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Title: Letter from Stephen Vincent Benét to Laura Benét

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Dearest Lily! —

2 letters

This is a
grey, cold day — looks
almost as if it were
going to snow, which
would be a surprise in
August. We have continued
to swim — but frigidly!

I am sorry to
announce the decease of
Pichy, the canary, who
was found, poor thing,
with his toes turned up

in the bottom of his cage,
the other morning. The
cold may have been
responsible - also drafts.
It is too bad. However,
Rachel wrote him a
very effective epitaph
and performed a funeral
service combining the
best features of religion
and be-bud-to-dumals.
Otherwise, we have no
news, I have been
plugging at my poem
- haven't gotten very

bar, but here I've made
a beginning. Next week -
this week that is - I have
to go up to NY for
a couple of days on
some business - here to
see the N.E.A. picture if
I can and also have to
talk over some publishing
matters with Edm Farnas.

I wouldn't worry too
much about Bill's proposed
lecture-trip. It is still
in the future and many
things may occur before

the date, I will certainly
talk to Rand, ~~unreptitions~~ -
like, when I see him - but
he's on vacation now &
won't be back in D.C.
till after Labor Day. He
will certainly want to
see Bill and look
him over in the Fall
and if he thinks it
will overtax his strength,
will tell him so. But,
as he's told me, the recovery
from these things, while
slow can be complete
and leave no impairment

I hope and am convinced
that something will come
out of it - even if that
is hard to believe at
times.

However, I have just
been reading some stuff
on the beginning of the
American Revolution when
John Adams more or less
said "Good heavens what
a mess everything's in -
we'll never get out." Yet
we did, and he helped, too,
as soon as he got over his

hint about it.

Despair just can't be allowed.

When do you want to come over and see us? I'm not pressing you, just asking.

Of course, as you say, one always tortures oneself with regret. But try not to. You did everything you could - and everything was well done. Now your own life must carry on certain things. You can do it because you

behind, Don't worry about
it now - I'll keep a
weather-eye open, I know
how you feel and, as you
know, there is nothing
I would not do for Bill,

We saw a very fine
woodchuck the other day -
just out running Luwelle
and bedding by the
roadside. He gave us an
angry glance when we
slowed the car, as if to
say "Can't a gentleman
go out for some nice
fresh herbs without

people staring w? " Then
he rattled back into
cover. They are nice
creatures.

We listen on the radio
to the news from abroad.
It is bad but not
hopeless. But it is
sad to think of.

It is hard, too, to have
people shouting "Down
with the Jews!" in Paris -
the most tolerant city
that ever was. What
a time we live in! Yet

are brave - and much
is required of the brave.
Much is required of us all
- more perhaps than we
thought in our youth -
but there is a repayment,
I think,

All my love - and all
ours. This a stupid sort
of letter and I apologise -
but I've spent all week
in that blasted frame
of mind when you're
trying to start something
and don't quite see your
way. As soon as you

do see your way, then as
ball into place like a
jigsaw puzzle - but the
first piece is the
hard one!

We love you and think
of you! The children look
better now - Steph says she's
gained pounds and Tommy
I think has grown. Rachel is
now thinking of becoming a
witch, when she grows up.
I wouldn't put it past her!

With all my devotion
As ever
Stephen



Mrs Laura Bennett
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