

[Typescripts and papers by Zona Gale]. Box 2: Correspondence

Gale, Zona, 1874-1938

Portage, Wis.: [publisher not identified], 1895

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RARE BOOK DEPARTMENT
Zona Gale Letters
Ms. 226

1922. Unless otherwise noted, all letters are from Zona Gale to Henry Chester Tracy. The letters a,b,c,etc. note the number of pages or "pieces."

- 1a,b. 1/9/22. 1 TLs.
- 2a,b. 1/28/22. 1 TLs.
- 3. 3/6/22. 1 ALs.
- 4. 3/14/22. 1 ALs.
- 5. 3/23/22. 1 ALs.
- 6. 3/27/22. 1 ALs.
- 7. 4/17/22. Notice of registered article from Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.
- 8a,b. 4/18/22. 1 ALs.
- 9. 5/8/22. 1 ALs.
- 10a,b,c. 6/17/22. 1 ALs.
- 11a,b. 7/10/22. 1 ALs.
- 12a,b. 7/20/22. 1 ALs.
- 13a,b. 7/25/22. 1 ALs. plus copy of Zona Gale letter to publisher, Knopf dated 7/23/22. Zona Gale often tried to promote H.C. Tracy with publishers.
- 14a,b. 8/7/22. 1 TLs. Frank, Glenn to Gale, Zona. Glenn Frank was editor of CENTURY MAGAZINE. The letter had to do with publication of her novel and was sent to H.C. Tracy. The envelope accompanies the letter because there is a notation on it.
- 15. 8/26/22. 1 ALs.
- 16a,b,c. 9/1/22. 1 ALs.
- 17. 9/4/22. 1 ALs.
- 18. This accompanied the letter of 9/4/22 and was a statement by Zona Gale entitled, "Why I shall Vote for Senator Robert M. La Follette."
- 19. 9/12/22. 1 ALs.
- 20. 9/25/22. 1 ALs.
- 21a,b. 12/4/22. 1 TLs.
- 22. 12/7/22. 1 TLs. Van Doren, Carl to Gale, Zona. Carl Van Doren of Century Co. rejected SOUVENIR OF OCTOBER by H.C. Tracy. He wrote of his appreciation of her FAINT PERFUME.
- 23. 12/11/22. 1 ALs.
- 24a,b. 12/14/22. 1 TLs.
- 25. no envelope or date. 1 TL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.
- 26. " " " " 1 AL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.

1923.

- 1. No date or envelope. 1 TL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.
- 2a,b. 2/6/23. 1 TL.
- 3. 2/6/23. 1 AL. AMERICAN REVIEW to Gale, Zona. *page is torn - only part of letter enclosed.*
- 4. 1 TL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester enclosing the above letter from the AMERICAN REVIEW. *by Mr. Thayer*
- 5. 2/19/23. 1 AL.
- 6. 5/19/23. 1 ALs.
- 7. 6/31/23. 1 ALs. Rogers, Viola to Tracy, Henry Chester relating the death of Zona Gale's father.
- 8a,b. 6/?/23. 1 ALs. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.

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1923 (continued)

9a,b,c. 7/?/23 1 ALs. Gale Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.
10. 8/8/23 1 ALs.
11. 8/11/23 1 TL.
12. 8/21/23 1 ALs.
13. 11/19/23 1 TL.

1924

1a,b. 7/3/24. 1 ALs.
2. 10/20/24. 1 AL written on political campaign stationary
(La Follette) from Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry C.

1925

1a,b. 2/13/25. 1 TLs.
2a,b,c,d. 5/2/25. 1 TL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester with enclosure
from Dr. Thomas Dickinson.
3a,b. 8/8/25. 1 TLs.
4a,b. 10/24/25. 1 AL.
5a,b. 12/5/25. 1 printed/1 written. ALs.
6. 12/27/25. 1 TL.
7a,b. 12/31/25 1 TLs. plus note.

1926

1. 1/18/26. 1 ALs.
2a,b. 2/6/26. 1 ALs.
3a,b,c,d. 3/11/26. 1 ALs., 1 TLs. Re: Ms. of Tracy "A Preface to Scientific
Humanism" to be sent to Dutton Publishers.
1 copy TLs. to Dutton Publishers from Zona Gale
1 ALs. to G. F. (Frank) on University of Wisconsin Dept.
of Philosophy and Psychology letterhead paper giving
opinion of Dr. Meiklejohn.
4a,b. no date. 1 TLs. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester re Dr. Frank
and Dr. Meiklejohn.
5. 3/23/26. 1 TLs. Gale, Zona to Los Angeles Postmaster trying to
find a letter written to H.C. Tracy which encloses
a valuable letter written on Letterhead of President
of University of Wisconsin.
6a,b. 6/1/26 1 ALs., 1 TLs.
7. 6/2/26. 1 TLs.
8a,b. 10/2/26. 1 ALs. (copy) Gale, Zona to President Morgan. This letter
sent to H.C. Tracy. *The letter to President Morgan
speaks in praise of Tracy.*

RARE BOOK DEPARTMENT
Zona Gale Letters
Ms. 226.

Unless otherwise noted all letters are from Zona Gale to Henry Chester Tracy.
1927.

1. 2/7/27. 1 TL. She calls it a "No-letter."
- 2a,b,c. 2/27/27. 1 AL. Written on the stationery of the Mission Inn in Riverside, California where she had gone for her health.
3. 3/21/27. copy of TL sent by Zona Gale to Mr. McCrae re Tracy's book, TOWARDS THE OPEN. This copy sent to Tracy.
- 4a,b. 5/5/27. 1 TLs.
5. 7/2/27. 1 TL.
- 6a,b,c. 7/30/27. 1 AL.
- 7a,b. 9/6/27. 1 TL. "Did you know August 26 was your birthday and mine?"
8. 9/14/27. 1 AL. sending book, BEYOND BEHAVIORISM.
9. 10/26/27. 1 TL. She is sending JADE MOUNTAIN to Van Doren of the Literary Guild.
- 10a,b. 12/13/27. 1 AL.
11. Mystery letter. This letter came in an envelope dated April 21, 1923, but the letter from the J. Simon Guggenheim Foundation is dated October 24, 1927. Where does it belong? Was "1927" a typing error?

1928.

1. 2/10/28. 1 TLs. White, William Allen to Gale, Zona. Re: Reading TOWARD THE OPEN.
2. 3/1/28. 1 TL. Gale, Zona to Tracy, Henry Chester.

1929.

- 1a,b. 1/8/29. 1 ALs.
- 2a,b. 1/25/29. 1 TLs. plus 1 ALs. which Zona Gale found buried on her desk.
- 3a,b,c. 2/24/29. typed note plus 1 AL including two written sketches.
- 4a,b,c. 2/14/29. 1 ALs. Johnson, Ann Radford to Gale, Zona.
- 5a,b,c. 5/25/29. 1 AL. 3½ pages in pencil in which she laments not hearing from him. She speaks of "the baby." What baby? Whose?
- 6a,b. 9/10/29. 1 ALs. - initiated

1930

1. 1/11/30. 1 AL. Belated Christmas note.
2. 6/18/30. 1 AL. written on stationery of the Mission Inn in Riverside, California. In 1927 she was there for health reasons.

1931.

- 1a,b. 4/11/31. 1 ALs. written on stationery of the Mission Inn in Riverside, California.

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1932.

- 1a,b. 2/9/32. 1 ALs. From Gale, Zona and addressed to "Dear Friends." Apparently H.C. Tracy is now married and facing financial difficulties due to the great difference between the real estate values of where he is living and those of the region to which he is moving. Zona Gale is writing from Florida.
2. February;, 1932. A note written from Florida. It appears that Tracy is now in Hollywood, California.
3. 3/16/32. 1 TL. A letter about his PATHS OF PERCEPTION.
- 4a,b. 3/26/32. 1 TLs. ATLANTIC MONTHLY to Gale, Zona saying they liked the essays by Tracy even though they can't use them.
- 3/31/32. 1 AL. The above letter from ATLANTIC MONTHLY is enclosed in letter from Gale to H.C. Tracy.
5. 4/11/32. 1 TLs. YALE REVIEW to Gale, Zona rejecting PATHS OF PERCEPTION. Letter sent to H.C. Tracy.
6. 4/23/32. 1 TLs. This letter was dictated and signed with initials, the letter "B" appearing to indicate that she is now married.
- 7a ,b,c,d,e. 6/2/32 1 ALs. plus an added note. This letter encloses letters from the University of Chicago Press, SCHOLASTIC, and a copy of the program of the Iowa Creative Writing Conference at which Zona Gale lectured.

UNDATED LETTERS FROM Zona Gale to Henry Chester Tracy.

- 1 a,b,c. 1 ALs.
- 2 a,b. 1 TL
3. 1 TL telling Tracy to send in an application to Guggenheim.
4. 1 ALs. written on stationery of Riverside Mission Inn, Calif.
5. 1 ALs. Zona Gale sends a payment she received from Dutton Publishers writing, "I cannot make money out of you."

LETTERS FROM ZONA GALE TO MRS. JOSEPH (FANNY) ROSENTHAL. Cover letter

1. 3/29/73 1 ALs. Mrs. Frank (Helen) Stout to Griffin, Lloyd of the University of Wisconsin Memorial Library saying "herewith are the letters Zona Gale wrote to my invalid mother."
2. 12/22/13 Zona Gale sent booklet "SANTY" written by John T. McCutcheon.
3. 12/31/14. 1 card with poem, "Remembrance" from Gale, Zona to Rosenthal, Fanny.
4. 12/22/19. 1 card which apparently accompanied a photograph of Zona Gale.
5. 12/22/25. Gale, Zona to "Dear Friend"

LETTERS FROM ZONA GALE TO MRS. ROSENTHAL (continued)

- | | | |
|---------|----------|--|
| 6a,b,c. | 12/22/26 | 1 ALs. Two paged letter with envelope to Mrs. Rosenthal on the occasion of the death of her son. |
| 7a,b. | 6/30/28. | 1 ALs. Zona Gale writes as if she is now married. |
| 8. | | Christmas note to Fanny Rosenthal. |
| 9a,b. | 1/3/29. | 1 ALs. plus a note. |
| 10. | | 1 ALs. no envelope or date. Gale, Zona to Fanny Rosenthal. |

ZONA GALE MISCELLANY

1. Article printed by E. P. Dutton & Co., publishers of New York. Its heading: "Henry Tracy is new W. H. Hudson says Zona Gale."
2. Two Xerox copies of the above article.
3. 1 Postcard picture of The Gale Home.
4. 1 condolence thank-you on the death of Eliza Beers Gale signed by C.F. Gale and Zona Gale. August, 1923.
5. 1 copy of the newspaper obituary of Zona Gale plus a Xerox of it.
6. 1 photo Arthur Park Tracy presenting Mr. Henry Luce with a copy of "Unitive Spirituality" at a lecture at the University of Calif. at Santa Barbara. The only clue we have that this might pertain to Zona Gale is the surname "Tracy."

In a separate folder are photocopies of letters from Zona Gale to Ruth Fitch Mason, Thomas Boyd and Miss Fanny Borden.

There is also a separate smaller box containing 4 typescripts of plays of Zona Gale. They appear to be versions of LIGHT WOMAN

ZONA GALE LETTERS

from 506 Edgewater Place
Portage, Wisconsin

TO HENRY CHESTER TRACY

* CORRESPONDENCE BEGINS YEAR
OFFICE SHE HAS RECEIVED PULITZER
FOR DRAMATIZATION OF MISS LULU BELL.(ALL BUT TWO IN ENVELOPES WHICH IS GOOD BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T DATE
HER LETTERS)

postmarks *

JAN 9, 1922 1st letter in passel, typed, in response to Tracy's response to a story of hers. Introduces her interest in "cosmic consciousness" and the importance of serving society on an inner plane providing one has first done a good deal of "fetching-and-carrying" and other social "deck cleaning".

DEC 5, 1925 Holograph (plus someone's printed copy) re a book called Creative Involution, its brevity compared with Herbert Spencer's writing... then on to Tracy's book at Chatto & Windus... references to the Millers in Riverside and to Glenn Frank, Univ. of Wis. * Cora Lenore Williams also the book she is currently working on and the fact that faint Perfume is to be produced in ~~Europe~~. NEW YORK.

FEB 7, 1927 a "no-letter" as she calls it: a query about "Shadow-Cross" ^{TYPED}

FEB 27, 1927 on Mission Inn, Riverside, Calif. Stationery. Holograph. 6 pages... all trying to arrange a meeting with Tracy, who is in Berkeley, that is suitable for both... beginning with a certain teasing ambiguity.

MAR 21, 1927 copy of a letter to a Mr McCrae re Tracy's book Towards the Open.

MAY 5, 1927 2-PAGES, TYPED, single-spaced. (tear in margins) long poetic intricate letter re shared images* and the review she is doing of his book, "you have written of this world, with the second world showing through...". also her Spring housecleaning, "comas" of silence, & bookshelves * dolphin-like fish, the woody bird... (the dolphin-fish & the two riding its back referred to in later letters)

JULY 30, 1927 6 holograph pages in Gale's loose scrawl, 2 of notes on Tracy's book including, "Really, I was Amazed at the mental roar with which I read, on 197, the 'shoddy mentality of the American Middle West.' It isn't that I do not know that shoddy mentality abounds in America, but I know it not one whit more in the Middle West than in New York or in Los Angeles." Letter itself on Tracy's book to be published by Dutton and her own Yellow Gentians and Blue with reference to her discovery in Webster's of "the yellow gentian

which has a very bitter taste.".... "Part II of the book has some hints of a blue gentian world."... also description of a crane on lawn that morning near river.

SEPT 6, 1927 1 1/2 ^{single-spaced} pages typed beginning "Did you know that August 26th was your birthday? And that it was mine?..." mainly about something - a poem? - called "Given" from Tracy which must have arrived with a letter but which was somehow overlooked. ... also about Tracy's year off, future pension, pension set-up in Wisconsin, etc. Reference to writings of Elizabeth Madox Ford

SEPT 14, 1927 HOLOGRAPH, 2 PAGES. Re. sending Tracy a copy of Beyond Behaviorism... also mention of a friend recently returned from Turkey. "I want to go to Istanbul. I want to see Itamboul. I want to say 'I am in Itamboul'."

DEC 13, 1927 HOLOGRAPH, 4 PAGES. re gift from Tracy of "beads-on-a-cord" of invisibility which she weaves in with a discussion of Tracy's writing and Henri's The Act Spirit

MAR 1, 1928 TYPED NOTE regarding failure to write a promised review of book whose first two chapters she read "while sitting with my camera on a bank waiting for a beaver to appear." A note from William Allen White, the Emporia Gazette, included.

JAN 25, 1929 TYPED NOTE DATED JAN 24 TOGETHER WITH A SCRAWLED LETTER (4 PAGES NOTE PAPER) THAT HAD GOT "BURIED ON MY DESK". MOSTLY ABOUT HER HOPES ABOUT HIS RECEIVING A GUGGENHEIM GRANT. ... also that she would like Elinor Wylie's book back "now after the early and tragic death."

FEB 24, 1929 Miscellany, including a letter to Zona from a Mrs Ann Radford Johnston in Hollywood which Zona forwards to Tracy. Also mention of Leslyn, now 2 1/2. Thanks him for returning the Elinor Wylie book. Will have article called "I've Been Reading" in the April Century mag. also typed page from a story. and typed half page about child.

MAY 25, 1929 3 1/2 Pencilled pages. She laments not hearing from Tracy, then in afternoon letter comes: "the usual universal chemical happening." Speaks of progressive education movement and her visit to the Antioch campus; work-study program there. Also speaks of the baby & speaking engagements

Have incorporated

JAN 11, 1930 4 page holograph note (folded 8x11 sheet) Belated Christmas wishes, hence "added freight of more wishes" etc... Speaks of having same cough she had in California earlier... "What wild and waxy image shall I promote from the air to send to you? ... about to have lunch with someone from University... "How idiotic not to be able to ask you to lunch. What clogs us, weighs us, chains us to one spot in this world?..."

JUNE 18, 1930 2 holograph pages on Mission Inn Riverside, CA stationery... letter begun "light years" back, now finished & mailed from Portage. Describes how when letter was begun none of Tracy's writing had been published, now "it floats, whirling its bright words, all laid in lines of print and paper..." Speaking esp. of Roads to Morning.

APRIL 11, 1931 5 page holograph note (folded 8x11 sheets) on Mission Inn Stationery. They (?) have driven there from Wisconsin... "Mission Inn Stationery - Mission Inn cars - in fact, Mission Inn. And I on the roof, a low voice's length from that rainy room wherein I entertained the plumber, in a great and fearful conviction that he was you... ask if he will join them while they take 22 year old Juliette to see a studio

FEB 9, 1932 3 full holograph pages written from Miami... where she is speaking at the University... letter in response to what seem to be financial problems for the Tracys... Speaks of sending things to Yale Review and New Republic... "Now the publishers lists are so small." * hws? Tracys? describes the warm temperatures, etc in Florida. Signs off "O to be Alladin instead of me."

FEB ? 1932. note from Florida. about to leave for home.

IV
MAR 16, 1932 MORE THAN 1/2 PAGE, SINGLE-SPACED TYPED, unsigned.
beginning: Paths of Perception I think will live forever, if we can
get it to begin to live as soon as possible. ... reference to things sent
to Atlantic Monthly and Yale Review, also New Republic and Nation
... which answers question of 2-9-32 letter. ... also perhaps explains
why she speaks of herself as an impresario in earlier letters

MAR 31, 1932 HOLOGRAPH 3/4 page accompanying Atlantic Monthly
letter on Tracy's essays

APR 23, 1932 A DICTATED LETTER signed and with notes, also note on a
scrap accompanying Yale Review letter on Tracy's Paths to Perception.
Interesting letter re being a sensitive and/or jovial writer. ...
Suggests Tracy try England as an audience ... with some detail.
A description of the seasonal moment - robin, elm bud, etc. - in
Wisconsin, as in other letters.

JUN 2, 1932 HOLOGRAPH 8x11 sheet (folded, written on all sides)
accompanying letters from Univ. of Chicago Press and Scholastic, ^{on Tracy's work}
(interesting letter on Scholastic's policies); also a schedule of Univ.
of Iowa Creative Writing conference at which Zona lectured. Describes
June in Wisconsin. Wishes Tracy would send out manuscripts
by the thousands, then reflects on all the implications of
"skew numbers".

2 UNDATED LETTERS NOT IN ENVELOPES

ONE on Mission Inn stationery & probably a follow-up to 2-27-27
letter wondering if Marion Tracy would bring music, when they
came, for the Inn organ. ... thinks Tracy should send more
material at a time to publisher

ONE 8x11" sheet folded to note size, written on all sides. (about 220 words)
forwards to Tracy the amount she received for review of his book published
by Dutton. "... I cannot make money out of you! - or of any of
my friends. ... So please add this to the English as Experience profits"
She is sending a copy of her new book from Knopf on to him "in the Dutton
box which had given yours wings from New York. ..." Thanks him for
his "in which I shall now plunge and be upborne to a more silvery
medium."

Yona Dale

Frank Miller

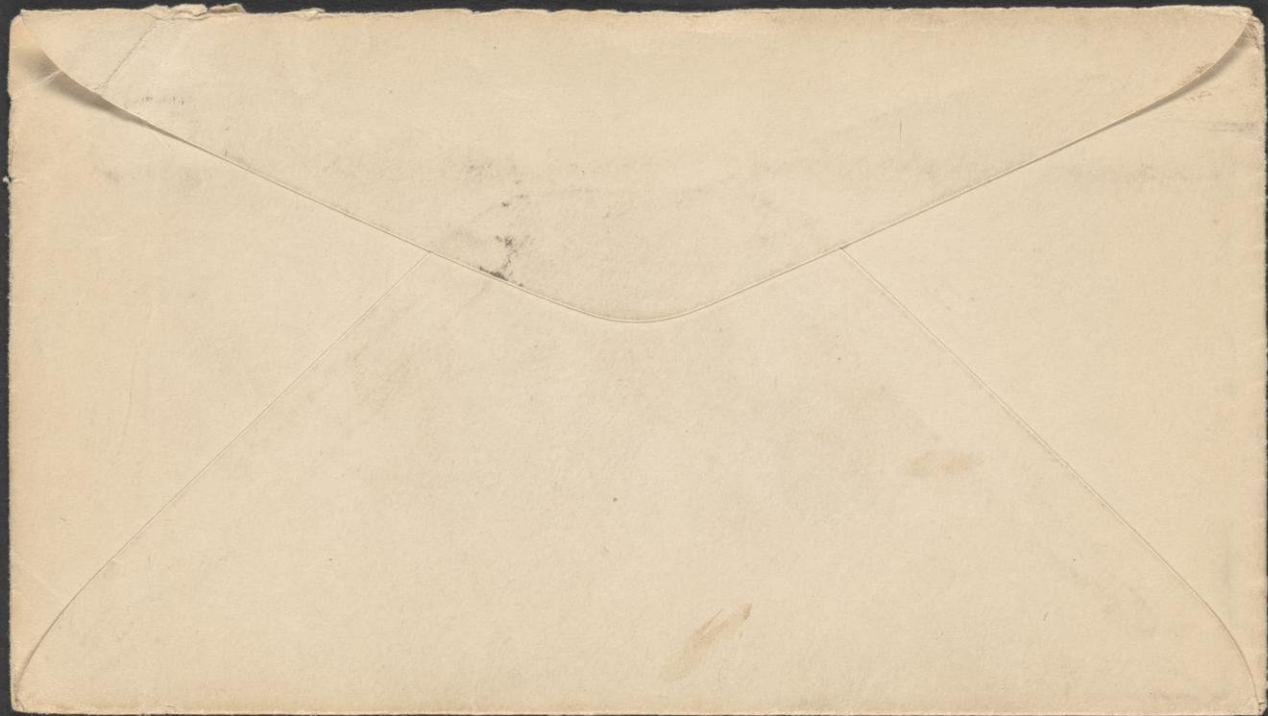


Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Avenue

Hollywood

California



Letter postmarked Jan. 9, 1922 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

(lab)

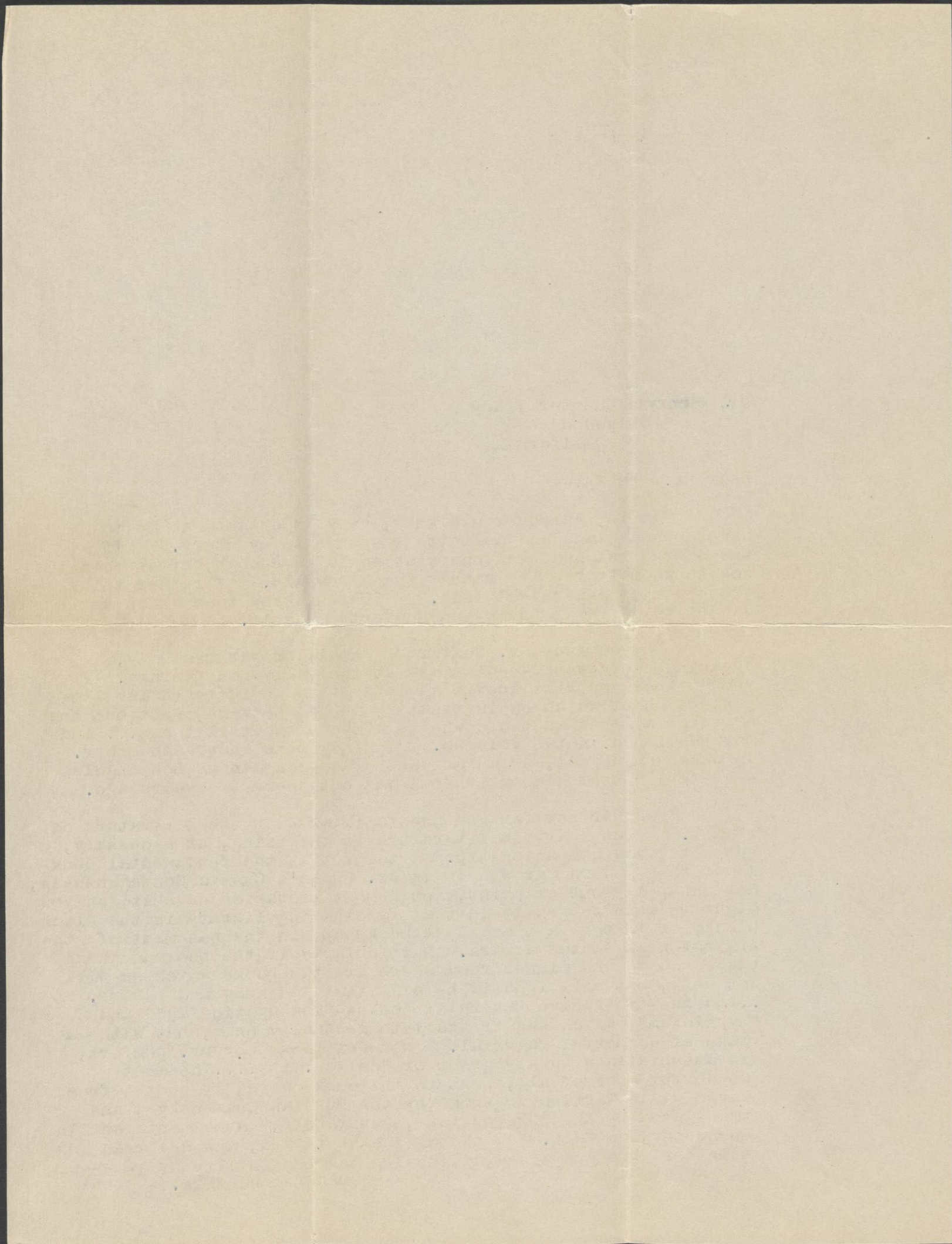
Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
Hollywood
California

Dear Mr. Tracy:--

It is, as you would know, very important to me to have such a sane and definite response to my story. If the story reached even one that would be enough, but especially one to whom it replies rather than reveals. I rather think that nothing can reveal this. "We who know that which we cannot tell", Will Levington Comfort puts it.

Do you know Mr. Comfort? He is, or was recently, speaking every week --sometimes at the Hollywood Library. If you do know, you will know that it is this heightened level of perception of which he is treating in his Letters, sent out once or twice a month to those who tell those who tell those... and now published in two volumes. You ought to know each other. In case you do not, he is at 4993 Pasadena avenue, Los Angeles --where I hunted him out when I was out there two years ago.

I wonder how far you are familiar with the literature of it all. Not that the literature is the thing, or necessary, but it gives companionship. I think that the fundamental book about the modern growth is in Dr. Bucke's Cosmic Consciousness, now unhappily out of print, though most libraries have it; and you might be able to get it in that fascinating library in the Black Block; or in the East and West bookshop, in the basement of the Arlington at Santa Barbara. Particularly if the bookman there takes you to the inner room where are the books which he will not sell, but will lend if he sees that you know and care. ..And the two Evelyn Underhill books--"The Mystic Way" and "Mysticism", which she treats intellectually only, but with a mass of wonderful material. None of these, or Mr. Comfort, is associated with any group or "cult".The most wonderful book of all, next to the Bucke which it quotes from largely, is Tertium Organum, by the Russian Guspensky, and translated by another Russian, Bessaraboff, a mechanic in Rochester, New York. With him I have talked, and he read us a letter from Guspensky, discussing the possibility of in some-way associating loosely those who understand this. But



after all, since the letter, or an institutionalization so often kills, the most potent, and certainly the most fascinating, is this present model of mere recognition. Only it is a lonely business until this comes. And yet there is both profit and preparation in that aloofness.

