

Gray A-2

Gray, R. J.

Campobello Island  
New Brunswick, Canada  
July 30, 1947

My dear Mrs. Gray:

I very much appreciate your taking the trouble to point out my errors in grammar.

As I wrote you before, I am not a perfectionist in grammar, and I do not have time to scan every line which I write. Very often, of course, the mistakes are made in the printing, though I admit many are mine.

My whole object in writing, is to get across to people some of the things which I feel they should be thinking about, and this applies especially to my work with the UN.

With many thanks for the poems, and my regrets that I do not have time to answer every letter from you.

Very sincerely yours,

Gray, R.



RUBY ARCHER GRAY  
2144 Reservoir Street  
Los Angeles 26, Calif.



July 15, 1947

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Drawn by Janet Tooker

This is being registered, because you may not be receiving these grammar chats. I have not heard from you all these weeks I've been sending the corrections of your errors in the interesting columns. You keep repeating some that your attention has been drawn to, and this makes me think somebody is screening me out, along with correspondents you are deemed too busy to consider. If this is going to be the way of it, of course I should not go to all this trouble to help you. So if you wish the lessons to continue, just say so, and I'll keep right on watching every day and let you know frequently what should be changed to make the grammar regular. Some of the mistakes are pretty bad, and I know you would not want to make them if you learned the reasons.

When I do not cover any of your dates, either I've missed the paper or else the wording was okay.

~~xxxx~~ June 23, "that" must follow "anyone."

Insert "no" before "money."

Use "should" in first person.

June 25, spelling, "advice" the noun.

There are many of us, not a lot.

Use "that" after introductory there.

Use "that" after "someone."

June 26, same.

Use "so" after negative "not."

June 30, tone of good soil are washed away."  
The subject of the verb is plural.

"Should" for first person..

July 2, say "as if" not "as though" This is an elided expression, and if fully expanded would read, "I felt

(as I would feel) if I had gained a day. See the relation?

July 3, same.

Also "many" for people, not lots.

July 4, This is the worst of all, putting a relative pronoun in the wrong case. Should read, "helping people who--we alone decide--are worth helping. "Who" is the subject of "are." "We alone decide" is parenthetical. Tell me if you get this, dear.

Place only next to what it modifies, in this case the clause.

Semicolon after main subdivision where parts are already divided by commas.

July 8, use "that" not "which" after introductory "there."

Here is the complete rule for you to memorize, and I do believe it will not take you long, maybe five minutes: Use that after introductory it or there; after someone, anyone, everyone, few, many, all; after negatives; after superlatives. At other times you may use that or which, according to context and euphony, and the avoidance of a repetition. But try avoiding "which" for a while, until you acquire the correct habit with "that."

Now "this is all" as the police car says, unless I hear from you that you are making some use of my work, or else preserving the lessons for consideration later. Meanwhile, do try to grasp the main corrections, and use them.

Faithfully and affectionately,

Purdy Arthur Gray

P.S. Here are a few of my simple verses--may every line find an echo in your heart.

## THE MEADOW LARK AND I

**W**E LIKE the early sun—  
The song-time of the day;  
We make discovery blithe and keen  
With Morning on her way.

The world is fair to us—  
We feel it, sky and earth;  
We see no cause for doubting gloom—  
But beauty, love and mirth.

Yet there be folks will mourn  
That froggie has not wings;  
That worm yet darkles in the ground,  
And snail to burden clings.

Let creatures have their will,  
And live as they do please!  
There's wages for the coward;  
Himself the bondman frees.

Let who so will seek prisons,  
Let backs that bend be pressed—  
Only a little longer lasts  
A city than a nest.

The song of life is living  
The love-heart of the year;  
And the pagan meadow-lark and I  
Can nothing find to fear.

We build our simple homes  
For opulence of rest  
Among the hills and the meadow grass,  
And sing our grateful best.

