

(2)

November 6, 1937

Dearest V R:

I am feeling bewildered, embarrassed, weak in the knees about the number, as well as the warmth, of congratulations I have been receiving on my eightieth birthday. Also much bewildered about how to take care of them. I am settling down to the job and the first letter I am writing is to you. I want you to know about last night's dinner. It was somehow the most touching, beautiful and genuine thing I ever experienced in the way of a dinner party. Mr. McClure was there - so were the Bakers - so were certain other friends, but these are the ones that belong to us. And you were there, dearest V R. Martha read from your letter to her where you said that you would rather be there than any other place on earth. A gulp went around the table and a murmur of affection. And I had all I could do to keep back the tears for I know as well as anybody what a deep and lasting contribution you made to the McClure adventure and achievement. I have always admired you so tremendously and loved you so deeply.

Mr. McClure was the star of the evening. All of those early experiences, peddling, serving seven years for Hattie, marrying her on twelve dollars a week, storming the sacred citadels in the publishing business, all of this he told and we all listened as if we had never heard it before.

He is wonderful just now in expounding his theory that democracy first appeared in the world about one hundred and fifty years ago. He won't admit that there was any growth. He seems to think that it sprang full-fledged and that it is a complete thing. You know how he is when he has a thesis. The quality in him which I think we all found so marvelous flared like a torch, but I could see a flicker at the end. He is a lonely man.

The Bakers came down and it was so
delightful to watch him listening and when occasionally
he was appealed to contributing solidity to Mr. McClure's
inspired flights.

Well, I shall have to come down and talk
to you about it. But I just wanted you to know how
we all thought of you and that you contributed a
beautiful and indefinable something to that party.

Devotedly

*The book is fine - I know I shall
enjoy it & write about it.*

Miss Viola Roseboro
173 Rockland Avenue
New Dorp, S. I.