

[By H. E. Cherrington]

If this were my last message to my survivors March 22, 1936

This will not be as extensive as it might be because written at midnight after a tiring Sunday, but I am just wondering what I would be thinking of if I were about to shuffle off this mortal coil. So here goes!

I have had a very pleasant life, thanks to kind and Christian parents, many friends, and the opportunities they made. I could have done more with my one or two talents (scriptural sense), but a not too rugged health and perhaps resultant indolence both partly prevented.

I would urge all students to make more of college. I am ashamed I worked so little on science, and yet I wish I had worked harder on literature, especially on composition and original research. I enjoyed my newspaper work but I wish I had had more variety. There were too many theatres and too much theatrical trivia to "cover." I always wanted to do a general service literary column (roughly, of the ideal FPA type) and believe I might have excelled at that.

I regret not giving more time to church and the churchly endeavor. I would urge all to get a practical interest in the church. I have worked twice as chairman of the music committee and never in any other capacity got so much satisfaction out of church.

My Prides: Married for twenty years to Harriet who likes to think she's a bit of a devil, but her mischief is innocent. She is really an angel--the most unselfish person uncanonized. (And yet she is privately canonized, for she is my "Saint Hattie." My work 23 years for the Dispatch and the friends whom that won; my little library; two or three reviews; a few poems; one or two papers for Kit-Kat Club ("Rhythms of Life," "Prying into Pepys.")

My Regrets: That I didn't write a book or something more lasting; that I didn't do more for the church and the unfortunate; that I

didn't develop myself more physically, for thereby comes a clearer more efficient mind; that I wasted so much time at parties better to be spent in the library; that I didn't make more friends or do more for those who were good to me; that I didn't take more active part in politics; that I didn't read more books and fewer magazines and trivial papers, etc. etc. etc.

My happiest memories: Christmases in the old boyhood home; Sunday sermons and songs as a child; college days in the Beta house; election to Kit-Kat Club; a summer in Connecticut; a spring in Florida; hours with my books; a morning at Bok Tower; hours with great art at the Metropolitan; hours with great music in Columbus; Alfred Noyes reading his own verse; a talk with Frank Bellows; the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; the D-minor of Cesar Franck; the voices of Caruso and Rosa Ponsell; the violin of Fritz Kreisler; the piano of Paderewski; the blessing of Dad as he lay dying; the smile of Mother Eastman as I read to her in her last days; the Oxford Book of Verse; Hamlet; Pepys; the Gospel of Jesus; the letters of St. Paul; evenings of bodily and mental refreshment at the Kit-Kat Club; the good will of friends.

I loved life here, but I know there is another life ahead, and I have a feeling I shall like it even better for I feel that there the body will be less, the soul more. And to that "more abundant life" I earnestly aspire.

Sincerely set down,

H. E. Cherrington