're all tired, and it tells on body & soul both. Of course I don't think that's at the bottom of your eye trouble but I'm sure it's a contributing cause. I've never known you not to

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measles! She's been sick for 4 or 5 days, but it wasn't 'till yesterday that the doctor discovered what it was. I'm really more distressed for Sister than for her, though, for she's in a state of tired nerves already & has just finished taking care of one invalid. A sick child is a tough proposition, too. And Buck has never had the measles, so we shall be worried about him for 3 weeks! It's a mild enough disease for a child, but can be very bad for an adult.

So then I'll certainly be NO going to Costa Rica for Easter. That would've been, anyway, too, for tough (characteristically, I'm afraid) burned on the water too early, and it

complain of your eyes at this time of year. Of course I'm so sad (flattered by your thinking it would be better — that is, things in general, not the eyes — if I were there. But I'm not sure it isn't an illusion! I should be in the same state after my own fashion, you know, and you'd find me very aggravating, I'm afraid. I was just thinking the other day as a bunch of us sat in the faculty room at tea that at this moment in the year it would be a good thing if everyone could live alone — we all get on each other's nerves so! I can see why more people die at this point in the year.

All of which reminds me — Joanie has the

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...roze. So there's a broken pump + some broken pipes. I was reminded of the fire in the tree in their cartoons. Here goes on till they have a disaster. They wait get caught with frozen plumbing again, but there'll be something else. I hope so what a horrid world it is!

I'm thrilled over the Easter present + promise not to open it till the right day. It will be such fun to have it to look forward to. Yours will be late, I'm afraid, because I was going to shop yesterday, and then Sister asked me to come today with Joan to give her (S) a chance to do some necessary errands. + Joan is some variety in entertainment. So glad to get Easter shopping & the rommage. Will get the

Monday –
(7 Apr 41)

Darling,

I guess I'll do better now that I'm back on a regular schedule again, & my life is confused neither by social interludes nor bad colds!

Thanks for the kind words about my parties, by the way. But you've never been at a real one, where they were people I'm scared of! And I guess I'll never be able to show the people in E. Lansing because the way I get self-confidence enough to action an effect is from the liquor, & remembering my one E. Lansing party, I can see that that's out! Do you think I could achieve any thing on tomato juice? I doubt it.

Well, my largest news is that I've had a letter from Nanette – eight weeks on the way. She says there's

Baldwin situation? Loads & love, sweetie – C.

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crossing on the Mayflower. And when they landed they just had different trunks — interminable waits for mysterious formalities — at one place it took a day & a night to go a distance of 2 kilometres. Trains were dirty, & no food obtainable. They would stop in places where there a tenth as many beds as there were people, etc. etc. Well, you can see how wonderful Germany must have seemed — a place to be at home, to stop moving, with all the warmth & affection of a German welcome, & all the immaculate cleanliness of German living. Her trunks, which contained everything they own except the things that went in a few pieces of hand luggage, plenty of food & everyone is optimistic & in excellent spirits. But you should read the account of the trip — it's like the ones that appear in the magazines except that they were going in the opposite direction. The boat was unspeakably dirty — & verminous. She moved from one cabin to get away from the bedbugs into one so damp the moisture stood on the walls. They ran into a frightful storm which lasted 5 days & the boat nearly was wrecked besides the fact that everyone was deathly ill — not just humorously seasick. And besides the food was almost uneatable & terribly inadequate — no milk, eggs, fresh vegetables or fruit — this with a boatload of women & children. It all sounds like

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she has never seen since she left the port in Spain. All those supplies of food + clothing into which every penny they could scrape together had been put — imagine! She still hopes they'll turn up, but I can't believe they will.

Well, I didn't mean to devote a whole letter to this but here I am, ready to end. Don't worry too much about your mother's high blood pressure — it is so common among those of her years. And at the same time, there is this — the two easiest ways to die are from a heart attack or a stroke + when there are so many dreadful ones, if someone loved deeply were already to be getting near the end + developed either a weak heart or high blood pressure, I should be inclined to say, "Thank God", for they'd have a fair chance of dying that way.

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Friday –
(4 Apr 41)

Dearie.

Of course I meant to write yesterday, but then I suddenly decided to finish up a new spring dress to wear out last evening, so sewed like mad all day + just got done in time to get – late – to a tea Sister was having for Alex Martin's mother. But after all, the evening was not worth the effort. It was one of those that just don't jell. It was the big party of the vacation, theoretically + I'd got Charles tickets

don't believe you've seen Ann Arbor at its worst. Remember it except for Dandelions + Easter Sunday.

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ruled Charley, so that situation was aggravated! And besides Hugh was the one we really wanted, anyhow.

Then the play was definitely poor, though we'd picked it carefully — & the house almost empty which always produces a depressing atmosphere. We went to the Algonquin bar afterwards & drank till 2:30 in an endeavor — vain — to pick up the evening. You can see in me in making my week to get a new dress, or an evening like that!!!

So my vacation ended with an anti-climax after all.

I'm glad you liked for Hugh, Sister, an extra man, & myself. I finally picked Charley for the extra man & it turned out to be one of those evenings when Charley was in a mood & it got worse & worse — God, I could have killed him by the time the evening was over. Generally liquor makes him better, but last night it made him worse. Then Hugh was still sick & couldn't come & Sister spent the day trying to get herself an extra man — finally succeeding, but though he was a nice man he turned out to be the kind that

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disappointed. You saw only disjointed
"Parson Hall" — I thought
it superb in spots — as, for
instance, in the final scene
in the church, which took
full advantage of the medium + achieved both cinematic + dramatic heights.
I thought it immensely
better than "The Mortal
Storm". And it didn't
seem to me to be really
propaganda but rather
to shed against a contemporary background
an ancient + eternal conflict — that between the
deity in spirit + the man's
violence. It seemed to me
a good deal of the time — particularly in that last scene
to have a universal quality. What one was uniquely
aware of was not the brutal
death that awaited him outside the door (as one would
have been had propaganda
been the aim) but the high
nobility of that spirit which
was inside beyond the reach
of violence. You didn't see

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Tuesday -
(2 Apr 41)

Sweetie -

Thanks for the clipping of the man who shifted his pockets - I call it out + out generous of you to let me share that laugh at your expense!

Well, I didn't write yesterday because I was too beastly sore over the party - both physically + emotionally! Had I realized I held you that Bonnie gave out at the right to the last moment - Sat. night - because he had to work Mon. night. So then I was leaving no time at all to get someone to fill in - and with a list of "extras" men that was excessively short, anyhow. I finally put my money on Charley + sent

etc. In other words, I got into quite a state! And then, as a matter of fact it was a great success — chiefly due to the Turners who entertained the rest of us & each other with no effort at all! And they ate both chickens without turning a hair — good big ones, too! They really do have the most gargantuan appetites — everything (I'd got for 6 (expecting to have quite a lot left) was consumed & they nibbled on olives & peanuts the rest of the evening — also went through a quart of Bourbon, a lot of Scotch & some cognac, not to mention the vermouth in the cocktails. But I never heard a meal more loudly appreciated, which of course was a wonderful

luck a telegram, since he has no telephone. And by gosh, I hit it the first shot, for he was free & willing to come. So that cheered me, though he wouldn't be such an asset as Louie, conversationally. And then yesterday morning Sister called up & said Hugh had a terrible cold & couldn't come because the new job was too important to risk his going out in anything less than the best condition he could manage. So here I was, stuck again! And this time neither sister was I could find anyone at so absolutely the last minute. So I cowered & was sure the party was going to be a wash-out & I was annoyed because I'd got two chickens,

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build up for me. And no one made a move to leave like nearly two, so I guess they weren't bored, either — all due, I am forced to admit, to Burt + Emily Anglow, I regard the party as a success, in spite of all my qualms!

Now I want your remarks about my self-medication — yes, I do! I took couple drops, not because I thought I was crying myself, but because I was spending a day in public places + I think a person who cries incessantly, which is what I was doing, is an inexcusable nuisance + irritation to anyone else.

Thanks for the dissertation on the Bishkoff problem — I think it's got to be war, which was exactly the thing I kept advising you I was sure you could explain it so it'd get its

Sunday — Later. Sunday

(29 March 91)

I don't think I've told you the major item of family news that happened a week ago — Hugh has a job! You can imagine the relief to everyone. It's a year and a half since he's been really "employed" after all, and nearly 6 months since any money has come in at all. We've all been increasingly scared & worried, so there's no describing the relief that this is — if it lasts! It's with a real estate company here in the city — one of the big ones, so that it's fairly secure, &

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completely exhausted, but too tense to relax, so we are having a campaign of amusing Hugh! If he doesn't have something to do, he goes over & over what he's done during the day, finding mistakes or trying to. So last night we played bridge — with Ollie for a fourth — tonight they're going to a party, tomorrow we're all going to Cross River, Monday I'm having a dinner party — and so on. By the way, I have just realized that the food I've planned for Mon. is an exact duplicate of our New Year's dinner. Isn't that funny? I thought it'd figured out quite a good combination, and with very little effort.

