

August 21, 1937

My dear Mr. Bliss:

Do forgive me for troubling you for a bit of information which I think the chances are you cannot give. I really do not see why it should have stayed in your mind. But here it is:-

Possibly you will remember that in January 1919 I turned up in Paris. Our old friend August Jaccaci at once took me in charge. I was in a Red Cross uniform. Jack wanted to know how it happened that I should be wearing those garments. He said that you had told him that I had been accredited to the American Delegation by Washington - in what capacity he had no idea. I had never heard of such an appointment. I had friendly letters of introduction from Mr. Wilson, but certainly they did not indicate that he was naming me to any particular position.

Jack was considerably disturbed, wanted me to investigate. He said he felt certain that Robert Lansing who was I think from common talk here very much opposed to women on the American Delegation had simply dropped Mr. Wilson's request or suggestion into the waste basket. This is about as I remember it.

You spoke to me of the matter once I remember but there was so much confusion in all quarters that it did not seem to me proper for a matter of small personal pride to be pursued. Also, there was enough for me to do in the work for the Red Cross Magazine and I settled down to that.

Now as it happens, dear Mr. Bliss, I am trying to put down some recollections of my working life including a few observations made in the five months I spent in Paris in 1919. If there is anything in this story, which as I said I can hardly expect you will remember, will you not let me know?

I wish I might see you and Mrs. Bliss now and then. Life has been a rather strenuous matter for me the last few years. I have not been too well. I have had some rather serious obligations to look after, serious enough to have so stepped aside from where my old friends circulate that I see little of them any more. Please believe I remember you and Mrs. Bliss with deep pleasure, and I hope one of these days I may see you. Certainly if I ever again go to Washington I shall ask you to let me run in and have tea some afternoon. But not until the confusion clears up a bit shall I cross the doors of that devastated town!

Faithfully yours