MUSCOGEE ROAD
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

August 10, 1922.

Dear Miss Tarbell:

I am coming to you for advice and, if possible, assistance.

Ever since I got through with the war and its after effects,- that is since the spring of 1919,- I have been at work on a biography of my husband. I have written and re-written it, cut down and revised it, until I have lost all power of discrimination, and I wonder whether you could refer me to any reliable person who would read it and tell me what is the matter with it,- what are its most serious faults. If it has any virtues, they can take care of themselves.

I know that you instantly see through this transparent disguise. Indeed I was on the point of asking boldly, whether you would do me this inestimable favor. But I relented because of the drain upon your valuable time and still more precious eyes, in the hope that you could refer me to some one - not as good a judge as you would be,- but a fair critic, who, - for a consideration,- would give me a correct diagnosis.

I know that there are firms who advertise that they will criticise and revise manuscripts, but they do not inspire my confidence. I want to be told frankly, whether there is too much of my own comments and ideas; whether it is too editorial; whether there are too many and too lengthy quotations from speeches and addresses; whether it is too stilted and stereotyped, too much of an attempt at style and fine writing;- in a word what ails it,- for something does, I am sure, and I am afraid it is organic.

The typed manuscript can be read through in six

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or seven hours,- I timed it,- and I am in need of advice and criticism for which I shall be more grateful than I can say.

I have thought so often of you and wished that I might see you. Once, I came home to find that you had telephoned from the station as you were passing through,- too late to find you; it was akeen disappointment to me and I meant to write and tell you so, and to beg that next time you would give me some notice that would enable me to see you and if possible to claim a visit from you. But that was one more of the numerous paving stones in my section of the road to the Bad Place,- I didn't do it, and the time slipped by.

I shall be so glad to have some news of you, to know how you are; and I am, with best wishes, and many pleasant memories of our intercourse at 1714 N Street,- which constituted one of the few bright spots in that troublesome experience,-

Faithfully yours,

Clarinda P. Lamar.

Please address Mrs. Joseph M. Lamar,
as above.

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