Hugh is to be their consulting architect, which means he's to advise partly, and partly to do actual work on alterations, remodelling, etc. It's a big job — that is, there's a great deal of work, and it's a high speed, high pressure place — all of which is wearing him at present for fear he'll not be able to keep up to what is expected of him. Of course he is a person to underestimate himself & to be easily fatigued & we're praying that he will come into it & be all right, not only for the present necessity, but for the future — it may easily have. He comes home every night

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No wonder it wasn't much of a party! There will be 9 of us — the Creightons, the Turners, & Laurie Bergmann-Klein (did you ever meet him?) & don't think of us as a togo. Only he didn't know whether he could come or not & asked if he could let me know tonight. I wanted to say "no, take it or leave it". But of course I couldn't however, I shall be annoyed as hell if he can't, for this is awfully late to get a substitute. People shouldn't do that — at least not for dinner, where it matters what number you are. I wish you were coming — & I'd promise you us whipped cream & mayonnaise on canned peaches — oh good, oh good — who gave you that? Did you manage to do it?

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Wednesday -
(27 March 41)

Sweetie,

So I didn't tell you when I was to have a vacation? Well, it was from no desire to keep it a secret, I assure you! It began a week ago Friday - earlier than originally intended because we'd been having a measles epidemic, and it finally seemed simplest just to close school early and send everyone home, instead of struggling with the growing absentlist & the difficulty of keeping the tiring under control in school. All this was a break in

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it's that which has much to do with the effectiveness of the speech. Not that it's a matter of major importance, but just of interest in the technique of public speaking.

As for our declaring war, though of course you're right that morally we are, still technically we aren't, since no one has been fired, and so far as I'm concerned, I think the longer we can stay that way the better — until something else is needed. I see no reason for declaring war — there is nothing ambiguous in our stand — the whole world knows where we are, for I never could have kept going at my job, so I was able to stay home and flop just when I needed it.

Yes, I heard the F.D.R. speech — one of his best, I thought — perhaps partly because of the usual superb delivery, and the fact that he so obviously felt deeply what he said. I also heard it again in the movies — the whole speech — and found it even more effective than when I only heard instead of seeing as well. Sally, who was with me, pointed out how many words he read at a glance, which was interesting, for of course

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are, and intend to be. Why should we make the gesture of a formal declaration of war until we are needed in the battle?

Your story of the editor who learned how great an artist Whistler was is marvelous. Goodness, what darkness we still were in!

Speaking of great pictures, did I tell you Sally and I spent a morning at the Barnes collection last week? There are some superb things — and some second raters. But the good are so good — a little Vermeer that's one of the most perfect I know — and a big one that I swear Vermeer himself painted! Lots + lots of love, as ever, C.

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Monday -

(24 March 41)

Sweetie,

I'd have to wait
love my words about Sis-
ter's party — it was a real
success and I had a
swell time, which is an
achievement since I went
in about as unreceptive
a mood as possible —
practically determined
not to enjoy it! I guess
it was big, and it was
noisy, and there were a
number of people I'd
never seen before, but
still I had a good
time. There were quite
a lot of people I did
know — plenty. God
knows, to keep me

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what luck for you that you weren't here! Of course people began to trickle out pleasantly and the noise to quiet down. But the last guests (Charley + me) didn't leave till nearly twelve, and the Turners only a few minutes before — and Burt had worked all night the night before, except for 4 hours on a sofa in his office. He's amazing.

Tonight Sally and I are going to Tim and Connie's, and I expect to enjoy it, though it's pouring rain and I'm definitely tired after

occupied for an evening. I think the Harbisons the Turners were the only ones you know — except for Arthur! Oh, and Florence Sculley + Charley Dorey. Alex + Nancy were both at their best and you know how good that is! Someone or other was playing the piano nearly the whole evening, and of course at least half the crowd was singing. It was pretty noisy, and when Charley came + confided in me he couldn't stand it any longer and was going out on the steps to rest his ears. I thought

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last night, so I'd like it just as well if it were tomorrow night I were going then.

I was interested in what you said of Birkhoff's theory, but somewhat bewildered. It seems to me, who can admirably understand only one side of the matter, meaningless. If it all has no significance so far as art is concerned, then why not leave art out of it? Why describe something mathematically which is of no mathematical significance? Why mix your wills? I ask this for information, quite simply. To me the whole thing seems like a sort of intellectual bunde

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Saturday -

(Fri Nov 14 41)

Darling,

I had a very queer sort of day yesterday, which I lay to an excessive dose of cough drops the day before. Of course it wouldn't be queer for everybody, but it was for me, all right — I couldn't stay awake. From about 7:30 on Thursday till 10:30 this morning, when I was wakened by the telephone, I was only intermittently awake — generally for about 15 or 20 minutes at a time! Can you imagine? And when I was awake,

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morning I'd stayed awake without any trouble, so I've figured it was the cough drops which have chloroform in them and of which I really did take a large number on Thursday, when I was doing the Baehr collection and the Morgan library with Sally and coughing myself into spasms.

Goodness, what a long discussion of my symptoms. Well, it was all such a strange and new experience that I still have my mind full of it, so couldn't resist putting it on paper.

I'm glad you enjoyed

I felt as utterly exhausted as if I'd had a severe nervous shock. It would take me several minutes to make enough effort to lift a glass of water and take a drink. It was all a very strange and somewhat nightmarish experience, though I was so nearly "out" that I hadn't enough energy to be really scared, though I remember wondering vaguely if I had sleeping sickness and thinking maybe I'd better call a doctor, but having not even nearly enough energy to do it. But whatever it was, it's all gone, for ever since I was wakened this

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the Mannheimer concert — you don't get anywhere nearly as much music as you should. Why don't you make a point of knowing some of the music faculty? Does Mannheimer have as handsome and sensitive a face as the drawing gives him?

I'm sure you're right that there's much to be seen in "The Long Voyage Home" in a second seeing that one missed in the first. I have meant all winter to see it again but it seems always to reappear at a time when I'm not free to go. Alice & I were all set once to drive over to White Plains for it, but then a blizzard hit us & the drive seemed a foolish undertaking.

Buckets of love, darling &c.

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Wednesday-

(17 March 41)

Suzette.

I seem to be neglecting you terribly. Two letters behind in answering yours — the matter of Tim + Connie + how years. For instance, I've not yet answered. What happened was this — when I was there to dinner about 2 months ago, Tim said "I have a bone to pick with you + I guess I'd better get it over with" — this, after a couple drinks. Of course I thought I'd done something awful + got into an insane jamie. And then he said "I have

deep-rooted + his loyalties unwavering. He expects us all to know that without being told and to know all its implications.

As for mixing the drinks, anyone would think you were incapable of learning to hear you talk! You make excellent Tom Collinses and of course could learn to make a good martini or Manhattan in about two minutes! What's more, I think I shall see to it that you do learn — it's a masculine accomplishment, & there's no reason why you shouldn't have that as one of your domestic jobs!!

you and George on New Year's Day?" Well, the upshot was that they had had their party & that Tim had insisted that we knew they always had egg-nogs that day, and knew that since we were among their dearest friends we were invited and that it was positively an insult to call us up & tell us so! Connie thought he'd better call us, but he was sure she was wrong. So there you are! He now admits she was right, but I think was genuinely under that we didn't know we were supposed to come. So from now on we always go! His friendships are

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Yes. I agree with you about the draft — the age limit should have been lower. The adjustment in the trenches is vastly easier than in the training camps. It would be difficult as it would be at any time for temperaments like yours & Charley's — highly sensitive, patrician, and living much of the time a primarily intellectual life. It takes youth, flexibility, a certain amount of toughness of spirit & superficiality to really take it. Although I suppose those are human beings who have the capacity & philosophic detachment combined with a rich humanity could take it too. I remember I used to feel that Dad could be in a concentration camp & still

[illegible] Monday -
[illegible]
Darling. Sister is having
another of those parties -
only more so! Don't you wish
you were here? Personally,
I almost wish I weren't.
I don't know why she
does it, for she always
says she doesn't like
big parties, but anyhow,
she has more coming
down she invited at
Christmas - and in a
more concentrated period
of time so they'll more
or less all be here at
once, which will be
terrific - for noise &
crowding. I simply
don't see it, nor do I

I think I must be having the same thing Kathleen had for your description of her leaving "some sort of a bug she couldn't shake & with her voice packing, gone" exactly/to a tee. It's a hell of a misance & I'm sick & feeling this way — & I'm losing practically weight & I'm miserable to anyone who doesn't know me well!

Don't get worried about me cause I'm preparing for air attacks. I can't imagine just who — except Arthur — thinks it's very imminent. I'll bet Hitler would laugh a bitter laugh though probably a flattered & contemptuous one, too, at our being such fools understand her going in for it. I'll probably have a fairly good time after I've had a few drinks & forgotten how scared I am, but I'd have a much better time at a small party where I could sit down & didn't have to sink or swim in my own conversation. That's what I hate about big parties — you're so on your own since there's no general conversation & if you get stuck with someone it's hard to talk to. It's hopeless.

Then, leaving had my little attack. It'll change the subject

Then one sees what does seem reasonable to think such a thing possible. It all sounds like the way they used to guard the Exeter water-works in 1917-18 — Mrs. Chadwick & others, who regarded Dad as unpatriotic because he declined to be frightened or to put his time into helping with what he thought an assumably silly business. How the English must be laughing at us if any of this gets across to them. This is not to make you alarmed, darling, but to assure you that though I can imagine all sorts of information gets to Washington. The east is not really "preparing for air attacks" — except in some self-important small communities, possibly. God,

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Friday -

(15 March 41)

Darling:

Well, I slipped on Wed. but then, you only average two letters a week, so I guess it was coming to you! Besides, I've got the god-damndest cold - after being very smug about having gone all winter without one, so I guess that was coming to me! Anyhow, it's virulent as hell and I'm mad as hell, because it's such a nuisance & does so take the edge off everything, not to mention hampering my activities.

