

629 East Weatherup Street,

Lewdo, Ohio, 30 July, 1908

Dear Paul:

The Tribune says today that you  
are sick, and it tells a pretty story  
of one of your friends passing by and  
whistling a bugle call. I am not  
behind him in friendship or the desire  
to cheer, and I too sound a bugle  
call to you, with all the earnestness  
and spirit I can put into it, to tell you  
that I am helping you all I can.  
Can you bear the hole cutting of a  
brother at this distance?

I have wanted to tell you how much  
 I liked that little thing you printed in  
 the Nation about our celebration of the  
 4th July. It brought me tears, such as  
 some of your poems have done. The  
 other day I saw a letter from Prof.  
 William James of Harvard in the Boston  
Evening Transcript and it was so good  
 that I sent it to the editor of the  
Times asking him to reprint it.  
 I don't suppose he will, but he ought  
 to. It is all out and vibrating,  
 but we must have patience, rest  
 above all faith; someday, a long,  
 long someday, so sure, it will all  
 come right, meanwhile you and I

and get what you can out of our  
lungs, and we must have your  
rest in the harmony for all the

I have at last got my this novel on  
paper; it looks now like the reading  
of revision. It will be like it was with you

When you can, send me a line, but  
whether you write or not, I know, and so  
know, that it's (as old Walt says) "they  
speak to him, dear brother."

Mrs. Whitlock joins in all these  
wishes.

As ever

Maud Whitlock

## Partial Transcription

Brand Whitlock to PLD July 20, 1903

Dear Paul, The Tribune says today that you are sick, and it tells a (pretty?) story of one of your friends (dropping?) by and whistling a bugle call. I am not behind him in friendship or the desire to cheer and I too sound a bugle call to you with all the (?) and spirit I can pour into it, to tell you that I am helping you all I can. Can you hear the hale greeting of a brother at this distance? I have wanted to tell you how much I like that little thing you printed in The Tribune about our celebration of the 4th July. It brought me tears, just as some of your poems have done. The other day I saw a letter from Prof. William James of Harvard in the Boston Evening Transcript and it was so (great?) that I sent it to the editor of the Tribune asking him to reprint it. I don't suppose he will, but he ought to. It is all sad and sickening but we must have (?) and above all faith; someday, a long, long someday, no doubt, it will all come right. Meanwhile you and I must get what fun we can out of our songs. . . I have at last got my Ohio novel in paper; it lacks now but the (rendering?) work of revision. I'd like to talk it over with you. When you can, send us a line, but whether you write or not, I know and you know, that its (as old Walt says) "My spirit to thine, dear brother." Mrs. Whitlock joins in all these remembrances. As ever, Brand Whitlock"

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