

Dear Miss Tarbell-

I should love to come to tea with you whenever you say. I would, in fact, break ANY possible engagement to do it. I can't imagine any event of any season, past or ante, that would please me more. In my mind was certainly no thought that anything so delightful would come about when I wrote my letter to you. I only hope you don't forget.

My father's full name was Judge Fontaine Talbot Fox. The cartoonist, Fontaine Fox, who^{se} work you probably know, is my brother and his namesake. My father, if I do say so, was a unique personality. An editorial in a Louisville paper named him a "battling old boy", and said, "after ninety years of tolerably plain speaking and a life no less equivocal he passed away at peace with the world". He was a great friend of Henry Watterson's until they quarreled bitterly over something (I've never known just what), and then used to cross the street to avoid speaking to one another. His admiration of Lincoln was sincere, and the sincerity may be attested by the fact that he made both my brothers swear on the Bible the night they celebrated respective twenty-first birthdays, that they would always vote the Democratic ticket.

But I don't mean to bore you with a long letter of such details, when you only asked for a name. I'm glad and proud that the Lincoln anecdote pleased you, and that you had never heard it. I should be more than proud could you use it. I have always liked it.

May I add to what I said about your book that I think I liked it especially because of the very thing you said about it at the National Arts Club the other night? I'm getting to loathe more and more the "tell it all" school of autobiography. Reading such a one makes me definitely uncomfortable, as if I were over-hearing something I had no business hearing and were helpless to keep from it. I could not help realizing as I read your book that you very probably could have written three or four volumes about such a full life as yours, but I liked the way it was done, and I liked it being about your work. I especially liked that angle of it because you didn't go off from it. It made a full, grand book, which I have been going around recommending, written as you wrote it, in spite of an editorial judgement otherwise and a check that went haywire.

Please don't take any of your valuable time to bother answering this, only when you are ready for me to have the promised tea with you. I know your days are full to the brim. I hesitated some time before I wrote you the first letter. It was good meeting you. I shall tell Mrs. Martin that I did. I have known her for many years.

FRANCES B. FOX

126 WASHINGTON PLACE, NEW YORK CITY, CHELSEA 2-8894

You were right about my father being a Kentuckian.
I should have said so above.

I'm returning your card, as I didn't use it, and
apologise for the length of this communication.

Yours sincerely,

Frances

B Fox

November 17th, 1939.