

February 12, 1941

Dear Mary Gilson:

I am distressed that I have not been able to say what I think about your book. It hasn't been possible. I jump out of one frying pan into another--came out of the hospital to learn to walk again and had to go back for infected teeth. The next step in the process is getting some new ones to replace the old ones. There is no fun dear Mary, tackling a shattered old body and trying to make it as good as new. That is what I am doing, however, and I am more and more encouraged that I'll get something out of myself finally. And when I begin to get something out of myself "What's Past is Prologue" comes in.

I am meditating a book on Life After Eighty, perhaps I told you. I want to put a lot of things in about people that I passed over entirely in my Day's Work. I am keen on a chapter about women I've known and you are my favorite in industry. So please feel that I remember, even if, so far, I have been able to do nothing.

I was glad to see the Herald Tribune review. Mary Ross knows pretty well what's she talking about. Let me know how you are, and be sure you'll be hearing from your book as months go on. It's that kind of a book.

Sincerely yours,