

November 24, 1924

Mr. John A. Fitch,
105 East 22 St.,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Fitch:

Believe me, I am humiliated when I think how long I have delayed writing you about your book. As I told you the other day at Mrs. Kelly's dinner, I did not get around to reading it for some time, and it has taken about as long to get around to writing you a letter. Please forgive me.

And now as to the book. You know, I think you have written a large book - by which I mean a book in which the writer attempts honestly to see all around the problems. It has authority without dogmatism, it has courage without cocksureness. One senses your effort to get at the aims and difficulties of the various human factors in the industrial situation. You seem to see those factors as human beings, behaving like human beings, and that, after all, the only way you can deal with them is by education, and then more education. Also I get the idea that you think things are slowly going ahead, and that possibly that is the best that can be hoped for, men being as they are. This seems to me sound doctrine. The book ought to help to a fuller understanding, and I certainly shall recommend it whenever I have a chance.

People often ask me what they ought to read on industrial problems, and I have been put to it to find anything clearly and directly written which had breadth, was founded on facts gathered from firsthand contacts, and something like an all round sympathy. It is a satisfaction to have a book like this to commend.

Also, the book makes me want to get back to the question on which we disagreed several years ago - find out just what it was and why it was. I wonder if you and Mrs. Fitch would not come to dinner with me at the National Arts Club some evening, quite informally. Come early, from your work, if you like, if you are living out of town as I have the idea that you are, and let us talk things over. I am out of town next week but shall be here the week after.

Sincerely yours,