Alice Hegan Rice 20(2)

Camp Nakanawa
Maryland Tenn.
Aug 23-1936

Dearest Julie

My long silence has not been due to indifference as I am sure you know. But I have had a long siege of illness, and gotten behind in everything. The old spinal trouble combined with an unruly heart have given me no end of trouble, but I am still up and about most of the time, but very limited as to my activities.

Two months ago we came up to this quiet plateau in the Cumberlands, where Lois Brantley has a big girls camp - You remember we were here last summer.

We couldn't have been more comfortably situated, being in

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Lucy Rice owns substantial
log house, on the shores
of a lovely lake, and
with the Camp and all
its interesting activities not
too close, and yet near
enough for us to take
two meals each day in the
big dining hall.
The weather for the most
part has been delightful,
and we have tried to store
up as much sleep it & rest
as possible. Tomorrow we
start for home, rather reluct-
antly, as the heat continues
to be terrific. Kentucky has
had eight weeks, registering
100 + over —
I do hope you have had a
reasonably comfortable Sum-
mer at Twin Oaks.
Another of the old guard
passed on with the death
of Lincoln Steffens — A woman
here knew him at Carmel and

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said he was editing a little radical sheet, and that things were not going very well - His divorced wife tended him at the last and his child was with him - I can not but feel the end came as a relief. He was very wretched the last time he was returning in Louisville.

Do you sometimes feel you have lived two lives in two different worlds, and that you do not care for the present one?

It is very hard to hold on to one's ideals, and "glad belief in things" in the face of personal problems and world disasters. Even a hardened old optimist finds it difficult to see the light at the end of the passage. I heard of an old woman who said the only prayer she

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could make war for a strong chin to take the next blow.

Theoretically I still believe in the progress of the world, but I have to look beyond the span of a human life in each of many lives.

I was reading yesterday "Living Philosophies", the Credo of prominent physicists and scientists and philosophers, and I was impressed with the predominant note of doubt and despair, and futility. After all the quest for truth along material lines leads to despair, and faith and faith alone can sustain us to the end.

There are two political wise-cracks you may not have heard: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'Tiwere Farley to be wise.' and "A Republican slogan:

- Roosevelt for Ex-President".

Another smile that has come my way lately, is the remark of a muddled-headed neighbor of ours who said: "Bacon never has tested right to me since pigs were plowed under." Isn't that priceless?

Cole has been fairly well for him, but is very thin. He feels that the worst of the financial strain is over, but it has taken heavy toll - He goes heroically on with his poetry in the face of every difficulty - "He, whom a dream hath possessed" — you know the poem.

I chafe terribly under the inability to carry on my writing when so many are dependent upon me. Offers are constantly coming in that I could so easily fill had I

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only the strength. But I am like one walking a tight rope, and the slightest deflection throws me. The firm belief that matter, ~~was~~ is plastic to spirit, and ~~could~~ can be controlled has had considerable of a jolt, but I still believe it is true to a certain extent.

We both send you our dearest love and would so dearly love to see you. Your friendship is one of the precious things that abide.

This has been written out of doors under difficulties so forgive the inaccuracies.

Do send me a letter all about your dear self —

Yours as always

Dine —

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