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W-A-Cr

September 14, 1938

Dear Rosie:

You said you would like to see what I had written about the General and J S P. I am sending the chapters covering the time when I joined the staff - that was after the Napoleon work - up to the time of the break in 1906. Also, the one speaking of the starting of The American. I am sending that because I see a chance to put in a word or two on Mr. McClure and want to know what you think of it.

I think we got a good start on The American. We certainly went on it with all our hearts, but there was, with me at least, and I think even more with J S P something that I think ought to be said - we missed the General, a certain radiance he gave to work. Though I think we always resented more or less what we felt he had done to us. I am sure J S P and I both felt a little anxious about what was happening to him. It wasn't possible that the people - fine as they were, and they were the best of the time who had taken hold with him - could know him as we did, to know what was essential, as Mr. Phillips particularly did, to get out the best of him. A little feeling that we ought to be there to protect him, in something the same way that J S P had protected him from Steffens' brilliant arrogance. I do not know quite what it is but I think I ought to put a touch of that in there. Mr. Putnam at Macmillans who has read the manuscript, and liked it far better than I ever dreamed that he would, complains that from this point on I do not put in enough about myself.

What would you think of cutting out half, at least, of what I said about the tariff - you know I am so obsessed about that - and to speak of two things which really did at this time cushion that break. The first was the fact that I had acquired my little place in Connecticut - the home of my own that I had dreamed of all my life.

And the second thing was that I began to have some kind of a place in New York. I had been an alien here, of course - a quite contented alien because I

enjoyed my professional associates so much. But I wasn't of the town, and the point in the town where I came in was the last place in the world that I would have expected or that I desired to land. This was the Colony Club. What I really would like to do - writing lightly of that association - would be to tell of my relation to the Colony Club agitation of suffrage. I started the thing but before I could say "Jack Robinson" Catherine Mackey and Mrs. O. P. Belmont had run away with it and were agitating militancy. You see I do not think they had ever realized before that here was something which they hadn't got and being the kind of ladies who want everything and were accustomed to getting it, they went out tooth and nail after suffrage. And I found myself a presiding officer at crowded meetings in the Colony Club Assembly Room and when it wasn't big enough in one or two amazing great drawing rooms of the town. But it got too elegant for me and too militant and I crawled out from under.

I want to put in something which Mr. Putnam and somebody else who has read the manuscript think it needs - to put it in the key of the first three or four hundred pages, a little more of myself.

And what would you think of later in my round-up of talking a little more of Mr. McClure? And how after all these breaks and mishaps you and he and J S P and I can sit around a birthday table and not realize that there has been a break. You see I can do that because twice I tried to help out. Once with the last part of the Standard Oil story bringing it up to date. It collapsed because his magazine collapsed. And then the ill-fated Gary business, ill-fated from the magazine's standpoint, although from a professional standpoint, as much as I was belabored, I never regretted doing the book.

Here is a long letter, dear Rosie. I hope it is not an imposition on your eyes and your strength.

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129 East Fiftieth Street

At any rate you know how I value your criticisms and your opinion. I trust you, too, to look after my sentences. I wonder how in the world I have written as long as I have and still write so badly.

The Lord bless you

affectionately

Ida M. T.

Miss Viola Roseboro
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