

Dear Ida Tarbell:

Warm greetings for the holiday season
and for all the days to come !

Probably you have heard of the big
night we had at The Players last week
Friday. It was a seven o'clock dinner
that lasted until eleven, with John as
the lion. A beautifully bound book, six
inches thick, was presented to the lion.
The book was composed of several hundreds
of letters written to John by the lads
who love him- written for this book.
John might have been tearful, except for
the fact that the thing was run off brisk-
ly, and with much jollity and joshing.
After many very short speeches, and the
reading of six of the many telegrams, the
presentation was made, and then John stood
up, leaned his elbow on the great book,
held on to his chin, and continued to hold
that fine chin throughout his speech.
Slowly, thoughtfully, weighing every word,
making every sentence jewel like, he
talked, and Plato couldn't have surpassed
him.

Bob Davis' telegram spoke of the useless-
ness of trying to illuminate a heavenly
body of the first magnitude, and said,
"John Saturn Phillips, arround whom we all
revolve." And the last telegram ~~from~~ was
read without comment, and was received
with cheers, as you can well imagine:

"With the affectionate appreciation for his long service to the Women's Club of Goshen." And some one recalled Gilbert (of G. and Sullivan) who was so shy, but once found himself in a predicament not unlike John's. The day after, a friend spoke to him on the street, saying he had heard that the lion of the previous night was Gilbert. "Yes," said Gilbert, "I felt like a poor little old lion in a den of Daniels." It was a night that would have made you happy, just as it did so many of your man friends.

Dear Lady: one of the fondest wishes I've had for a long time is that our girls at Hunter College might have the goodness of having you speak to them! It is impossible to stand before those amazingly fine girls of New York City, hear them sing, see how they look at you when you are telling them something that has beauty connected with it, and not be profoundly moved. The city and the country, at such times, seems perfectly safe! The little shivers of pride-in-humanity run up and down my hips at such a moment. What they need most of all, I feel, is to see, to hear the persons whom they can admire. Because of something you once said, I have long promised that this wonderful woman- my friend- and theirs- would someday speak to them. Pedagogues and politicians and bankers and critics are not good for them. Little Missy Meloney did them a "power of good", and Harold Anderson, the sentimental one of the three editors of The Sun, who had never made a "speech" before, made them very happy and fell in love with them. About or nearly a thousand of these "grand" girls graduate on the 27th of January, and no such rich present could be bestowed upon so many fine young

women as you could bestow if you can somehow manage to let them see you and hear you speak- TO THEM!

I shall be as nervously and eagerly hopeful as a little boy, waiting to have your answer to this letter.

With all best wishes, and the appreciation of so long standing,

Faithfully yours,

Joe Chase
Joseph Cummings Chase.
222 West 23rd Street.

December 26,
1 9 3 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase