

July 18, 1920

Dear Miss Wald:

I am a little alarmed by your note of July 7 and the package of campaign literature which I have just received from Miss Gardiner. Did I let myself in so completely as you seem to think? My dear lady, I haven't raised a dollar of money for anything, as I remember, since years ago when I used to go out begging for our small town charity fund.

Honestly, it is the most unlikely thing in the world that I can get a dollar. I simply don't know where to strike. I have no rich friends excepting one or two who keep themselves poor by giving. And as for Mr. Schwab of whom we spoke, I am afraid I would be persona non grata with him—providing, of course, he knows of my existence. I have taken a whack at him two or three times, and if the tariff comes up, I shall do it again. However, if I get down to Bethlehem, as I may within a few weeks, I will see whether I can get to him, and if I do I will see whether I think there would be the least hope of my presenting your case.

You can be very sure that if I could get you something, I should be proud as a peacock. Of course it goes without saying that I have the strongest belief in your work and feel that the community could not do better than to support it.

I wish I could get down to see you in your Connecticut home, but I get away only for week ends now and am tied up at my own place as I have a little family, including a new baby, and help so erratic that it generally is not there when I am. It is a good thing for me to do a little housework, but it does interfere with visiting. I am afraid I cannot make it this summer. If you are driving of a Sunday anywhere in our part of the world, do step off for a cup of tea.

Always affectionately yours,

Miss Lillian D. Wald
Henry Street Settlement.