I guess I never answered what you wrote about Eva. Of course to have something being done about something is good, and I hope it's all working around solution of the

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it's postponement again. There are innumerable reasons why one may stop having the curse — all the way from diet to nervous disorder. Any woman knows that, and so does any doctor. It may be important & he may quite right, but it may not in which case he has no business to concentrate on that symptom, & I'd feel better if he were not ignoring the diagnoses of the other men, but working on those theories at the same time.

As for Donald's music, it wasn't that I was unable to hear it but that it was played at a different time from the announced one, so that I came up when I didn't get it at the time it was scheduled. Sister

major problem, and God knows I'm no judge of whether it is or not, though it's hard not to wonder if the whole thing hadn't been for some good reason regarded as not of immediate importance by the men at Hopkins. They're not fools, either. It always bothers me, of course, to see a patient passed from doctor to doctor & treony to treony. Anyhow, you will get a consensus of expert opinion, won't you, before you let anything of such gravity as a brain operation be performed? Of course it troubles me to have this doctor fooling around with hormone treatments that can't show results for 6 weeks. Yes, I course he may be right, but

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did through — by the simple method of leaving the radio going!

To go back for a minute — I don't mean to criticise you for your visits in my own doctor, but just to tell you to keep your eyes open! It really is true that that particular function is most sensitive to reflex disturbance in the system — nervous or physical. Fear will stop it — or start it — a surgical operation will throw it into complete disorganization. What I mean is that it's closely bound up with the whole nervous system, and with any woman who is in the least high strung it's one of the first things to react, so that it's a more or less meaningless symptom, unless it's put together with all the other

And I do know it's true that a great many doctors who are not specialists in women's diseases are not completely aware of this. Do you see what I mean.

There, this time I'm really going to shut up.

But while we're on the subject of medicine — don't be too much troubled about Baby. So many people I know have angina, without ever having an attack, and living their lives really any more than their age does, anyhow. Of course the person who is always in my mind is Dad. He had it for years before his death, & never had an attack, though he carried nitro-glycerine with him always, I know. His heart specialist was one of the very commonsense

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kind. It suggested diet + med-
icine but said he doubted
they made any difference. So
Dad paid no attention to
them — nor did he limit
his activities, as "avoid
excitement" kind of the end
his heart was the very last
thing to give out — which
is a very common thing,
so we were told. Dorothy
Ronat's mother has had
angina for many years, &
has in the meantime sur-
vived a coronary throm-
bosis! She's had a number
of attacks, but they're
nothing like what they
used to be before they
knew about nitro-glycerin.
Of course people die of it,
but it's no death-picture,
by a long shot. Dad's doc-
tor said "Practically every-
one has it who lives long
enough, only lots of them
never know it". Of course
Donald + Betty will dramatize
it as they do everything,
but don't let them

Monday –

(3 March 41)

Darling –

Yes, you did ship me last week, so thanks for the air mail.

Well, the party went very well – I was less nervous about its success than the time before Christmas, which is probably one reason why it went well! The weather was bad for loving out, and I should not have been surprised had no one come, but everyone came, including Alice, whom I'd assumed would not, because the driving was so hopeless, so I'd asked someone else in her place. Tim + Connie came – + to my delight stayed 4 hours which must have meant they were

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began sending out week-
end invitations — he's
going to have a
party the end of April -
don't you wish you were
coming? Anyhow, he
he had Will back for
a week & Alice &
Charley & I shall enjoy
all of them & have a
pretty good time, I expect.
Charley stopped after every-
one else had gone — to
argue — looks down his
nose completely — quite
a session. He has such
an air of dignified self-
control that it's surp-
prising to discover what
is seething under the sur-
face. The poor boy has
been drafted, and regards
the whole business with
dread and loathing, so
he was in a horrible up-
set state, once he'd
having a good time. Arthur
was there, Charley Dorey,
Will Doggett, Sister & Hugh,
Alice & Maggie Sibelan —
the sister of Paul Sibelan,
whom we met, you re-
member, at the Harkins'
Christmas night. Jim
was, as usual, very help-
ful — he took charge en-
tirely of the drinks.
had mixed the first round
before they came, but
after that he was far-
mor & most efficient. It
is a help when you
have to manage with-
out a husband to do it
for you! Of course he &
Connie asked in details
about you & wanted to
sure I'd told you what
had happened at New
Year's — I did, didn't I?
Arthur got expansive &

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admitted that his "ob-
what-the-hell" attitude
was sheer bravado. It
is not the military type
one alone will be unfit
enable. poor boy. He failed
& desired but bit of it
he got in college and now
he's got to put aside his
work he loves and spend
a good year out of his
life at the unbiased
business. Besides, he
believes we'll be at war
before the year (beginning
in July) is up & that will
be not only in the army
about fighting, for which he
could be no one less well
adapted. It all seems very
wrong, doesn't it — but
what are we to do?
Such fanfares to high age the
limit was a mistake / between
peacetime army — men between
30 & 35 are going to find the
emotional strenuous adjust-
ment very difficult not to want
to be [illegible] that is many of

Friday –

(7 March 41)

Darling.

I am getting pretty hectic – marks, comments, etc. are due on Monday + I've millions of papers to read – well, anyhow, that's the way the file looks – one complete set of long ones, a bunch of make-up midyears + a bunch of other make-up papers of assorted sizes, but none short. Besides, I'm having a party on Sunday – and you know how long that takes me.

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had time for one or the other or both — or that you were here so I could read you the especially good bits as they came along — such as one I came across yesterday with my lunch, in which (the passage, not the lunch!) he is writing of religion & tells of his difficulty in believing in a god who gives out rewards & punishments — who had, as he says, given out rewards and punishments for millions of years to amoebae, mastodons & sabre-toothed tigers, only to suddenly turn His

And I haven't done my income tax & I have to make out a test to give the girls on Monday. Also I am reading "As I Remember Him" against a deadline — it has to be passed on, & I'm so fascinated by it that I can't bear to put it on unfinished. It's not so remarkable an autobiography as "Pilgrim's Way" but it's extraordinarily good & has that same quality of wisdom & mellowness — & essential modesty — as the Buchan one. So long as the human race continues to produce such men we need not worry too much. I wish you

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attention completely to the man-ape which he had himself invented.

And he describes Santayana's Catholic agnostic creed thus — "I believe in God, and the Virgin Mary is his mother" Isn't that neat?

I'm glad you got the socks, even though mangled — yes, Jan is all three were. Had you asked me for more? If so, I apologize. The idea of it was in my mind quite distinctly, but it could easily be a wrong idea — I did not check up & had merely put them down on my shopping list as "socks, blue & maroon" Do you want more? Let me know.

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London. -
(24-28-44)

Precious -

I am filled with a sense of achievement, because I have just finished "The Beloved Returns" — Thomas Mann's latest, in case you don't know. And I promise you, this is no mean achievement! It has taken me two weeks (no, not of steady reading — I've had a more easily digested dish to munch on the side at intervals), but I've read every word & made myself follow the thought, which takes considerable effort for a mind accustomed to detective stories! Essent-

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that he is not immoral, but amoral, because he is beyond good and evil. because moral judgments have nothing to do with art — or with science, either great passion. All of this I learn for long, but once was time of Leonardo da Vinci, a genius of parallel quality, and I am impatient with all the romanticizing he has received at the hands of critics & literary admirers. It's almost like reading a Platonic dialogue, in fact — that is Pater, the returned Lord, talks at great length with a number of people through whose eyes she sees the figure of the giant himself in vividly striking happens in the whole book. It is a long philosophical discussion of the nature of genius & of its place in the pattern of human society. It's profoundly interesting when you're feeling up to it — when you're not it's extremely difficult. The central figure, as I expect you know, is Goethe, from whom I suppose there could be no better example of genius. I was much shaken by his (Mann's) belief that a genius of such stature is at least essentially cold, that he has a sort of august tolerance which rises from that,

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all its aspects – typically
of course, with Goethe him-
self, who had immortalized
her, but at the same time
sacrificed her to his own
ends, as the title of the
"Sorrows of Werther". She
represents the point of view
of the normal + ordinary
human being + asks the
questions + makes the
comments that point the
meaning of what is there
say.

How that fits in with
I'm very glad I've read
it, and I think I under-
stand it – anyhow it
has stretched my in-
tellectual muscles.

I guess I will begin
on anything else now as this
is all the paper I have.
I'm very impatient to
hear your news. Love, pet + C.

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(just)
On board "The Interlaken"
February 23, 1941

Sweetheart.

This is rotten paper, but it's all I have with me - having brought none for I hadn't expected to write - but I think you should have a few lines from me for I'll not be able to write before Tuesday.

Well, I've gone & put my foot in it! The outcome of the interview was an offer - I felt it coming on all day yesterday even before I got to Appleton! And they outbid what I had feared - I thought the offer might be an assistant professorship, at, say, $2500 with one free hand - it came to an associate professorship, at 2800, with two free hands.

What I am writing for now is to tell you this and some pertinent facts, but not my own feelings, - the first so that you can start to think the thing over, the second so that your thinking won't be prejudiced by mine

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Millis is an administrator, apparently very keen at it - Barrows said we be expected he (Millis) would soon be called away to some college presidency or other.

