

October 19, 1939.

Dear Mrs. Lamar:

When I received your very welcome letter of last June it made me wish more than ever that I could run into Atlanta sometime this Fall and we have the talk fest that would I know refresh my soul.

But things didn't turn out so well for me through the Summer as I had hoped. I wore myself out in the six week's lecture campaign at my old College - Allegheny - in Northwestern Pennsylvania, where I may have told you I have been placing my Lincoln material as a nucleus of a Lincoln collection which I hope can be integrated into undergraduate work, particularly in the study of American history and in the writing of biography.

Well, I tried to put over my notions to a class of thirty and worked a little too hard. The result was that I fell in a chair in the sunshine up to about Labor Day when I came back and ever since have been trying to pick up neglected correspondence, as well as to bring up to date certain unfinished pieces of work. *sat*

This will explain to you why I have had with great reluctance to give up any idea of going South this Fall. I find the years are telling more than I realized that they would and that I have to limit my activities. I get through the morning pretty well, but the rest of the day I loaf. I find that I am learning how to do it and just between you and me I am beginning to like it. So that is something. My great problem now is learning to live after eighty and I find that there are not many guide books. I suppose that is because

the world has agreed that after eighty that it is a good deal wiser for people, both for themselves and for society, to drop out. But when you persist in living, what are you to do? I think I shall write a guide book for life after eighty.

I had a very pleasant visit with a friend of yours here in New York - Mrs. Charles Hazen. She was gracious enough to urge me to come to Atlanta this Fall. She told me much about you and possibly when you see her she will tell you of our visit. I should have liked very much to have accepted her invitation, but it is quite out of the question. Life is a little more complicated for me, that is when it comes to moving about, because of illness in my family. I have an invalid brother and my plucky little sister has been having a bad time with an ulcerated stomach. They are all living in the Connecticut country to which I run as often as I can. But you can understand how under these circumstances I do not feel like going far away.

Maybe I shall have the good fortune one of these days to make the final tour around the South that I would like to make and then we'll have that visit. And in the meantime, believe me, dear Mrs. Lamar

Your most affectionate friend

Mrs. Joseph R. Lamar
Atlanta, Georgia