

33 Rippon Ave.,
Hillsdale, Mich.,
May 12, 1934.

Dear Dick:—

Hot dog! Congratulations, Dick! In fact, congratulations strongly tinged with envy—I'd give my right leg to the knee joint and two front teeth if I could go and study under Millikan, Noyes, Einstein, et. al. for a few years—old and gray and mentally ossified as I am! After you get acquainted with them, please inform Millikan especially that he is a blinding flash and a deafening report—or words to that effect. And I'm pulling for you on those exams, too, son. I imagine that they will be designed to weed out the amateurs, but you'll take 'em—you'll show 'em what kind of trees make shingles!

I haven't answered your letter sooner because, like you, I was very curious to learn what the highly important announcement was that was promised in ASTOUNDING. My head can't be quite as swelled as I supposed, because I couldn't really believe that they were going to throw such a splurge about the "Skylark". However, I got the mag. this noon; and they certainly are splurging plenty! Now, by gosh, I will get swelled up. I don't think that I will even talk to any ordinary mortal hereafter—I'll just bask in a roseate aura and commune with myself; and gloat a few high-power gloats every now and then.

In your letter of March 3rd you suggested that you would like to see Hall's letters, to see what a hard-boiled editor would say when he decided to rave. Therefore I am enclosing herewith my file of recent correspondence with him, so that you can get the whole picture. I don't have to tell you, of course, that this is all strictly confidential, and for your own information only—I don't mind a little bragging to my intimate friends, but if it ever got out that I was showing that kind of stuff around I'd just simply pass out of the picture entirely.

Now about the notes, etc., in the back of the black notebook I sent you. No, you don't need to tear them out—you already know the kind of introspective ape I am, and, if I remember correctly the trend of thought expressed in those notes, you might like to keep them as a reminder of me. As to the entries on the cash pages, they were temporary notes on some payments of dues to the golf club (I am its secretary-treasurer) which are of no use to anyone, as the entries were posted in the Club books the following day. Tear them out or leave them in, just as you like—they are of no importance whatever.

As I dope it out, what I thought were rough spots in the last two chapters were not rough spots actually, but simply seemed so to me because I knew too well what I had cut out at those points. I was—and am—too thoroughly conversant with the whole thing (what I left out as well as what I put in) to be a good critic, and Hall was afraid to let me have the rough draft back because he knew darn well that I would have rewritten the whole last section and was afraid that I would have made it worse instead of better—and he may have been right, at that.

Cordially yours,

