

Tel.

Academy 2-4500 - Apt. 94

E. N. H.

612 WEST 116TH, APT. 94

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I've gone back to the Greeks —  
the Romans stole from them their  
gods and heroes, their art and  
poetry — So, since you don't  
care about Minerva, you are now  
Athens to me. You can chuckle  
if you like, dear anonymous Athens —  
but it amuses me to be foolish  
now and then....

This has grown to be such  
a damnably solemn world!  
— Of course I shall be here

II

around June 15<sup>th</sup>. I'll telephone you — and find if you can comfortably see me.

That Lincoln collection idea of yours and your work there is grand. I'm terribly proud of you, dear distinguished Athens, [my name for you is a profound secret between us.] and so of course are all your friends, and the Club, your Club. Not to mention your "family" of which I know too well.

But I am proud of our "literary friendship", late blooming, but such a pleasure to me. At the Club you always seemed to belong to so many that I was shy of intruding — but then for years I've been one of

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those people shy of groups and clubs and crowds, far more at home tête à tête or with two or three at most. In those early years when I had Carl I was afraid of nothing - not of clubs, or even soap boxes in the streets. But when one has to live alone and learn "to be it", one falls into the habit of seeing one or two juvenes at a time - which may be a mistake, or a pity, I don't know.

I hate you to be "shaky" - but it would never enter my mind to think of you as an "old lady" - ... to me you will always stand for a strong spirit at the peak of maturity - ... youth, to me is often so ~~unpleasant~~ <sup>troublesome</sup> crude that the

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word adult means far more. —  
That, I feel, is the spirit of  
All In The Day's Work, a ripe  
minded contemplating life without  
prejudice, but with convictions, vital  
interest and complete integrity.

You feel, you believe, you seek  
for truth — but the terrible one-idea-  
ness of the fanatic is not in you.  
I seem to have read and known quite  
a number of fanatics. Often they count  
to the world, but when I meet one  
or discern the fanatical streak I feel  
like creeping into my nice safe shell.

I'm glad Viola Rosberg cared  
for your making this last book. Once upon  
a time McClure's turned down a poem by  
mine, but she made me send it back  
and they bought it.  
Until the middle of the month, when  
I'll call you up. Take care of yourself  
Kathleen Elizabeth v. Hepburn.