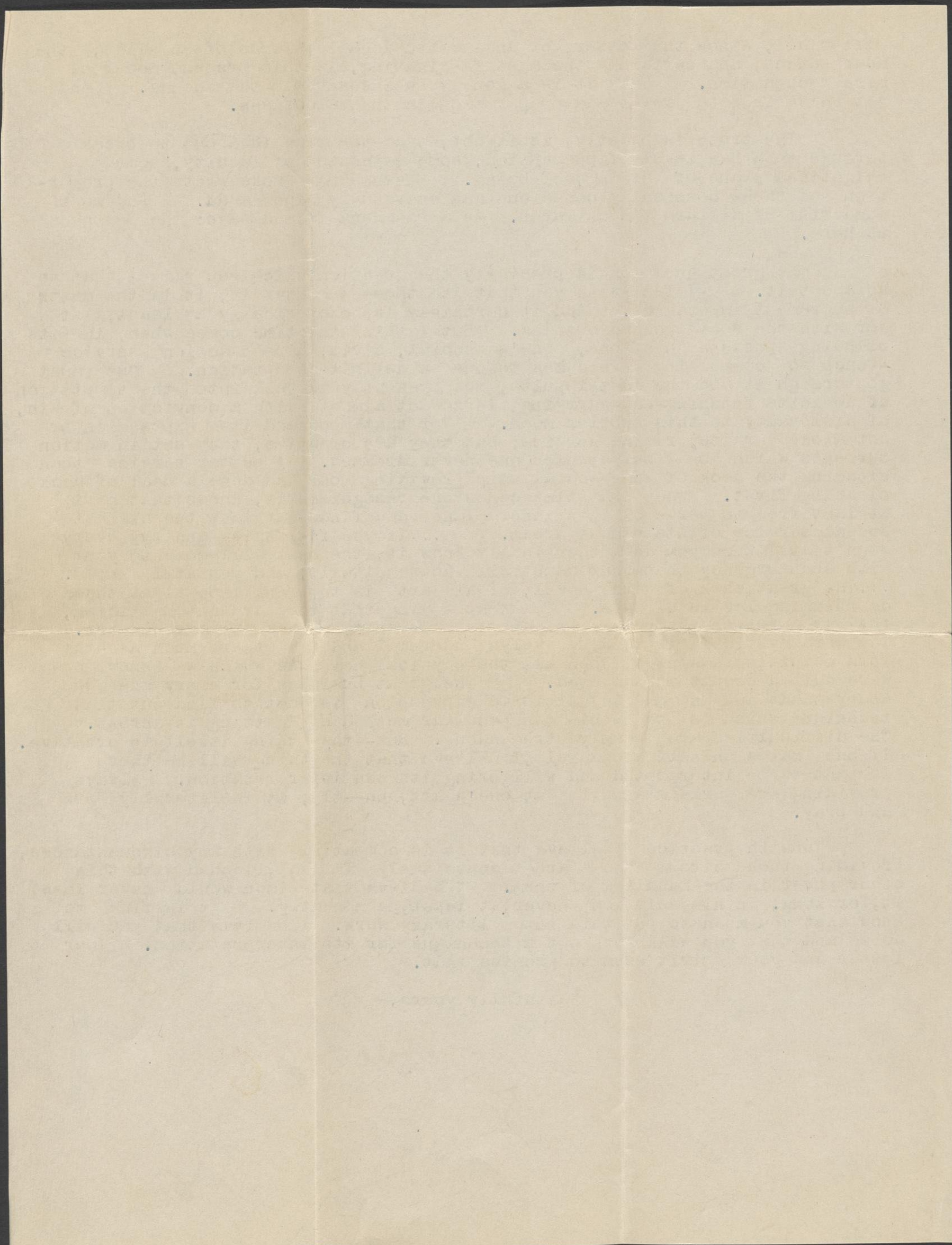
The truth is briefly, is it not, that the race is about to break through to a new level of perception, some extension of faculty, some heightened plane of seeing, of being. Even since Bucke wrote, the proportion of these cosmically conscious has enormously increased. And most wonderful of all are the children. As a Pasadena friend says: The New race is here.

The great question is precisely the question which you raise: What to do about it. I feel with you that to those who have it, it is the matter of supremest importance. And it certainly is exoterically at least, at war with the social consciousness. But I think the time comes when, in its blinding possession of one, one's social, civic, direct-action service --once so compelling ---becomes to one a definite temptation. One must go through it to the last impulse, but presently to fall into the temptation of definite fetching-and-carrying is to act almost with a conviction of sin, of disloyalty to this subtler mood. For that mood and its expression are not alone service, racial service; but they are creative, they set in motion currents which bear ships which one never dreamed. A better service than cleaning the deck of some social ship providing one has done a deal of deck cleaning first. When that time comes one recognizes it, knows that he is at last free to serve on this inner plane, and finds at last the highest social service of his utmost dream. ...If you feel this--and by every sign that I know you do authentically know it, the call will come to you with such urgency that your doubt will answer itself; and you will know. ...The great task of the novel, of all art is to bring into sight these overhanging levels of life. To keep saying that they are not mysticism, they are streets and houses and people and animals in their true aspect. The word mysticism is used by Evelyn Underhill and the others much as -the word occultism was used when all the physical sciences which we know now were called occult and doubted. The great business for every one who understands and who has any artistic expression is just to find out that technique which is to be his own peculiar method of "getting it across." The difficulties are simply tremendous. But--the thing itself is creative. If one makes oneself a channel, I believe that the thing will be there, instant to be interpreted and will bring its own interpretation. Always providing one works meanwhile at one's art, honestly; it is literally Work and pray.

Thus in practice I believe that it is compatible with any circumstances, providing those circumstances are consciously filled, flooded with this other power in the handling of them. I believe that Simon would never lose it, for long, in his solution; never, at least, permanently. It is fine to know that you mean to put this into literary work. I believe that you will do so and that you will work out a technique for its interpretation. Your letter and your spirit seem to promise that.

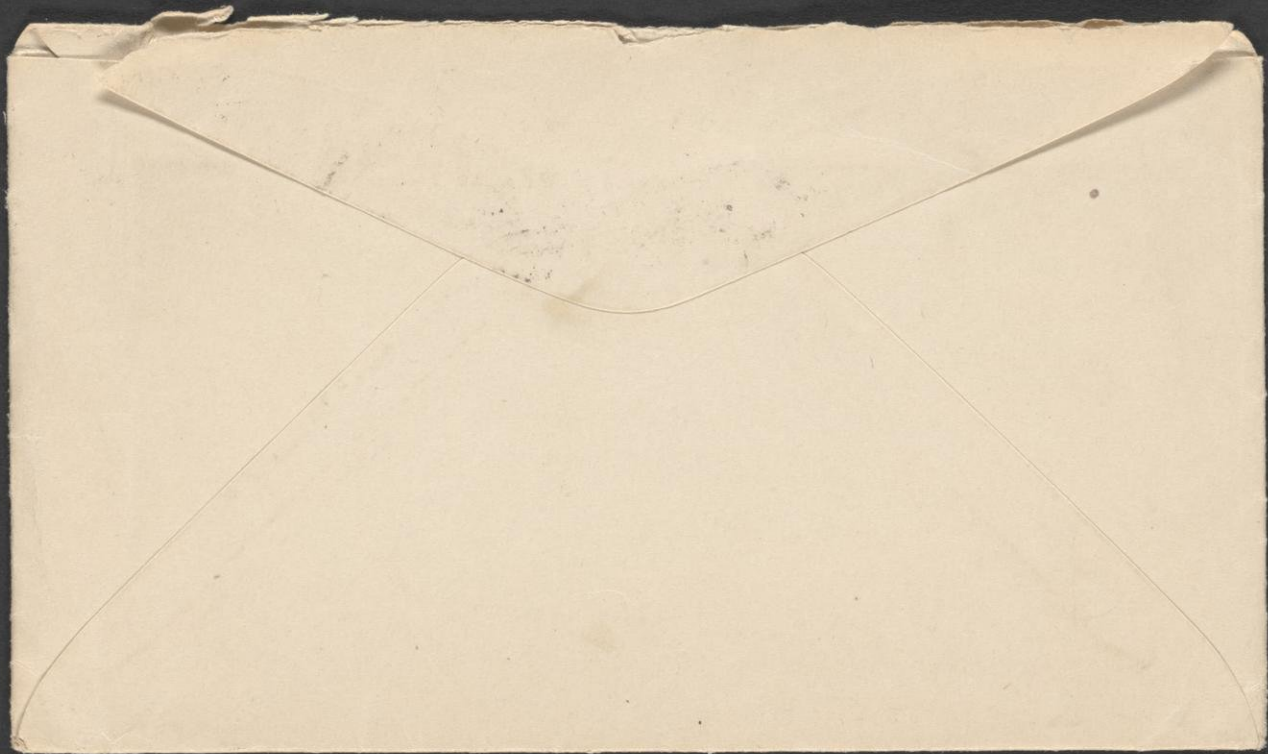
Faithfully yours,

Lora Gale





Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood California



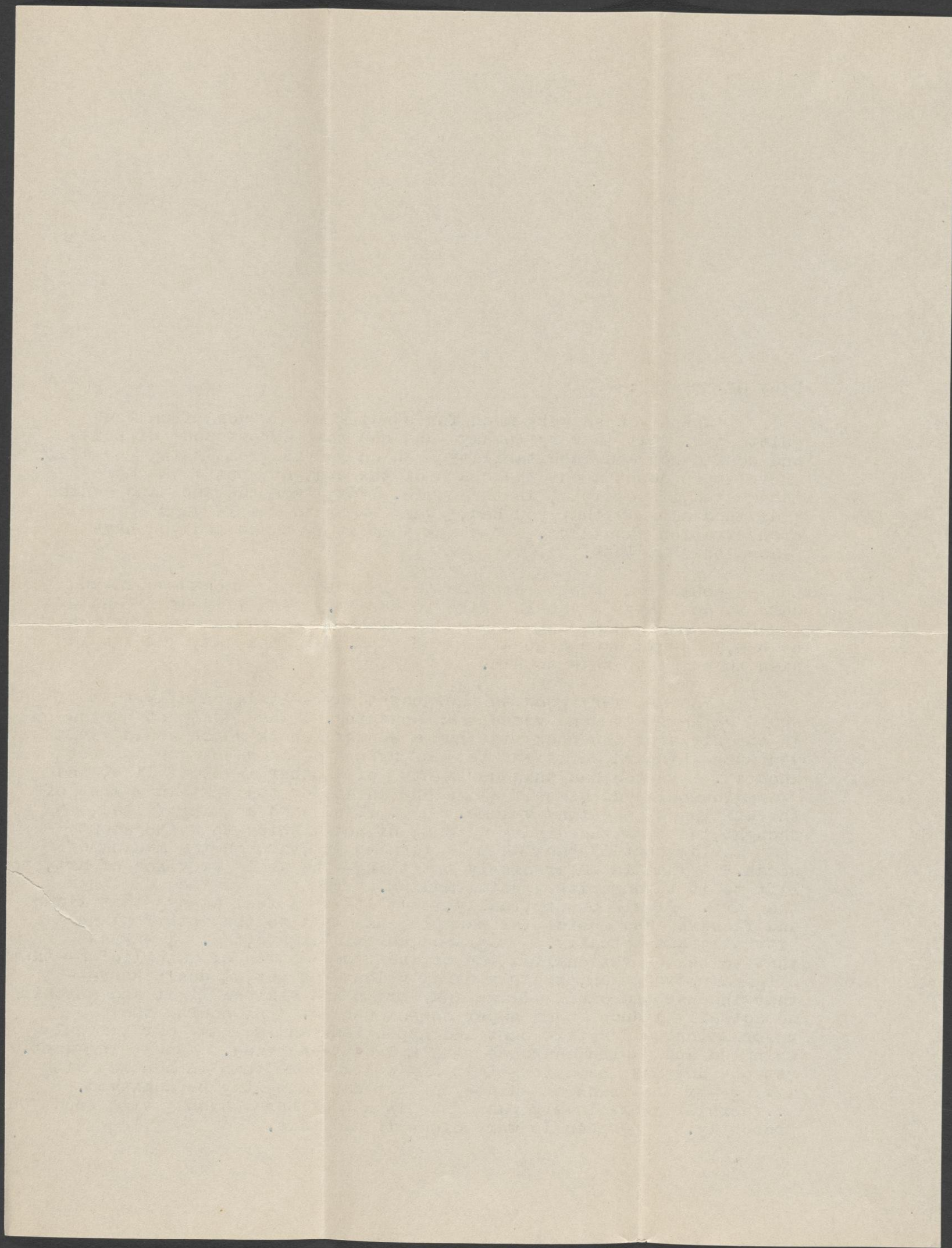
Postscripted Jan, 28, 1922
(2a+b)

Dear Mr. Trachy:--

Thank you so very much for sending me the word from the quiet Star. It is very lovely--and has that sure touch of poise and confidence and inevitability which is the great thing needful. There is no doubt about the charm of the content, but I was more interested, if possible, in the style. For, given the substance which I divined already that you had, I was eager to see if your orchestration was there. I think that it is there--and you have placed this at 1918!

would you care to send me the libretto of Ramona--would you care to do that? I should like to see it. And if your friend of the fascinating Cambridge address would mail me the sketches which he has, I should have a good deal of data. If, this is, you should wish to suggest this to him.

You are very good to the secret Way --it is chiefly that I would rather have done verse than anything. The fragment quoted in the first of the book is from a wonderful book which would yield you much--Richard Jeffries' Story of My heart--in case you do not know it. He too had this certainty of another level of life, and I imagine believed himself all alone in it for the sixteen years of the writing of the tiny volume. You said a thing filled, I thought, with extraordinary wisdom, of not wishing to write about that world, but of "actually lifting to it, through the medium of words." That is so precisely the thing--the whole province of art, to lift to it through its special medium. And the province of other than art. Of all beauty, really, isn't it? I feel always that flame and flowers--and music--for example, all lift to the other plane literally and actually. Fragrance, certain lights, too. I suppose that to be the rationalization of the ceremonies of Catholicism--the original perception, probably usually lost--or not, I don't know--that incense and candle-flame and organ and stained light and intoning do actually induce that super consciousness. Of course the reformation called this cant and hypnotism--and we have our terrible shingled and gabled churches with a lecture-service. Something went. yet one doesn't need to get it any other where than in contact with living--if that rich immediate contact can momentarily be achieved. ..There are some lovely passages in a book here which I will send you presently. Bergson is very close to all this.



Postscripted. Jan 28, 1922
- Saturday -

To-morrow, there will leave Rochester, New York, for Hollywood, where her little adopted boy is in school at Krotona, a very near friend of mine to whom all this is known. Will you go to see her--play or no play? She will not be there for a great while--a month or more I think, I mean she will not remain there longer than that. But I think you should not miss each other. She is Jewish, with all that immemorial sadness and detachment of her race, ^{and} with strong spiritual consciousness--and I think that she will have with her certain books. Isn't it delightful--she Jewish, with the little boy at a theosophical school, and no cult at all claiming her. She is Miss Laura Greshemer and she will be at 2599 Glen Green. I am enclosing you a word to her--rather an absurd formality under the circumstances which I should not send if I felt that you would see her without it. She is a friend of W. L. C's.

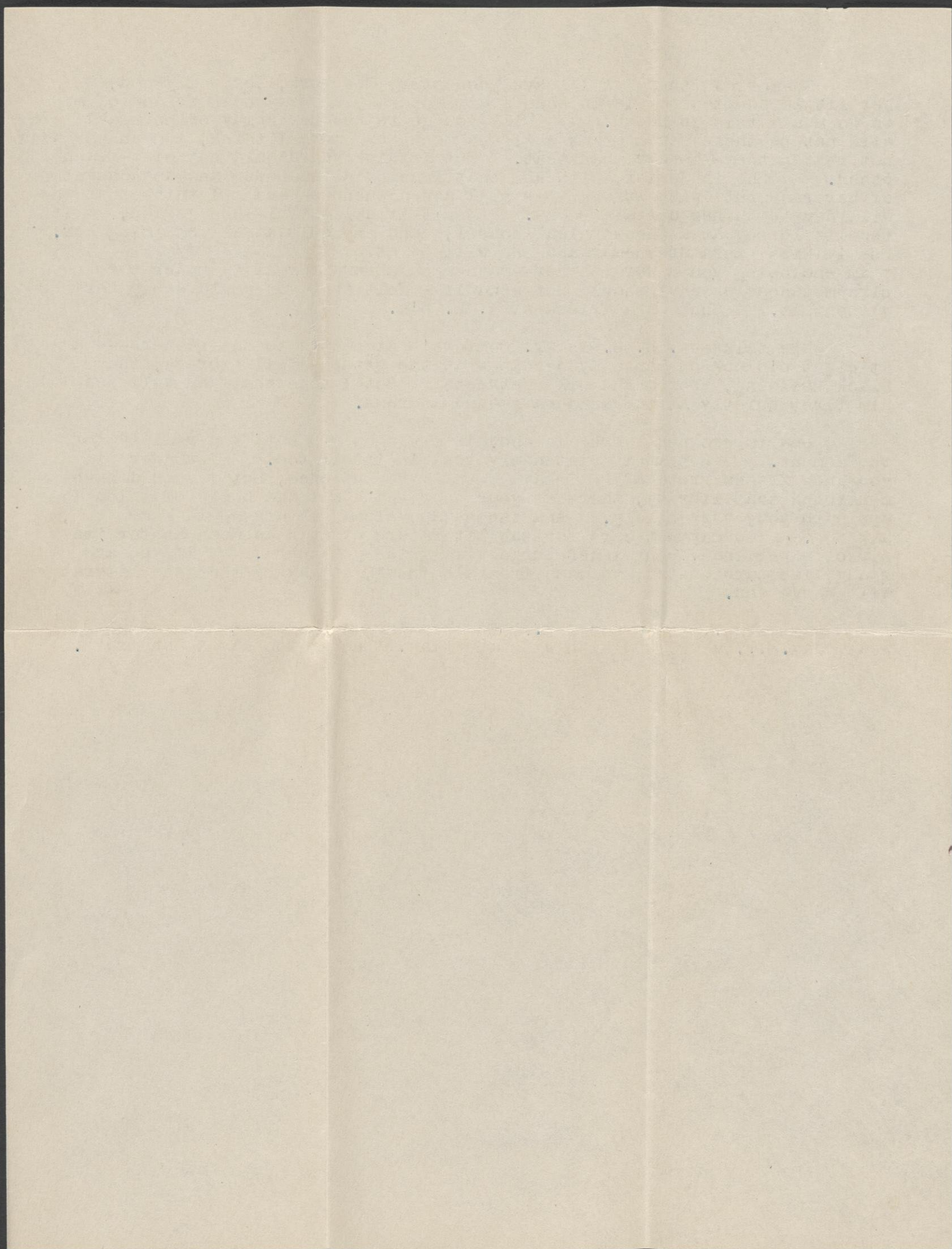
His talks--W. L. C. is Mr. Comfort's signature to the letters--- are at eight o'clock on Thursday evenings at the Metaphysical Library, the Black Building, Fourth and Hill streets. But I hope that you will see him first quietly at the Pasadena avenue address.

How impertinent work is--how it may shut you out from reality for the moment. But it is intensely real in itself too. I wonder if you know Krotona? I have been there but once, but I should have mentioned that library, there at your door, with all the books of which I spoke to you, very likely. And the Metaphysical Library would have them all too. You may not care for the literature of this as much as for its direct experience..your inner urge will guide you there. If you are ready, like Zoroaster, to come from aloofness, it may be that the literature will serve you.

Meanwhile..Miss Greshemer. She should reach there this coming Wednesday. ...Every good wish with the play..that it too may touch truth.

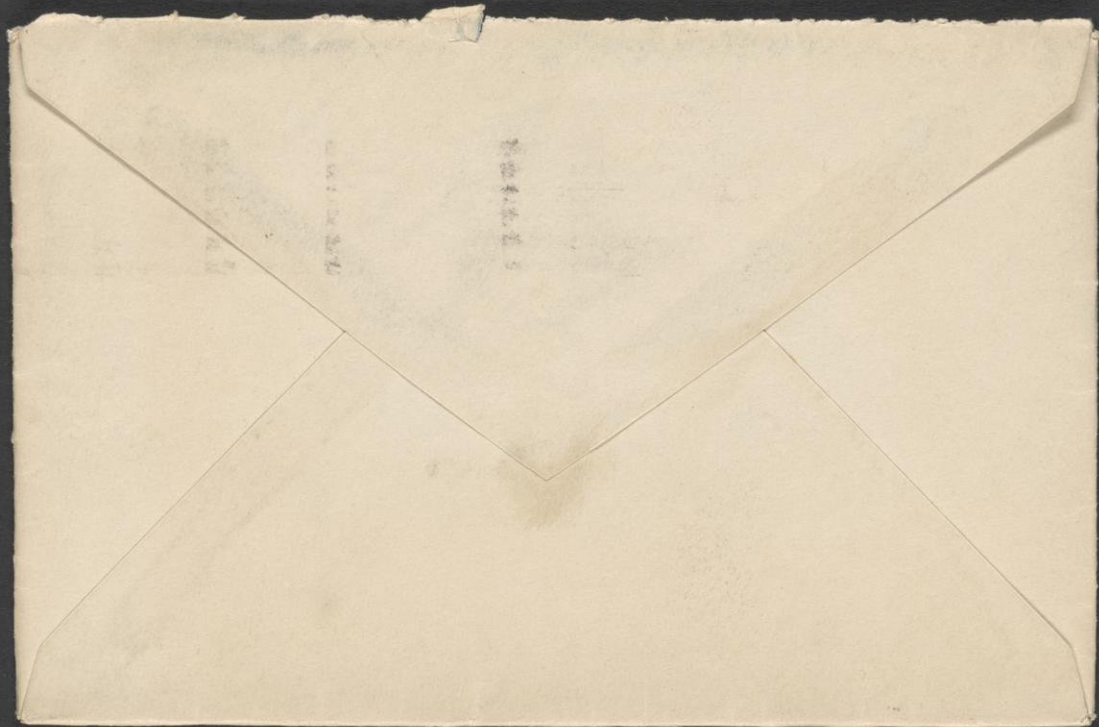
Lora Gale

Then Schubert did draw down, literally
from heavenly levels, those first moments
for the Unfinished Symphony.





Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Mar. 6, 1922 .

③

Dear Mr. Gray: -

, all these are so
lovely that it is difficult
to write about them -
then one wants to speak
in their language instead.
When the parcel arrived
from Fish Pond Parkway
I red well into them,

And even of the substance of
your lovely words in letters.
I shall bring to Ramona
two which I have read - and
find in my opinion charming;
but I feel rather helpless about
that. As to the sketches
which I am all for reading
off at once to one of the
never-forgotten.

We shall be at the
Mission Inn, at Riverside -
reaching there March 9.

²
until I knew that they are
of course the kind of thing
which American literature
must have to bring itself
abreast of the world - and
then I was caught away and
have not read more. But
I am bringing them with
me to finish on the train
on my way to California
next week - and there I hope
that you can talk of them.

Will you let me know how
whether you can come over
to the Inn some day for
lunch - that would be.
would it not, some Saturday?

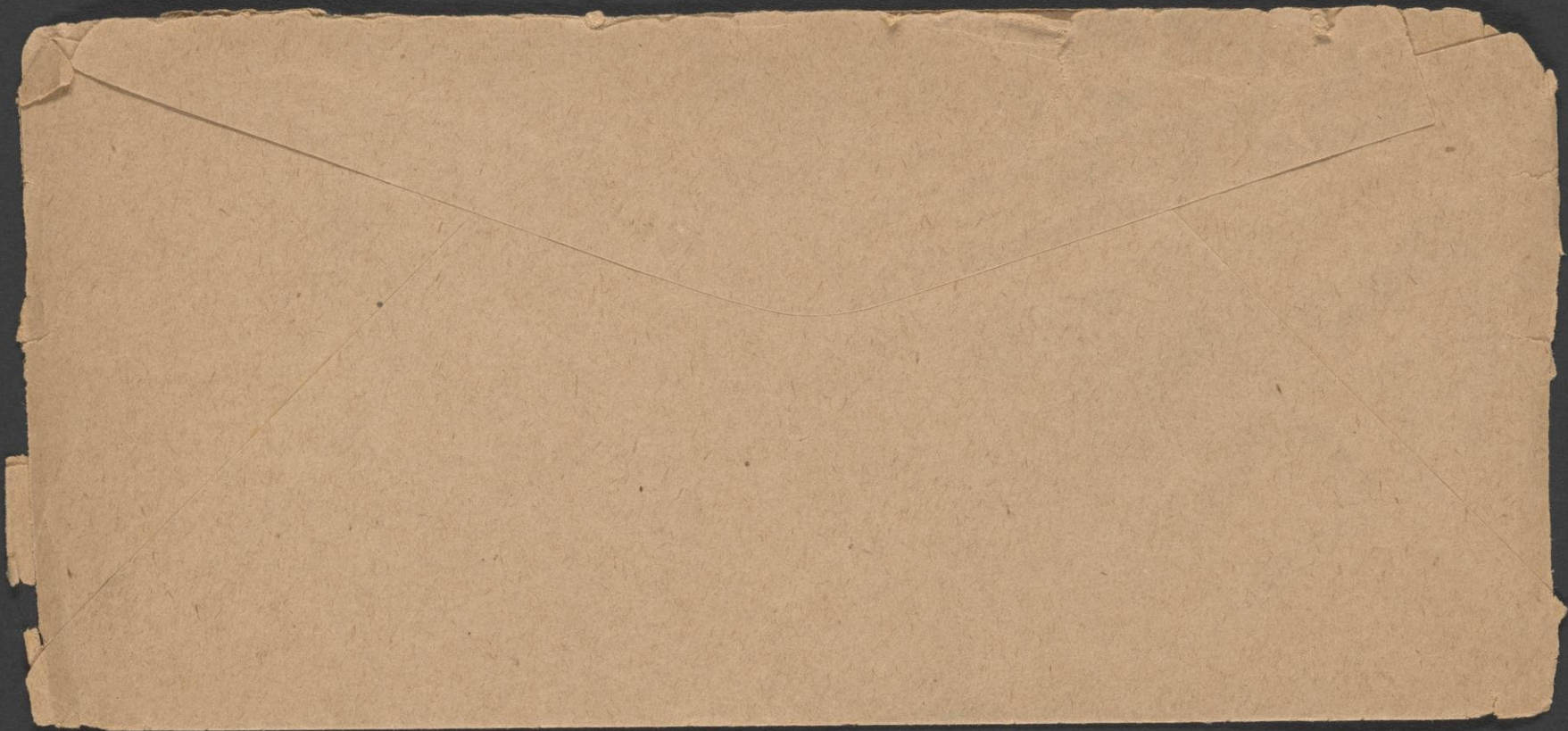
Meanwhile thanks you for
the very real joy of this
exquisite work and feeling.

