

33 Rippon Ave.,  
Hillsdale, Mich.,  
July 2, 1933.

Dear Dick;-

The fact that I have not answered your fine letter of Jan. 31st does not imply a lack of thought on my part--- I have been putting it off from week to week, hoping that something definite would have been done about "Triplanetary" so that I could either release or recall those drafts. So far, however, nothing has happened. First, I held it up a long time, on the chance that ASTOUNDING would be revived. Then, after that mag. passed out of the picture definitely, I stalled around a while longer. Argosy did not like it, neither did Street & Smith. Then I sent it to Amazing. They have kept it a couple of months, and haven't replied to either of the letters I sent, asking for the ordinary business courtesy of a reply to correspondence. Now, to tell you the truth, I am getting so fed up on Sloane's you-be-damned attitude that I don't give a cock-eyed damn whether I ever write another word for Amazing or not---you already know that their rates are of no particular interest to anyone who isn't actually starving. The third "Skylark" is about half done; but whether it is ever finished (for Amazing, at least, and as a Skylark) depends a lot on whether or not Sloane comes to life long enough to take a little interest in the publishing business.

As for your suggestion as to a howl for the third Skylark---that is strictly up to you readers. I would suggest, however, that you start a massed attack upon the mental attitude of the whole staff of Amazing Stories. For years I have been personally friendly with them, particularly with Miss Bourne, and somewhat with Dr. Sloane; and if they deliberately treat me so as to make me as sore as I now am and have been for weeks, what can they expect from people who were not as friendly to start with? In fact, I have been playing with the idea of recalling "Triplanetary" and re-writing it for Weird. By emphasizing Roger and the adepts of South Polar Jupiter more, and going into the mysteries merely suggested in the present tale, I believe that it could be made into a weird tale that would be worth reading.

Excuse the grouch---I didn't mean to work it off on you. To get back to pleasanter subjects, I would be very glad indeed if you can lengthen your visit to the Fair enough to make us a visit here in Hillsdale. While we have no palatial mansion, we can---and will---find a cot for you to sleep on and enough to eat to keep your belt-buckle from rubbing against your back-bone! Be sure and come if you possibly can--- you and I will discuss scientific fiction from the past into the remote future, with side excursions into chemistry, physics, and astronomy; and my son will bore you to extinction with air-planes. On the other hand, he will take you golfing, swimming, or to any other amusements we have which are to your taste.

Very cordially yours,