He touched for about two hours rather formally as regards small colleges, emerging very rarely & then on the specific job in question. Lawrence - some 780 students - for women to show the middle west what a 'college' is, in the eastern sense, as opposed to the large universities of that area, which are rather universities or conglomerates & vocational schools. In Barrows' opinion & (N.W.) theirs it has the chance to be the leading one of this region. As such it must give mathematics a real place in the curriculum. In so far as that depends on faculty he is prepared to do as much as possible to get good people and enough - that would mean be more than three - at the present only one. How far that (second endowed chair!) may be possible on the student side is a real question - students with 3 the Appalachians are taught elementary mathematics so rotten that they are scared away from it before they ever get from the start. For myself, I'm trying to find criteria, as definite as possible, on which to make a decision. As soon as I have done so, probably by Tuesday, I shall write you my own reactions to the offer. I leave it to you as to whether you will wait for the second letter before answering this. But I would like, if you do wait, for to write what you thought before you received it.

I met the president (Barrows) and the administrative dean (Millis) - son of NLRB Millis, by the way - at 9:30 this morning. There was an almost immediate click as regards personality - especially with respect to the president - so we got on very well. Barrows is perhaps 42, quite informal, enthusiastic, rather idealistic, a little talkative - but frank and, I think, sincere. After some five hours with him I would say that as regards the problems of a small liberal arts college and the means to be applied to solve them we see very much eye to eye. He essentially said as much before I left him.

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Barrows took us home to dinner - a quite adequate but simple meal - he said that when he came he set out all style trying to live sensibly as nearly as possible on the same basis as his family could afford - with the result that there is a fine spirit of intimacy between him & his family - they dine together at each others houses frequently - for the pure pleasure of seeing each other, not for the purpose of showing off. Mrs. Barrows did not impress me so much but I think she is shy - probably genuine behind a mask of shyness. The other members of the family whom I met reminded me more or less of the boys in town we met at Oberlin - except for size the plan is rather similar to Oberlin. The campus is rather attractive, some quite good buildings, some definitely awful. Children of both very rich & very poor are discouraged from coming - it is Barrows ideal to have every student take his education on as far as possible equal footing. Mostly element of upper class men are fraternity men - those who could afford it are glad

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I think there's no doubt it would be much pleasanter than E. Lansing. But that isn't what we're considering. To move there might be very desirable - that is, at wages - it might mean living there for the rest of our lives.

Well, I see I'm about to write the second letter, so let's have to stop - besides which this train is jiggling so, and it's nearly one o'clock.

I want to know what you think, but I want you to realize that I don't expect you to feel either competent (in knowledge!) or responsible for deciding the advantages or disadvantages academically to me - I don't see how at this distance I can make the real issues on that score objectively clear enough to ask you to decide.

Maybe you don't want to decide anything. Oh dear, I wish I could see you - it would be so much easier for you. Well, don't take it too hard. I'd rather you said 'No' frankly & flatly, than to say & too [illegible] 'Yes'

money by the college to afford it - and all else exactly alike as regards convenience. The college 'speaks' fine frankincense, one which I saw, and cobalt is needed for foaming for purpose - very clever. - By the way, there are three in San Diego with three men - I can't remember their names - I think one was Kimberly, one Chadwick or Cushing - your office could probably name them right off. The area is very wealthy - paper mills - whose women make up the annual deficit. Because of the wealth the college can afford to run a pretty decent artist series and lecture series. There is an intense emphasis on art - there were good pictures - upstairs - everywhere. The library as regards math is non-existent - and kept by great good fortune would have to remain so.

Oh dear, all this sounds so futile - it is so difficult in a few pages to say enough about anything. I really don't know whether you can have any reactions on this [illegible] to like

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So, all for now - hope I can get to sleep. Lots of love & some kisses.

9.

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Friday -
(21 Feb 41)

Darling,

I seem to have permanently polluted you since you have now become a Dorothy Sayers fan. The level of your intellectual life is not what it used to be! I don't think "Clouds of Witness" so good as some - it's one of the earliest + Peter is more of stock character + less of a person than he comes to be in the later ones, however, I think it had a good plot, as I remember it + should make good reading while travelling. Ta for information, and so you won't go buying unnecessarily

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Well, I got a great surprise the other day in a letter from Aunt Lilian, saying she was to be in town this week-end. I am simply delighted. I've not seen her since we were in Assisi a year and a half ago. I expect I shall spend most of my time with her over the week-end, & so shall have a very happy week-end. We are going to Sisters for dinner tonight.

That reminds me - Hugh has at last lost his kidney stone. His doctor brother said of the ailment - "It's like giving birth to a cable knot." And really it does look like a knot - how it ever gets

I have "Suspicious Characters" "Ham-His-Carcase", "Candy Light", & "Burman's Honeymoon". We can read some - or all - of them this summer. You can probably see now why I like to spread them on parts. I admit, just because I've found Peter & Bunter & like to see them again, as it were - but a lot because it's fun to go over them, knowing the answers, & seeing all the pieces fitting into place. I even like the first time, because my mind is on guessing the answer, not seeing the pattern. It's like seeing a Hitchcock movie over again!

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disappointing to have Sandin's
- I out, it's hard to imagine.
Of course it's a great
relief to everybody that
it's gone - they've been
living in fear of another
& those horrible attacks.
& Hugh had to summon
all his courage to get
through the regular treat-
ments, which are not
much less bad, though
a lot shorter.
Sister & I went to the
theatre one night this
week to see "Liberty
Dan" - an adaptation of
Philip Barry's play on the
subject of Dibutyl Cad-
mium - it was awful! Too bad,
for the idea was a good
one, and certainly with-
in could be more
timely than an intelligent
discussion in dramatic
form on the nature &

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Wednesday -

(2072691)

Darling -

I am annoyed! I have just discovered that I left my Dobbs Ferry ticket at home — so I shall have to pay on the train both ways, since the station at Dobbs Ferry is not open at night. Think of all I could do with that extra money!

About the old-fashioned glasses (or is it old-fashioned — I think it's silly to have one glass packed + sent all the way from U.S.A. to E. Lansing. The shipping charge would be as much as the cost of the glass. We might wait till they're broken 20 more times + then replace! Anyhow, I'm glad you

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and sent you seeds too big ones last year.

Yes, the Sackville books came and I got it promptly because you'd told me I had been sent so went down & asked for it. The proof I didn't know I had been sent so didn't get them till they'd been there quite a long time, which is what always happens. They were too big to go in my box, of course, & so were delivered to Pederson as I wasn't at home when they came. The envelope enclosed (by you & by Eva?) was addressed to Sackville so that was where they went. Of course I'd not been expecting them at all. Because I'd written for not to send them after I heard you didn't like them, so I shouldn't & if they're going to go at that pace I'm no time they'll just have enough to invite another couple to dinner.

I'm surprised at Eliot in liking you to read a sonnet — did he actually listen himself? I can't remember now what the programme was that night, either. Did they play a Mozart symphony & Brahms & get it mixed with another concert?

I'll deal with the seeds as soon as possible. Probably not till next week as I'm a bit crowded this week. What with this & that & the week-end I'm on. It's 11 for me. By the way, you had a period of thinking you should wear 11½. But reserved for it. That was why I slipped

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have to tell your parents I thought they were terrible! Of course now I'm glad they did come. I'd've shouldn't want to have missed seeing them. I think maybe you expect the impossible of photographs — or else visualize people you know well in too complete a way to be satisfied with a photograph of one aspect. D'you remember how you felt about that picture of me, which everyone else who knew me well unanimously declared as the best I'd ever had taken & just about completely satisfactory. D'you always regretted that I gave it to you, because you didn't like it, and Rika really wanted it very much. This is not meant as a slap at all, by the way. Look, sweetie—

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Woodson —
(1772691)

Darling —

About the Lawrence visit — I assume you should have no qualms on account of ethics — if you're considering it on at all possible — & you are — there's certainly no ethical reason for not going. If you're not at all the man for the job you won't be offered it, in which case they've spent their time & money finding out something they wanted to know & certainly can't complain. If they do offer it to you — well, then you would have to reason whether or not to accept it or not going, so it would have had to be done, anyhow. I see no reason for dithering about it.

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an impression of instability that would make a bad impression (sense repetition) on the head of any educational institution and that what you must do was to stay in one place at least 5 years unless you were actually offered something desirable, both. Of course he hoped it would be Rochester. But anyhow, I think the principle holds. I think it may well leave word against you at Amherst that you'd been so short a time in any one job. If you are offered the Lawrence job I think it over thoroughly, very carefully, from all angles.

As to the photographs - I am really amazed at you for your attitude about your mother's! Of course it doesn't, in no sense, look like

As to my reaction — no, I'm not keeping it in reserve — I simply cannot look at it! I don't know enough about the place or about how to really feel about it to have any. If you mean do I want to live in a small middle western academic community — no, of course I don't. But I think the remaining of your career is the thing to be considered. If, after everything is honestly considered, it seems best to step forward + up, then you'd better take it. But I think you should be pretty sure it is. I remember Dad's saying that he was troubled in your account by the amount of slipping + changing, geographical + otherwise, you had done. He said it would produce

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her, for it gives her the benefit of every doubt — and so it should — especially with the old. It will probably be the one you have left when she's gone and you're not as to her unless you let it be her at her best. Of course you visualize her as she looks with her hair done the old way, which is one reason for the difficulty — you've never seen quite so well nor so becomingly dressed as in the picture. It changes, however, as you want a picture of her looking very plain, rather aggressive, self-conscious, somewhat discontented. That's how she looks, of course, much of the time, but sometimes she looks gentle, a little pathetic, very plain, and quite appealing. This picture makes her so — there is an echo of her youth in it, which I find touching, and everything that is left in her face

Tuesday
(4 Feb 41)

Sweetie,

Such a rush as I've been in today — not over major matters, but because an unexpected item appeared in a morning already crowded. Sister called me up to ask me to see an art show — paintings by someone she knows slightly — which was going to close after today. She said she wanted my opinion, and I was so flattered at her wanting my opinion that I immediately reorganized my day, or rather tried to get it in. So here I am, on a later train than usual, which will make me at school but having seen

+ brutalities is a little doubtful, I think. There were so many points at which I had to stop looking. But I couldn't stop listening. However, aside from that, it is superb — the story is absorbing, there is some magnificent writing, and certainly all use has been made of the dramatic possibilities of the opposition of spiritual forces to physical violence. The ending could not be more splendid, and does leave one with the sense of having achieved the sublimation (purgation) of the emotions, as well as aroused belief in the power of the spirit because one has seen it

[illegible]! Tonight Frédérique is having a concert at school, so I'm staying up + having dinner with Rose + then going to the concert with her. Tomorrow I'm glad to say (well, only partly glad) I haven't a thing in the world to do but to get caught up on things, and heaven knows "things" need it at this point.

