

By this time Fran would rush into the room with "I'm so sorry, MacRae asked me to - - " I'd be brushing away my tears.

With all the time Those are all the references to me I have notices in the book, and with all the contacts I had with ~~fran~~ Francis in later times and my visits to them at Grove City and in St. Louis and in ~~Switzerland~~ Switzerland and elsewhere, and Francis' attitude toward me as far as I could tell it, it seems very strange to have no further mention.

The failure to further mention of me or to ~~say~~ say ~~anything~~ anything that would seem to me to be at all in mind with the amount of time Francis desired to spend with me over the years (nc) and the along with one or two things mentioned in connection with our later contacts, make me feel quite convinced

it seem to me that all these years Edith has been blaming me for the times when Francis stayed with me and failed to get to her during their that summer when her first child was born until much later than she expected him. In view of the time in St. Louis when I was so shocked, though I said nothing about it, at the way that he pushed aside the dinner she had prepared, it would seem to me that it was rather his attitude than mine. (nc) If he had ever said, "Oh, I must get to the hospital to see Edith," or "Edith is expecting me," I certainly would never have asked him to stay a minute longer with me. I believe he got so interested in the things we were talking that he stayed ~~on~~ on, and then when he saw her he apologized saying ~~MacRae~~ "MacRae asked me to do such and such," but I certainly never thought of asking him to do anything that would interfere with their time together or make him late to anything she was expecting him to. I don't believe he ever mentioned to me that at that time anything about her disappointment or his being late or anything of the kind. In fact I am quite sure he never did. However, it does seem to me to explain a certain cooling of his attitude lately ~~and~~ and also, apart from such a feeling on her part, I cannot imagine, with all the contacts we had, and all he expressed about being so appreciative of what I had meant to him, I cannot understand my being, as far as I have noticed there being no more recognition of it in the book than this.