

Chap II

95

January 8, 1936

Dearest Clara:

I wrote you sometime ago you may remember that I was putting together some recollections of my life. Of course I am including something on Poland. The most important thing in that adventure was my friendship with you and your father and mother. In what I have already written but am not sending you now I have referred to your father meeting me on the street just after I arrived and telling me to "keep a stiff upper lip" - a thing which I never ceased to be grateful for as it came at a moment when it was just what I needed. You know all about that.

Now I have come to a point where I must speak of your father's relation to William McKinley. The very fact that those who write of McKinley believe that McKinley was the one wronged while you and I both know that your father was the one who out of loyalty and simple-mindedness and goodness of heart and his belief in McKinley as a kind of infallible leader was the one who was wronged convinces me that I should put down somewhere in print my interpretation of this business. Now however distasteful this may be to you, my dear, is it not your duty to permit it? And if I am wrong at any point in what I have said should you not point it out and should you not give me any further information that may strengthen the account? You need not appear in it at all; you see I very carefully kept you out, but I have a duty to discharge as a journalist, dear Clara, a journalist who loved your father, believes with all her heart that he was wronged and that it is my business to say so before I die. Please read this, my dear, and tell me how you feel about it and what you think. What I have written about the Seminary and the town I will send you later - these pages follow that.

I was glad to get your Christmas letter. How terrible it is about Miss Thoburn and how terrible it is that there are none of the Thoburns that interest themselves in her. Do they ever come to see her? I am so glad, dear Clara, that you are finding useful valuable

work in the Home. You can do many things that nobody else could do because you have so much strength and so much humor and so much sympathy for those who suffer. You drown your own disappointments and sorrows in serving others, and there is no better way to use ones talents and time in this world. For my part I am proud of you.

I spent Christmas at the Farm trying to get over a bad cold. I am pursued by colds - out and out influenza - and the country air always helps me over them. Things there are fairly well. Will and Ella will go soon to Bridgeport. We don't quite dare risk Will's being shut in by a snow storm. If he has an attack it is too difficult to get a Doctor or get him to a hospital. Sara is threatening to stay there all winter; she certainly is a plucky little person, takes care of herself in every way even to stoking her furnace. I expect to be up more, rather than less, from now on.

Love to you, my dear, and write me honestly how you feel about the pages I am sending you.

Always your devoted

Miss Clara Walker
Cincinnati, Ohio