Faithfully yours

M. G. L.



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
210 4 Highland Avenue
Holly Wood
California

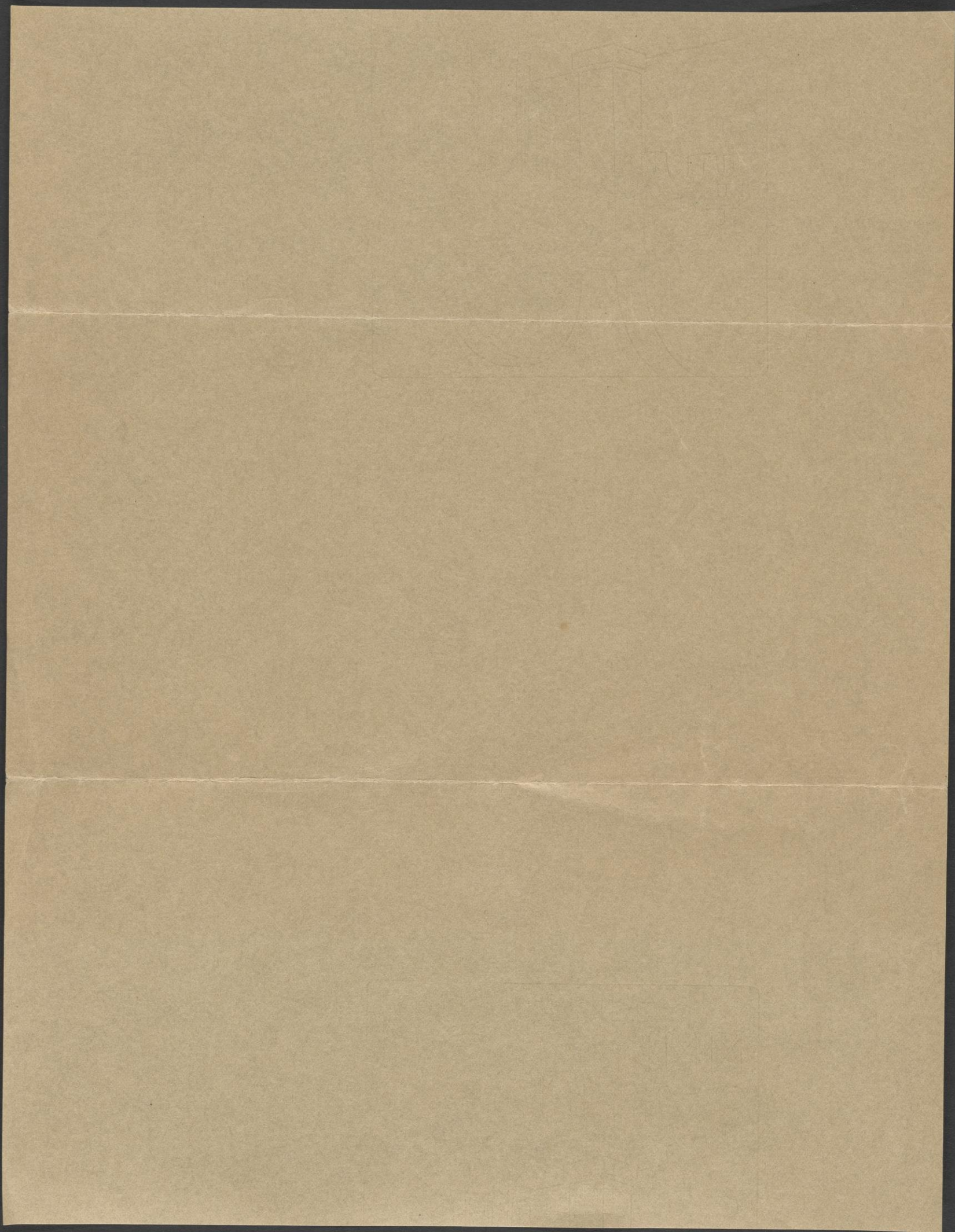


Postscripted Mar, 14, 1922

(4)

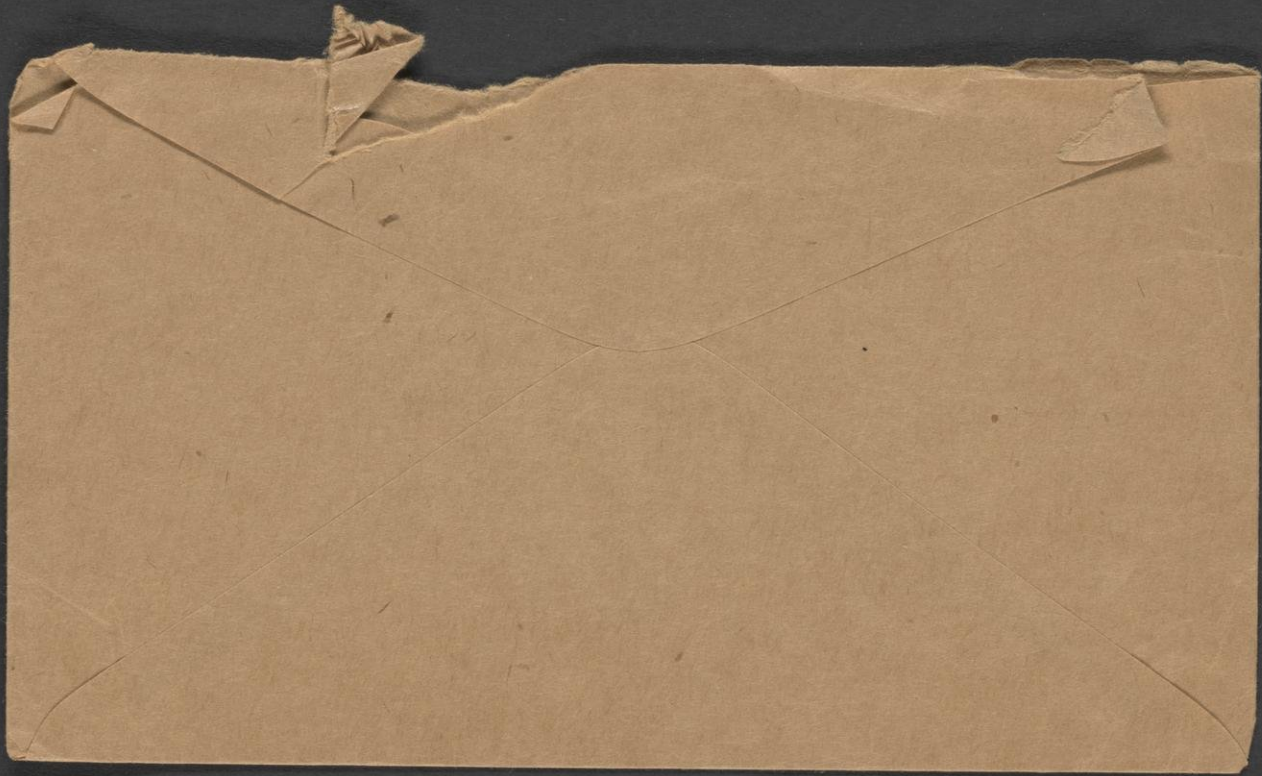
The MISSION INN,
RIVERSIDE
CALIFORNIA.

I am & dear friend almost intolerably
touched by all that you send me - especially
& course by the waiting touch held for
the Unknown Reader. I think that
perhaps all is but a preparation for
the Real. The unknown reader to come -
but I am grateful and humble to be a
way side station. Humble especially - for
your faith is a tremendous thing. When
I know how much should be in one
to meet that. Surely no one ever had
so perfect a "head and heart" letter!
Of how others with their own
kindness we will speak when you come.
Especially of the friend who has cupped
so much. Meanwhile thanks, grace and
remembrance.
The Gale





Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
210 4 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Mar. 23, 1922

(5)

The MISSION INN,
RIVERSIDE,
CALIFORNIA.

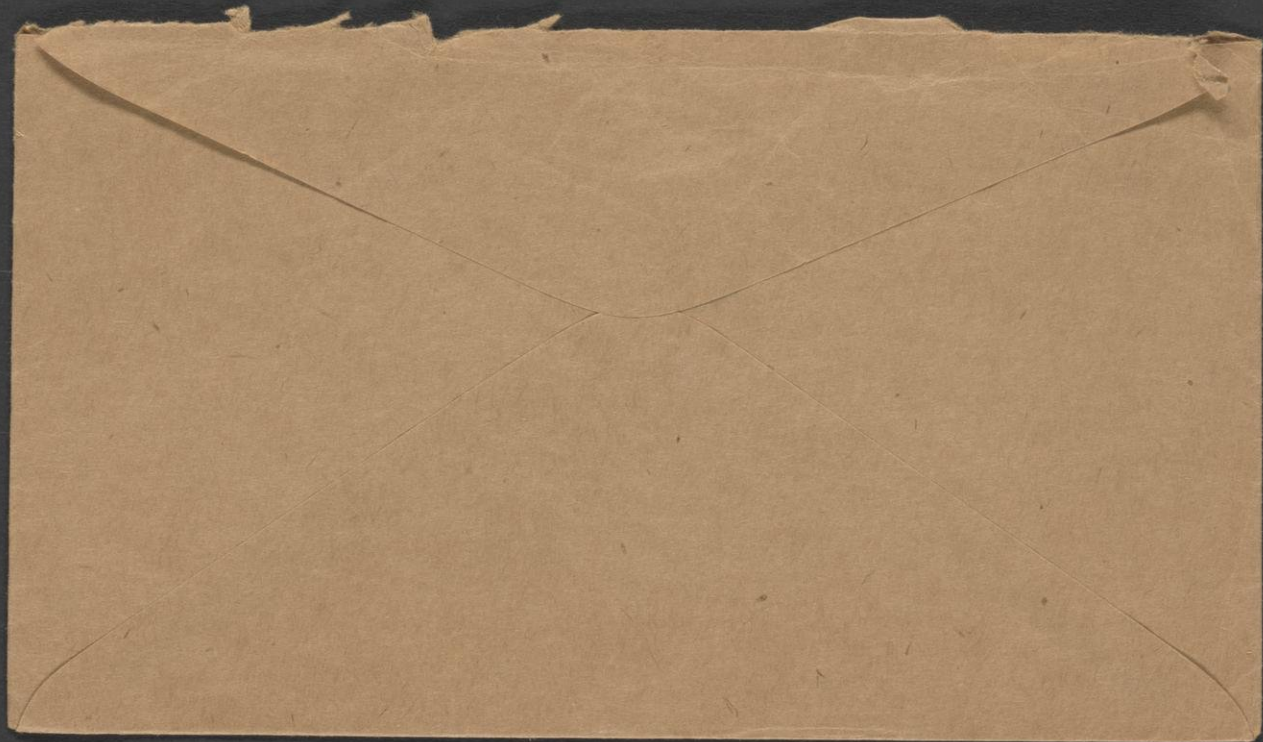
I think of course that that which you call
abellations are lovely - and I want the Sunday
voices certainly. It is a kind of glorified Bedouin
Courtesy which you have - and in the poignant
Soul's Redemption verses - soristful and austere -
I catch, in the line to which you pointed me -
(your Courtiest) some charming hint to
identify one with birds and the blue which is a
beautiful transcending of friendship. Thank
you! In such lovely transcending, in
such happy and Courtly identification lies the
very, sure, to time-binding friendships,
faintly suggested by the space between.
Now I must speak as I have wanted to
speak of the Elusive Saturday. Still the moment
when I first read it. It is almost in there
in its loveliness. I am greatly moved by it.
By the whole - by the way, by the incredibly -
kept faith - that a triumph is that -

and by the startling little fragments - "sent the
ray of the echo" - and "While outside the sweet
Hours played uncaught." It is terribly beautiful, all.
... Will you let me have it type written here to
save time, and send it to a man I know or
a magazine? You know I think it loses a little
by having these introductions - and yet I cannot
tell what one could be omitted. Technically the
small and insignificant angle is the one - but how
can one spare time? I might send it with that
comment. Shall I? May I? And you will have
the others ready before I leave - or the eleventh? I want
to send those from here.

I wrote you so, yesterday. With some
more concerning the manuscripts which after
all we can talk of on Saturday. But I am
not sure that I can tell you I wonder at
Beyond Romance, which came last night. It is
quite, quite beyond words to tell. And "Thanks you"
sounds like a mist instead of an Aurora. Yes. I
wanted to be shown the mountain birds and to
talk of other things besides the surfaces which make
the lobby talk much longer Saturday at ten.



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Mar 27, 1922

The MISSION INN,
RIVERSIDE
CALIFORNIA.

I have had a most "pleasant" morning with
the morning roads - and by to-morrow night, when the
Elusive Gateway will be ready, I think that they
will be on their eastward way. Where, as you
yourself have said, morning is always to be found.
I am omitting the Super Thred, by your leave! It
seems to me not quite right for just now. The
typical sketches will close with the Elusive Gateway.
I am changing my mind about the publisher -
again by your leave. May I do so I like?

To-day I am appalled by the uncounted
things which yesterday I did not say! Such as that
I found delight in the Sunday thought, the
Wednesday thought, all. And that I wanted so much
to speak of "The Soul's redeeming" - with its air
of light death - is it A? - century, and the bowed
head of a young padre. More Anglo-Saxon thought,
than a padre could be. Early English, denational,
illuminated, and done in the heart of censors.

What did he mean? That he must keep and make
from the seed of facts in life, since it grows out of
knowledge that the curtain blows in winds from the
other side of its pictured folds? — And the
mechanism — what became of its discussion? — And
to-day as I read over all the sketches, I wondered
at my temerity in climbing a mountain with
one who takes his mountains like that, seeks
for the mystery of his bread (of course hidden then
there is a picnic! But — always? I still feel
that that need not be so.) Is the outdoors in fact
not to you so terrific an impact, that talk —
and food — cross the currents, does that, even
though you sit so little, not what brought to
headache? I feel as if the "undisturbed
solidity" of a quiet room, for talk or manuscript,
or their essential stuff of being, or the future emergence
of the line of God might have been better. I think
that I entered too lightly upon that plan. Yet I
was, all the grimmer, with your care & grace
things growing, and implicit in deeper blue growth.
It is I who sit the head — and — under
better this book you see all full of thanks
with moving things. Love only

Dr. G. L.
Partye sen
D. L. M.

Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

AUG or SEPT.?



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LOS ANGELES,

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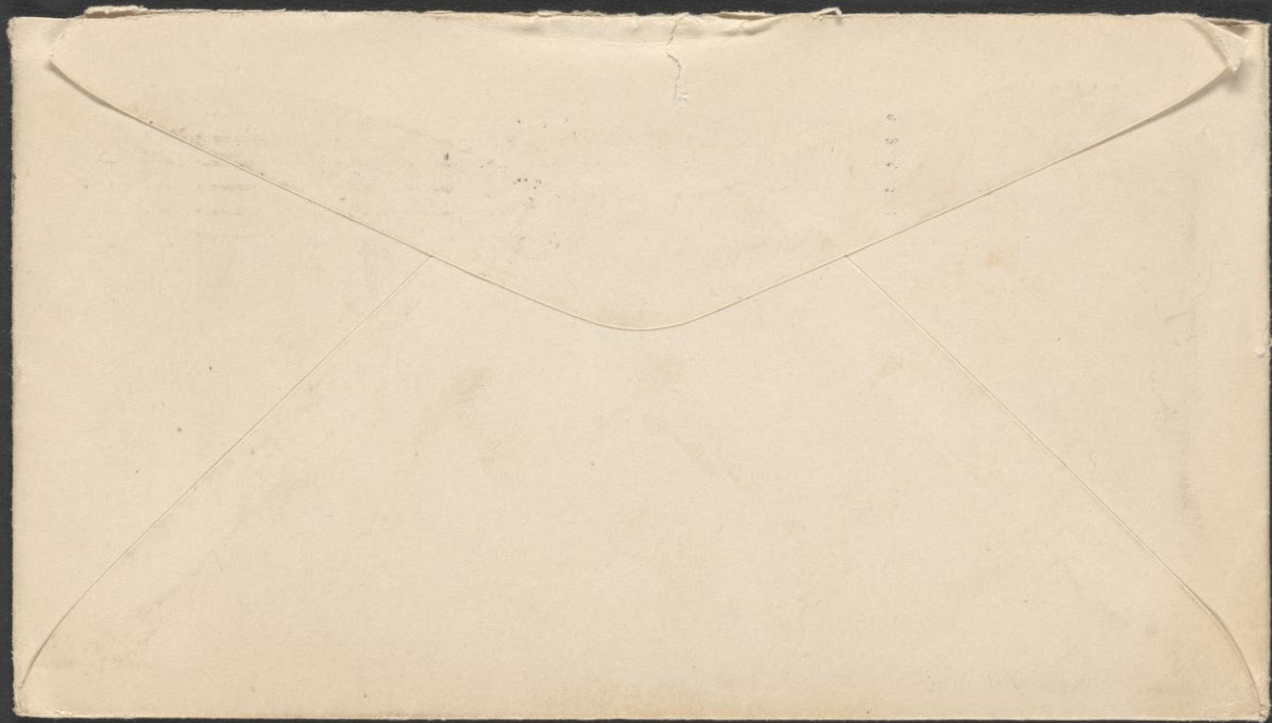
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Form 3811



Mr. Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Apr 18, 1922

(8a1b)

Richard Jeffries - His way is of course as fine as R. Bell's
of R. Roads - in its still more interior fashion. What a
happy title and what a lovely service to your common cause
and his, how charmingly fulfilled. In this world of warner
substance how he must be touched to remembrance and
fellowship by this late breeze of understanding of that which
he said in the way that he said it. That last phrase is
not least. Your so many a lovely light in this one
how beautiful to have it come flooding like this one
vacation day. You chance to do this all the time must
come - teaching only a little perhaps? That another gift may
have its expression too? - And perhaps sometimes meet
"mind. flames."

I have re-read Soul drift and marvelled again.
It is very late of dream. And more than I can tell
or could have told you I am moved that you have seen in
me any hint of that unknown present, should at all have
clothed me in such semblance. Can you understand that
I feel in it a reverence for that which shone long
permitted me to guess to approximate such an one. In
I understand that you say in the way that you say it. And
I feel more patience with myself, if that in me which is
to me least satisfactory, should be seen mistaken so happily

to be one as fine as your imagining - creating only the fine - has
been created.

But my feeling about the new page, the inserted
page, (the interloping page!) is not so much that here I
failed you as that you nearly failed me - would have failed
me quite, save that I understood you too well to let you do
so; understood you better than the day we went up the
mountain. Aught you not to have understood that though
I had all the starry routes of imagining, with you, and so,
and shall, that I could not know instantly, as I do know
now by your wounded reaction, that I could trust you, as
much as you could trust me, to choose the beautiful thing in
a human relationship. - Where you have nearly failed me is
in letting me seem to wound you, who could not have
done so if I could have believed the incredible - that you
are really you, starry within as without. - No. You did not
lean too heavily on the restorative power. My friend, you can
not lean too heavily - now. You will remember that then I
had not seen you with Rivian Lu, had not seen her, had so
measured some that of experience which has not held many
stars. In the next, it was not ^{all} that I wished the "impersonal"
in you - a ridiculous and intricate such friends as we
shall be - but that I shrank from a word of yours in a
note - that about meeting any lack revealed in the Secret Way.
There is not any there and I was tossing you back that word
like a rainbow bubble! Do you see? - You are a most
significant being. I feel you very near, quite definitely dear.
If I was kind over the telephone that was because a great
dear in the room - did it that seem to you? - I want to be

Postscripted Apr 18, 1922

a restorative power without limit, which shall make your
class-room easier, and shall be in solution when you are
at home, - making - as should any great friendship - great
stress on the loveliness, the ecstatic loveliness of the
relation of you and Miriam Lu - even perhaps increasing
it. I want the restorative power to be a fine web,
snapping you, re-polarizing you, giving you laughter for
impatience, creating for you a cuticle! - You are
an exceeding precious incarnation of the infinite - I
would as soon think of being "kind" to you as to a ray of
light. - Your exquisite sensitiveness - and a degree of
sensitiveness of my own to conditions - might easily make a
lovely potential relationship of us admit too much
poor sense.

→ So here is the interluding page. I wait here if there.
I am no manufacturer of icy breaths! I am a much
nicer person than that page implies! - Keep it for a Philo.
Then re-write it. Re-write the pronoun pages which I have
already returned to you - then you care to do so. By the
honest time for anything but the loveliest possible
understanding. If I menaced it, I never meant to do so. I
will try never to do so again.

All next week I shall be in Madison, giving some
lectures at the University - looking along the benches for
"mind. flames." Address me at the Irving, Sterling Court.

Perfect little and greeted me the morning after my
arrival. Can you see how I value the you who are
like that even when you were not sure of me? As now you
are.

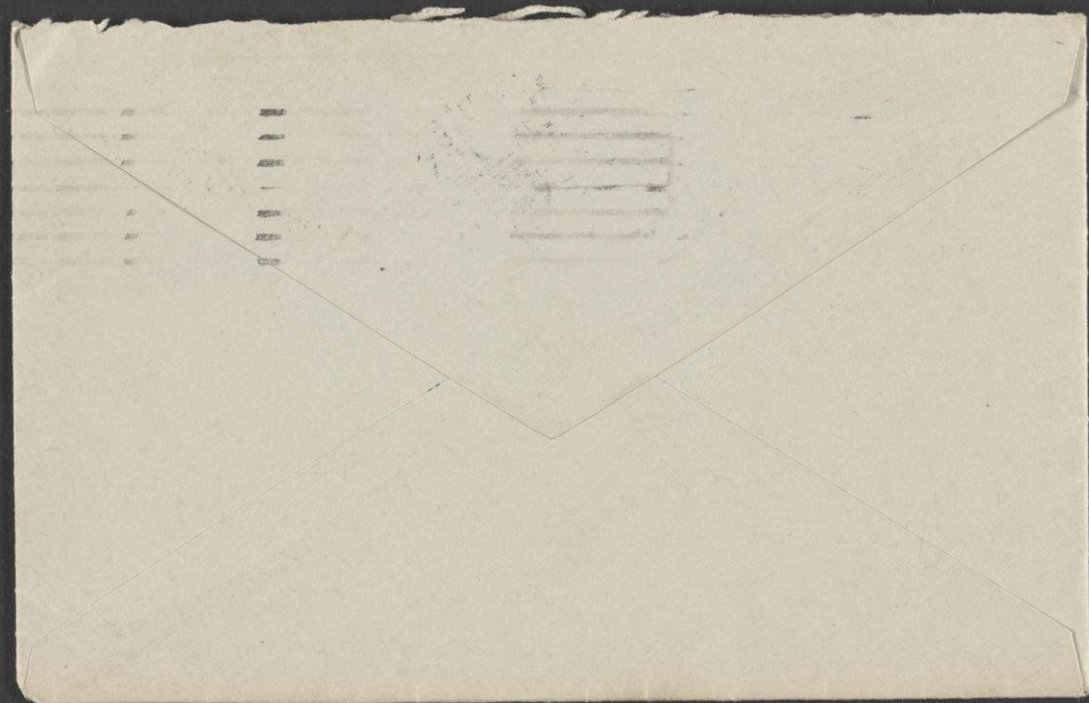
Chicago and North Western Ry.

PASSENGER TERMINAL - CHICAGO

Zona Gale



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California



Postscripted May 8, 1922

(9)

Chicago and North Western Ry.

PASSENGER TERMINAL - CHICAGO

I have the lovely letters
and the lovely manuscript—
but I have been absent
from home again for a few
days. The new manuscripts
are just as exquisite as the
others — there is no more to
question there than there, as
you know. I have a letter
from the Yale Review — from
fact, because they were

distressed at having inadvertently sent
Belloc to you instead of to me, as I
had asked. Will you send it back
to me? I would like to send it
to John Farrar of The Bookman.
- I would like to have the Yale
Review see the Flurrie Gateway -
and perhaps it will! What is your
suggestion for the review? -
Thanks for the symbol! - I shall use
these stamps for something - every
one of them - not to do with

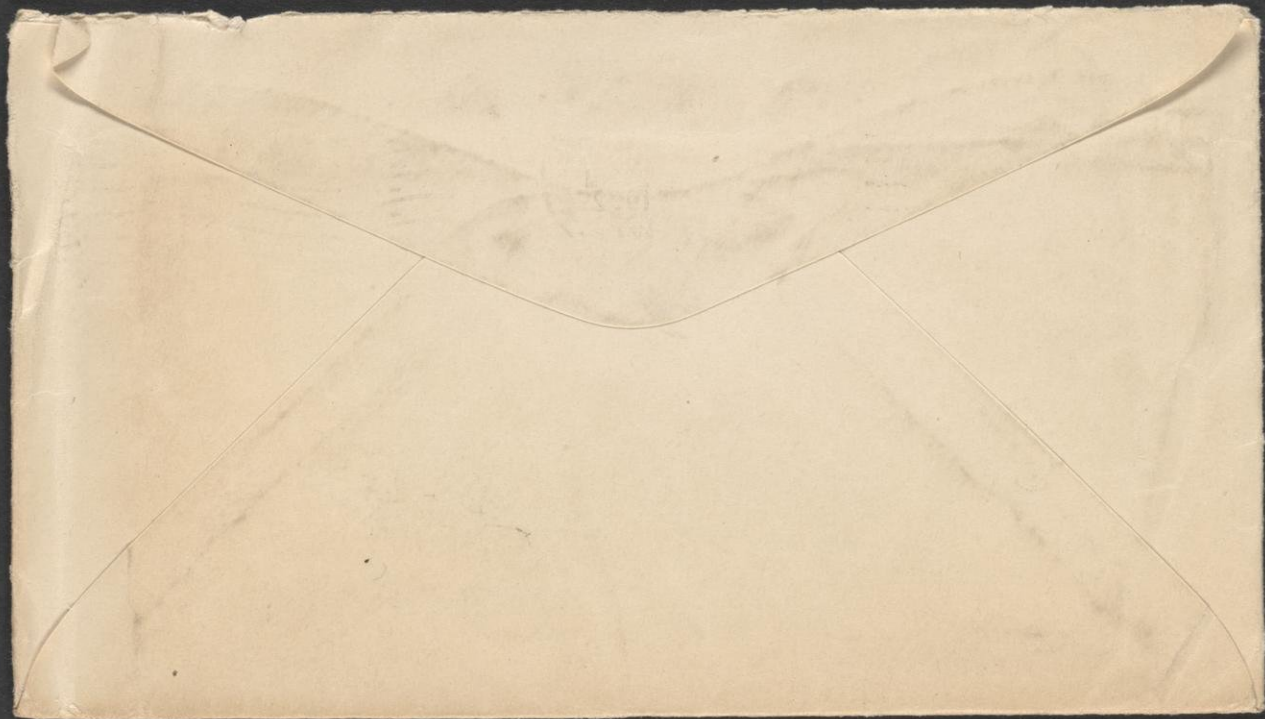
business or correspondence - in =
ordinary. But for something lovely every
time - some giving, some fruit -
and I hope that they may be
kindly used! - Hope it for me. -
Yes. I meant to enclose the
two pages and shall get send them to
you. It does matter. I will not keep
them. How can a positive of
friendship speak of anything save
positive and pleasant affirmations.

How precious is your phrase
faith - in - print - precious in the
sense of exquisite, not of literary
preciousness. -

In a recent New Republic - April
something - and an April Literary Review
I had some fragments which you
might care to see. As I will
send them - but I take care to do
this like that. A library is better. You
know the Review I told you said of
rainbows attend you! Love all



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Jun. 17, 1922

(19a, b, c.)

The biologist should be here these days. Such fascinating things happen. In the two vren nests near the kitchen door are two pairs of tenants. In the Rochester bark house, very exclusive and residential-looking, with double walls and an air space, is the family of house vrens. But in the swinging house with the double roof is a vren which we do not know. Obviously vren - vren soup and all; but vren born all over, not white underneath, and a little larger than the others. Can he be the large marsh vren? But the books say he lives in sedge and cat-pawls. We are of course as near as one could to a rose, to the river - maybe he fancies his water haunts with all the comforts of a flat. Like camping in the Adirondack Lodges. What does the biologist think?

→ I thought of you this morning, and that these days with the trees full of young birds must be as alluring to you as April. Such a sleepy baby twitter everywhere in the leaves about the house. Many infant cries especially, cradled conveniently

and carrying on anti-phonies. Little mourning doves and
brooding elders, ^{the latter} rather more concerned with each other, of
the truth is told, than with the flock. Down on the
river bank some little ground bird - nest rather west
in the grassy slope, with the long growing grass shaped
round the ^{wide, but} wadded entrance, nest like a small hollow,
no nest at all but the digging done and the grass
green about it. White eggs speckled with brown. Bird,
reported by father as looking like a sparrow. ^{- all gone now.} There
are song sparrows here in the willows - do they
ever build on the ground, Biologist? What was it
then? - And a day or two ago a tiny grass-beak,
too young to be down as witnessed by his faint
feathers and the anxiety of his rose-breasted sire.
Always I saw the feeling when I see one sharply
against the cones on a dry bough and face
that resolute and definite rose of the breast, that
ought not to be lacking. Now I felt the same
intensified, because in his concern he was so
regardless of us. Sat on the mulberry close to the
kitchen window and did not once see us. Sat on
the line by the house and did not know we
were there. Lonely example of fathering. I don't
even know when the mother was. - Occasionally
then is the frantic excitement of a hawk,

Postscripted Jun. 17, 1922

lozily circling over the lawn, pursued by a half dozen angry black-birds, who seem to be the police force. Always they drive him away. - To our delight this year the orioles bathe in our bird-baths, near the house too and no covert about. And as always the cat-birds - two-baths a day - and to drink, the red-heads and flickers and inexhaustible robins. We have never seen so many robins as this year. Gulls on the lawn at one time, often. Baby robins learn to bathe in this bath. But we are desolate that this year we have no martins. For several years they have built in the house, but a new house put up last year had fewer windows - not one to every compartment, because father found two young birds fallen out and one drowned. And though they built there last year, manifestly it is not wholly to their liking. They come and circle and inspect and confer and vanish. A half dozen at a time within the hour. - And though they are near, and we hear them then deep in the air, we are not their home and we miss them. - Did you know, (Biologist?) that in these June days it is they who make first, before the robins, and call and

triller, not far from three, with true occasionally
that delicious light descending scale, like
laughter, which is to me the supreme thrill among
bird sounds, save only the Thrush. - And we have
a Thrush! The Wilson Thrush, 7 Thrills - about
the lawn year after year. Sipping today his
"Don't - don't you care, de - ar -" with a ruffle
in the "dear." Oh but one year - last year - we
had the song, in that precise rhythm, which
I have heard only once before - and that farther
up the river - loud like a flute, proud like a
banner - careless reapture before all the world.
This year's song is but a faded reflection of
it - lovely as it is. What was that Thrush and
why was he so wonderful? - Not a tanager
this year. But two years ago we saw, on the
single day when we saw any, three - on a
blossoming pear tree on our lawn, on a May
morning. - Did you see the story lately of
the man who found a robin's nest under a
freight car, with young ones in it? He was
a station man, he ascertained where the
car had been sent from and had it sent
back, fifty four miles, to its Virginia town

Postscripted Jun. 17, 1922

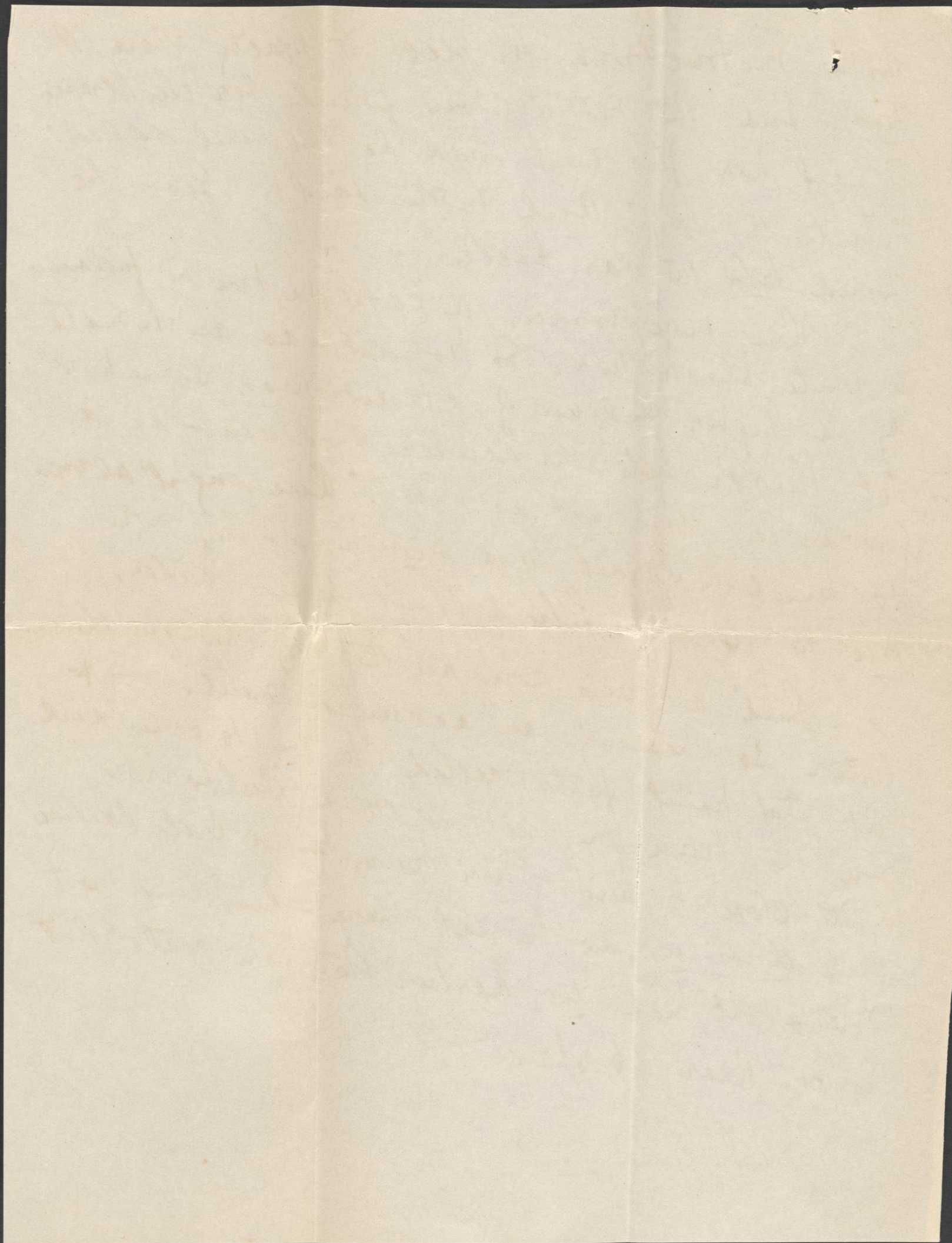
with instructions to place it exactly where it
was. And the mother who found her children,
I said how few men would do that, and asked:
"Father would." And mother said: "Yes - he
would take the car back." -

One more wonder: A catalpa tree in fullness
of white bloom now. So tropical - so an inmate
of a higher medium of consciousness, somehow
let through into our denser medium - as a
guarantee. It - just as itself. One ought always
to kneel in spirit to a tree in flower. A
tree in flower! Like a giant being tender.