Yesterday I finally saw "Pastorale", and I guess you'd better try to find it though not with me. I couldn't live through it twice. I can't quite believe that it isn't a guilty act of exaggeration. Of course that's in a sense perfectly legitimate in a work of art in order to make a point powerfully. But the exaggeration of horrors

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not merely from us own
the brutalities of the
war & violence, but
quite untouched by them.
The man who has lost
his life, and whose
name now completely
escapes me, is an actor
so perfect that he is not
an actor at all. The
others are for the most
part good enough, sometimes
a little too
British, and anyhow
the weight of the story
is carried by Easton
Hold him all.
Yes, that will do
that, and anyhow
I'm almost to Dobbs
Ferry & must prepare
myself to debark.
Things are getting
pretty tense in Europe,
aren't they? Did you
hear Churchill? I hope

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Wednesday -
(1272841)

Angel -

I got a very nice letter from John about the glasses, so I guess it's really all right.

Well, your letter about Eva was of course very interesting to me, something of a surprise & something of a comfort. That is, it's a comfort to know that someone is actually taking hold who is not an amateur, and who may be able to accomplish something. However, I feel no inclination to criticize Dr. Tiselius. In any very difficult & obscure case a number of mistakes are made before things are really straightened out. You know nothing now but

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Miss Boyd's hands have really worried me a great deal.

Glad you're enjoying "Wunder nunt Adventure" — the oracles at the advertising business are really very entertaining, aren't they? It's remarkable how she manages to know so much of the inner workings of everything from changing rings to advertising. Yes, I've seen Letty & thought I'd written to you about it, but guess I hadn't! I liked it quite a bit better than you did, I can see. I thought the study of two characters — the woman, and the lawyer who was forced to sacrifice his integrity, was really remarkable. some new theories — and Eva was unoperative, so the very devil. He didn't think him all the worse for the matter was said diabetes after all. I just hope to heaven that something can be done with her. The brain tumor may be the trouble, after all — and if so, one could only be relieved — a brain operation is delicate & dangerous, but equally successful. But I'd feel more confident if Eva didn't fit so well into the neurotic pattern of your mother-family. I just hope this new man can do something with her. I doubt if he realizes how very difficult she is to handle. Anyhow, something is being done, and being done by a professional, & that's such a relief. Leaving her in

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It was less dramatic than "All this and Heaven, too" but I thought it as good, nor did I think Bette Davis less interested in it. She was portraying a less attractive, but it's anything, a more complex character, and doing it, I thought, with real penetration. She made me feel that I saw what she thought, not merely what she said or did. The course the story is less dramatic, because it doesn't build up violence, but starts with that and deals with the effect on character of that violent act, so that the evil consequences of the evil deed can be seen in their distortion + destruction of virtuous peaceful + happy relationships. The end is perhaps too pat, but Hollywood + mass audiences [illegible]

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Monday –
10 Feb 41

Darling,

Your letter came this morning, and as a matter of fact I was not terribly upset, for, in a sense and for some reason, I had almost expected it. I think that your letter about the Amherst trip had somewhat prepared me for it, for I could see that you didn't feel at all the same way about the success of that as you had about the success of the interviews with Sprague. And I must say you seem to be taking it very calmly yourself, which I hope is genuine and not just stoicism. But I can see the reasons for the

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as we had planned Hip-
mall — I'm sure that's
the first step toward
what you really want.

How nice of Grandpa
to be so concerned. It begin
to feel very good to him,
there aren't many people
capable of an unselfish
concern for the welfare
and advancement of
others. He will do whatever he can for
you.

As for the Wisconsin
job, why even think
about it now? Wait
till you get there, see
what you think of the
place & the people, see
what they have to offer,
and if they offer it!
Then you can make up
your mind. You don't
need reservations you
say you had at the time,
though left unmentioned,
about the life of the
small academic com-
munity. Of course it's not
your natural milieu, but
at the same time I
think you'd find yourself
in a very different station
do it now than when you
were at Exeter. However,
I think it's very likely
all just as well — you'd
not prefer it even, I'm
sure, and besides, aca-
demically the university
is more your meat any-
how — with graduate
students, & the library,
etc. The important
thing is that things
are beginning to move,
anyhow. Now you must
really make this summer

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know enough about it yet — and it may be that they'll simply be no question, anyhow. It's nice that you have a personal contact there to start things off. And I shall be eager to hear what — if anything you think of the place, and what — if anything they offer you!

I had a somewhat dead week-end — some very depressing duty queries for dinner Saturday night, and then the fourth I was going to on Sunday to clean me up was called off at the last minute! Practically everyone in D. C. has the flu. Sounds of dire, pressing work, but I'm not all discouraged yet, I'm sure, are you — C.

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Friday –
(7 Feb 41)

Swedie,

I just got the proofs of your parents' pictures yesterday! They'd been down in Pedersen's place for several days, I guess, but he's vague about letting me know, and I wasn't expecting them, so there they sat until apparently Pedersen got out the fact that I didn't know they were there & sent the little boy up with them.

How, humbly, I think you are crazy, and I really cannot see why you don't like them. I think they're remarkably good, and I should certainly think they were polish to buy to go further.

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himself and definitely handsome. That remarkable mouth of his gets its full effect, and that so characteristic expression of tolerance, humour, and interest, has been also fully caught. So have you, darling. I guess I haven't looked up, but I honestly just as I have said about though I course I fully expected to think very terrible, I began looking at them with that in mind.

I'm glad you have relaxed so far as Amherst is concerned — of course it's the thing to do, since there's not another thing to be done except to wait for the answer and so thinking about it can

of course no picture of anyone you knows intimately ever seems just right. But allowing for that in all for them. I think both of your mother are good — they flatter her a bit, of course, but so they should. The photographer had lighted her face very cleverly to bring out what was best in it, so that she looks gentle and a little sad, and very appealing. Her hair was quite charming. I thought — especially in the picture in which it caught the light. And your father's are all good, except the one in which he looks as if he were just about to bite your head off. He looks natural and like

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eat you anywhere, except in a stew.

How was the lunch with John & Marion? Did you have old-fashioned? Did you look in their Bible to see if their names & ours & old-fashioned glasses? I hope you didn't, or I'd hate to have had you just run, now that it's definitely too late to do anything about our contribution. They can always give them away for Christmas.

I guess this is all for today — I've a lot of things to do, and will answer your letter about Eva next time —

Sweet love —

E.

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Wednesday -

(57b41)

Darling.

I don't know how much longer I'm going to be able to face writing letters on this — not that it's so bad to look at, for hours. Delphinium has awful taste, even — it is unsophisticated — but because the edge is so green — the way it changes color & then suddenly stops before it gets to the edge of the stem half of the sheet. It drives me nuts, for of kind that one instinctively plans ones words with reference to the edge of the sheet, & keeps running off into the stem half. Ah this because

and went to church all on Sunday morning. I'll bet they could do Paris in a day and a half.

I got the glasses for John yesterday — old-fashioneds, since you told me nothing to the contrary. I think they're quite good-looking, though they're not the ones I liked best. However, those were $11.00 apiece, and that didn't seem necessary. Besides, I don't think John would know the difference anyhow. The ones I did get were only half that, and had I, silly thought in time, I'd have had muddlers sent with

kind it so painful to just throw it in the waste-basket, which is certainly silly, for I don't like it, don't need it, and it has served its purpose already in giving both the pleasure of making the gift and me the pleasure of receiving it. Besides, there are immeasurable things I feel not a moments hesitation about throwing out. But then you are — I can't do it, all the same.

Well, I got a card from your mother this morning — from Georgia. They expected to get to Florida the next day. They "was" in Charleston on Sunday, and they saw all the sights

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Dear Jean & Chas, Congrats on the birthday, dear, darling - & thanks
from — to make the gift
more complete, and since
it had cost so little, I
put both our names in
and shall expect to
pay half — O.K.?
Hugh still has his
kidney stone — is it that
bearty?, to Louis, Frank
Leaman, had another
attack, but of course
may at any moment,
which is nerve-wracking.
It has to have horribly
painful treatments, too, it
they give him nothing to
ease the pain till after
which seems terrible.
Also, they've lost their
top-floor tenant to the
army, & of course that
rent is one of the biggest
items in their budget &
this is a terrible time to
lose rent. Sidney has
sold some securities &

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Monday —
(3 Feb 41)

Darling,

I literally don't know whether I wrote to you on Friday or not! I got in such a dither — party over the Forest Business, party over my exam, party over my party that I simply don't know what I did & what I didn't get done except for the exam — read, corrected, commented upon & marks recorded — by dint finally staying up nearly all night, & I think I must have had the party, too, for I remember great piles of dishes — then a/d a moment when the conversation died and I had a desperate time reviving it. I don't think I wrote to you, though I thought I'd written so completely that I'm not at all sure

to be something of an idiot — both mentally & socially. Had I been in your place — that is, having for a job that meant so much, my heart would have been going so fast I'd have completely cut off my breath & a little faint.

