

Box 5 Fort H'lton Sta.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
July 16, 1939

My dear Miss Tarbell:

You will, perhaps, enjoy knowing that to-day you succeeded in helping me to dissipate the spleen which victimized me early in the day.

It is a glorious morning, (July 16). The sun shines splendidly. The breezes blow softly and cooling. Strange to say it, this ~~was~~ is what saddened me. Sitting in the porch of the house, and despite the rather cheering panorama before me, afforded by the well kept spacious back-yard gardens of a couple of mansions across the street, I felt downhearted. For my usual Summer plans this year have been definitely thwarted, I believe. A slight malady has prevented me from enjoying the early-morning dips into the ocean, the sun baths, in complete relaxation, stretched on the beach sand hours before the late sleepers begin swarming around.

These thoughts I was trying to fight hard through the help of the Sunday paper, the New York Herald Tribune, my favorite one, when I came across ~~with~~ your article, "But America Keeps Climbing", in "This Week", the magazine section. Next to the title, my attention was caught by the illustration along side: the gigantic spiral tower depicting America where crowds appear rushing upwards, towards heaven wherein the tower appears lost behind a veil of clouds.

"America climbing into heaven!" was my next thought. "That is wonderful!" And this was enough for me to forget about my frustrated dips into the ocean and the sun baths on the beach sand. For indeed, to me any news is beclouded by the news that a single soul is on the way to "The abode of righteous dead", to say nothing of a whole nation being on the road to "supreme happiness". (I quote from the dictionary).

Then I read the editor's introductory remarks. Particularly interested I was in her description of your childhood ambition--"to be a biologist and own a microscope, through the eyes of which she hoped to rediscover God." I went then on and came to the four essentials which to your way of thinking you regard as such "in carrying out the pledge to which, as citizens of the United States, we are committed--that is, the pledge to 'establish justice, insure domestic tranquility... promote the general welfare,' which are, "1) Health, 2) Enough food, shelter and clothing...with a little fun thrown in, 3) Freedom..., and 4) An End to Force..."

Your comparison of things concerning health and production of food and necessities of life as they are to-day with their state sixty years ago is quite interesting and truthful and encouraging, and one feels that really America has climbed up to heights of prominence in the material world, but then there comes the sudden twist, from the bright side to the dark side, of the picture: the apparently un-

solvable problem "to make use of the abundance we know how to produce; to learn how to get it to every man in proportion to his earning power;" the still more seemingly unsolvable problem to avert war wherever "all our gains may be set back, if not shattered".

Then you pin your hopes for the better world of to-morrow, on the fact that men experimented with the League of Nations, and on the fact that "when fifty-odd nations can agree even for a limited time that there may be a way to avoid wars, when they come to a point where they put their names to a covenant that makes its object the finding of the way, then there is planted in the world a new hope, a new ideal," for "it is the hopes and the ideals of the world that in the long run push the spiral upward."

And then you seem perplexed in remarking that "our present job, ~~is~~ if we want a world fit to live in, is to discover why the tremendous undertaking of bringing the nations of the world together for a common purpose failed."

Is it possible, may I ask, Miss Tarbell, that a person of your age, of your intelligence, of your love for the beautiful things of life, may be groping in the dark in her efforts to discover the "why" of such "tremendous undertaking"?

Indeed, "the world has built up a large peace machinery: tribunals, diplomacies, societies, a League of Nations", which, "inspired as it is by the noblest and oldest of man's dreams, does not work." Here I shall let Mr. George E. Sokolsky give us his version on the matter. I quote from his article "In His Image", in the New York Herald Tribune of July 3:

"The statisticians gather data about us as they do about potatoes and Japanese beetle. They know ~~how~~ many of us there are and where we are distributed. They have figures to show what we eat and drink and how we spend our time. They draw graphs and make charts concerning every mood and activity in which we are engaged.

"But they cannot tell us why public and private crime increases; why hate parades its venomous banners throughout the world; why men still want war.

.....

"Is it possible that in our pursuit of things we have ourselves become a thing? Is it possible that we have forgotten that, created in His image, every human being has within him a spark of the divine; that all of us, children of God, must be brothers, and ~~that there~~ that there is none so mean that he is not worthy of a free life? Have we sunk so low in the trough of miserable materialism that we have forgotten that love and humility and gentleness of spirit alone can save this world from the confusion into which it has fallen?"

Doubtless the early machine builder who "used to say when he finished his work: 'Now start her up, boys, and see why she doesn't work' ", saw to it that proper adjustments were made which would allow the machine to run, in strict conformity with the laws of physics and mathematics. In contrast, the builders of the world machinery steadfastly refuse to ~~to~~ adjust it in accordance with the law of God, its actual Creator, and then wonder why it fails to work satisfactorily.

I repeat, Miss Tarbell, that you succeeded in helping me to dissipate the spleen which mictimized me early in the day, and my remark is quite sincere. For, if I deeply regret seeing you groping in the dark for the secret of the world's ailments, it makes me very happy to have the opportunity to use my time in a most uplifting task--the glorification of the Almighty through a public acknowledgement of His infinite power over every-thing ~~and~~ we see and do on earth.

I shall pray to Him that you may "rediscover" Him here before you see Him in the far beyond!

Respectfully yours,

Daniel A. Pardo
Daniel A. Pardo

P.S.--Circumstances beyond my control prevented me from mailing this letter until to-day, July 26.