*The Crown Rosemille  
with love from  
Ruth Crown Gray*



## THE ART OF LIVING

**T**HERE'S a glory in endeavor  
When the heart is strong and free  
And the music of the doing  
Is the flower-song of the bee:

When the psalm of work is ringing  
Through the rhythm of the hands,  
And we feel the power growing  
With the stress of life's demands.

Every change is fraught with meaning,  
Every force a thing to know,  
And the effort and the making  
Are the willingness to grow.

Not with purpose in the holding,  
But to give to life its play—  
Joyous flow of thought to action,  
Use and beauty for the day.

Thus to live and thus to labor,  
Masterful of brain and heart,  
Through the years—and, yes, forever—  
Is the ultimate of art.

## VINTAGE IN THE GOLDEN LAND

### FRUIT OF abundance, ever-changing beauty!

Heavy with summer and the gift of love—  
 Carelessly I gather and lay you down,  
 Bathed as with dew, the innocent bloom  
 Of quiet days, yet thrilling with the warmth  
 Of life—summatious blood of the earth!  
 The vital sap, the honey-saden juice  
 Dripping with ripeness, yields to muzzling bee  
 A present burden, and the meadow-lark  
 With slow, voluptuous head the water drinks  
 From the purred purple.

The silence as of eyes broods this place—  
 A new-wonred, frequent stillness, murmured  
 With slow-rippled blades, vine-wrapped, lined his way  
 Of grape-entangled lip through laughing dunes  
 Strongly of some festival of joy,  
 Arched in flutes and shapely  
 Trill in the oval of yon meadow-lark  
 Whirling from birds to low in cadence pure,  
 The warm young lark of visible for the sun  
 Fills all the air with subtle essence  
 Each moment tender, riot of unknown joy!  
 Breathes with the rhythms of seasons, feel their call—  
 Mysterious creations of the light—  
 And from the earth creative powers arise,  
 Eager and hungry, flushing to the last  
 With aromatic fervor, reaching forth  
 In wandering tendrils to the beautiful air,  
 And peering through rich arteries the wine  
 To fill the swelling clusters of the grapes.  
 How good it is, to sense the vineyard life!  
 To touch the fresh-wonred leaves, the straggling stems,  
 The heavy bunches that bend along the ground;  
 And like a gay Bacchant, pluck the fruit  
 And taste the immortal flavor, beauty-will  
 And sing child-ways with the bee and bird,  
 Vary in the vineyard's heart, touch the open air—  
 And with, and sing, filled with over-flooded eyes  
 Eternal symbols of the ripening of days!  
 Harvest and vintage!

## THE SCARF OF IRIS

**I** HAVE ridden far today, and my heart with joyance thrills

To the little groves that nestle in the dimples of the hills,

Where a gauzy green is drifting, faint as fountains and fairs,

Or the eucalyptus leaves and the needles of the pine.

I have ridden up arroyos, found the meads of the pine,

Where the first kiss of the rain on their waking eyelids gleams,

Lo—the mountains bear a look of contemplation, sweet and still—

As a mother they are watching every meadow, vale and hill.

Through the palace of the sky queerly clouds are moving slow,

And a silken wind all shot with gold is working to and fro.

The grass is peeping forth, with an artless young surprise,

And the spectral weeds of yesterday are bent in whispered sighs.

Something magical is near me—hidden, breathing everywhere,

Shaken out in myric odors, caught unseen in the mid-air.

Life is waking, pulsating; souls of flowers are drawing nigh;

Fitting birds with fluted warble weave between the earth and sky;

And a soft excitement welling from the inmost heart of things

Such a sense of exaltation, such a call to rapture brings,

That my heart—all tremulous with a virgin wonderment—

Waits and yearns and sings in carols of the rain and sunshine here.

Knowing more will be revealed with the dawning every day—

For the fairy staff of Isis falls across the common way.

(as I would feel)

July 3, sa  
 Also "many

July 4, Th  
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 "We alone decide"

Place only

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July 8, u

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