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COPY

judges of their own work." And so on. October 25, 1928

My dear Mr. Boyden I knocked at that kindly door when I have just read with vivid appreciation the little book of tributes to your brother which Essie Quaple brought home with her. If he did it for me he must have done it for me. Though I never saw Bert Boyden I felt when I read of his death in the New York Times a sharp quick sense of a friendship gone, so extraordinary was his gift of projecting his kindly personality through a few typed words.

My acquaintance with him began in 1916 and continued intermittently for a year or two. He had bought from me a very unpretentious story ---the only one I ever sold him---- with a letter that was like a firm handshake and a friendly smile. Other editors have been nice to me since, nicer than I deserved, but none of them can put that indescribable Boyden touch into a letter.

Well, I sent him more of course. All of it came back. But always there was a note with it, brief but friendly, signed with a rushing blue pencil, "A.A.Boyden" If the story was hopeless he openly poked fun at it, and if it just missed fire his "I liked it, BUT....." was unfailingly soothing. And very often there was a scribbled postscript in the same blue pencil, signed "A.A.B."

"I do like the way you write"; or, "Remember that I want to see everything you do whether it seems good to you or not. Writers frequently are not the best

judges of their own work," And so on.

I don't know how many times I knocked at that kindly door when he was tired or busy or worried, but his patience never flagged, nor, I think, his interest. He gave of himself so freely! And if he did it for me he must have done it for hundreds of others as inconspicuous and as unprofitable. I am the Unknown Soldier, one voice speaking for many.

Believe me, most sincerely,

(signed) ANNE CAMERON