Read a man's song all the way through this
letter - so heavily an accompaniment. - *

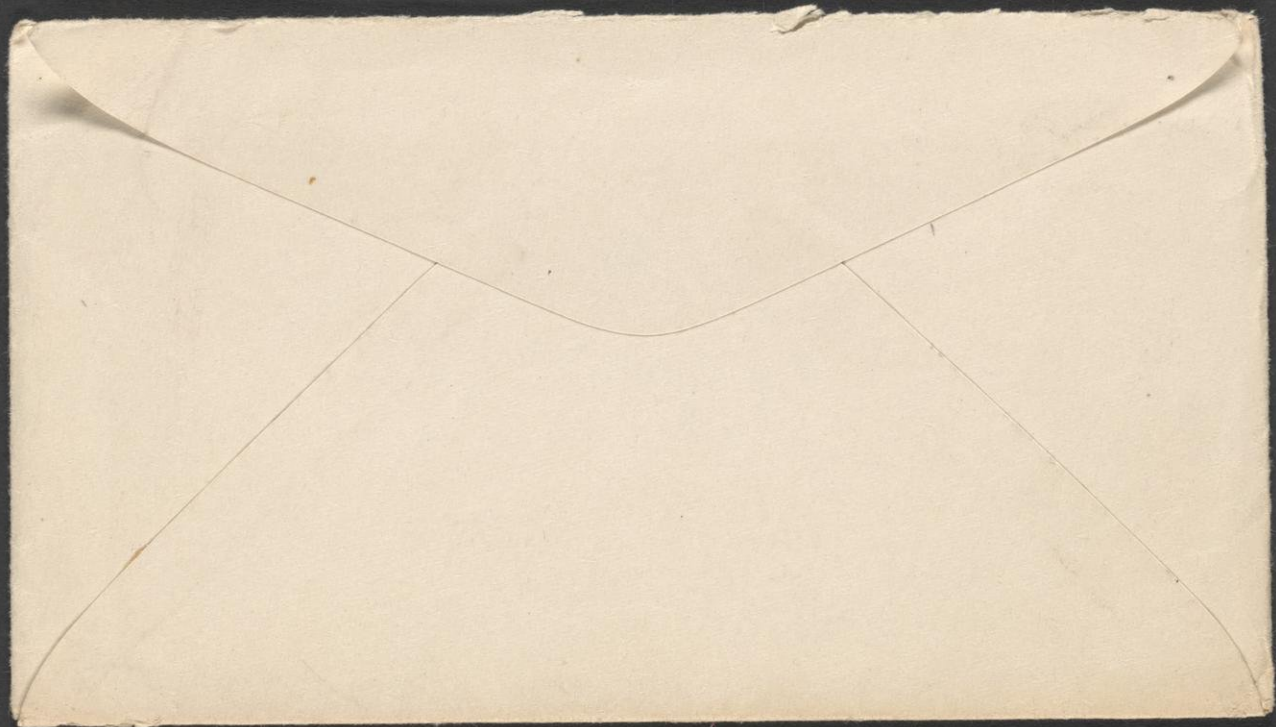
At that point father called to me to come and
see the brown one, sitting on a wheelbarrow
quite close to him. Green brown, tail a little darker
and drooping as he sat there - drooping most
open - but head up darker than the rest. What
is he, dear Bishopist?

June - June - June.





Mr. Henry Chester Lacy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Jul. 10, 1922

(11a, 6)

The Cune, and the Pleasant Past seem to me very lovely - I am so glad to have seen them, to have them. They are full of the little exquisite things which ^{that} make you one of those writing today the best there is in English. There is no doubt of that.

We can offer the Roads to Knapp - I should have done that in the first place and not have wasted time on Harpers. Harpers say that the Roads are beautiful work but too great a financial risk - I might have known that, really. Century and Freeman say nothing - I am sure the Freeman man must be abroad. But the Century I shall surely hear from following a letter which I am sending to-day. And the Roads go now to Knapp.

such as he are - I mean
~~for example,~~ your suspicion that I
was "leading you back" to
biology, which did not cross
my mind. Aren't we both
here, all the time? And
"allowed to dream breaths" - now,
one of my dearest friends,
what should I say to that?
Let's both smile - and face
our long summer of happy
work, the happier for its
inner leisure.

I have been of late
preparing a paper on the
Equal Rights Law - and the
status of women since its

2
Your letters - the pro - made
me see so completely the
obstacles which you have
always had to face: the
building of your own obstacles,
your own walls, and treating
them as realities - is it if
I am the last friend
in the world to face that
with you, because I am
a perfectly simple person
and believe that people
say and build no walls of
my own. And of course the
cuticle-less-ness, as I told
you once - is hard for me to
deal with you, between friends

Postscripted Jul. 10, 1922

The house is full of roses and cake, just like a real wedding.

I am mailing you a little book which does not belong to me which I have found great in its simplicity. If you can find it in your inclination to read it - the first of the books on your table, I shall be glad.

By greeting to Marion Lee - and to you with love and remembrance.

Dora Gale

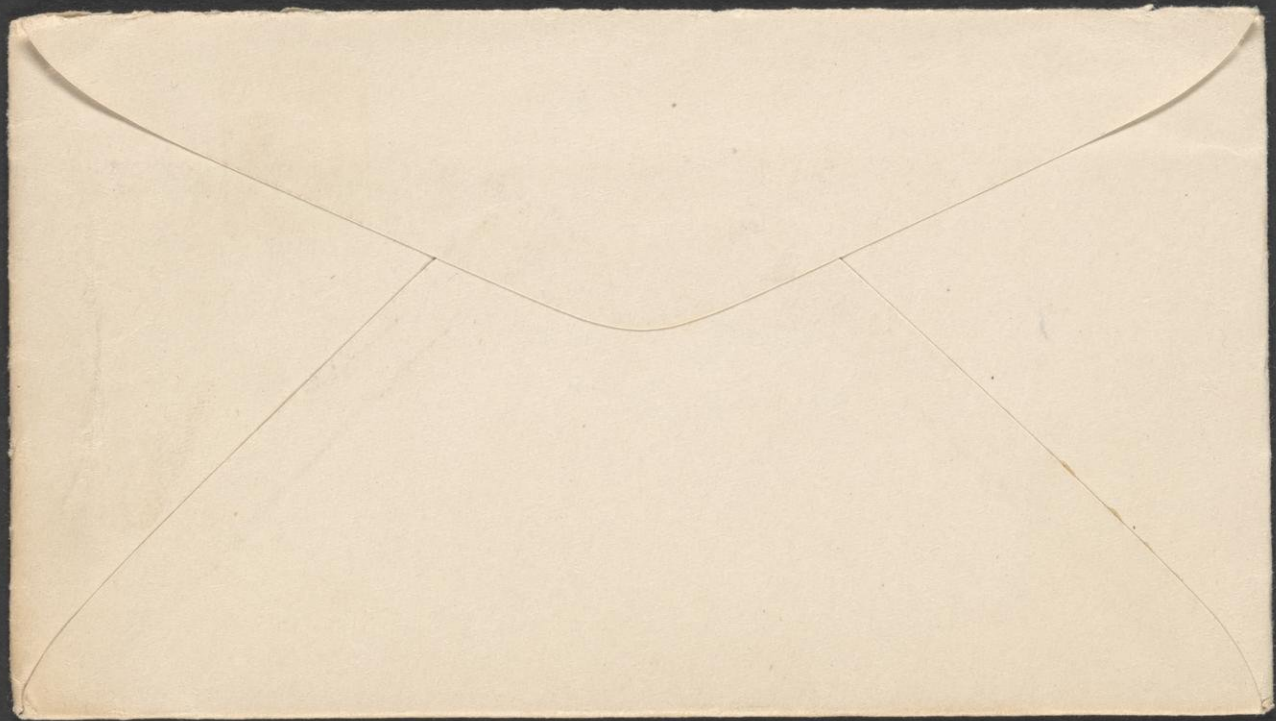
July 10-1922.

passage a year ago - which I
gave last week before the
Bar association convention.
And then I turned to
re-forming the two talks
on the Novel, which I
am to give at Minnesota
University this week - another
and I am leaving for
Minneapolis to-morrow. I
don't seem to have any
three months vacation.

To-day is mothers and
fathers golden wedding day.
It is lovely, & it is! - and



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California



Postscripted, Jul. 20, 1922

Thank to send you - you may
know it, but it is well to know
it twice. I hear them now, at
night, from the island across from
my south door.

Princeton is wonderful -
a great experience. And
here I found some

"Cousins" - six generations
ago the stock branched,
but for three generations
before that, in this country,
we were the same. One
of these, Harlow Hale,
formerly professor of
psychology at Princeton U.

of "where it properly belongs,
under Biology or, more
exactly, Human Physiology."

His experience there at the
University - as a result
of his ideas - was, alas,
not rare but, alas, more
rare than it should be!
Three times dismissed, the
last time "for good." For
good in every case, to my
way of thinking - for good
seemed to be his only
crime. A good a little
before its time. - Then I

³
interested me by two printed
pamphlets of his - and
one said so much with
which I know you'll agree
that I'm sending it to
you. His bearing at
faculty meetings for
example. But his whole point
of view will I know interest
you. Especially his project
for divorcing Psychology from
Philosophy - as all the
sciences have successively
"deserted and repudiated
their parent" - and to place

was delighted to find a little
volume of his father's letters
written in Minneapolis in
1857 when the town had
3,000 population. And in
it he speaks much of a
garden across from the old
Court House - and years
later it was in that very
garden that my earliest
recollections begin - when I
father and I mother and I
had rooms in that house,
with its full block of garden
and green house. Wasn't that
a lovely little touch of home
and the house. - I have
a flower garden about a

Postscripted, Jul. 20, 1922

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know it, but it is well to know
it twice. I hear them now, at
night, from the island across from
my south door.

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a great experience. And
here I found some

"Cousins" - six generations
ago the stock branched,
but for three generations
before that, in this country,
we were the same. One
of these, Harlow Hale,
formerly professor of
psychology at Princeton U.

Could have been right. Now there
is a new day. Popular appeal is
old fashioned.

Let me know at once - and
more often - how all may be.

Postscripted Jul. 20, 1922

Uo - I understand perfectly.

Now understood - and have
ached with it. The book

I meant - I was afraid to

send it, lest it seem so

elementary; so presumptuous

too in me to send it. Get

back of the sending would

be just this same thing.

To help you to - it's a
laughable phrase but it
says it some what - to

not to participate in every
wave of personalif in your
presence released. But is it
if even more exquisite to
respond only to those in your
own wave-length and to
let the others flow over you
so if you were not substances
at all.

You ought to have a
time of complete Retreat.
Can't you get it - in some
shell in the green, alone?
Try for it. I give you that
for a gift: Try for it.

You cannot know how

³
"quit your 'aura' against
strain. I wanted to say
that to you in Riverside:
"Don't let it in - don't let it
in." I have ached - and
more at the memory of a
moment or two there - that
last morning, for example. I
mean the breakfast morning.
If you could hold you
so once - twice - not the
participant in a moment.
but detached - you must
know that. Perhaps it is
that you are too exquisite

(12 a, b)

shut out & have felt - how
completely & felt my self to
have failed. The postscript
lets me in. But the
letter - of the moods - of the
ocean knowing - the my
friend.

- Even in that blackness
which communicates itself
to me & could smile you
this: "What? When Harcourt
or Kumpf have to be appealed
to and heard from? Surely
not!" You are utterly wrong
about what you have written.
Five years - ten years ago you

Could have been right. Now there
is a new day. Popular appeal is
old fashioned.

Let me know at once - and
more often - how all may be.

Postscripted Jul. 20, 1922

U. - I understand perfectly.

Now understood - and have
ached with it. The book

I meant - I was afraid to

send it, lest it seem so

elementary; so presumptuous

too in me to send it. Got

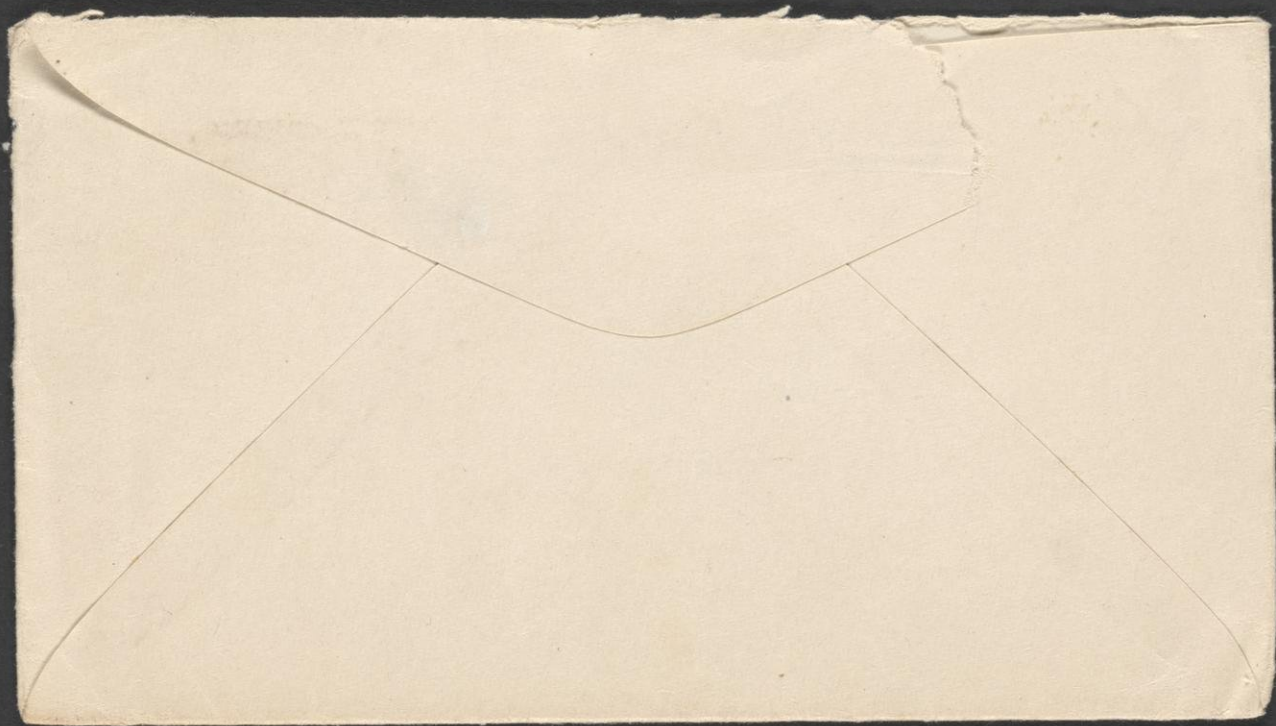
back of the sending would

be just this same thing.

To help you to - it's a
laughable phrase but it
says it some what - to



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Jul. 25, 1922

(132b)

The introduction to Carl Van Doren's review of
"Narcissus" in July 15 - Literary Review - says it is
much better. Not aura-knitting but 'insulating.'
Well - both.

Sunday afternoon I spent with you. I read
through all that I have here, and am confirmed
in my feeling that these are fine sold. I
haven't sent out the Bullock or the Jefferies at
all - I want the Blaine Gateway, either in the
Century or the Yale Review for a foundation to
quote from. And Mr. Frank's reply is not yet
here. - Sunday night I read aloud the end
of Soul-Drift - ~~not to~~ ^{expectant} that a guest - to an
exquisite friend of whom I may have spoken - a
girl in the early twenties. She was as you
have excited her to be - wrote onto that literal
other place. You have not written about it -
you have shown me to it - in the

paper which I read at Minneapolis - and shall
read again this Friday at Chicago University -
I am using serenely that phrase of yours!
Thank you. Thank you for all your fine gold.
Is it not strange that Rose who has the
gold, ~~are~~ the gold, cannot bear a covering
until they have worn it Reminders of their
own mist. - Let me send you a spell
for that meaning. It's so simple that you
will hardly believe, you'll think it is the old
and, the mere ethical content. But read the
new meaning. It is silence. No replying.
To speak a mood which harasses. And
not in bitterness. I think it is true that
there is a new organ to be ~~built up~~ ^{developed} within me -
the lotus - by such simple means. - Strange
that I should be telling you any thing at all,
who are so far before me. It is only
because I have found peace and
happiness that I venture to offer these
simple oracles.

Postscripted Jul 25, 1922

(13)

COPY

Dear Mr. Knopf:--

By chance I have been shown some sketches, fragments of impression and mood, which their author has been writing and laying away--his recreation from days of teaching biology in a Los Angeles high school. These sketches seem to be a lovely catching and crystallizing of high moments, moments so delicate that one such can make a day worth while to some of us.

But I thought: These are not for American readers. I am going to ask him to let me send them to some English reviews, or to an English publisher. And then a second thought made this seem rather absurd and last century!

So will you look at them? In fact they go to you with this. Will you remember as you read them that these are only a few of many which I have selected--there are some Asiatic sketches which are not included. The author was born in Asia Minor but he is American. I feel as if some care and a better selection might make a little volume which would have no wide audience--but would be a thing which an American hasn't written--or published--before now.

And then I have great faith in the sketch form, especially in this coming day of lovely little impalpable things, too frail for fiction or for the essay either.

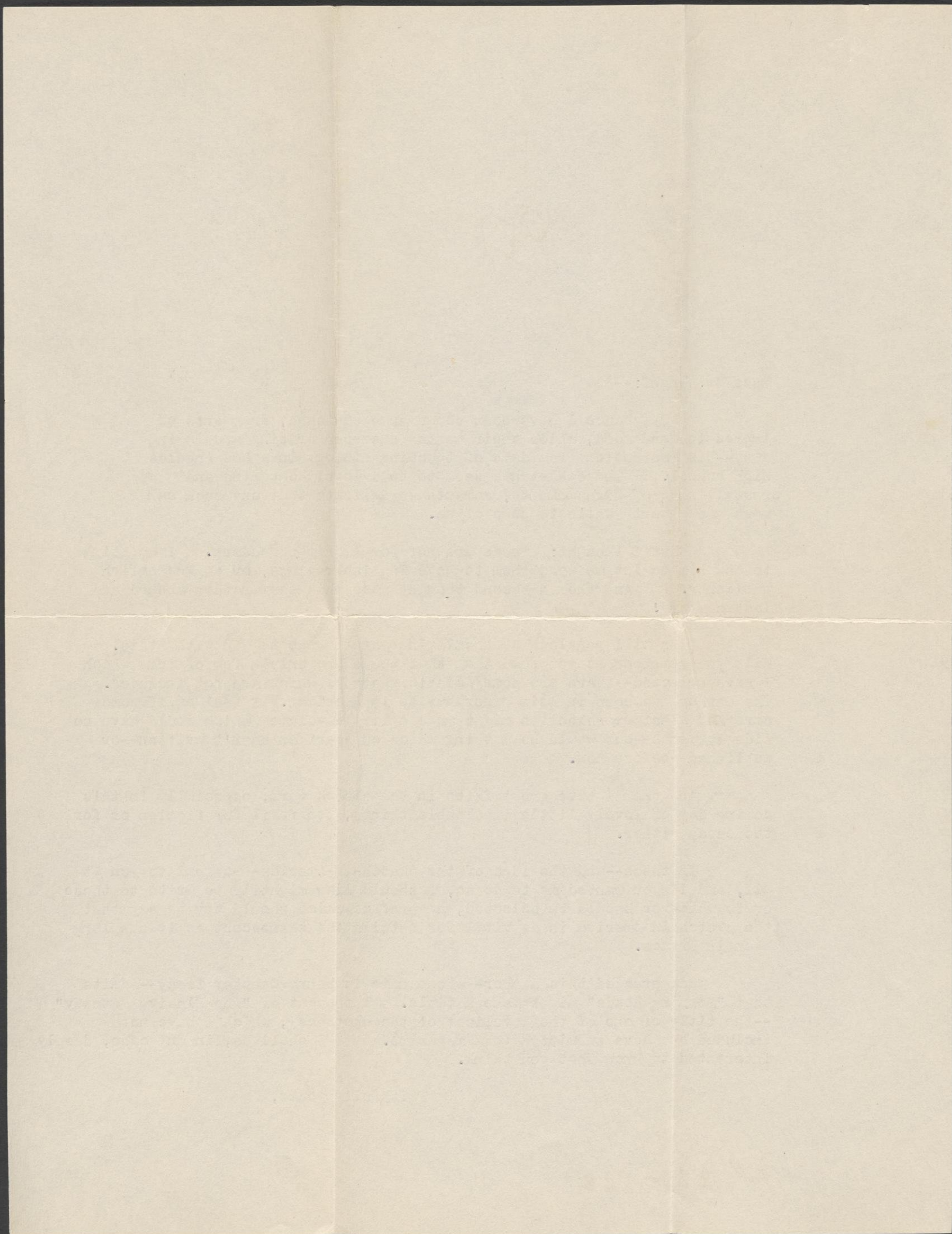
If these--and the idea of the sketch-in-America---appeal to you at all, and if you wanted me to do so, I should like mightily to write to these or to whatever should be selected, a preface which should try to say that the sketch in America is as vital for netting the evanescent as it has long been in France.

Much pressed this author--whose name is Henry Chester Tracy--admits that "Morning Roads" might make a title. I thought of "The Elusive Gateway"--the title of one of the loveliest of the sketches, which I have not included but have submitted to a magazine. I shall be, in any case, deeply interested to know what you think.

Faithfully yours,

(Zone Sale)

Jul 23 - 1922



Just
glenn Frank
"a certain attractive-
ness and vitality -- ex-
me to defer its return."
Re "Elysian Gateway" Aug. 9, 1922

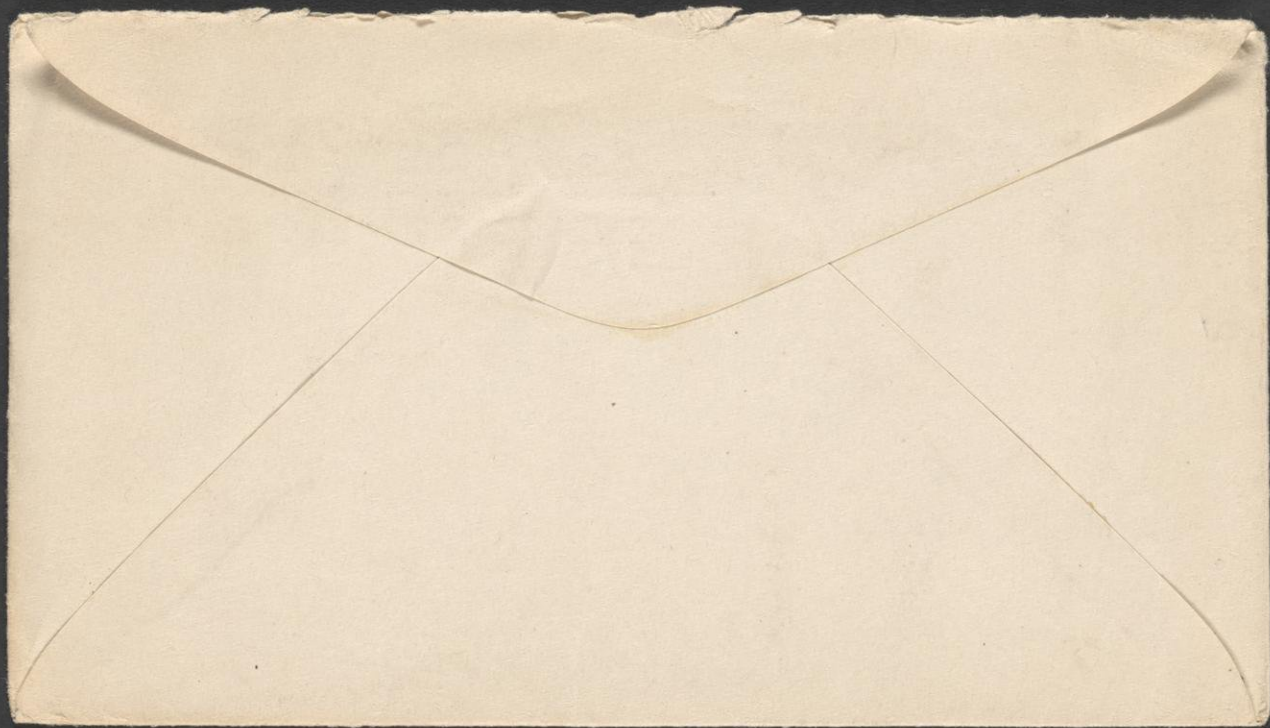


Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Boulevard

Hollywood

California



Postscripted Aug 10, 1922

(14)



THE CENTURY CO.
353 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE
GLENN FRANK, Editor

August 7, 1922

My dear Zona Gale:

I am criminally late in answering your letter of July twenty-first; my only plea for leniency is that I have been trying to do three jobs at once this summer.

The thing that interests me most just now is a book on "The Approaching Renaissance" which I am trying to write. Everytime I undertake to work out a chapter I find myself wishing you were here to criticize it. I do hope you will get to New York before long.

I am looking forward with great eagerness to seeing your novel. I am starting Johan Bojer's "The Last of the Vikings" in my November issue. It will run six months at least. This will give you some idea of the time I could publish your novel if we can agree about it.

The paper by the biologist^{on} "The Elusive Gateway" is one of those things that make decision very difficult. I have read it several times, and each time put it aside because I did not quite see its place in The Century Magazine, and yet a certain attractiveness and vitality have each time led me to defer its return. I am going to read it again, and then either print it or send it back to you.

