8-15-1912

Letter From Francis Mairs Huntington-Wilson to Benjamin Mairs Wilson, August 15, 1912

Francis Mairs Huntington-Wilson

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/fmhw_other

Part of the Diplomatic History Commons, Political History Commons, and the United States History Commons

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation
Huntington-Wilson, Francis Mairs, "Letter From Francis Mairs Huntington-Wilson to Benjamin Mairs Wilson, August 15, 1912" (1912). Other Correspondence. 223.
https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/fmhw_other/223

This Letter is brought to you for free and open access by the Assistant Secretary of State (1909-1913) at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Other Correspondence by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.
August 15, 1912.

My dear Father:

It seems to me about time for my semi-annual letter with a reiteration of my semi-annual resolve to write you once a month. However, I do not know that you have any apologies coming to you. Edith is good enough to keep us somewhat informed of your moves.

Hereewith I enclose a facsimile of a letter which really happened and which I have been keeping for quite a while for your edification.

We had a terribly hard winter with things humming in foreign affairs and I felt nearer the ragged edge this spring than I ever have before and was particularly anxious to have a good long holiday with real absence of responsibility. Accordingly, we rented a delightful little bungalow at Newport, right by the sea and far away from everything. It is ridiculously small and simple with no bath-tubs except "hats," consisting, in fact, of one long room and a place to sleep all enclosed in sliding glass like a Japanese house, and on the other side one dressing room and the dependencies. There is a miniature bay where we keep a canoe. After a few days my native caution was overcome and we adopted a delight-
ful habit of undressing and dressing at home and paddling, with the dog as a passenger, to the beach a quarter of a mile away, taking our swim and returning the same way. This was rudely interrupted one day when there was a certain amount of swell and breeze and the canoe instantaneously capsized dumping us, dog and all, into deep water. We had not much trouble in swimming to the rocks with the canoe and clambering out, having righted the canoe in order to let Belly Mac out from underneath. After that it was always too rough so we either went on foot or in the motor to the beach, there being an agreeable path. The days were perfectly delightful. We are both seriously taking up a system of calisthenics and rubbing called "My System," by a Dane named Muller. It is a wonderful thing and takes less than half an hour, including a bath; so good in fact that I hope to continue it indefinitely and I strongly recommend it. It is above all for the abdominal muscles and is very good, I think, for the organs. It includes deep-breathing exercises. You really should take it up. After breakfast we would read for a couple of hours, then the swim, luncheon, golf and plenty of sleep. I occasionally played tennis. We also did some motoring and I had my first experience in driving the car, which I found quite agreeable and interesting. The best part of the holiday was the feeling of not having to hurry and
and not having to know or be responsible for what was going on in diplomacy. This was to last through August, whereupon Lucy was to spend September in the Adirondacks, I spending ten days or two weeks there with her and then finally returning here with her. These dreams were rudely interrupted last Saturday by a telegram calling me back here and announcing that the Secretary would start tomorrow as Special Ambassador to the funeral of the Japanese Emperor. This will keep him away for two months, during which I shall be in charge of the Department.

I am going back to Newport Friday evening and I hope for the next few weeks to be able to divide my time fairly evenly, spending three or four days a week here to keep in touch, and commuting back and forth. The night express does the journey each way and it only takes about an hour and a half in the motor between Newport and Providence, where I catch the train.

We are just finishing the ninth volume of our old friend "Jean Christophe," by Roman Roland. Have you read it? It is wonderfully interesting and an occupation for reading aloud for half a year. The most interesting novel I have read recently is "A Modern Machiavelli," by Arnold Bennett. Up in Newport I was reading the Lincoln Douglas debates and trying to keep saturated with domestic politics through four...
New York newspapers.

Quite confidentially, thus far the impression I got is that Woodrow Wilson is likely to be President, but that Roosevelt may take enough votes to throw the election into the House of Representatives, which would create a situation the interest of which I leave you to speculate upon, remembering that in such case the House votes by States, each State having only one vote; that the three highest candidates are voted upon; that the Democrats have just about half the States in the House; that in case of deadlock the Secretary of State is acting President, unless a Vice-President exists; that the Senate selects the Vice-President, but votes only on the two highest candidates; and that Sherman could hardly gain the votes of the insurgent Republicans. Of course, we are all optimistic and many people are looking for a Taft rally a little later on. The business community, however seems fairly complacent, feeling safe with either Taft or Wilson and believing that Roosevelt's election is impossible. The whole situation is chaotic, interesting and disagreeable. I think there will be a revulsion of feeling against all the new "isms," and in favor of a platform of "back to the old way." In the case of the Republican party, however, which could gracefully adopt such a rule if its old leaders like Fenrose, Cannon and such were not so unpopular
throughout the country, it will be difficult for them to improve such an opportunity. The Democrats may get into trouble through the centrifugal force of their conservative and radical elements. In fact, we have arrived at a point where there is very little real issue between the conservative elements of the two parties. We are going fast toward a realignment of radical and conservative under some name or another. As for the new party, there may be room for one, but this one man Roosevelt affair, whooped up by the disappointed candidate and by those seeking prominence at any cost, and maintained by the idolism of the faithless Rooseveltites too distinctly conceived in sin to appeal much to cold-blooded and patriotic citizens, however idealistic, unless they are hoodwinked, altogether it is a mess and I shall be very glad for one when it is over. I am rather looking forward to the fourth of March and view with entire equanimity the possibility of being out of a job.