

33 Rippon Ave.,  
Hillsdale, Mich.,  
Oct. 8, 1934.

Dear Dick:-

Your letter of July 15th and your card of Sept. 19th were appreciated highly, as you know all your correspondence is---and this time I have a brand-new alibi for not answering them sooner. We have been rebuilding our house---or rather, building the garage on the corner, which we have been talking about so long. Jean has also been redecorating the interior, and she has had my den piled so full of junk that it was only last night that I was able to gif down to my typewriter. I am taking the letters in turn this time---and, if I have any luck at all, I expect to get all caught up by the end of the week. Personally, I think I have a pretty keen alibi this time; but it is one that I can't use again!

Yes, I am still jealous of you for your chance to learn what you are bound to learn in the next few years. You have a marvelous opportunity there; and I am sure that you are man enough to take advantage of it. I particularly envy you the chance of working with Millikan and the apparatus he has there---if I had any way of earning a living for the family in the meantime there is nothing I would rather do than be right out there with you. Not that I figure I could do anything that would amount to much; but I am beginning to realize my own ignorance and I certainly would just about go into hysterics at the chance to take about ten years of work in advanced physics.

As far as new stories are concerned, I am still pecking away at "Galactic Patrol". So far, it is about as lousy a thing as I ever saw anywhere---it has about as much life as the mummy of Rameses the First and is exactly as sprightly as that insect they call the hippopotamus. Also, there isn't a new idea or a new concept in the whole mess---I think I'll throw the whole thing into the waste-basket and start over when (or if) I ever get a new idea to work on.

Yes, I have been thinking that the current output of scientific fiction was pretty darn small potatoes and monstrous few in a hill, myself. However, I laid it to my own jaundiced eye, due to my own failure to make this Patrol thing pan out something like I wanted it to. If you see it the same way, though, maybe I'm right---in which case, I know darn well I'll scrap this story as far as it has gone!

I note in the new Fantasy, received today, that Campbell wrote his "The Mightiest Machine", for Astounding, in one month. I wish I could make my old bean spark like that!

Rod has a new love now---a Henderson motorcycle---and he would sleep with it if his bed were big enough. We had the motor rebuilt and it's a honey now. I like it myself, and it certainly is teaching him something about mechanism---which is all to the good as far as his Ph.D. in aeronautical engineering is concerned.

Cordially yours,

*Woe*