Well, what you write is, of course, non-committal, as you say — and I can see, after all, why it would be. Now that boils down to the final selection they must be very careful. The N. Y. Botanical Garden would be on the final list, so he could be serious in his favorable reaction. But we don't wanna be too enough ti careful in their consideration of you. As I know, you did write me, bless you, and I did get it this morning. Of course — it's home that it settles nothing. But still I do feel better to have had it. I did laugh to myself (this is one of the times I may have said already in the letter, did or didn't write on Friday!) at the way I'd written you in such detail about how you should & should not be nervous, when I made it obvious when a word I was using in a complete state myself! But anyhow, I'm so glad you wrote. You really are, of course, much better at that sort of thing than I, for my self-confidence completely leaves me and I appear

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reveal what you say, it sounds on the whole encouraging — and certainly none of it is discouraging.

You certainly covered the ground, didn't you, and seem to have met all the people relevant & irrelevant that could be collected. That seems a good sign. Also that the president talked with you at such length. It does sound a little odd, though. Sorry the library is poor. But then, you're not on for Iran decent ones if you're in England.

As I think it all over, I feel encouraged — partly because I think you've a very good chance at it still, partly because even if you don't get it, you're getting yourself known

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more widely, you'll certainly still be on this list, and things are moving. Some are also in the air, and you're getting chances at them. After all, I never expected you'd get out S. E. Asiatic in 2 years, and yet there's a very good chance that you may, if you don't, have all possible to be even better chances next year. I feel very different about the whole situation, Shaw comes & this particular matter.

Well, there, that's enough of that. I'll turn to some other things else. I'm going shopping tomorrow & will get the present for John, though you're not old enough whether you'd found out about this supply—

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whether they were over-
stocked with D.T. glasses
or not. So that's that?
act — if they already
have 3 dozen, it's your re-
sponsibility. I & I did ask
you and you were assured!

I really had a very
good week-end, though.
Food party never terrible
& was sure the party would
go that. I also discovered
to my horror that I'd some-
how left someone out in
my count (myself, I hope)
& had invited more people
than I had chairs for
to sit in. Fortunately I
realized it in the morning
instead of after the guests
arrived, so I frantically
called Sister & she brought
a chair. So the situation
was saved, but it really
was so crowded at the
table & I should have had
one person less.

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Wednesday –
(29 Jan 41)

Angel.

You were a bit vague about when you were to leave, but I hope this will reach you before you do – not because I've anything important to say, but just so you'll know I am keeping my fingers crossed.

Do try not to be so-, stoutly nervous, though I can see why you would, heaven knows. Anyhow, don't try "not to believe too much in the reasons" for getting the job. It's more important to prepare yourself for making a good im-

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coming here on the way back. I was really startled just because you had said, when we talked it over, that you wouldn't. So I had carefully put my week-end ideal up just so I wouldn't have time to sit around & also! When your letter came I simply was flabbergasted, for I didn't know what to do, because either way I was going to get tripped. & this has I hate that! If I went ahead with the party, should simply not have time to enjoy it at all, what with the actual work to be done, & the state of nervousness I'd

possession than to prepare yourself for possible subsequent disappointment — deal with that when & if you have to. An air of quiet self-assurance, an easy out-going manner — and both are absolutely within your scope — are what you want. I'm not terribly worried, really, for in spite of all your advance worries, fears, etc., you have a way of rising to the necessity when it's actually upon you. Of course it's not a certain thing, but you know & I know that your chances are definitely good.

As for the plan of

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Rain on whether the party was going to be a success. And not a single decent thing myself to write from — especially the Oxfordeses whom I so much want to please. But am a little better today! So how I was. Found Wilson at Paling very upset. So when your letter came, I, at least had the consolation I should be going to miss out on the pleasure of either you visit or the party. So kind of me Saturday as working hard. But glad I'll be hard work getting ready for a party with my fingers crossed (on both hands) but

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(27 Jan 41)

Angel -

How did you like the paper? Well, you're going to have to stand it for a while, for my hard-headed husband won't allow me to throw it out, & can't think of anyone but you I could give it to - except possibly your mother, so that Mrs. Ogle might see it!

I'm at home today, for it's mid-year week, & aside from making out my exam (which consists of making a careful selection of pictures) I've no school work to do until Thursday, when I give the exam. So I am

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we're invited to a cocktail party at — yes — Arthur's! I'll bet you're consumed with envy. Emily is coming for the week-end, & I'm sure if it gets to Arthur that I've had a dinner party Sat. he'll be offended that I didn't ask them, which is part of the reason I've filled my table to capacity, for I can imagine no worse combination than the Stahls & the Pedrideses!

About telephoning me from Amherst, I think I'd rather you didn't — unless you specifically want to for your own sake. This is pure nervousness on my part. It's too important, & though I feel reasonably sure you'll get it, cabling up on all the dull, dismal, neglected jobs at home — washing, ironing, cleaning, mending, etc. I have sandwiched a few pleasures through the week to keep me going — went to a cocktail party yesterday, go to the theatre with Sister tomorrow, & to Tim & Connie's for dinner on Wednesday. Thursday & Friday I expect to devote to exams & Sat. I expect Alice — with a dinner party for her Sat. night (the Pedrideses Sister & Hugh, & my last of yesterday to make the extra man, & fill the table) & then on Sunday,

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it's possible you might hit — or that they won't tell you definitely + I just don't feel equal to spending all those hours suspense waiting for the telephone to ring, + possibly further hours dealing with disappointment — or adjusting myself to continued suspense — and still having to be an adequate hostess + quasi. I'd rather have you write me a letter, which would arrive Mon. morning, + be without all the nervousness of a telephone conversation — + come when I'm by myself. Does this make any sense to you — I course it's all pure emotional reaction. I think perhaps I'm so used to associate long

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distance calls with disaster, that I'm not expecting one would scare me. Don't tell me I'm unreasonable, for I know it but it seems silly to spend the money on something that is going to just get me into a state!

About Lawrence College — if you definitely knew you'd refuse the job, do you think you'd better accept the situation? I don't really know the ethics of the situation, but I expect you do. However, it might possibly be that you'd consider it.

Sure we'll deal with the wedding present, or I'll, though not right this minute — but probably on some minute next week. We'll get dol-

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polished glasses unless you discover he has been — liquor glasses are so usual a wedding present now, and — like you — I can think of nothing more appropriate for him, so maybe lots of others will do the same way! Could you investigate — or ask Kathleen or someone & I shall probably shop next Tues. so get word home by then — & I'll get O.T. unless you send me word & then I'll get highballs — or a tantalus set or straight cocktail glasses, or cocktail napkins — or anything you think. I don't think 6 a good number — there are so many times when it's too few — I think I'll get 8 — enough for 2 tables of bridge.

We're having a blizzard

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[and dispatch of math bks - VS wrote mathematician]

Saturday -

Sweetheart, (24 Jan 41)

Here I am at 6 o'clock Sat. night, in-stead of Fri., on my way home from Dobbs. It happened like this - Alice asked me to stay for dinner with her last night, + I did it against my better judgment, for it was snowing, hard + had been for hours. So then when we'd finished dinner + I was beginning to think of going home, I looked out to see how the storm was + Alice suggested I stay all night, which I was only too glad to do, for it was bad by that time, + all trains would have been delayed, which meant waiting on that icy cold platform, etc. etc. So I had it over rubbers

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news here is that Hugh has been very sick — not dangerously sick, but very sick — with a bad sore throat. It came on Wed. night at 1 o'clock, & as you probably know, it is agonizingly painful. The doctor said it's the worst pain any man ever has to suffer. And I could truly didn't know what it was. It's so extraordinary that practically your whole body is simply enveloped in pain, & so you can't localize it & guess what it might be, naturally they were horribly scared — it took a long time to get a doctor at that hour. When he came, he knew what it was, fortunately, right away, so they were relieved of fear, but he said he was sick as either for it had it started before 9 last hour — & the snow was well over my shoes. So we settled down with highballs & cigarettes & had a lovely long evening just talking. Then we slept late, had a leisurely breakfast & instead of my coming home then, we went for a lovely long walk. The storm had stopped & the day was brilliant, with the snow all covering absolutely fresh — fine dry snow that had clung to trees & dramatized the dead winter landscape as it can. And after that I was mad too hungry not to accept Alice's invitation to eat. So long now, am!
Well, the child, etc.

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conduct give trouble any
morphine till he'd had
a blood test. He finally
just took them in his
own car up to the V. A.
Hospital + at 4:30 called
Dixie + said they had
just given him a shot
so he was released from
the pain. He was pretty
sick the next day, but
much better the next — it
seems that it comes on in
attacks + can go on com-
pletely. They gave him a
treatment, which was
very painful — + not
successful in getting rid
of the pain, + he is wait
time, but will have to
keep going back + treat-
ment until he does get rid
of it — + may have another
attack at any moment.
It's terribly distressing,
of course, for all of us. Poor
Dixie looks down in the dumps
down Thursday when I

Dixon to Dixie, sympathy on illness of daughter.

