

TO ARTHUR R. GLEDHILL

Gardiner, Maine.

20 August - '95.

My dear Gledhill,

Your letter came last evening and I was mighty glad to get it, as you may know. If I remember rightly, I wrote to you some time ago and failed to get an answer. That fact however would make no difference; the reason for my not writing is that I have been so miserable and down at the heel generally this summer on account of my ear, which has been going like the devil, and some other things which have not been going at all, that I have had small heart for letter writing or writing of any sort. I am beginning to pull myself together now, however, and feel pretty sure that that I shall do a fair winter's work. It makes me sick to look back upon the life that I have lived in the past, and almost so to <o> look into the future, that is, sometimes. I have faith in myself --too much of it, I think, but I was sent into this world without the strength to stand up under my ambitions. ~~I~~ I always came home "tuckered" when I was a kid with the rest of the boys and am afraid that it will always be the case. I have never been able to think of myself as more than 30 or 35 years old and I am not sure that I <even d> desire to be more than that. I have presentiments, and

have always had them, but I am very glad to say that they are not all gloomy. One of them is that the fellows who know me best are not going to forget me and another is that I am going to do something before I get through.-- There is, I think, nothing morbid in my condition. My common sense just tells me that there is not enough of me, and never was, to last a great many years. This thought is no new thing with me and it does not scare me in the least. I am not suicidal, nor am I a vegetarian. I am not a pessimist, or anything of the sort. My optimism and chronic appreciation of a joke, if it be a good one, <is> are what will save me. I have no conception of discouragement and am not altogether lazy. I shall never be a Prominent Citizen and I thank God for it,--but I shall be something just as good perhaps and possibly a little more permanent.

I regret that your cordial invitation must still remain open. I cannot get to Plymouth this summer, and would only be a bore to you if I were there. Sometime when I get straightened out and feel that I can show up half decently I shall surely come. I have a corn-cob pipe that is doing me a world of good, and a fund of good feeling for the world and pretty much everybody in it. What more does a man need?--except tobacco. I am out this morning and must go down town after some. It make[s] me think of the days when each and every man etc.

Most sincerely,

E. A. R.