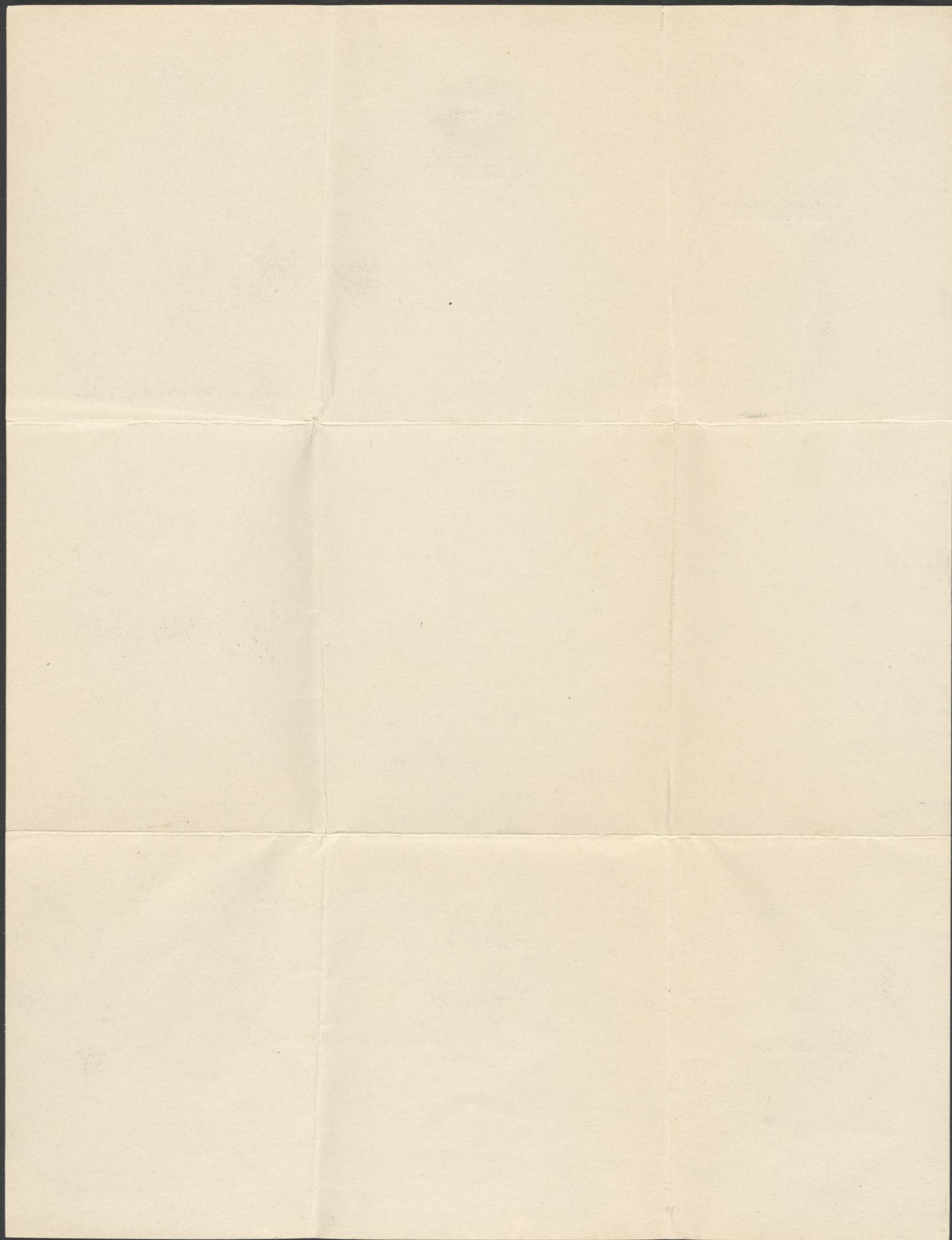
If you get to New York before September fifteenth, I hope you will spend a week-end with us at a very beautiful country place we have taken for the summer near Stamford.

With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours

Glenn Frank

Miss Zona Gale,
Portage, Wisconsin





Mr. Henry Chester Lacy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood California

Bureau Office

Troisim Ballade



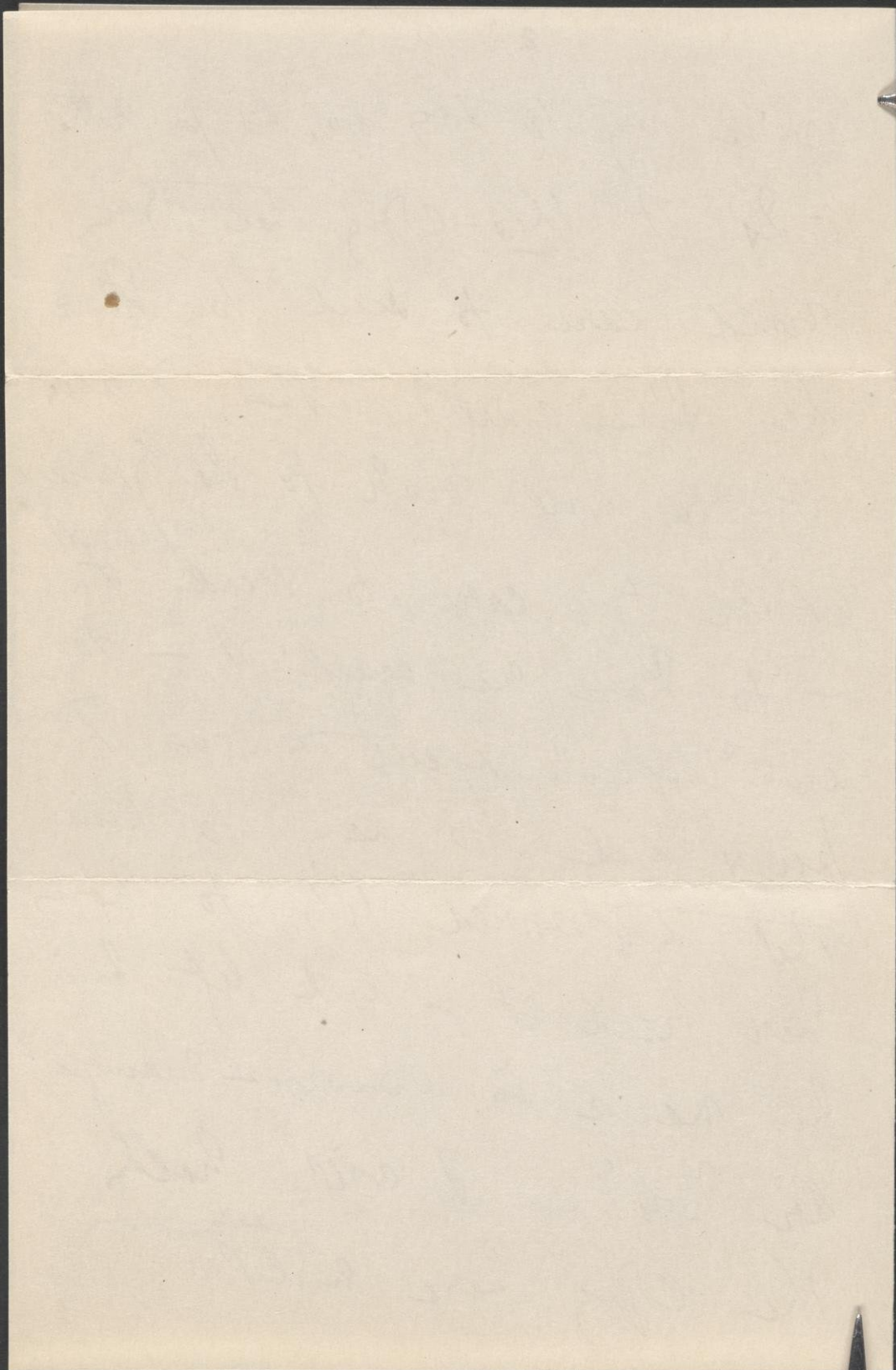
Postscripted Aug 26, 1922

(15)

I think you are doing a
most lovely thing with
Rene - leisurely and full
of feeling and delicacy
and more. No, certainly
I would like to send Rene
as long as you continue
to be willing - but if at
any time you would rather
send them you know that

hear from you - and then, when
I shall have finished with
it, I want to write again
about it. - I am just
in this morning from going
about with Mrs. La Fallette
for a while before the primaries
on September 5. You come
soon too, do they not? It
is so important that La
Fallette should win - as such
things go. I wonder how
you both will vote on
Johnson? - Remembrance.
Mrs. Gile

2
You're only to say so, do you not?
- Is it this copy that you
would care to send to Mrs.
de Selincourt? That I take
if you will wish to do so.
Would you care to send it
- to have me send it - to
an English agent whom I
know and to say to him
that you would like to have
her read it - and let him
his name is Brown - manage?
Or how? I will hold
the copy here until





Donna Gale?
Mr. W. C. Tracy
2104 Highland boulevard
Hollywood California



Postscripted Sep. 1, 1922

EUROPEAN PLAN

STEAM HEAT

16abc

The Tremont Hotel

J. K. DAILEY, PROPRIETORS J. A. KANE
RESTAURANT AND DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

I had an hour on the mutual
birthday night - and went to the
Light Land - and then I came up
to "Langlade County" - is it that nice? -
to speak with Mrs. La Follette -
and I brought the manuscript
all with me and had it for
hours on the train - reading it
slowly, savoring it in the luxury of
reading sentences over as many
times as I liked. Such lovely
sentences. Such awareness in me
all the time that here is great
writing. I am, as I telegraphed
you, filled with wonder at the
fashion in which this has poured
out - I have known nothing to

equal that. It is an amazing
feat and I am so glad for
you.

I think this should eventually
go to Mr. Knopf - but first
I should like to have its

serial change exploited. A fine
letter from Mr. Knopf - saying that
he agreed with me entirely about
the other mss. but that he
had taken on several books for
the Autumn and Winter whose
success could not be widely
and vulgarly popular and that
he dare not risk another. So
I sent it all to Mr. Frank
at the Century, asking him
to see whether it had a
Century taste and whether he

The Tremont Hotel

J. K. DAILEY, PROPRIETORS J. A. KANE

RESTAURANT AND DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

would consider it with the Union
Gazette — which he still holds
or did when I left home. —

But here is something
more. On Sunday Mr. Marsh
was in Portage — Mr. Marsh of
Harper's who was the first to
read the other man. And on
our porch I gave him the
lifted land and he read it.
"I like this far better than
the other — admirable writing —"
he said more than once. "He
has something to give — that
is clear." And he suggests
the Dial or the Yale

Review for the serial use - and
then see what happens. Perhaps
not all in a magazine - but
these most suitable. - I am
impressed by this. But will
you tell me what you think -
and what Mrs. you wish to
go to Mrs de Selincourt (lovely
mention of her with the Colchias!)
- this that I have on the carbon?
I'd rather like to send it to
Brown, the big agent over
here - and let him send
it to her. What do you think
of that?

I want to write not of
the mechanics of it, but
of the spirit of it. How
many times I would a

The Tremont Hotel

J. K. DAILEY, PROPRIETORS J. A. KANE
RESTAURANT AND DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

hand - as clasped the - through
 these pages. The beautiful
 bit about Celia, about
 bread and grain - about
 education - "a slow-moving
 river on those banks with
 buttercups green" - and the
 exquisite inventions and
 slow climaxes. Horace is in,
 you know. Yesterday,
 on a journey from Milwaukee
 (starting at 4:35 A. M.) to
 Antigo - eight hours - I let
 Mrs. La Flette read some of the
 pages - and she was charmed and

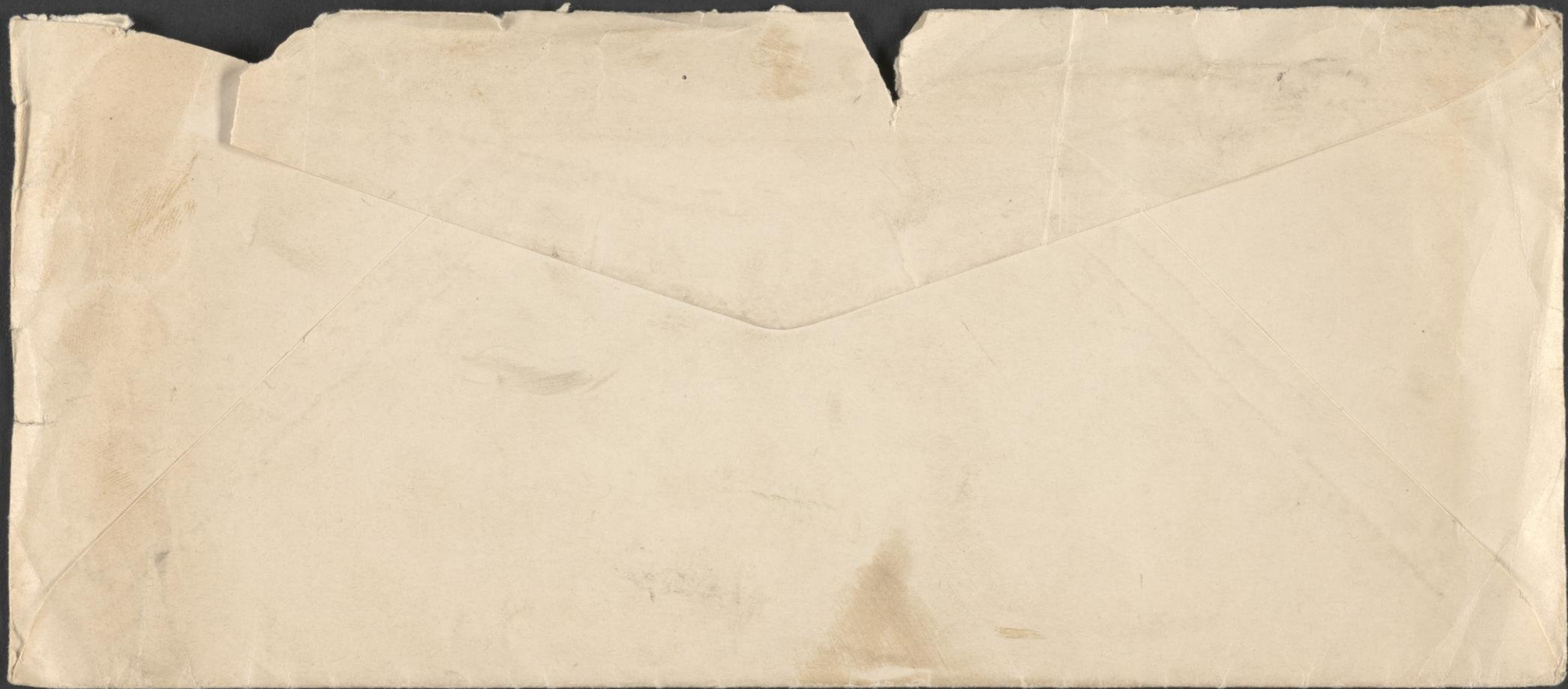
rested. - I shall be out with
her until Saturday - and then I
reach home - I have no word
from Mr. Frank - I will write
him for his decision - and then -
Wouldn't it be wonderful to find
an American artist to
illustrate these?

Well - Congratulations - And
on Johnson - That at least is
a fine protest note against
the administration. Watch for
us ^{at} next Tuesday primaries -
I haven't time to read this
over. So forgive its flaws.

Thursday.



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California



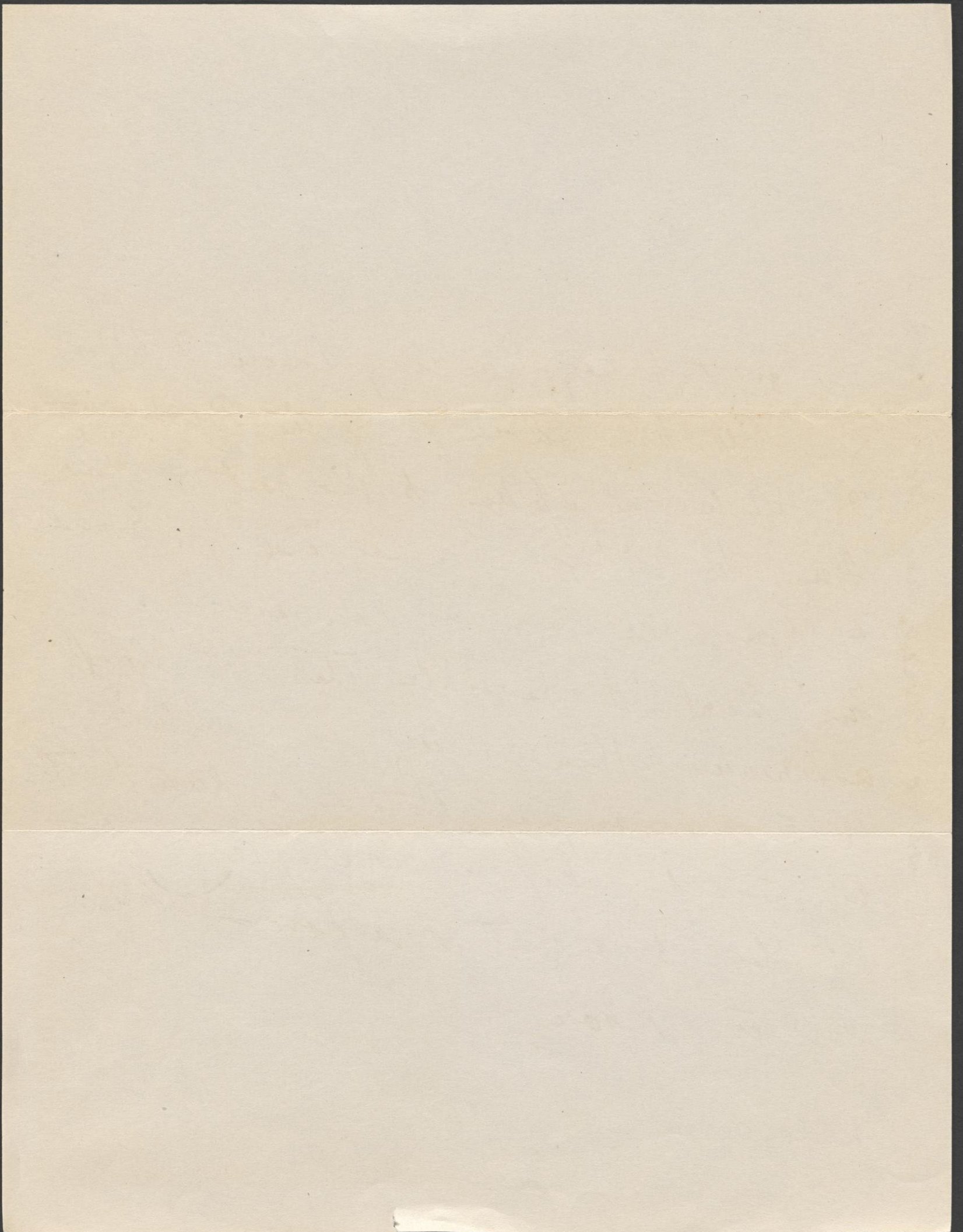
Postscripted Sep. 4, 1922

(17)

Did "Cosmic Consciousness" reach you?

I forgot to say how very much I hope
you will take advantage of the opportunity
of which you spoke to give part of your
time to writing. You say that you would
if you could have any assurance - or so
on. Is it possible that the blind
assurance within yourself is enough?
And that anyway there is a deep trust
in the old belief in sacrifice? Not
the blood of a goat, or a dove - but
another ichor. -

Monday.



Why I Shall Vote for Senator Robert M. La Follette

By ZONA GALE



Photo Copyright by E. O. Hoppe, New York, N. Y.



HOPE for Senator La Follette's return to the United States Senate because I believe that he is one of the few great figures in the nation's politics today.

That he has the highest social and prophetic vision and voice which have ever served Wisconsin.

That he is a man dedicated to human welfare.

That he has the insight and experience to meet the issues of human welfare in politics and that his years at Washington are priceless to us in this hour of the nation's history.

"I want Senator La Follette to be returned to the Senate because he stands for the common welfare and can neither be bought nor hypnotized."

It was a Portage man who said that, and to one who has watched the Senator's progress in Congress the words repeatedly return. "Neither bought nor hypnotized." It is a brilliant record for any statesman in these days.

Consider that record:

I. His record against militarism, his tremendous conviction against the militarism of the United States.

The Senator sets at the head of his published speech the following table, with which every woman should be familiar before she goes to the primaries:

Distribution of Government Appropriations for 1920.

Research, public health, recreation	\$ 57,093,661	1.01%
Public works	168,203,557	2.97%
Legislative, executive, judicial	181,087,225	3.19%
War—Past	3,855,482,586	
Future	1,424,139,677	92.83%
Total	\$5,680,005,706	100 %

The figures speak for themselves. If a man is against a program like that he is neither bought nor hypnotized. He is a sane man, a voice in a wilderness. And if we can believe in the sanity of the American people, then we believe the Senator when he said, in a speech against a naval appropriation of \$500,000,000 for 1922:

"I say that when you get the truth of all this before the American people, when the enlightened womanhood of America understands the barbarous, appalling character of any future war, they will sweep from power and from place representatives who dare to oppose prompt and effective disarmament."

It is significant of a life-long attitude of Senator La Follette's, of his respect for the influence of women in politics, that he asked to have printed in the Congressional Record with his address, extracts from appeals of Carrie Chapman Catt and M. Carey Thomas, begging women to consecrate themselves to drive war out of the world.

Wisconsin women have one of the greatest opportunities of any women in the nation to share in this consecration by sending back to Washington a man not only passionately opposed to war, but one long practiced in meeting the determined supporters of the military program.

II. On the Soldiers' Bonus Bill.

Is there a soldier's wife or mother who does not know how Senator La Follette stands on the Soldiers' Bonus bill?

"I say that our first obligation is to pay just compensation to the soldiers. I say that it should be paid out of the war profits and not out of the general taxes. This is where our first obligation rests."

On every question of public policy he stands where he has always stood: Uncompromisingly for the common people whom Lincoln said God must have loved because he made so many of them.

I believe in his power to serve the people:

Because the battles which he fought almost alone in the nineties, with the Wisconsin press, political machinery and money opposing him, have now been fought in state after state, and the results written into their laws as they are written into our laws. The story can never be told often enough—how the abolishing of a corrupt convention system, and of a system whereby farmers and manufacturers paid double the taxes paid by the railroads; and of the secret rebate system were driven out of Wisconsin by Senator La Follette's initiative and courage—and this legislation has since then spread over the country.

Because of the thirteen planks—largely on social measures—proposed by him at the republican national convention of 1912, eleven of which, in spite of the spectacular opposition which he then encountered, have now become the law of the land.

Those who oppose the La Follette program are fond of dismissing the great issues by the use of one single adjective: Wet.

I, for one, have stood for prohibition always. I stand for it now and rejoice that it is a law. But it is a law. And the fact that Senator La Follette voted "no" on the Volstead act cannot be used to blind me to the tremendous issues which greed would like to cover. For the greatest menace to the people today is not that a constitutional amendment shall, without precedent, be repealed. The greatest menace is one which Senator La Follette has always opposed with all his force and that is special privilege.

This is the first time that the women of Wisconsin have had opportunity to vote for the man who for twenty years has advocated suffrage for women. Twenty years ago Governor and Mrs. La Follette opened the Executive Residence to a suffrage convention in session in Madison and this gave equal suffrage the countenance it then so sadly lacked. Today I believe that the majority of the women of the state are with the Senator, not because he was with them then, but because he and they alike are dedicated and consecrated to the common welfare.

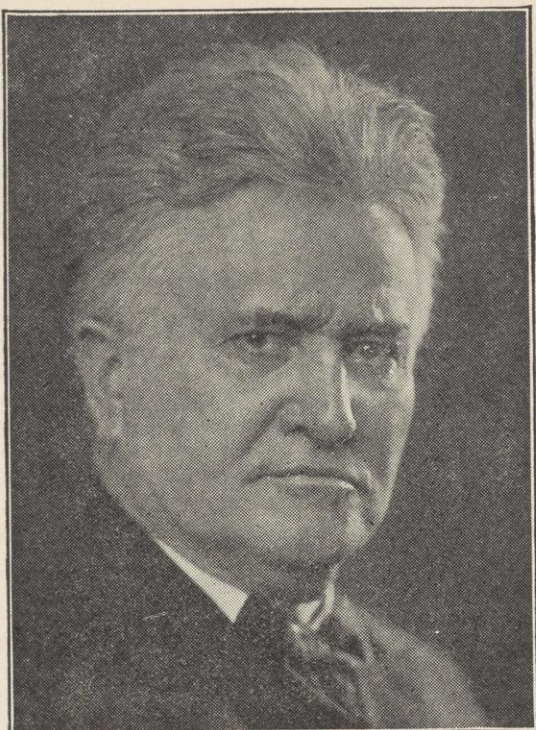


Photo Copyright by J. A. Glander, Manitowoc, Wis.

Progressive Republican Candidates

Primary Election, Tuesday, September 5, 1922

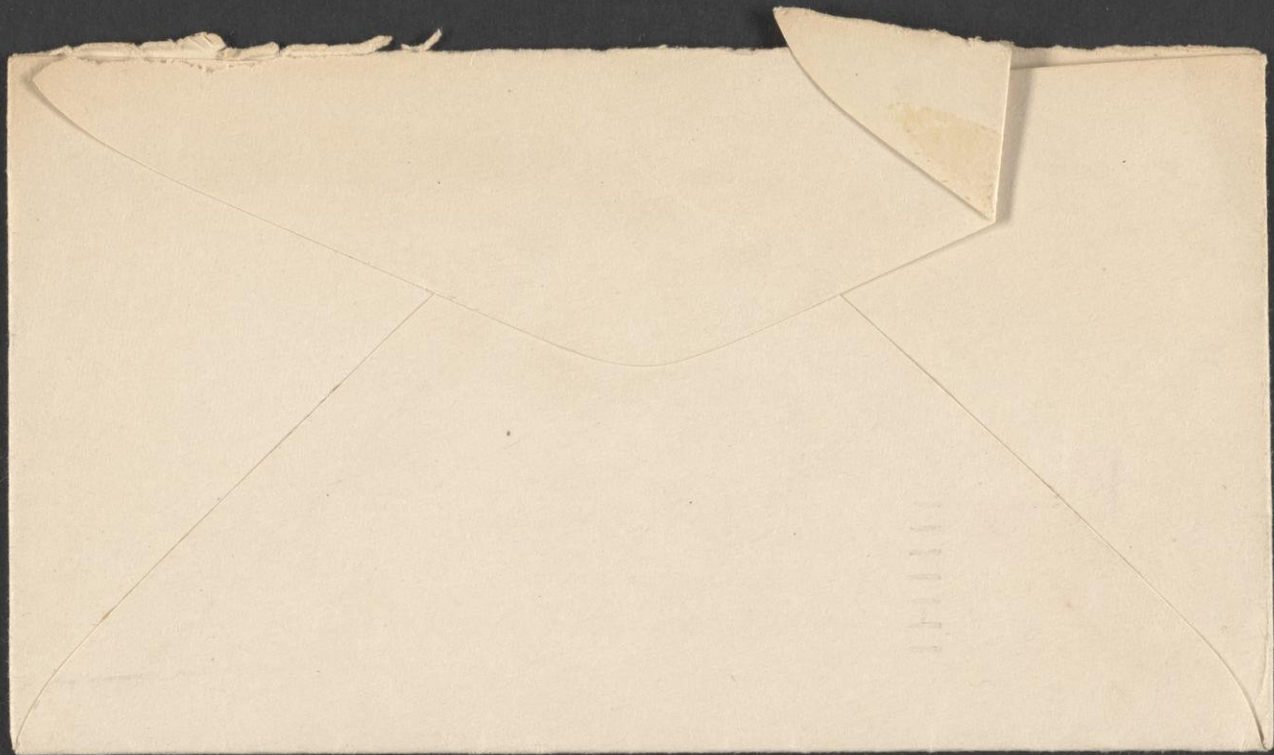
Vote for These Men

For Governor:	
JOHN J. BLAINE, Boscobel	X
For Lieutenant Governor:	
GEORGE F. COMINGS, Eau Claire...	X
For Secretary of State:	
FRED R. ZIMMERMAN, Milwaukee..	X
For State Treasurer:	
SOLOMON LEVITAN, Madison.....	X
For Attorney General:	
HERMAN L. EKERN, Madison.....	X
For United States Senator:	
ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, Madison	X

Authorized, issued and circulated on behalf of Robert M. La Follette, Madison, Wisconsin, republican candidate for U. S. Senator, by his personal campaign committee, Robert M. La Follette, Jr., Secretary, 17 West Main Street, Madison, Wis.



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland
~~Hollywood~~ Avenue
Hollywood
California.



Postscripted Sep. 12, 1922

(19)

Such a delightful plan -
I started to write
delicious, but it is more
delicate than that. I

am so glad - a thousand
good wishes already!

