

July 23, 1935

Dear Mr. Bruenart:

I am sorry I have been so slow in reading your manuscript "Brother to the Ox", but it was quite impossible for me to get to it earlier.

Of course it goes without saying that I share your sympathy for the under dogs of the world; I understand your fear that unless the obvious ~~necessities~~ in the present system are corrected it will collapse. I believe that what is needed is stronger and still stronger collective effort to correct. That is, as your hero cries, "It is not a one-man battle."

injustices

Your starting point is sound, if I understand it, that is the future lies in the present, and that if the human brain was sufficiently developed it could demonstrate the main outlines of the society of the world a hundred years from now. Your conception of an invention which would project man into a world a hundred years hence is possible.

The use your characters make of their experiences on the return to the world as it is, their determination to renew their efforts to reform, is logical and stirring.

But, my dear Sir, an invention of this kind must be credible all the way through. The picture you draw of the world a hundred years from now falls down by its exaggeration; you overdue your fantasy. I am sorry for I think you have a contact here that with more restraint, more hard work, might be made a stirring call to colors. As it stands I am afraid you miss your mark.

EW

It may be that there are publishers who would not feel as I do about it. The only house which seems to me might consider the manuscript as it stand now is that of Street and Smith, 79 Seventh Avenue,

Concept

New York City. They have several magazines in which the high color of your novel, incredible as it seems to me even in the fantasy, might be acceptable. So I advise you send it to them.

Regretting I can not give wholehearted approval of your manuscript, believe me

Very truly yours

as a

Mr. Beach Truehart
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