

May 11, 1929

Dear George:

There has been lying on my table for weeks and weeks now a beautiful letter from you - one of the most beautiful that I have ever received. I wanted to answer it with full appreciation and affection when I did write, but this thing which you so truthfully call "the saving grace of life", work, has - largely because of my helplessness - nearly swamped me in the last few weeks. I didn't seem to be able to say just what I wanted to say, and I don't think I can do it now, for your letter, dear George, reads a good deal more into my poor face than is there.

You and Attwood are both of you so warm and generous in your appreciation. I only wish it was anywhere near true what you say. At all events, I am going to put away that letter, and every now and then, when things seem to be very much tangled, get it out and look at it and say: "Here are two of the best and dearest people in all the world, who among those that I admire and love most don't think me quite a fizzle." Then I will be happy again.

I am somehow getting through the Lincoln undertaking - 4000 words a week for 50 weeks is getting on. So far I am not behind, but then I am not ahead, which is a fearsome thing when one remembers all that might happen. I am well, however, and of course there is nothing I love better than Lincoln work, so that's all to the good.

I am wondering whether I am going to see you and Attwood this summer. Surely you will be coming through; and if you do, let me know.

Affectionately yours,

Mrs. Attwood R. Martin,
Louisville, Ky.