

January, 1940(?)

Dear lady;

As soon as that last screed of mine was gone I thought how I had neglected to speak of such a gratification, it had been crowded out when I thought about the book I was so ardent about. I especially love that Chinese madonna as a work of art and as a human document. I have to bother you with these thanks.

And then probably I was impudent with my feeling about Sandburg. You see I didn't feel properly modest with a great authority not only from the influence of natural depravity, but because being a sharp on Lincoln I truly believe is a sort of disqualification for measuring that book.

Of course I am not supposing what I said matters at all, at all anyway.

Reverentially, yes'n,

V.R.