Yes. Of course we shall
have lunch some where
and may it not be

congratulations to you
both on this perfect
decision. - It is I
am convinced very wise

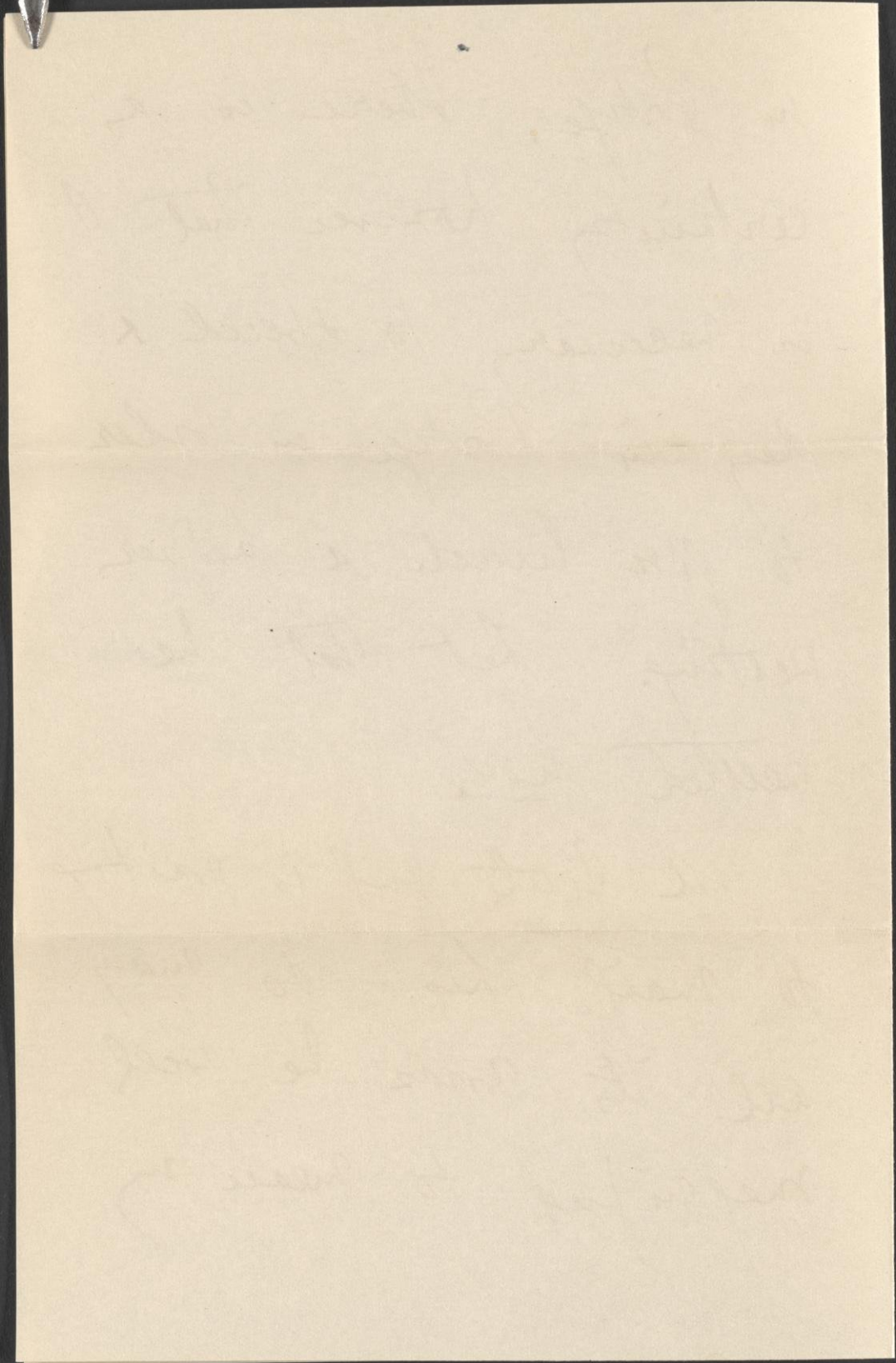
On a conviction plus
an impulse, I am
sending the carbon to
Henry Seidel Canby
to read and advise! -

Ima Gale

Tuesday.

in Portage. There is a
certainty however that it
is necessary to spend a
day in Portage in order
to fix much a paper
setting. Let that be
settled now.

A little girl is waiting
to mail this - so may
all its words be well
magnified to mean my



Postscript removed

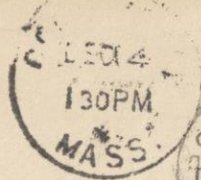
9/25/22

(20)

This has been an interminable time, is going to
you - but as Dutton recently named October 1
as the day ^{for my mess.} = for = sure, you will forgive me.
There will be much more to forgive - it is so
inadequate, so not = enough = you. And then that
lovely part of the autobiographic bit - I could not,
simply, lay claim to the beauty and the balance
of that. It had to be tossed about as I have
tossed it, made your own in as gentle and
impersonal a wise as possible to me - who
could not have coined or winged or written it
as that you did, the simple English, to make
it flow or fly or sparkle or float. — But
will you not do this? Scan it, stat it, take
from it ^{the whole article} and put to it all that you will.
Substitute for what from the books I have quoted.

Change any thing, everything - save from my ^{autobiog. office} words. And
show all, insert after my Gustation from Eric,
after "needle-drape of pine", some paragraph of
those which first held me, from the fragments.
That for example about the expectant figure rising,
long after, from the seat of folds and ripples
of stone. That, for example, about the harvest,
and the great head, vine-crowned, rising above
the fiddle. Whatever you will that shall sharpen
my reference to Hudson, following.

The charming message I Love - birthday,
all. Mine is hereby a month late. To-morrow
is September 26. Drop a month. Let me
wish you the crystal, the interminable, the
veined with ichor and clay, and such.
A good night, and a good day, and
to Miriam be my abiding remembrance.
L.G.



Mr Henry Chester Lee

FORWARDED

~~183~~

~~Fresh Pond Park~~

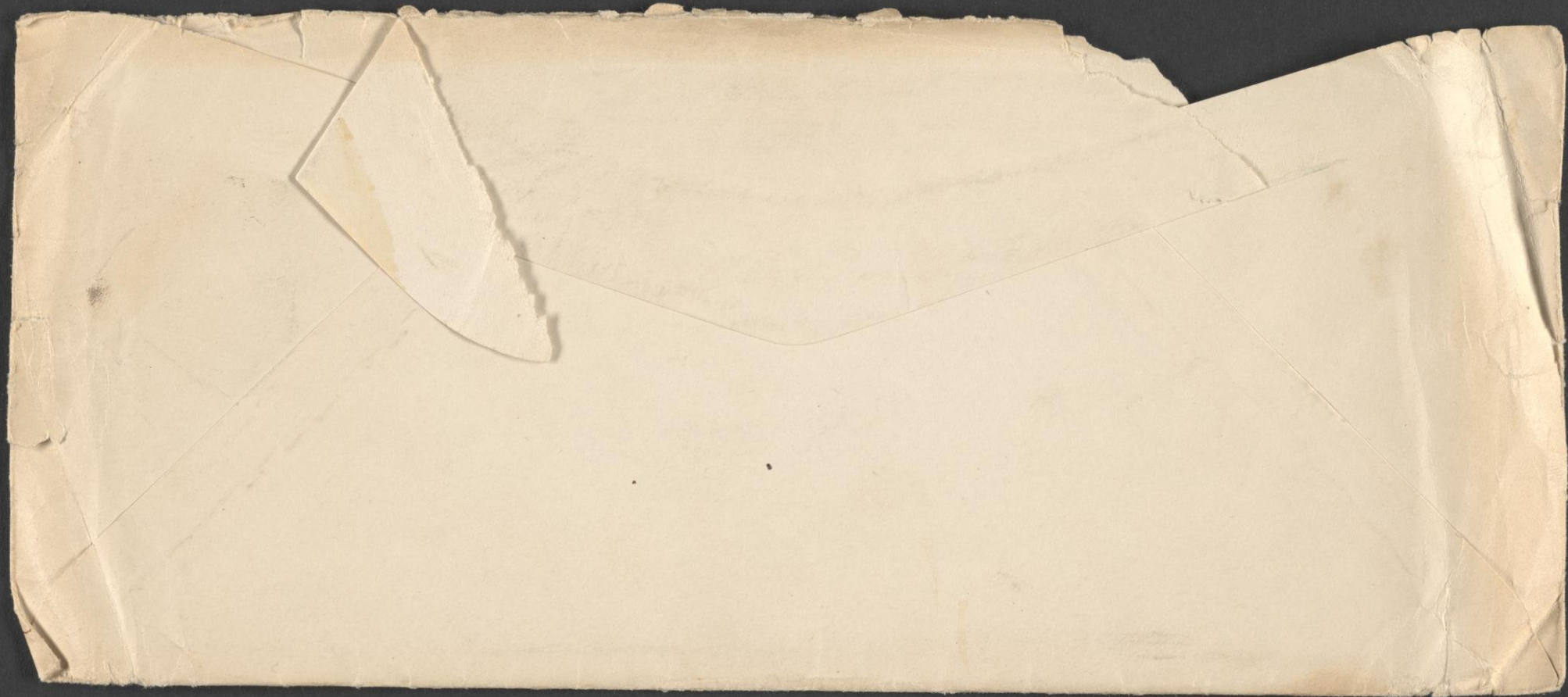
2104 Highland Ave.

~~Cambridge~~

Hollywood

~~Massachusetts~~ California

To Mr. J. R. Smith.

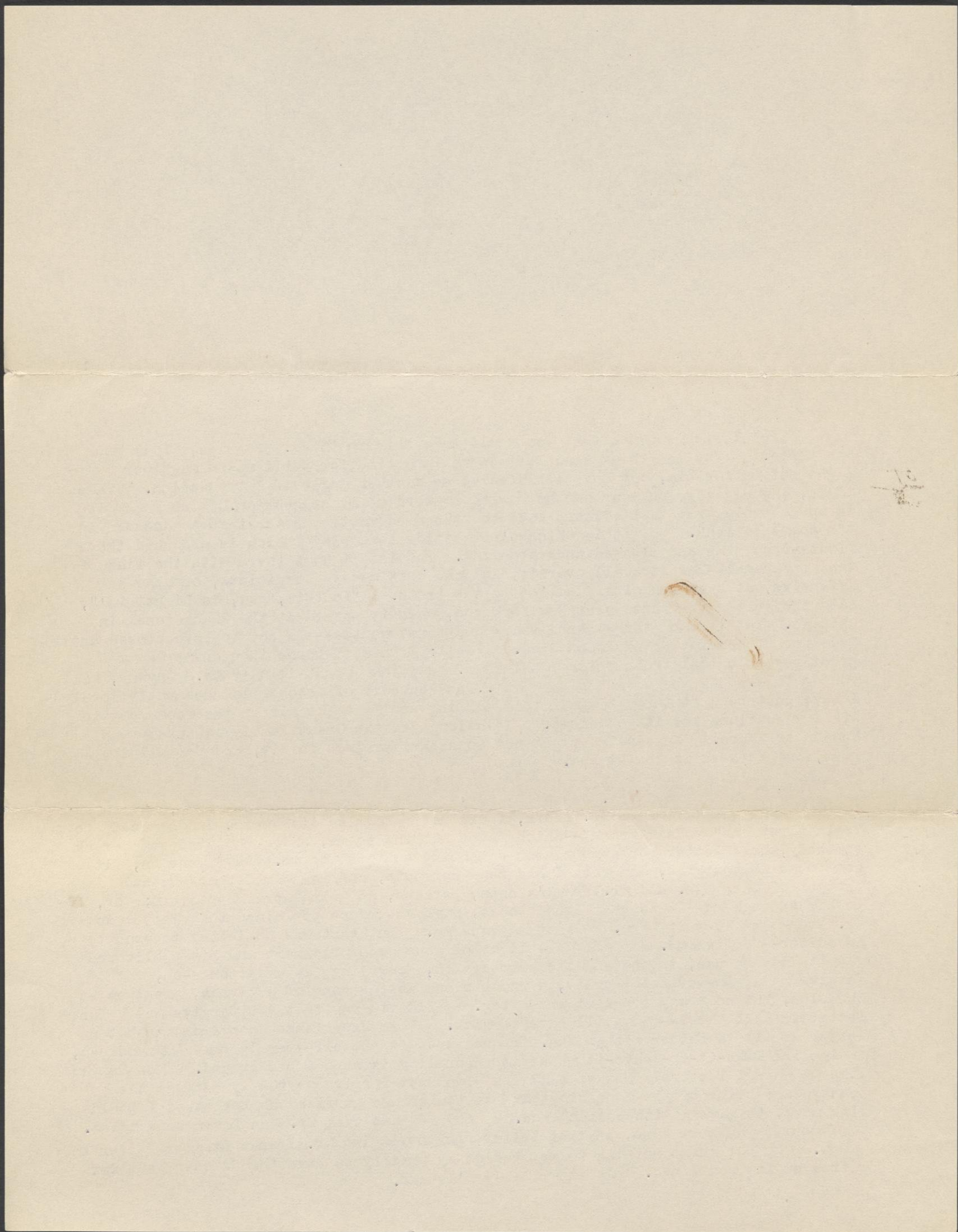


Postscripted Dec. 4, 1922

(21 a, b)

I wish so much that you would take this in to Mr. Sedgwick, while you are there. The length of time between now and time for publication might or might not bother him, but this would serve as another angle of introduction. Take it in, I would say, on your own hook with no word of my suggestion. You know it is undoubtedly true that editors love to make discoveries better than to accede in a "recommendation". It is Chicago's attitude to a play which is produced there first--open arms and pleased understanding. But let it come there with the ring of the applause of New York all over it, and the critics are suspicious, on the defensive, at best grudgingly admitting the truth. ("So this, then, is Lightnin'!", said they after the three-year New York run, when it opened at the Blackstone in Chicago. Yet it ran there three years and three months--was not to have closed until December 9, had not Frank Bacon died.) Well: This is borne in upon me as a great psychological truth which I think Mr. Sedgwick might illustrate. Anyway, will you do this. ..For souvenir of October is unbearably lovely-- I have just read it through again this morning and felt the air in the room melt to its implications and its cadences. It belongs to the Great Family as surely as Hudson or Fabre. You have no right not to seek its place for it, and for all the rest, and to seek it to the end.

(m) When I opened Mrs. de Gelincoourt's envelope containing this Mss, and her letter, and your letter to Mr. Frank, I did not recognize its source and chanced to begin first on "My dear Frank"--which meant nothing to me, and connotated some Frank somebody, whose letter for some reason was being enclosed to me. As I went on, it got to me what it was, and when I had read her note, and perceived that you had thought of the Mss. and Mr. Frank's note, perhaps, as going straight to him; or, ~~to~~ to him through me--I did what I had to do, with assurance purloined that letter to Mr. Frank and kept it here. You may sue me. But that was no letter to send to an editor--forgive me. To make light of your accomplishment and his public and say it was no use, in one and the same breath, carrying an undertone--oh, but forgive me again--of superiority, as unconscious as the song of a thrush, as true as the blue, but no way to greet an editor. Did you say that you forgive me? The letter is still here--you shall have it back. Long experience convinces me that no letter at all is better with a Mss. if one sends it oneself--merely name and address, an implied Take-it-or-leave-it whose impersonality is a good background. How do you like me when I lecture? Not at all? You must forgive me really because the beauty and being of the manuscript are so tender and tremendous both that I would risk more, to give it its best chance. And you see that Mr. Van Doren sees these. Of course you were also, in that letter, acknowledging Mr. Frank's steamer letter to you. That meant nothing to me beside my anxiety to have the October sail free on its own wings. As it will---you'll see.



I am eager to know how you and Mr. Follett got on-- he would so entirely SEE your work and you. And I really think would be of enormous service. Did I tell you that I asked him to read Faint Perfume^x professionally, and that he gave me the most valuable suggestions as to a dozen details which had quite escaped me, which I didn't, in fact, know. He is a great critic. Of fiction, of course, primarily. But you cannot be a critic of that without universal feeling.

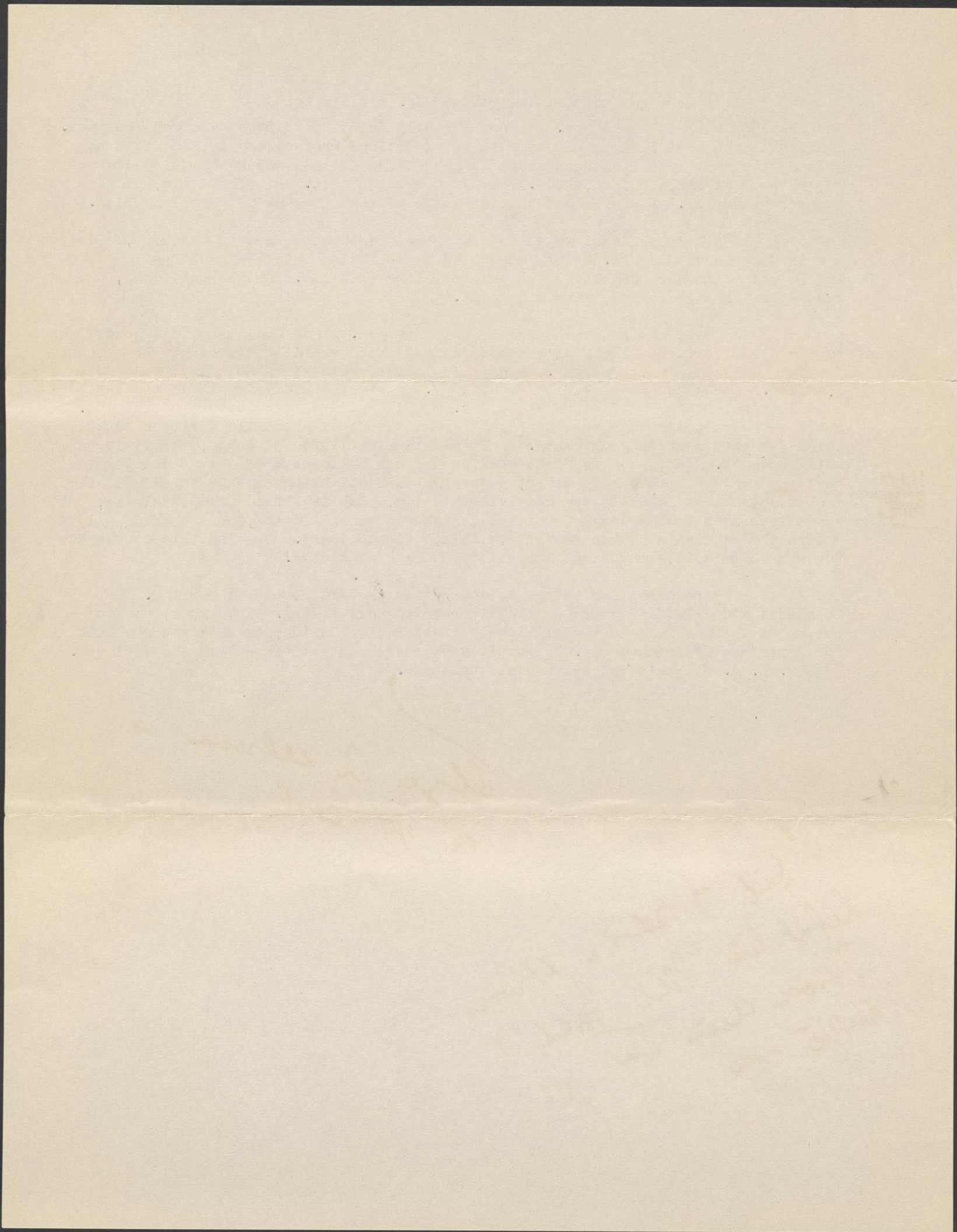
Don't you want to go to see my dear Josephine Preston Peabody, while you are in Cambridge? Mrs. Solon Marks? I am enclosing a letter to her-- you know The Piper? And her poems? But she is better than all. And her children, when I saw them some years ago, were exquisite.

not
not
No--I had no news other than I gave you. The Small one did go to the Atlantic first--I couldn't resist that-- which wasn't quite right for it, as I ought to have known, though Mr. Sedgwick's letter, which I cannot find, was very charming. He now has The Elusive Gateway. And the Small One is at the Ladies Home Journal, where you first destined it. These are mere matters of routine. I can no more conceive your feeling "down" about them than about the fruit or bread which you send away on your plate. It all takes infinite patience, but it is so well worth it. And you haven't to work up through callowness and immaturity--you have the finished product to offer, your only task now being somehow to adjust the mechanism, so that it will be a receiving station, which it already completely is, but a delivering station along a channel which we can all enter, (or enough of all) to ensure the exquisite wares you have, within, their delivery. And this course has for you, hasn't it, an ethical import? You have no choice!

There are other things to say but it is cold here this morning. I hope that you will find your Cambridge corner to your liking. You know, do you not, that there some unbelievably lovely postcards of Boston, in case you are looking for Christmas greeting cards. I don't know where you get them--like the enclosed. But Mr. E. A. Filene's secretary could tell you.

*Changes the address to
on the card.*

*Did I tell you
did it like "What I Affected"
I shall claim that
as Mr. Follett.*





Zona Gale?

Mr. Henry Chester Lee

~~Brattle Inn~~

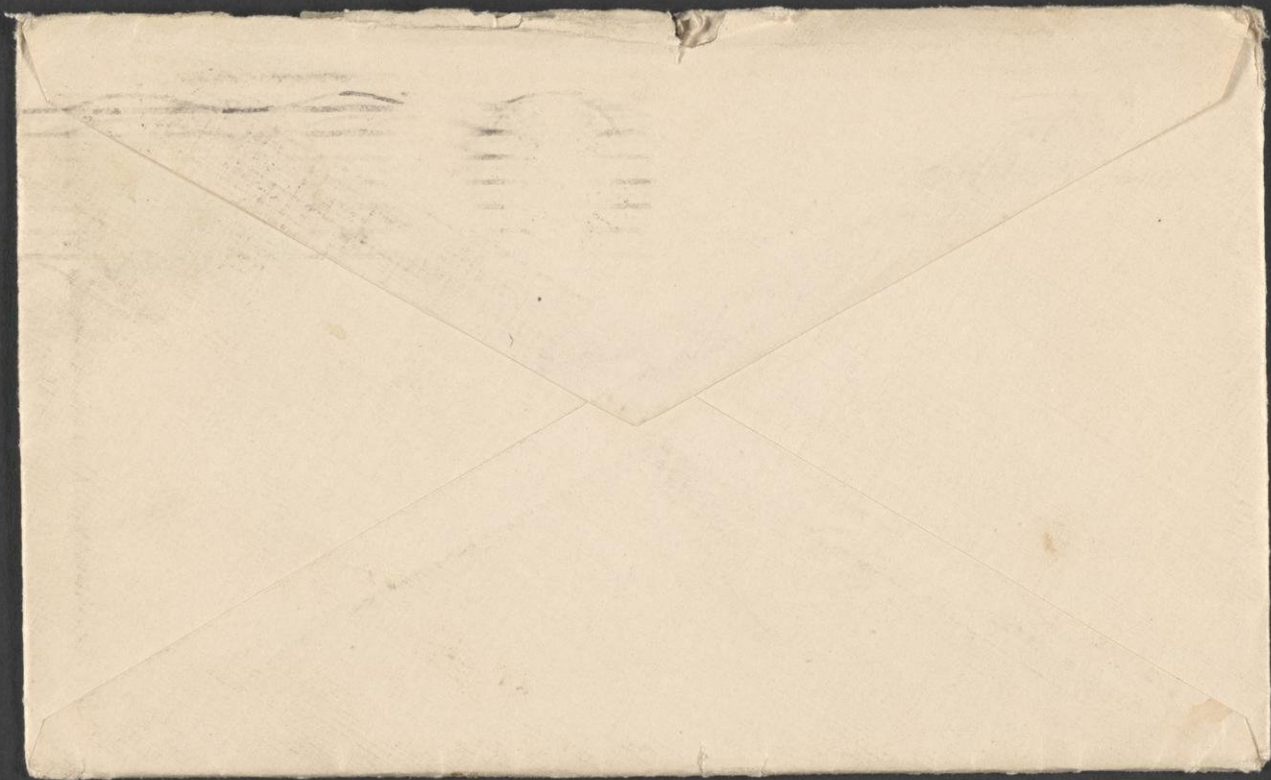
~~To Rev. C. Peak~~

~~48 Brattle St.~~

~~Cambridge,
Mass.~~

~~Smithtown Branch
Long Island
New York~~

Hotel (Linn),
Boston, Mass.





THE CENTURY CO.
353 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

December 7, 1922.

Dear Miss Gale:-

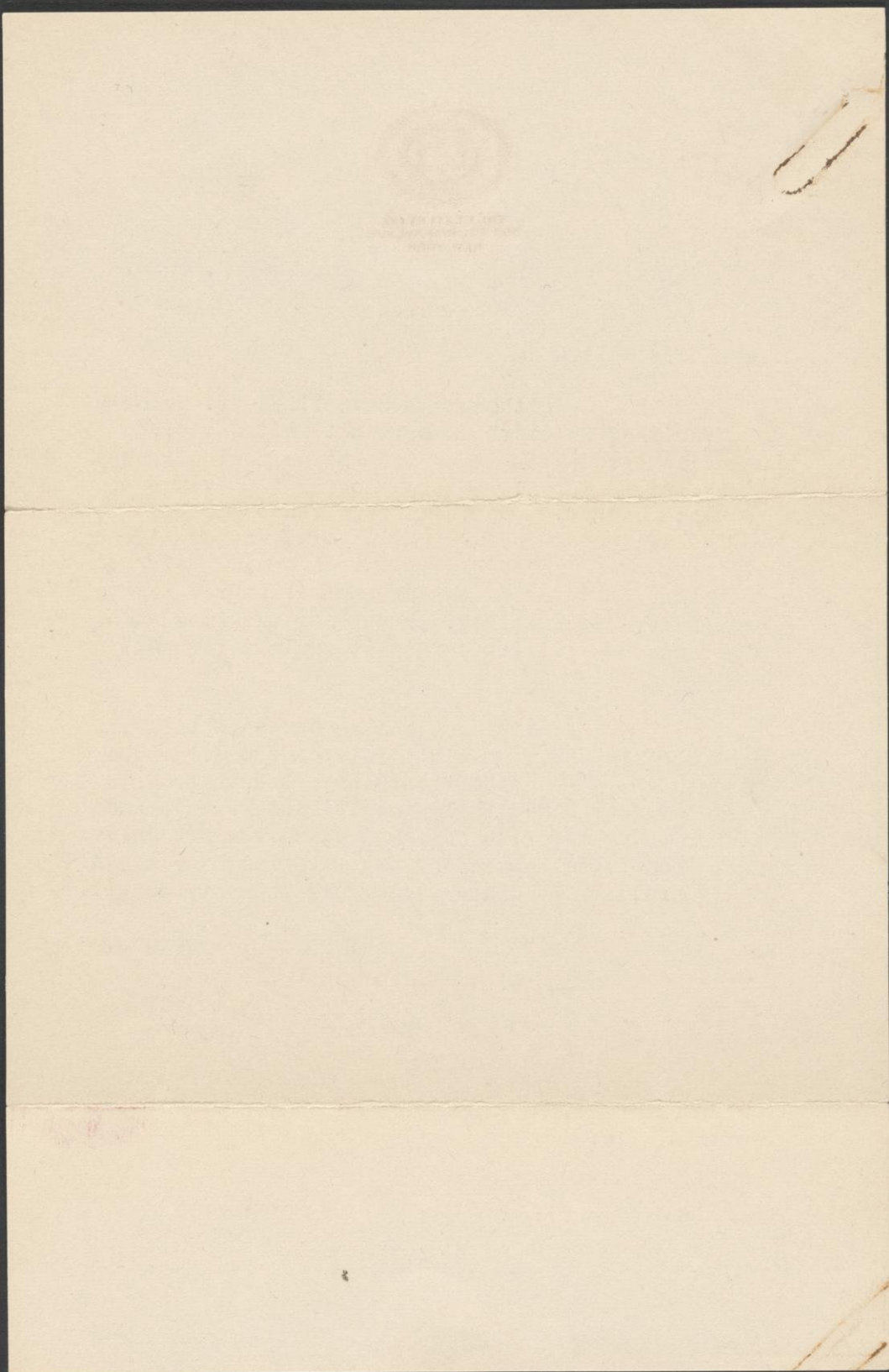
Although we have liked Mr. Tracy's "Souvenir of October" we have not felt quite so much impressed with it as to make us feel disposed to accept it for publication so far in advance as next October. Nor, in the circumstances, should we feel disposed to publish it at any other time of the year. Possibly Mr. Tracy would prefer to look elsewhere for an editor who will agree now to accept it; and possibly, if he does not find such a person, he will let us see it again early next summer.

I have not had a chance to tell you how much pleased I am with "Faint Perfume." The other night I read the first installment aloud to three or four exceedingly intelligent friends and rather to my surprise we found ourselves not only delighted but all bursting out into laughter again and again. The Century was very lucky to get it.

Very sincerely yours,

Carl Van Doren

Miss Zona Gale,
Portage, Wis.



