October 8th, 1932

Dear V R:

To my surprise something has happened to the autobiography which I never dreamed would happen - a pressure from the publisher to get in the copy.

I have nineteen chapters done - the twentieth I am holding back, but that will be all right with them. Now, I have sent you Chapter XIII and am mailing today XVIII and XIX. I would not for the world hurry you and I can of course send in the manuscript before I hear from you, but you know how much I dislike to do that, wanting the advantage of your criticisms in order to put my best foot foremost!

Please let me have XIII first. I expect you have found it a hard nut. What I have had to say about our break up is so inadequate, has nothing of the drama, both the tragedy and the comedy that went with it, but I cannot attempt that. How can I say what was true, that Mr. McClure had come to a point of irresponsibility, based as I believe on illness which made him unfit for editing, that he held with a sort of fierce jealousy to his authority as majority stockholder, that he had lost any true sense of editorial value. I do not want to hurt him so much, though all this and more he has said to me more than once. The last time I saw him he cried out as he left me, "You and John could have done nothing else. I was impossible." But I can't and won't any notion of the deterioration morally and intellectually that had gone on in the man. I am waiting for what you have to say with anxiety.

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Now about the Chadwick story. The reason of course that ia ll passed off without much notice publically was that the morning the Magazine came out with the one chapter in it the Navy Department gave the Associated Press all that we had, and a little more, thus saving its face of the charge of discrimination. As for Mr. McClure's repentance - well, you get J S P to tell you the story of Captain Chadwick's appearance before anybody was there the morning after the announcement had appeared, his heartbreaking cry, "This ruins my career" (it practically did, I understand) "it will kill my wife." With Chadwick in mind Mr. McClure's sympathy is much less impressive to me. If I could tell the whole story though quite apart from this narrative of mine, and without fear of its injuring or humiliating Mr. McClure I would like to do it. If I were only a fiction writer what stuff has come my way.

Do forgive me, dear V R, if I seem hardhearted and wrong headed to you in this matter.

You were good enough to ask how I am getting on - pretty lame and more or less pain in my game leg, but so much better that I hardly know myself really, and I am counting on Bee Venom to take care of the hip.

Always affectionately

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