October 17, 1939

Dear Ray Baker:

If you only knew how much good your letter about my attempt to record my day's work has done me. I am so pleased that you liked it. I went at it with great reluctance, having always said that that was one of the things I never would do. I finished it with many misgivings, but a letter like yours reassures me, makes me feel that after all it might have been worth doing.

The best part of it was recalling our old days together at McClure's. Was there ever a group like it? Was there ever so much fun in work? Or ever so much engish of spirit when the thing exploded? Somebody should go to work analyzing the reasons for the explosions of all our fine idealistic undertakings. Why don't we carry through what we see?

I can understand what it means to you to have finished the Wilson--a monumental task splendidly done. The last volume I have not looked into yet. I have been promising myself to read the whole thing from start to finish. I feel more than ever the need of understanding what went on in those years. Possibly if one understood better one might see better the mistakes they are making now.

But you will go on. You are right--much abides. It seems to me the greatest need is to hold up that which abides. After all perhaps that is the business of old age, and who can do it so well as you, dear Ray Baker?

As for myself I am engaged on the problem of life after eighty. I have only just begun to realize that there is a part of life ahead that has to be looked after, for which I had made no preparation which I am entering with various handicaps and without any guide. Nobody has laid down a pattern that is
satisfactory for life after eighty. I think that is what I must try to do. I think I'll begin with the Montessori system for the aged for I am getting to the point where I drop and lose things.

Do let me know when you come to town. I wish you were here today. The Whites are in town and I would like to get you all for breakfast some morning. I see many of our old friends from time to time - oftenest J S P - who always drops in when he makes his monthly visit to the Players. J S is as buoyant as ever - came to see me in the country this summer, bolling over with a reaction of an old idea. Viola Roseboro lives on a Hilltop in Staten Island, getting plenty of fresh air and sunshine - not able to get about, but her mind functions in its same lively fashion as ever.

Do pick up Mrs. Baker and come down.

Affectionately yours,

Mrs. Roy Stanwood Baker
Amherst, Massachusetts