

November 18, 1936

Dear Mr. Burton:

I have just received a letter about that little article of mine on work in the December Cosmopolitan that I feel I must share with you. It comes from one of my most honored friends, W. R. Whitney. You know him, the head of the great General Electric Laboratories. This is what he writes:-

"Your article is short but clear and true. Gee! it's wonderful! Only a discerning student of modern life could have seen it or said it; what the idler fails to understand is the beauty of the rhythm, the beauty and excitement of being in his place in the endless chain of creative motion which is the essential nature of this magnificent and incomprehensible universe. It will always be more and more incomprehensible but we will comprehend more and more of it. Your place, as probably that of all of us, must be looked at as being at the always advancing point. What a Godsend! You do your part so well. I'm glad I know you and my Thanksgiving celebration will be more than ever satisfying though I have confined myself to one sheet (squeezed) to tell you."

Do you wonder I gloat over it or that I want you who asked for the article to know what one of the really greatest workers of our times is willing to say about it.

Of course this is not to go outside of the office. It is a private letter.

Some day I wish you would let me write for you an editorial on "Imagination in Everyday Work." As I see it, the lack of imagination has brought a great deal of the unemployment problem which we have seen about us in the last five or six years. Of course you would not like to take it unless you liked it and of course I would not write it unless I had some encouragement from you.

One of these days I am going to  
send you a big manuscript of Recollections,  
hoping you will see something in them.

Very sincerely yours

Mr. H. P. Burton  
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