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DR. GRAUSTEIN KILLED AS AUTO HITS PILLAR

Harvard Professor May Have Become Ill at Wheel, Police Say

BELMONT, Mass., Jan. 22 (AP)—William C. Graustein, 52, professor of mathematics and assistant dean at Harvard University, was killed today when his automobile left the road and struck a cement pillar.

Police said they were investigating the possibility that Professor Graustein, chairman of the board of tutors in mathematics, became ill while driving alone.

Dr. Graustein was born in Cambridge, Mass., the son of Adolf Henry Graustein and Mrs. Julia Caspar Graustein. He received an A. B. from Harvard University in 1910 and an A. M. from that university in 1911. He was later a Harvard traveling fellow and received a Ph.D. degree from the University of Bonn in 1913.

A mathematics instructor at Harvard in 1913-14, he taught the same subject at Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, in 1914-15 and was assistant professor of mathematics at Rice in 1915-18.

After serving in 1918 with the Ordnance Department, United States Army, at the Aberdeen (Md.) Proving Grounds he was commissioned a first lieutenant in the Officers Reserve Corps.

In 1919 Dr. Graustein became a mathematics lecturer and then an assistant professor at Harvard. He was promoted to associate professor in 1926 and professor in 1933.

The Royal Academy of Belgium awarded to him the prize in its 1925 mathematical competition. His offering was a memoir on the geometry of surfaces.

He was a former vice president of the American Methematical Society and of the Mathematics Association of America. Dr. Graustein belonged to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Phi Beta Kappa, Circolo Mathematico di Palermo and Deutsche Mathematiker Vereinigung. For several years he was editor of the Transactions of the American Mathematical Society.

He was the author of "Introduction to Higher Geometry" and "Differential Geometry" and, with Professor William F. Osgood, of "Plane and Solid Analytic Geometry."

In 1921 he married Miss Mary Florence Curtis.

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Wednesday –

(30 Jan 41)

Angel –

It was quite exciting to get such a long letter from you today & most exciting to get the news at the end. So far, so good. I see no reason why you can't pull through & wear brown be above choice to me! The combination of your attainments & your personality would seem just right for that place, so there believing it. I imagine the math. man has essentially made up his mind already – his will be to get the proof to confirm it. And I feel very strongly that we would not have kept you there talking all that time about all those things – especially things so definitely appro

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bad state of nerves or general health. I think it's the only thing you need have on your mind — you seem to get busy on intellect & personality all right. Just keep at yourself until you go, so that by control your nerves has become something of a habit by the time you get there. I shall set my heart on your getting the job, but I really do expect you to.

And let me know definitely when you're to have the interview, so you can call me up afterwards — that is, if it fits in all right without being too extravagant. I don't know just what you'll be doing that week-end — I think Alice is spending it with me & whether we'll be having parties at home or going out I don't know. I don't know whether you'll be spending as long as I'd like Amherst — had he not really pretty much intended that you should get the job. Also I don't think they'd pay for you to come all that way unless the scales were loaded in your favor. Of course I don't mean you should feel sure you have it — that would be poor policy, both for your impression on them, & for the possibility of your own disappointment. All I mean is — recognize that your chances are very good & be correspondingly, fairly serene & relaxed. Do try to get as rested as possible. Beforehand, so you won't tire & jade — & practice controlling your nerves, for you always can do it. And carry yourself well, not all one-sided. No one wants to employ a person in an educational institution who seems in a

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ing East - right turn, or not
I suppose it depends
on the time of the interview.
Perhaps it would be easiest
for you, anyhow, to go straight
back in which case you'd
not be true for the cheap
telephone rates. Maybe you'd
better just write me a letter.
You could say more & it
would be less time & ...
about the pictures -
really decide. I'd rather not
see the proofs. I take your
judgment absolutely on
their quality & should
so much rather not be
involved in a family argu-
ment. You're the one that
care about & there's no
point in my getting my
self in to it. I'm not at
all surprised that they're
poor but am sure they
didn't do a good enough
job to keep your get-
ting such good ones as
they was nothing but
luck. Incidentally, they're
reasonably fast. So happy
Thursday time to get to
Hardy

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Monday—
(20 Jan 41)

Darling—

I am wondering all the time what your week-end was like how you found Eva & whether you were able to produce any effect by persuasion or other methods. The situation worries me all the time. It seems to me that not sufficiently consistent pressure is being brought to bear — partly, of course, because she is with someone who doesn't see the necessity. It seems dreadful that time should go by like this & nothing done. Have you seen to it that your parents wrote? Have you done anything about Harold? Don't let her slip away, darling. I think you

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peculiarly his intolerance of Kathleen's religion fitted in. It couldn't leave her her freedom of belief & worship if it didn't fit into the picture he had of how their life was to be organised. It's the Nazi psychology. I suppose that had something to do with my instinctive repugnance to it when I first heard of it though I never thought of it that way till recently — just as an intolerable intolerance with the freedom of the individual spirit. Of course in spite of all this I like Hilt very much, just as I like Germany very much. I have been thinking, too, of last summer & how you & he managed to convince me, ought to go into it very seriously, very finely, & at some length with Miss Boyd. I am worried to death by the thought of the harm she may do, through a combination of arrogance & ignorance. It seems to me that her confidence in her own judgment in the matter must be undermined & her hands taken out of them. Let me know when you send the Sachs book — but there is no hurry. I can see why you don't pass it on to Hilt, though it is very outrageous. It's very English. I am rather fascinated now by the study of Hilt as an example of the German race with their mixture of good & bad qualities. And I was thinking the other night of how

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against my wish and I can say with regard to my better judgment, that the war was over England doomed within a few weeks & our only path to get along with Germany as well as we could. He was so sure, his contempt for the other point of view so barely concealed, his quiet reasoning so convincing, but more convincing was his conviction. Nor was I being guilty of mere wishful thinking— I had reasons for believing England could keep on— reasons which have since proved perfectly valid. But I imagine myself in Germany with that kind of intellectual pressure being brought to bear unceasingly with nothing to counteract it— & I understand perfectly how they all believe it now, there's no revolution,

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Friday -
(17 Jan 41)

Sweetie.

It's very pleasant to get your letter with word that grove was asked for a leave for Amherst. Of course I knew it would be all right, but as you know, it's impossible not to be a bit jittery, all the same!

I was awfully interested in what you said about Wilt - it's a good thing for us all to remember when we get feeling bitter against the Germans. Wilt is a Nazi - you say Wilt could be one - yet we remain very

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may be a type that can surrender her own personality, but I am a little doubtful. It all fits in with the Nazi pattern of domination rather than individual freedom, doesn't it? And yet Hilt has so many admirable & charming qualities.

I am intrigued by the idea that the date of Tolen's marriage may be legendary. But why would he bother to lie about it? Do you think she is having a baby?

I'm glad you're going to Holland — Head of Known did have sent special love to Eva, of course. I am much troubled by the report [illegible] of them both. They are so easily led along patris alien to our Anglo-Saxon ideals, aren't they? I can imagine Hilt is finding things a little difficult — and will more so, for certainly anti-German feeling will go on increasing for probably years to come. I wonder how Kathleen feels. Perhaps you know. Of course her surrender to his domination on the religious question was all very German, wasn't it? I mean his attitude was — the male arrogance of insisting that his wishes should absolutely dominate the marriage. Perhaps it's all right with her. She

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that she is not much better. I hope you will be as urgent as you know how, Stone, who is much — brought in personally — in behalf of the whole thing, about Eva & when I told her what little we know, she was much disturbed — for she says it may do Eva positive harm to be in the care of amateurs — & frankly since hearing the account believe in the necessity of E's going to a psychiatrist. I think tell your parents & doctor — & urge the doctor — I hope you'll continue to urge constantly yourself that you tried suggesting you both — Oh, Harold

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Wednesday –

(15 Jan 41)

Darling –

I am appalled by how far behind I am on my letters – such a pile as I expect you have now. Though I don't know why I tell you about it – it's not a very fascinating bit of information. Yes, I can understand perfectly the state you're in about Amherst – I only hope the suspense won't last long for it's much more demoralizing than an out & out disappointment. However, I don't imagine it will – they want to get it settled, too. Anyhow, let me know the minute you hear from them. And just remember what it feels like to be in a state of suspense the next time you want to be scornful of me for agonizing over some such situation!

Sonia, you're not getting

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an unshakable faith in the capacity of humanity ultimately to find its salvation. That's exactly like Dad, is it — it — wasn't to lose that faith, no matter how clearly he sees their mistakes, nor how much he is saddened by their failures.

But I'm a little surprised at your reacting as a new idea the natural relation between democracy & socialism — I thought you thought that yourself! But perhaps I've read things into what you've said? After all, you seemed surprised last summer at the Hoggs to find that I wasn't an advocate of capitalism, which is evidently pretty funny, since I'm clear a socialist practically ever since I knew there was such a thing!

Oh, I have a new movie to recommend — "Night as much shaking as you want, but I think you're foolish not to drive the car. You can't just ride in other people without being a sponge — and with John married now you won't be asked so very much. I think it's foolish to just practically give up shaking, and you shouldn't do it. But I recommend you look on your bones, rather than any misdemeanors.

I'm glad you think so well of the Lathi book, for I hoped you would — naturally. I learned lots & so long, perhaps partly because his mind works so much like Dad's. He is so logical, so dispassionately critical, so clear-headed & unsentimental. But instead a fundamentally human person, with

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Train" — don't miss it if you can see it — you'll sit screaming on the edge of your seat. It's a Nazi spy — or secret agent — melodrama & it certainly comes off — in the best Hitchcock manner. It's English & may never come to touring, I suppose. In that case, you'll have to see it here next summer. I'd love to see it again.

Have you heard the story of the 2 Tommies — one says "Do you know, I've been to Dunbia" "Do was that Wednesday in Dunbia?" "Wed. was the most awful of the days of the evacuation." The reply was "Do was that Wed.? Bloody awful — it rained the whole bloody day." Isn't that a small British story?

All for now, but, except loads of love, my pet —

C.

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Monday —

(13 Jan 91)

Angel -

It was nice to get home this morning & find two letters from you. And did you have a juicy bit of news?! Of course it was not a bolt from the blue — but still. Do tell me more. Why was it a secret for so long? How do you like her as you get to know her? How do Lilit & Kathleen like her? What does she look like? Anyhow, I certainly don't envy her — God, how bored I'd be if I had to live with John! And when I wasn't bored I'd be annoyed. Which is it to say I dislike him, you understand. But I shouldn't want the job of domesticating him! It won't

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Wilmus caught him with the groceries — I can't imagine what alibi one could think of for being caught so red-handed as that.

By the way, I wish you'd tell me what Hilt is saying about the war. I am curious to see the progress of his thought as things grow increasingly tense in our relations with Europe. Of course he seems to me very German — & worth German, at that. I'll bet he'd have been a strong Nazi, had he lived in Germany — very likely on a sort of Nietzschean intellectual basis & an definitely fond of Hilt — his personality is very attractive to me — but I should be very unless she's a rather negative personality & if she's hurt, she'll soon love him, so I can't look at it. It's going to be tough, I'm certain, I wouldn't count on Hilt's having learned anything just because he is willing to go without a shave in the first thrill of having his own home. He'll begin to gripe pretty soon. Or maybe I'm getting him wrong & am doing him an injustice. But if we're partly your fault & Hilt's & Kathleen's — I'm not going just on what I saw myself! Anyhow, he won't keep inviting him all to your parties any more! I wish you could remember what he said when he

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not like to be under the authority of a group of kids! I think, had he been born & raised in Berlin, he would really believe in the superiority of the german race. I'm not sure that in his heart he doesn't believe it now.

I'm glad the new president seems not quite so horrible as he did last night in the p.p. [illegible] of thought he probably would but. Anyhow, I suspect it will not be one of your worries. Any news from Amherst yet?

Glad a p.c. from Oswald telling me about the p.c.s he saw — I suppose you told him I was interested. He sent me the list of colors, juices, etc. I'll get some when I've used up my magnificent current supply. He said Bethel

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Friday -

Sweetie, (10 Jan 41)

I am still at Sister's, so haven't had any other letter from you but your last one. Of course there maybe have been any other, but I'll assume there will be dozens when I get home on Monday! Of course I'm having a wonderful time. We do enjoy each other a lot + Joan seems to join our activities, too, most successfully! as you can perhaps imagine! She has a passion for "The Sword in the Stone" + we read it with tea, during the hot +

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understand why the conversation sounds grown-up!

Well, I meant to write this yesterday, but something completely disorganized me inwardly for most of the day — very humiliating — & the one thing that completely defeats you. It was all right by afternoon, but then I had to go out & get something to send to Hamilton for the boat. And in the evening I wrote an a letter — the kind that's very difficult to write. So much that you feel it would not be tactful to say, and yet it must be made clear that you do feel. The hours & hours that we shall very likely never meet again — it's at all other possible moments — all 37 us getting equal pleasure from it, so far as I can see, though for different reasons. It's like Alice — each generation gets its own great satisfaction from it. It takes me back to my own childhood when Dad read aloud to us all, and to each the pleasure was great, though different. I wish he might be here for this — I'd love the book — & — would love to see Joanie with her absorbed, wide-eyed face, drinking in every word. Your parents should see her, too — Ben, he'd

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a solemn moment, but at the same time should not be too dramatized. We should be courageous & not be cowed by sadness. It took me ages to write it, anyhow. God, I hate to think she is really gone — and to what she is going. I finally sent her a book for her birthday — just a good detective story. It's awfully hard to find any contemporary literature that doesn't bring up some or other of the issues of the war. Even the best detective story of the year is supposed to be "The Death of Love" Thus Thus"!

Well, what can we do since Last words? Wednesday we want to

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a birthday party at Antwi's
flat — to Tavi's boy
friend. You remember Tavi?
Fortunately the boy
friend provided the liquor,
which was rum, made
into a very good cocktail
with a lot of fruit juices.
The food was good, too —
not soggy "canapies".
There was another man
there, who was pretty
awful, but went home
before long — but that
was all imagine! After
did you, we had a
sort of sea-food stew,
made with various sorts
of shell fish, mushrooms,
& cream. It was super-
lative. Then we went
out to a nearby bar
& had some more
drinks till Sister Antwi
& I bikes away & went

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small-spirited way?

We have also been to "Fantasia" and it is god-awful. I had expected to enjoy it visually, though I knew much of it would make me mad musically. But there were only a few moments which I could enjoy. But really you should almost go just to see Mr. Stokowski as god. He is unbelievable. He has you for indeed when he can make quite such a consummate fool of himself without even knowing it. A lot of the picture is on about the artistic level of perfume advertisements and some on the artistic level of the comic strips. The part that goes with it got some scrambled eggs at coffee.

By the way, you remember Bill Dorgeth? She's just had her 1st — a man who had it in the last war and survived it. At least that seems to be the truth. I'm awfully sorry about it, for I know she's terribly disappointed. She'd been working for them — with them — since there were only 3 people in the organization. But this man resented having a woman in authority over him & has worked hard to discredit her — and successfully, it seems sad, doesn't it — in an organization that is dedicated to an altruistic, idealistic purpose, but small-spirited people still exist in them

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the Pastoral Symphony, for instance. Can you imagine, ?!? Oh Lord had such admiration for her. Disney, I thought he had perfected an art of his own — knew its limits + its capacities, and had excellent taste. But he has been hold in by the lie as an artist — it has gone to his head + his, I suspect, to his idea of "serious art". Oh dear. Well, Wordsworth wrote the Simon poems + we still take him seriously as an artist, so perhaps this doesn't matter in the long run!

Good to hear, myself.

C.

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Tuesday —
(7 Jan 41)

Sweetie.

I'm ashamed to having been so slow about writing — someone being away from me & really + directed my mind too much! Being where I have companionship constitutes an irresistible temptation to make use of that companionship instead of retiring to write letters!

Also, we have had in something of a stew & the house has been having some sort of illness. Couldn't you know, just as the coldest weather of the winter arrives with the men & the house away? It

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we woke up with no heat in the house whatever, the outdoor temperature (+ of course windows had been open all night) below 20°. How could she get the furnace going, even by doing just what the man had told her would start it? She called the gas company, but they didn't send anyone for two hours! But finally a man came & one who knew his business, got it really started (at least it still works), & said it didn't need a new motor, thank god. Poor Sister was really in a state by the time it was all straightened out.

So, that's not to anything we've done, though it was

began on Saturday but Sister thought it was a false alarm & waited until Sunday when the furnace began making funny noises & didn't work at all. The first hint of heat in the morning that she called the gas man. He was busy all the afternoon, rushing & shouting & running around, flooding out pits & generally creating a turmoil, finally got it going (the demands & complaints of the cold & us freezing) & then said what she'd done was to get a whole new motor. You can imagine how she felt, with such a big item of expense threatened & high powered. Ran home, moving

all so frightening & worrying & uncomfortable that it seems the major item!

Sunday night we went to a cocktail party at Charlie Doney's — on Rudolph Hights — & after a long time on a complicated subway trip & walking along windy, icy cold streets getting there — we really did have a swell time. There were a hundred and 50 people there to begin with, & I was last, but we had come late & very soon most of the rest was gone, leaving about 10 of us to stay on for buffet supper. Then it was fun. They were nice people, the place was charming and house with well-proportioned

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charmingly furnished + decorated) and the food was very good — not to mention the drinks. After we'd finished, we all went out to one of the local bars + had some more + then back to the apartment of one of the couples who was with us. We finally got home at 2:00! So I'm sure you can imagine how pleased we were to get up at 7:00 in an ice-cold room.

Yesterday noon Janet Eddie + went out to the Brooklyn Museum to lunch with a friend of hers + to do the museum, which is not so hot — rather stupid, done, we thought, for so much is exhibited

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long shot than staying at home.

Tonight we're going out to dinner with Sallie and her sister also visiting, who works at the Modern Museum. So we're not doing so badly socially.

Well, so much for us, darling. It was wonderful to get your letter today — sooner than I expected one. I'm glad your trip was so relatively easy + pleasant + sorry that you have a cough. You don't want, however, that happens + we all + might even happen at Amherst!

Now I guess I have too poorly, although there are some quite good things and it'll be fun when we're cleared away from dreary Bronx + have better arranged, lighted, etc., so we'll get quite an effect.

By the way, Amherst does have an art dept. — complete with museum + at one time an archaeological ~~collection~~ expedition.

Last evening we went to the Turners for dinner. His sister was there — from Memphis, Tenn. + southern as the devil — speech, manner, intelligence + everything! She's a nice, I guess. But dreadful so, too. But still, it was a pleasant evening + now I'm off a

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to stop & read "Our Druid in the Store" to Joan & Sister.

Hope you sold it O.K. — Really you didn't have to live in the very least — you'd have had a relapse.

A great deal of love to you, my lamb.

L.

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