Postscripted Dec. 11, 1922

(23)

I am glad that you are safely back -
as this morning's word announces.
And that you will go to see
Mr. Fallut and Mr. Lawrence. - To
the former I will send "The Lifted
Land" and you can rejoin it
there on your way to Cambridge. -
How would that be? You know
I kept both copies following
you and from Mrs. de Selincourt
I am doing so to-day.

which seemed to co-incide with Dr. Canby;
and said in my note that we would
probably agree that it wasn't a matter of
"if some other publisher should want it", but
of having it at its best possible, isn't that
true? - This all proves that you can do
the Hudson in a new way, when you strike
the path that must be near you. Mr.
Fadett will be good for that direction.
Mr. Torrence for pure joy - and because
my first confirmation of the matter touched
me in Simon, and by us hereafter, came
to me from him. He is very rich in its
literature. Will you read him some of
something? And ask ^{him} to show you
"Eye-Witness" - a Scribner's poem which
said all that. - I think Mr. Fadett
the most wise and persuasive critic now
writing. Did I have his address right -
708 Orange Street, New Haven.

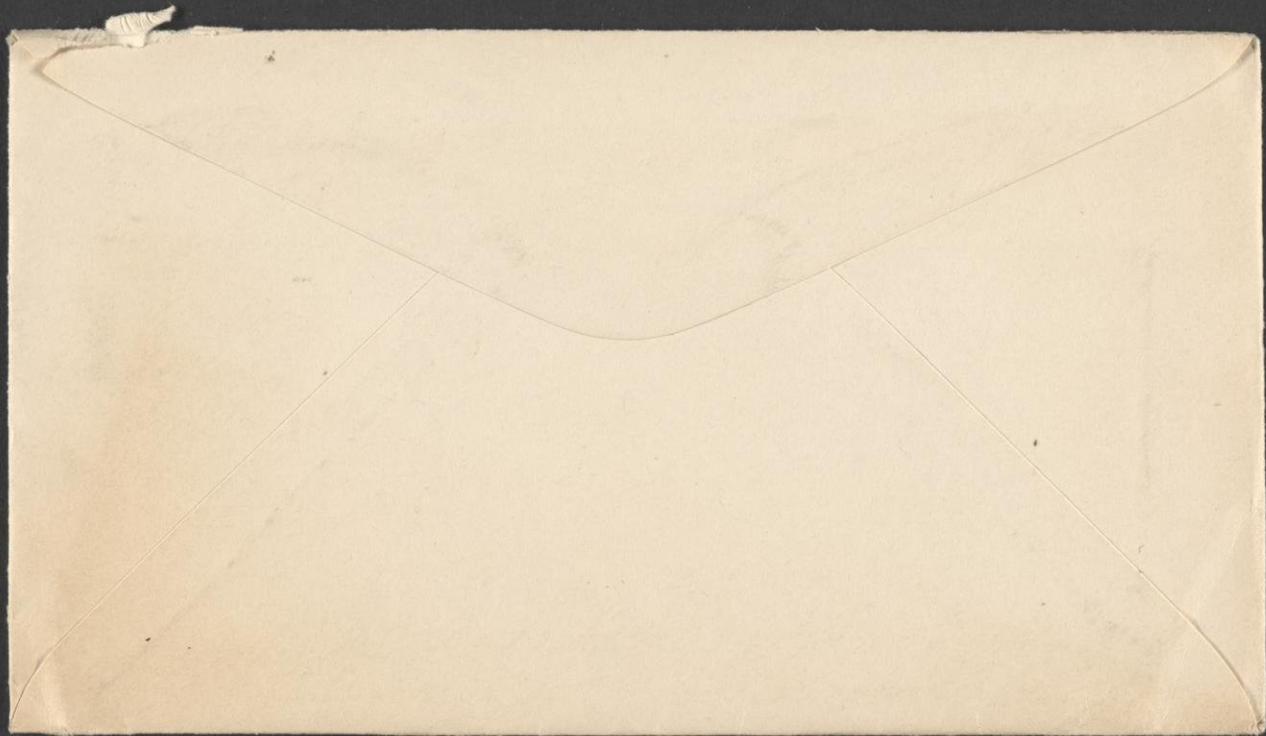
The Educable Being is in the heart
of the American Review and there I
suppose remains - but the first number
will be January instead of March, and
with enthusiasm for the magazine grows.
It will have a large circulation, many

Thousands among teachers. — Dr. Coe
wrote a personal letter praising ^{The Education} ~~the~~ (I'll
find that later) — adding that it did not
seem to him however to go farther than
Slavery. I think that is lofty praise.
— Your note about Charles — how lovely.

The lovely imagining in London Mrs.
de Silin Court sent on to me instead of to
Mr. Frank — and you must forgive her. For
she sent such a charming note. I am
forwarding them to him. — I thought
they are utterly lovely — as one is writing
English like that, the old rights done in
new bottles. —



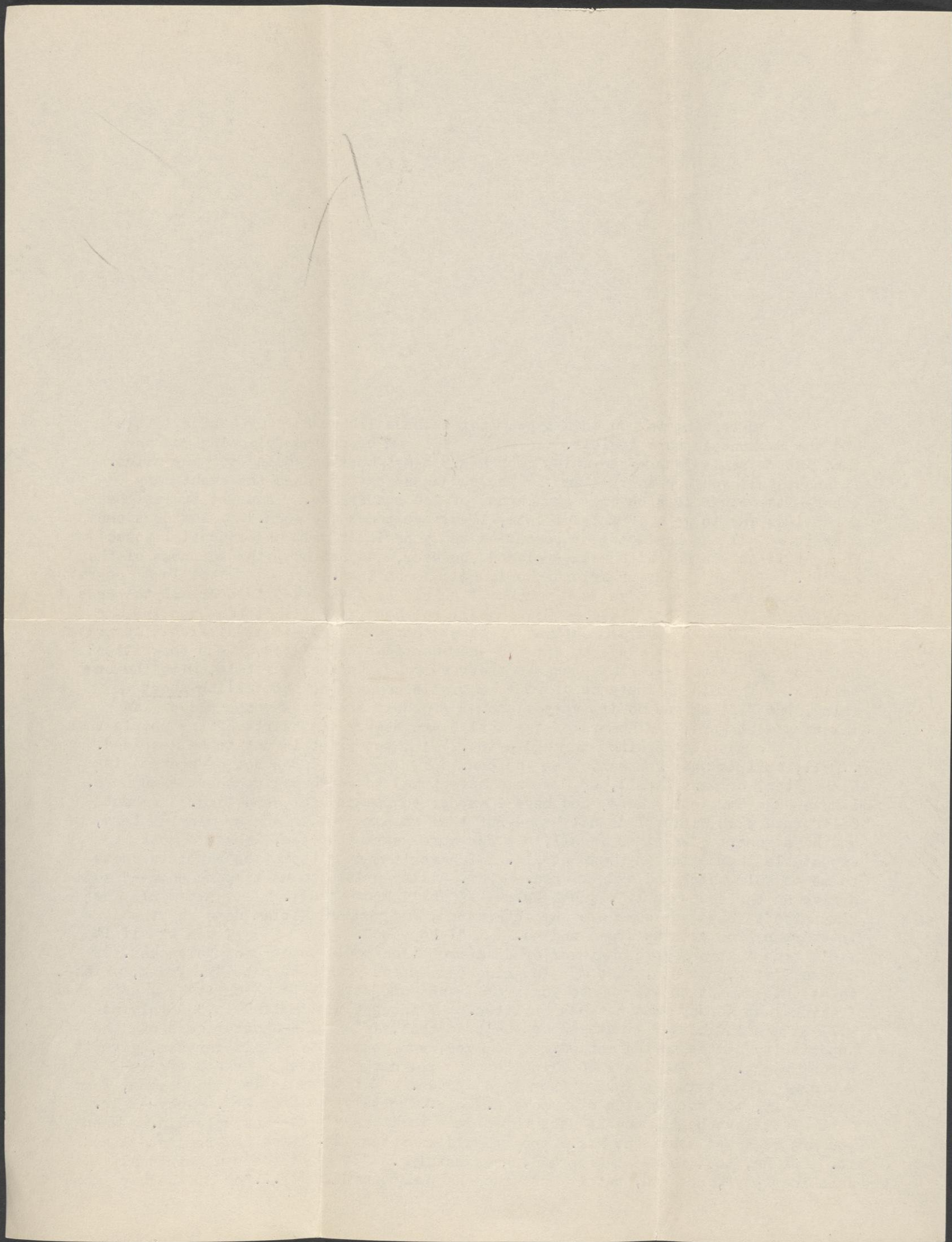
Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Dec. 14, 1922

(24 a, b)

I am writing to you on a typewriter because I have hurt my hand a little and the machine is more legible. I am of course following you on that interminable journey to which your heavy heart must be adding so many miles. I cannot tell you how sorry I am. The suddenness hardly makes the event any other--its weight lies beyond the manner of its occurrence. And yet it must be a pathless way to go. "Early or late, it always comes too soon." How does one meet it at all who has not your resources and your inner calm and essential poise? To meet it as you do with values placed, however, cannot heal the soranness of the heart. I wish that your friends could help to do that. It is a regret to me that I might not have seen you, and I should so have loved to hear all the news with which you must be filled. Now I shall not hear it until it has been in a measure forgotten by you, dimmed away by other things. yes, it is difficult to write of such things as your visit to Far End--how can that be written, or she be written? But they can be told--perhaps because their very area comes, a little, with the one telling. That is an instance of your memorable comment on not telling about a thing, but lifting one to its very plane. Probably that is why the old ballad makers and singers, the Homers of the world, are nearer the hearts of the people than anybody who must be strained through print. And yet print is not to be despised. ..Well, tell me what you can, when you can. I was not of course in Washington, or east at all, or I should have tried to catch you up there somewhere. I have been completely here, and here I expect to remain for some time. About California this Winter I do not know--but then we have not known so many winters, and have gone. Ten times in all, in a few more years than ten, leave a most expectable chance for any year at all. I haven't much mathematics but this seems to me to hold water and even reason. Mr. Miller writes to us to come soon--"so arrive on the scene early", quoth he. I don't know at all. It would be very nice to have you come over by interurban, and you and Miriam come by the interurban to meet the organ and me. "I hope so". I wonder if it isn't true that any word whatever of disapprobation would better not be spoken. Of course I wish, just now, that my laughing comment on your letter to Mr. Frank, which is at this moment on its way to you from Fresh pond Parkway, to which it was addressed I think last Monday--had not been written. I thought as I mailed it, "Surely he will SEE me laughing." But you couldn't do that, after all--another case of the superiority of the ballad method. However, you would not, that is certain, give it undue weight. I am always thinking that I will never express a breath of disapproval of anything again, and then I go and do. But there is in it for some, I am sure of it, the connotation of a poison. ..The telegram from Mr. Canby-- Dr. Canby I believe he is, and he does not object to it as you do--was splendid. When you are ready to send the Mss. they should know that Mr. Marsh had read and liked it. But he, too, wanted the thread, the something. "It ought to be a spiritual autobiography", he said, "but it must then have more continuity..." or did he say more



Dr. Cauby

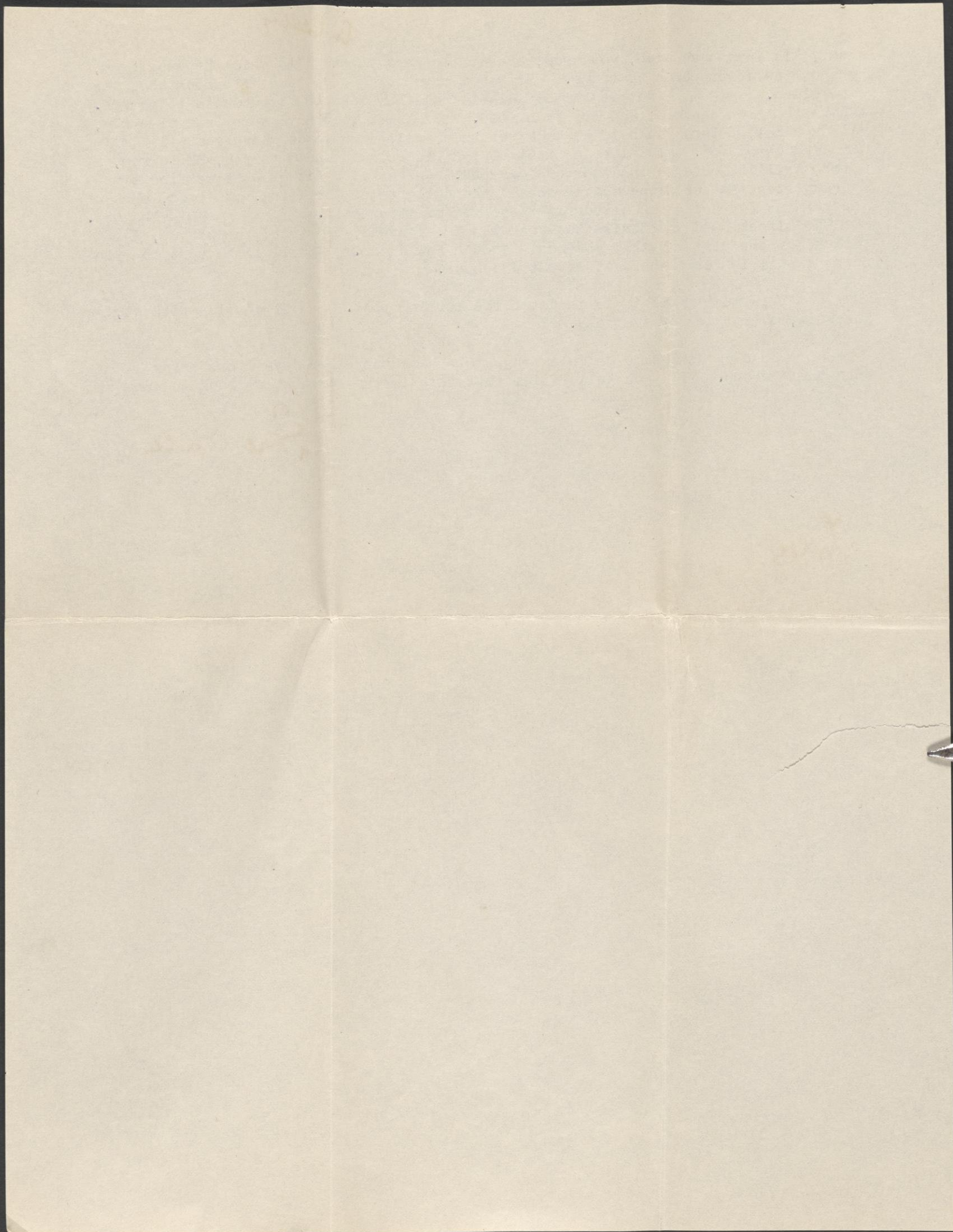
event? It must have been, you know, one of the last manuscripts which he ever read, here on the lower porch that day. It was a month from that same afternoon that he was killed. But it augurs well to have him take the trouble to telegraph. I hope that you saw him; and Mr/ Frank too. You will have some free time now, will you not, before you need go back to the school; in a place where you will be warm and cared for. How glorious must that California sun seem to you, BE to you, after English November and Boston December. That is a bit of what we flee to every winter that we flee--and is one of the delights of the going. In fact, one of the reasons for going to California is to get off the train. The mss. of The Lifted Land and Sirdia too are with Mr. Follett, who tried to get you, I gather, on the very day that you went through New Haven. Shall it be sent to you now? I will leave it where it is until I hear.

This must go if it is to catch the morning post. It carries with it, you know, everything of sympathy.

These cards I came on in a drug store here the other day--I had never seen them before. Will you tell Miriam that this is the way that we look in summer?

Ina Cole

Today.



No envelope

(25)

What a lovely new vein to have struck--for it is new, with all the quiet and charm of the old. Events uncelebrated! What a perfect mood. There is something overwhelming in the fashion in which you have been able to impart the mood and the holy stillness about the man, to picture him even. But not less notable is his audience. "If I forget, I forget." How he must, wherever he is, love an audience like that. ...There is to me in these a flavor of Gissing--do you know him? Taking the time to celebrate the uncelebrated. Oh, Ahrarat. Do you think that it is possible that I shall never see it? I want to give it that h!

I am enclosing the Century letter. It voices the thing I know-- that deep within the undoubted power to make decisions difficult, The Elusive Gateway has another power and a vitality which cling like a vine. And I think that these new things have something of the same quality, expressed in another way. The title is lovely. The ideas of First Evening, Second evening is, to me, just right. There is something of Hearn in them, but far more delicate. "Exotics and Retrospectives" you recall was one of his titles.

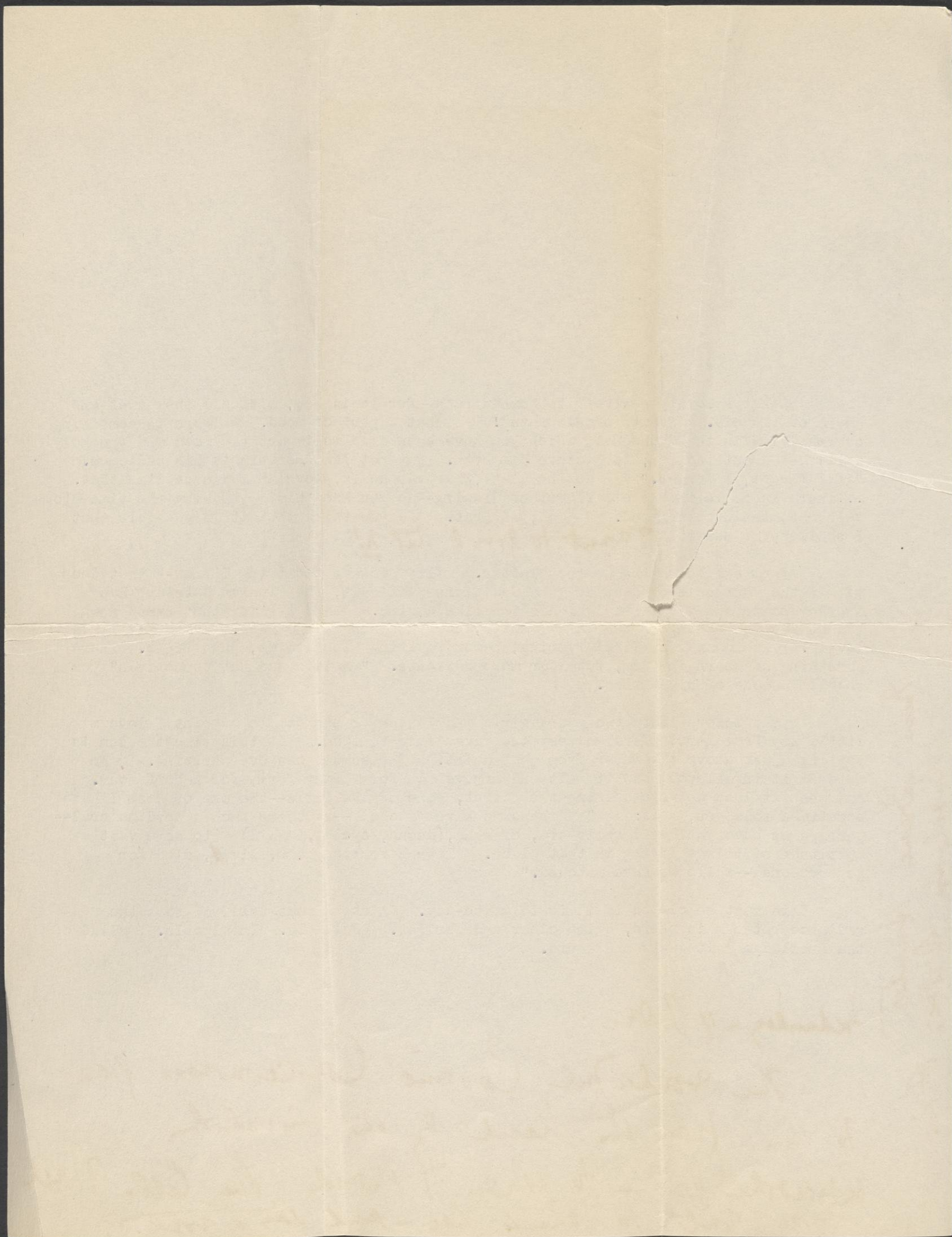
Night before last two young girls and I took a basket to a point I love a little way from here, where we meet the river face to face. At this time the sun is setting just above the water from that point. The sunset was overwhelming. We watched it in silence, saw it melt and arrive in form after form, for a half hour. And when at last we were opening the basket, one of the girls--the one of whom I have sometimes told you, said: "perhaps we have watched --is there such a word as era?-- perhaps we have watched a whole era, or eras, (aeons, cycles, I said) to some vast multitude of beings living in that place. They have been born, lived, died for generations --while we have watched."

This must be closed if it is to go to-day. But I must tell you that the radiance between is there, quite clear and bright. Palpable. Impalpable. Glad of the knowledge of its ways and yours.

Tuesday - 4 P. M.

The wonderful Cosmic Consciousness goes to you from the hand of the invalid Riverside girl - to whom I should like to send the Cell. Thank you write to Paula here - and say a word?

Her
Adeline
Rutherford
Dwight,
D.C.



No envelope

(26)

to the Librarian
Library -
Cady, this is to address the
that

Here is a copy of my letter
to Mr. Brownell - delayed because
of my failing to find those
essays - sketches - poems; what are
they? - those new forms of reflection.
And here is Mr. Brownell's
reply. From Mr. Bridges?
You not heard. but perhaps you
have.

Meanwhile I have sent on
to Mr. Murry - not what you

said at all. Not either Serenity Slags or Religion.
For I feel that these would much better come
later - that something exquisite will take him
first. Inspire me? I sent the whole first
two sections of the Collection. And I did not
send your letter! What a hopeless poet you are.
May I tell you that in (1) the letter to Mr. Frank
(feloniously withheld by me in the same fashion) and in
(2) his letter to Mr. Murray, you have made the two
possible tactical and prejudicial errors - possible
to a poet and a scholar. (1) In denouncing the
public who almost certainly, you infer, will not
guess that you are offering. And now (2) is telling
the editor how much he is going to like it. I
beseech you, write no letters to accompany me! Be a
Sphinx - let the mes. speak for you and allure, as
it certainly will. Get not between the editor and the
brightness of your shining, get not between with
your mind! However nice it is. - What worldly-wise
wisdom for me to be corrupting you with! Get, that
wisdom showed you lack here it not boredly?
Answer me that! - And your letters, otherwise, are of heaven!
mine of Lost Lands I am sending because it is a
mine of exquisite material on which you will

want to draw. Such beauty that you can use it
for many things, in many ways. —

Got a word from Mr. Fallett — but I did not
ask him at once, when I said I would. — And I
have not sent on the Island to Mr. Murry — I
feel as if you might better that his appetites first-
no? — Your rhapsody about school teaching —
that I think you I did with that? Copied it, added
three lines & sent it to the Secretary of the Wisconsin
State Teachers Association, in refusing to speak at
their Autumn Convention. Offered them this instead,
from California biology headquarters. — Next Monday
I am going to Ford du Lac to introduce Dr.

to the Librarian - I have
to the Librarian - I have
to the Librarian - I have

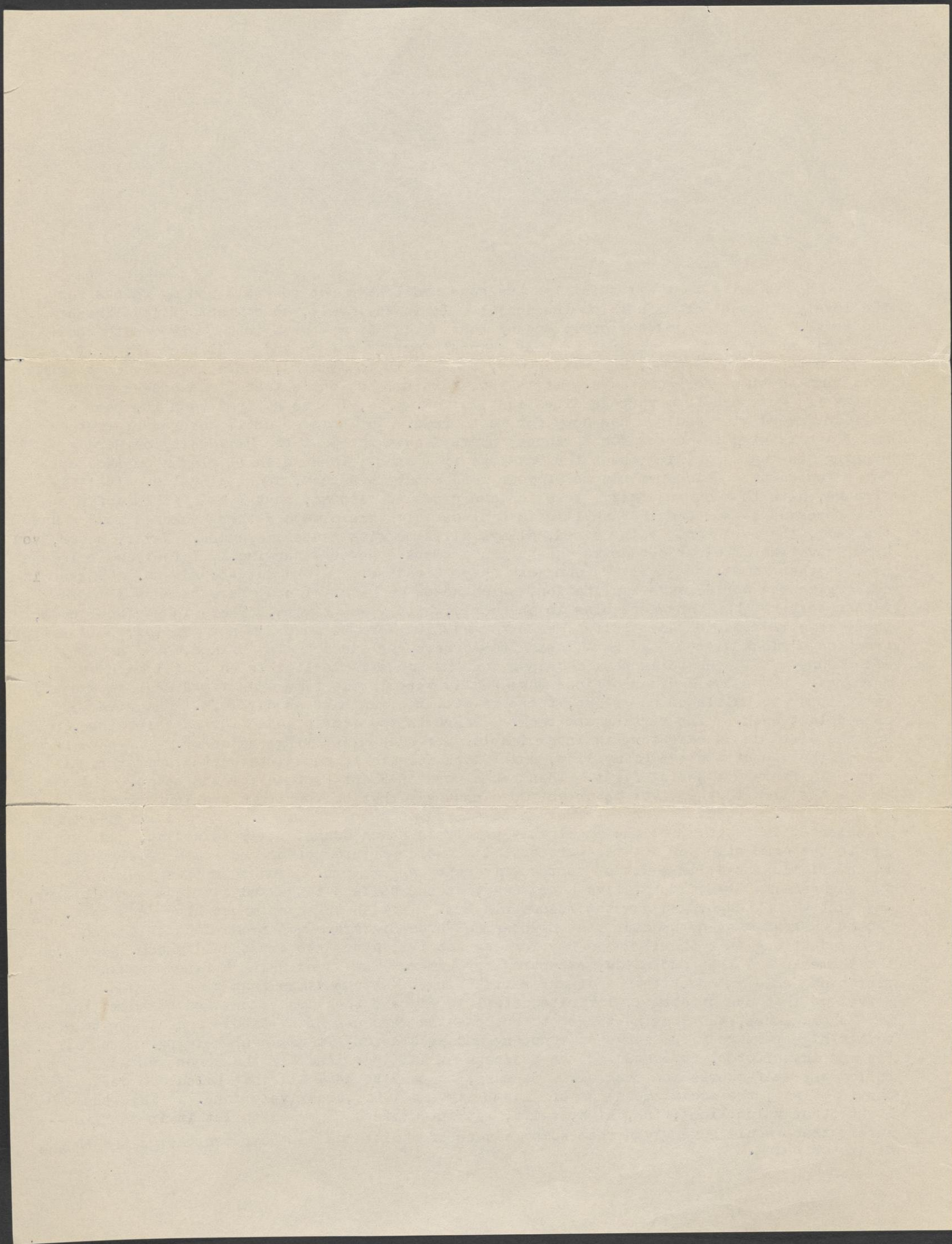
There is a copy of a letter
to Mr. Brewster - I have because
of my failing to find these
large - Shakes - please! that are

They - There are letters of reflection.
And here is Mr. Brewster's
reply. From Mr. Brewster's
you will find, but perhaps you

know.
Thank you! I have sent on
to Mr. Brewster - and what you

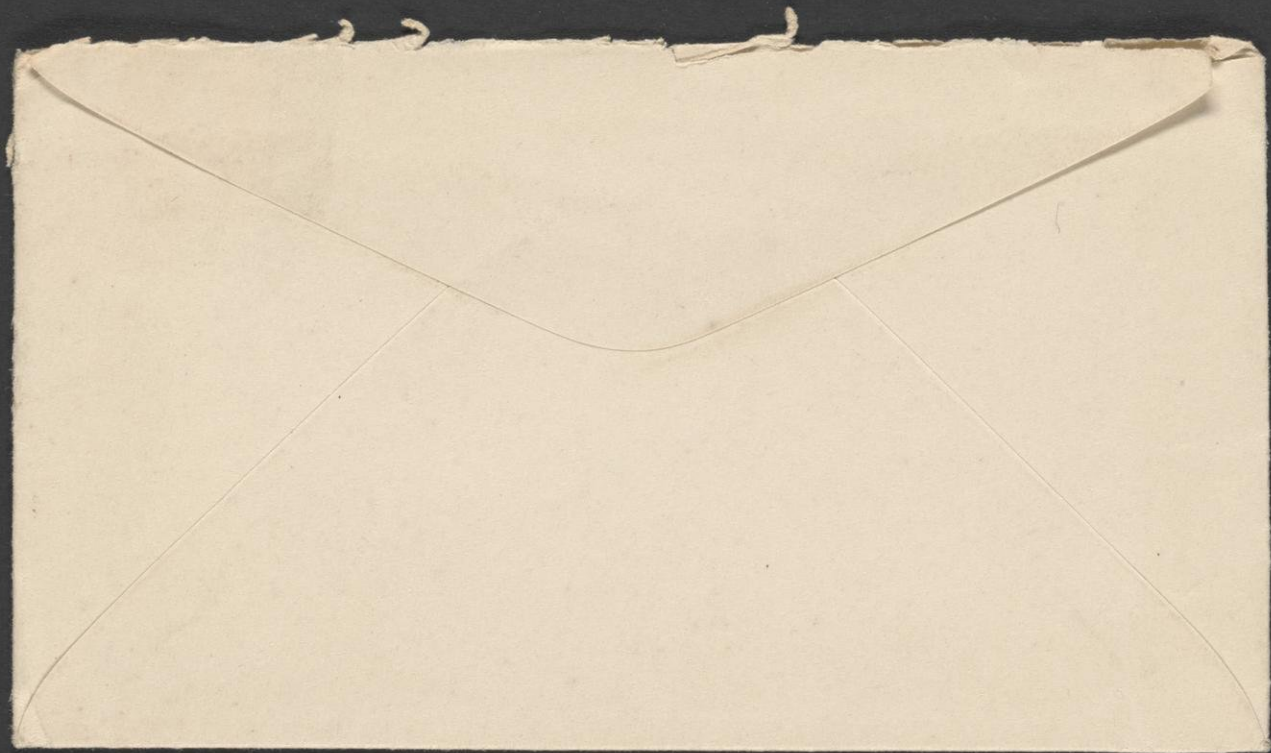
①

How amazing that all this time has gone and I have not yet told you my thanks for the lovely fragment of life which you sent. It is so lovely, so compact of loveliness and truth. All that you say of it and of that which it may grow into give one to know its inevitability. I am mindful of your request for its return and shall obey it. ..I am drawn to Hill of Dreams, and was anyway; had had it in my mind, where it had been tugging from time to time for some days. It is interesting, how one's food finds one--sometimes making its approach from various directions, as now. No, I have not yet seen it, but a Madison friend is sending her copy for me to read. Not however until our return--mother and I are leaving to-morrow for Syracuse, where I have to be at the University on Monday evening to say something about the Novel, as if I knew. Then we shall play about Rochester for a few days. Which reminds me of your word about a recess, about Ashville. Isn't it strange, with that strangeness to which one grows accustomed, that I had within a few days observed to somebody: "Ashville is a place which has always rather beckoned me." But the rest, the part about being tired, always fills me with acute amazement. Never, never, you know, save when I clear out desks and bureau drawers. Never otherwise. I feel as if I were new, at other times. My own work never tired me. And duty-bound--no. There is nothing in the world, save inclination, which keeps me here. I stay here because I would rather be here than anywhere else in the world, while I am at work. There is perfect peace, there is stillness, nobody invites me in the evening here because I'm not married, so I sleep from ten o'clock nightly and have fresh to-morrows. I do not play bridge, so I have my afternoons. My share in the machinery of the house is negligible so that I have my mornings. (The two Madison offices take really very little time and afford much interest.) In addition to Lucile on our right, there is a little new baby on our left. The river opened last week. The martins are back. There is the little sedan for earthly wings. And the distance straight up is interminable for such other wings as offer. I have had one of the finest winters of my life, and I look forward to an uninterrupted summer right here. A four-part serial first. Then some work on Faint Perfume for the stage. And always the lawn to the river is green (YOU cannot say that of Your lawn and Your river) And I am content. But it was extremely nice of you to think of that. ..I suppose that my silence, in addition to the impalpable paralysis which occasionally seizes me, has been due to the completing of a three-part serial whose departure mother and I are celebrating in our little spree, in addition to the university engagement. And then this week, I took two engagements at Rockford, five hours away, at the college there and a unique woman's club, and went via Chicago, and saw the Moscow players. I wish that you might have seen them. Madame Chekova was in the cast that night--The Three Sisters. A tremendous thing, so free and strong that the language barrier was nothing, after the first cold shock. Really, the theme is all that one needs, excepting for humor. The humor being a finer quicker vibration deals in other than ordinary registerings. Yet sometimes that came through. The marvel of that use of detail, infinite detail to express the dreariness and boredom there in the provinces, the longing to get to Moscow--the mere use of a candle and a lamp to give to the high bare room the sense of monotony and desolation. It was overwhelming. But all the men in uniforms, dedicated to the business of killing. And all the women untaught to follow any self-expression channel. So easy, so easy to heal all that ailed and defeated them. First, the social measures of normality and labor, creatively done. Then the light other value, light, fine, high, swift, let into life as I tried to let it in in Simon--surely these would have given them some measure of admittance to their own beings and to the nature of being.





Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California



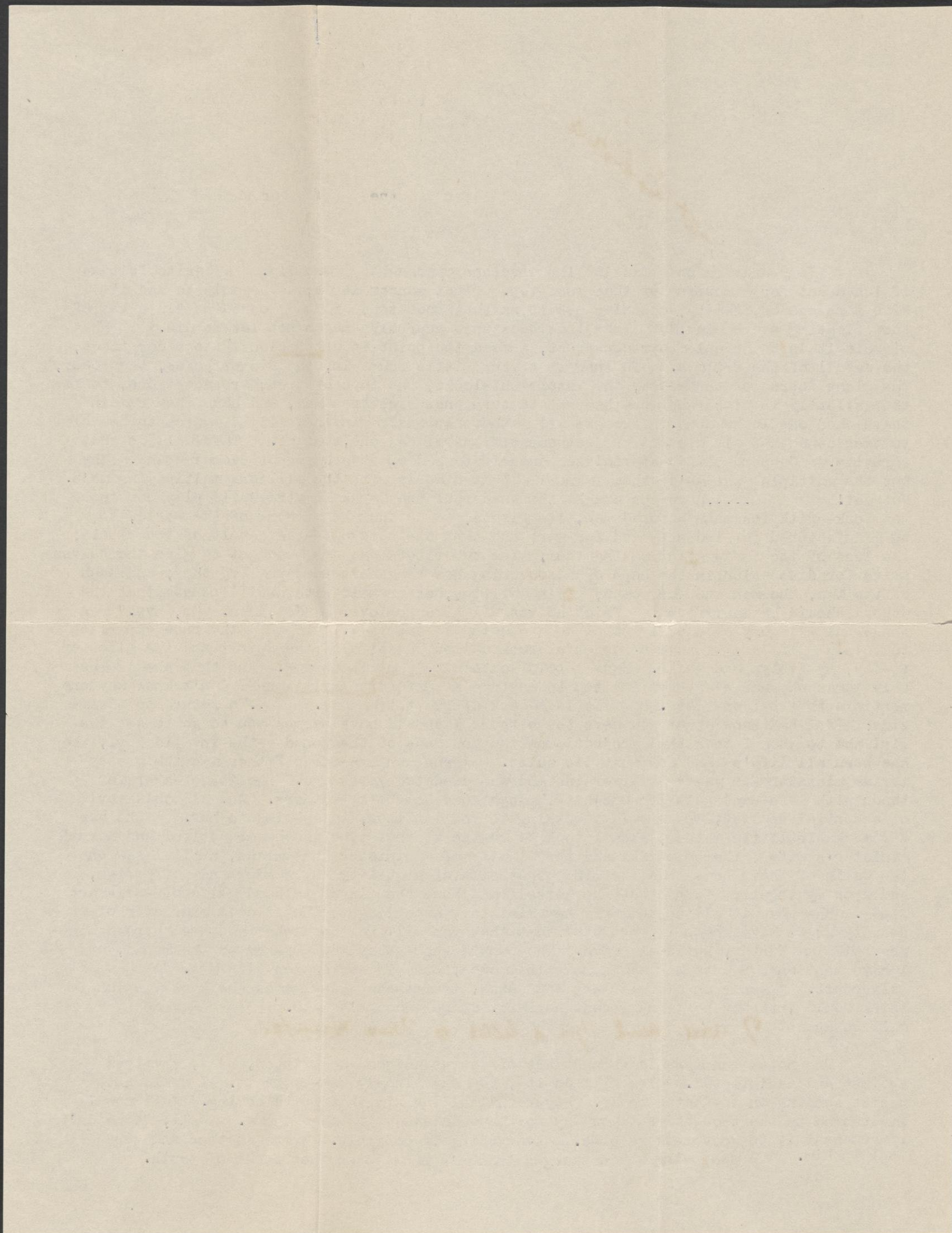
Postscripted Feb. 6, 1923

(2a,b)

at this distance

Your writing on a Mission Inn envelope was a happy anomaly. I quite felt as if I had sat for a morning on that roof-top. What wonder it is, to be able to see it with some eye of reality, actually see it, ~~xxx~~ that roof-top, and the mountains "in a key of snow floating above mist." (Take that back unto yourself and do not let it die.) What miracle it is, to be able to reconstruct, indeed the point is unconsciously to reconstruct, the detail of the fringes. To know that the little fountain, the flower boxes, the tower, the glass doors of the rooms, the stone out-looks, the tops of trees are about one, to ~~hve~~ have them silently in place when one happens to turn ones eyes that way, and have them remain there when one looks away. How is it? What happens? And how slight a step to be able to transcend that miracle and project oneself as well as one's sight. They will do that sometime. Suspend, and materialize oneself by radio. Perhaps not even suspend. Why not the multiple ~~the~~ me's whom I know? What a world with the millions multiplying me's. Not yet!Have you caught the wonder of the Capek Theatre Guild play now in New York--with its manufactured men, its ribots, to do the heavy work of the world, to be manufactured for industry and for war; and then their revolt--the revolt of the ribots; the loss of the formula for making them; the two ribots who are besought to give themselves alive for dissection in the hope of discovering how they have been put together; and each of the two, the man and the woman, being willing, but frantic with unwillingness that the other should be sacrificed. Which solves all through love. "Go, Adam. Go, Eve." A wonderful allegory of exactly what we are doing to the race. If only the race can rise to love! ...I have a wonderful book called The Life of the Spirit and the Life of To-day, by Evelyn Underhill. Have I told you of it. But it is new. And that she is the only woman who has ever been invited to lecture at Oxford on religion--I don't know why one mentions that but one does. It is a book of great treasure. ...To return to Riverside: If I had known that you were to be there I should have begged you to go to see the girl ~~who~~ to whom I took the projections which you made of the Monad--the invalid girl, who has been all life's and now must lie quiet. Irene Hunter--whose father was the Presbyterian minister for years at Riverside and who died two years ago. She is so eager for touch with life--and gets it somewhat through some New York brothers. And all this world of essential reality, which said something to you in Simon, is opening to her. She has a remarkable little mother, whom I took to be the eternal type of the beautiful and normal minister's wife, the beautiful and normal wife of a minister that means, until I saw on the walls of their home some striking great oils, of a quality of wonder and of praise, and upon my inquiry, found that she herself had done them in a girlhood life of Paris art study. She gave it all up to marry her minister, according to the idiotic character of society as we have known it. But I hope that you will go there when you are there again--Mrs. William Hunter, Rubidoux Drive. They would know--they would remember the monad, and I have mentioned you to her again, more than once; once in connection with Mrs. de Selincourt. I send on all letters and such, from those whose names she knows, which I think would interest her, and I sent her Mrs. de Selincourt's note. Perhaps you will go again? *I will send you a letter to Mrs. Hunter.*

The notes on dynamic thought are of course as good as written, read, revolted against and assimilated. You will do it, you may already have done it. I could not resist sending on the notes to Mr. Thayer and telling him that it is coming. Just now I am stunned by the thought that you may not have intended it to go there. Well, it needn't if you want it to go somewhere else. Everything is possible. Write another and send that to him. A sea; being which changes in one's hand to another facet of truth.



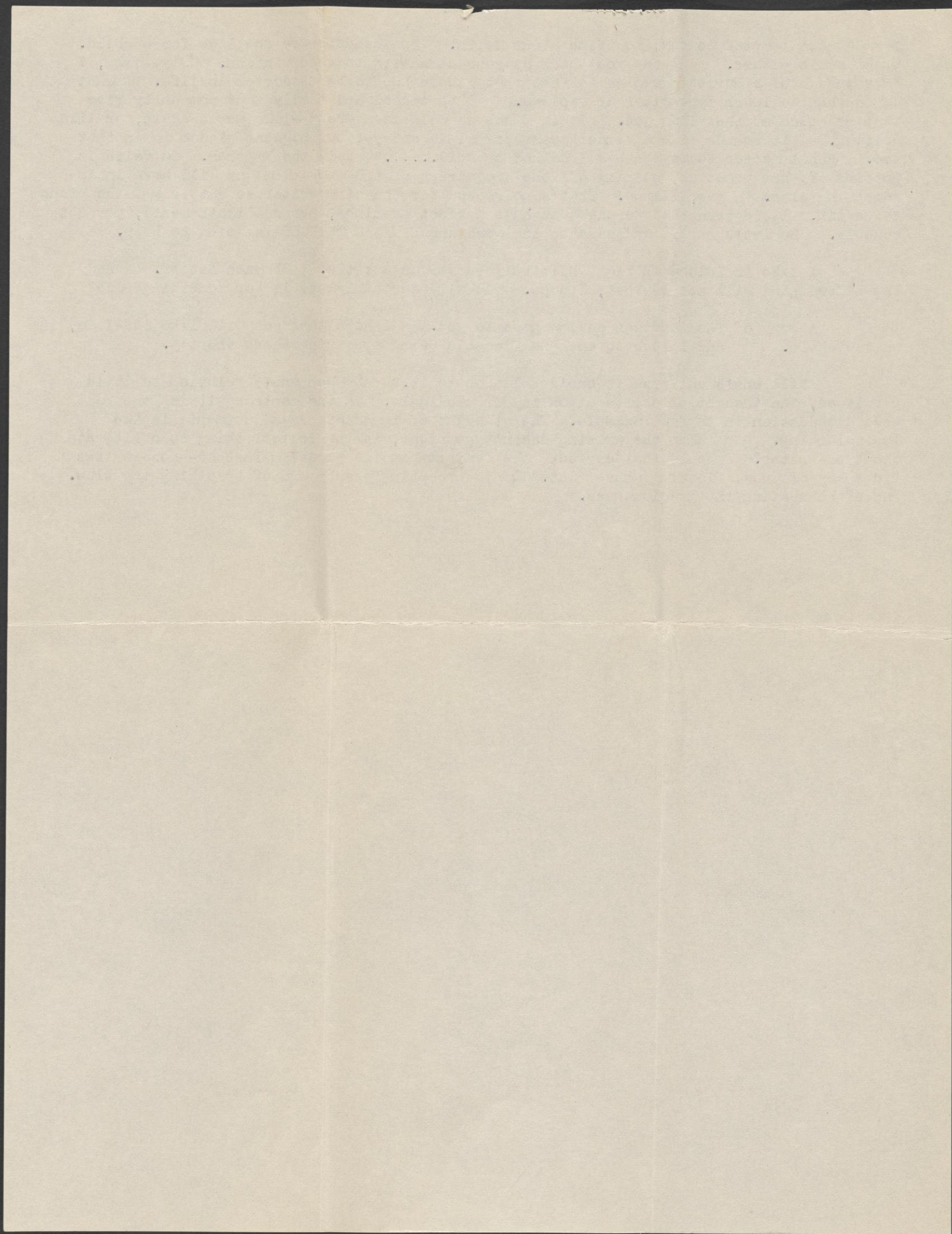
Postscripted Feb. 6, 1923

I am almost tempted to say, How fine about Keith. The schools are no place for a child. Or an adult either. I see you back at your desk with that conviction. Only--only, I have enough of a Puritan complex to feel that there has to be practice in life. Just as one has to learn typewriter or --piano. So school and family and community give that practice at the life job. It is a job as well as a dream--like music again, or like writing. It sounds like a kindergarten principle and yet our highest wisdom is in that too. "What matter to me whether I am hot or cold....." said the Emperor. So Keith is putting off her practice, putting off the acquiring of the mechanism and will have it in something else. Yes, I know! That's no reason for the typewriter to rattle and the piano to be tin. It is true that we ought to have perfect machines, perfect instruments, perfect schools. So let's hurry and pass on the word; and DYNAMIC THOUGHT is going to help.

I like An Island in Time infinitely better as a title. Oh much better. And the Lifted Land will not be lost, I hope. You will certainly use it for something else?

A copy of The American Review goes to you. I hope that you will like it--I do, on the whole. And I look to see The Educable Being appearing there shortly.

"All one's universe is one's relation to it." When one's relation to it is paralyzed, the thought of obliteration is NOT logical. On the contrary it is the absurd deduction in perfect example. The thought of immediate re-adjustment is the logical thing. When the writing doesn't go right, is the logical thing to obliterate the type-writer? Would that correct the spirit in the paper? Instead-- one writes "in a key of snow, floating above mist." Of intercepting beauty and of breathing the blue. And of harvesting the graciousness.



Postscripted Feb 10, 1923

③

EDITORIAL OFFICE
33 CENTRAL PARK WEST
NEW YORK CITY

BUSINESS OFFICE
407 SOUTH MAIN STREET
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

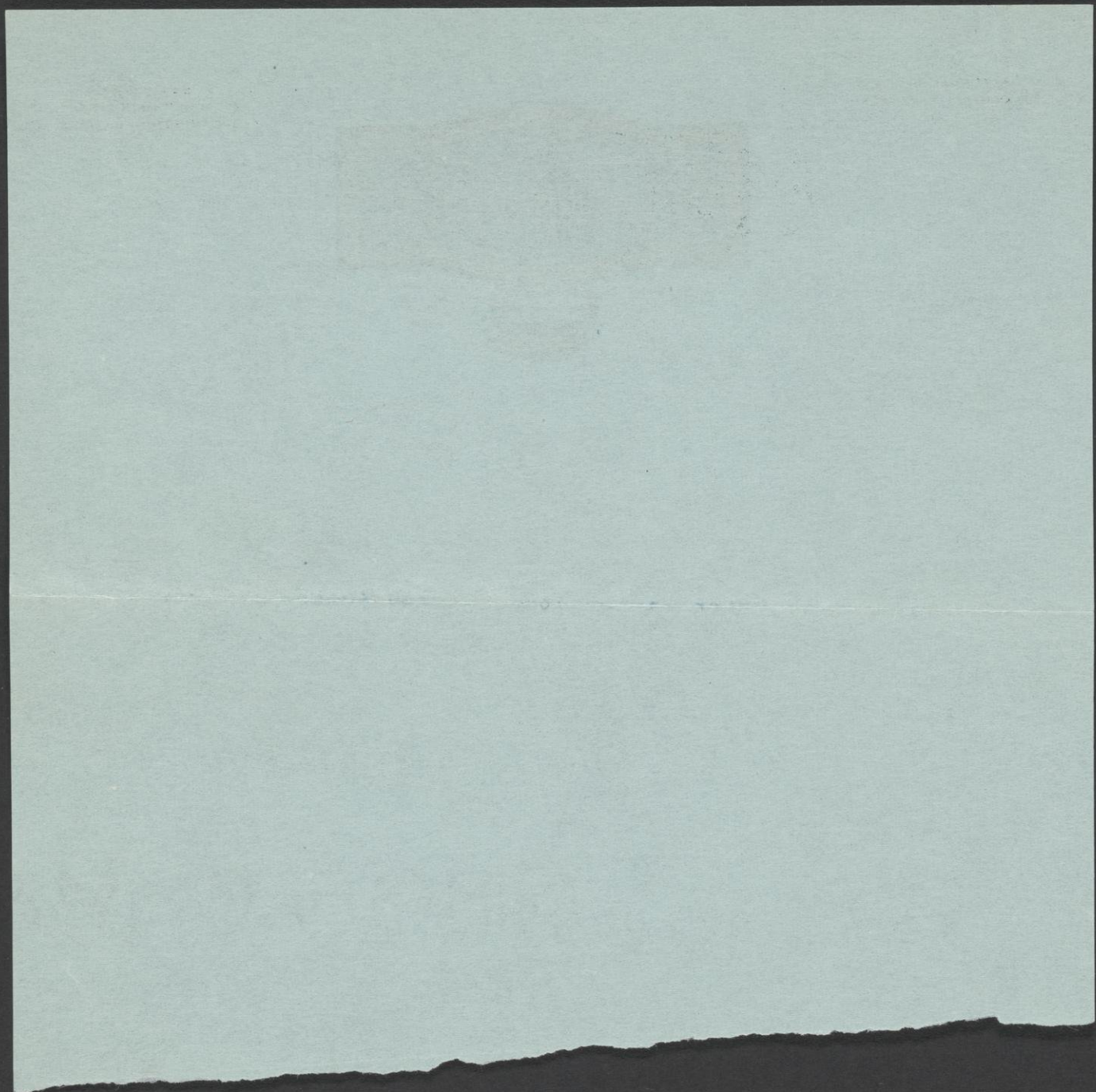


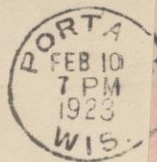
Feb. 6, 1923

Miss Zona Gale,
Portage, Wis.

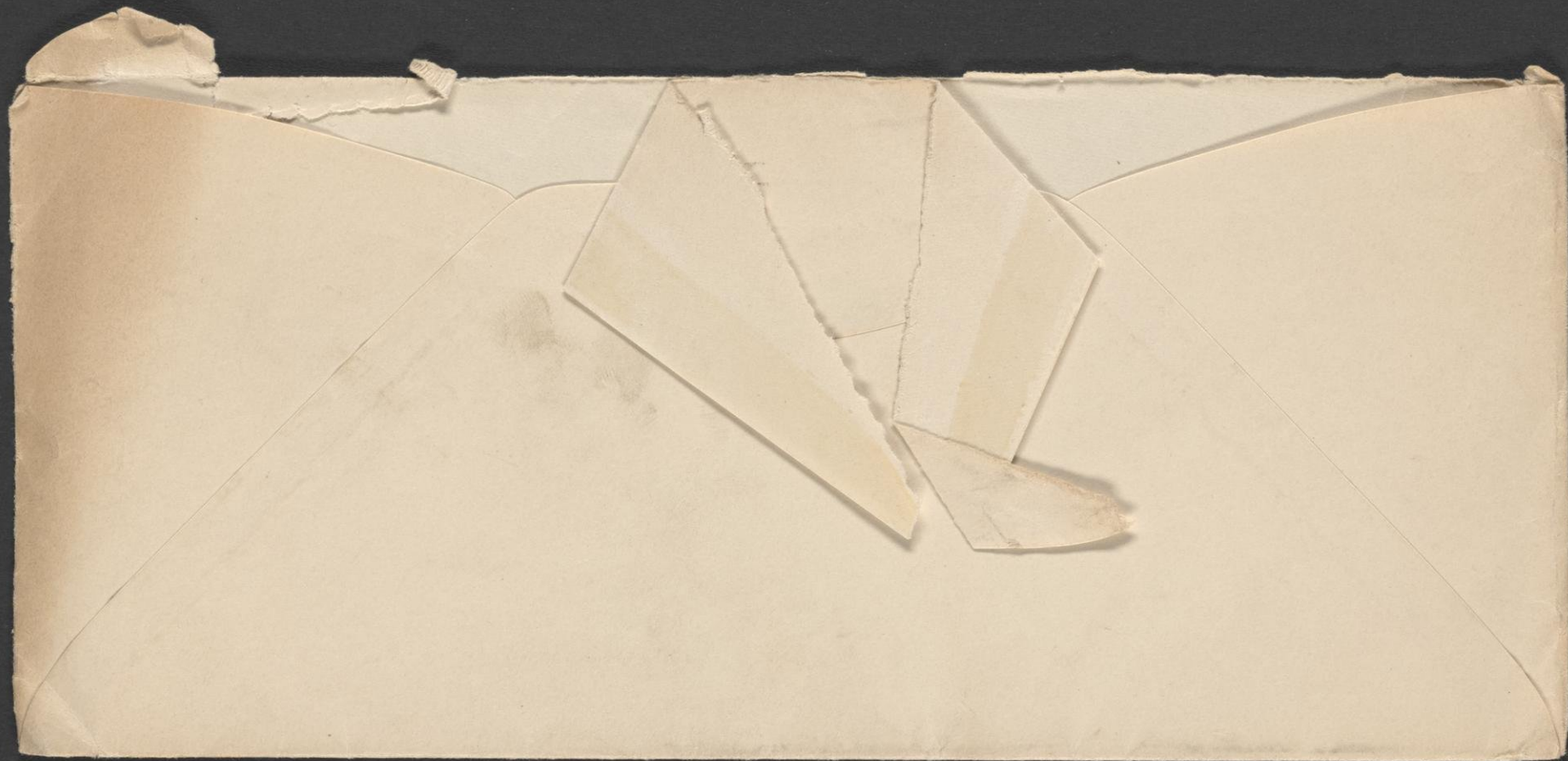
Dear Miss Gale:

I think Mr. Brown has already
set up Dr. Tracy's article. It was not
difficult to read & I sent it to him early.
I have asked him to send you the proof.
— I think the suggestions for the article
on dynamic thinking most promising
also & I should like to have Dr. Tracy
develop the "fragments" into the article. I
am sending the paper for this purpose.





Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California



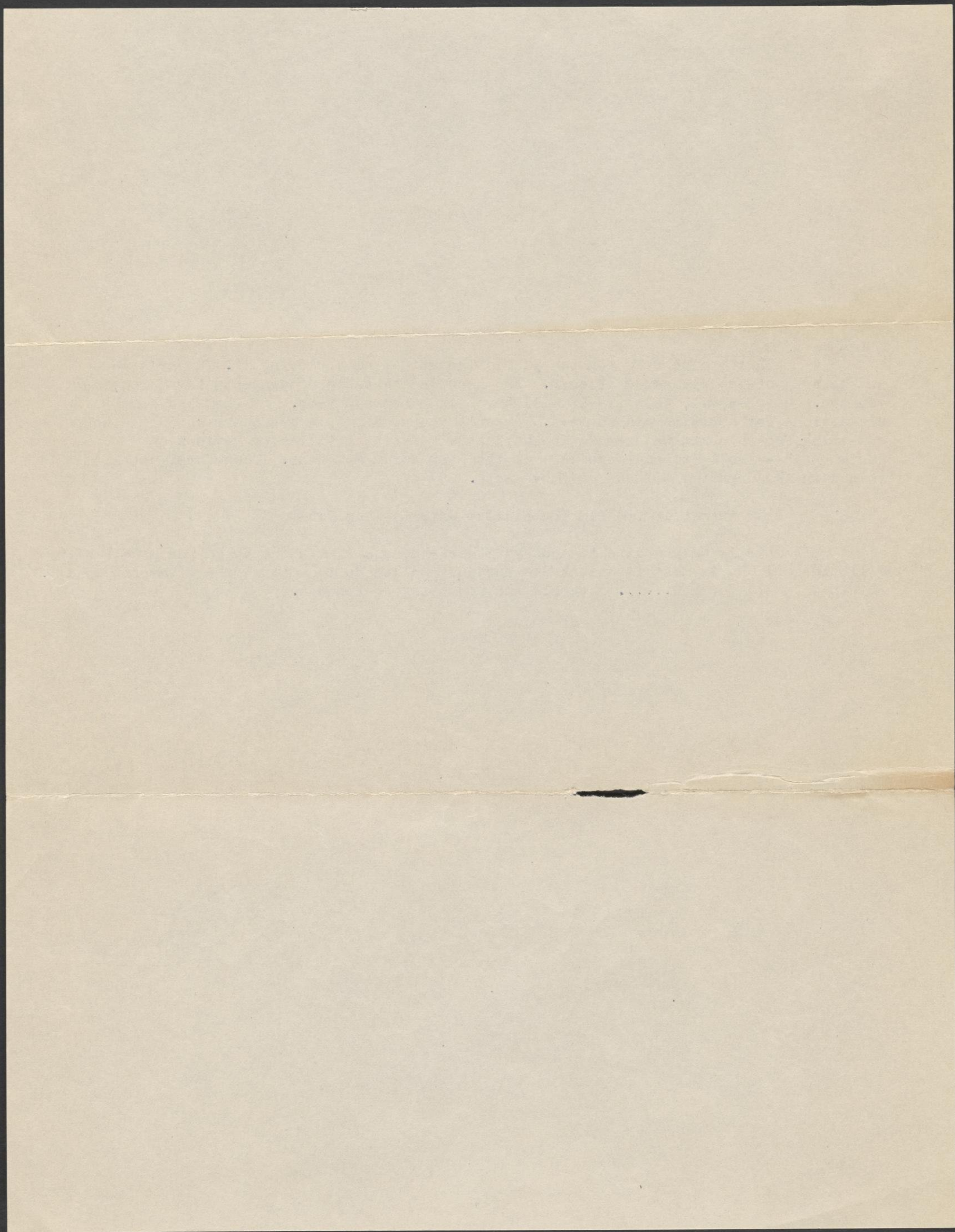
Postscripted Feb. 10, 1923

(4)

What a nice reaction to Dynamic Thought--I am enclosing Mr. Thayer's word on the subject--so please do it soon. And here is the table of contents for March, as you see. March-April, that is--it will have six numbers a year. Do send some suggestions for articles and reviews. Haven't you some people out there who could do something for this ~~xxx~~ magazine? He has just asked for articles or reviews on "movements"--- he is to have one soon on the Open Forum movement. These are just little things in the department Books and Movements.

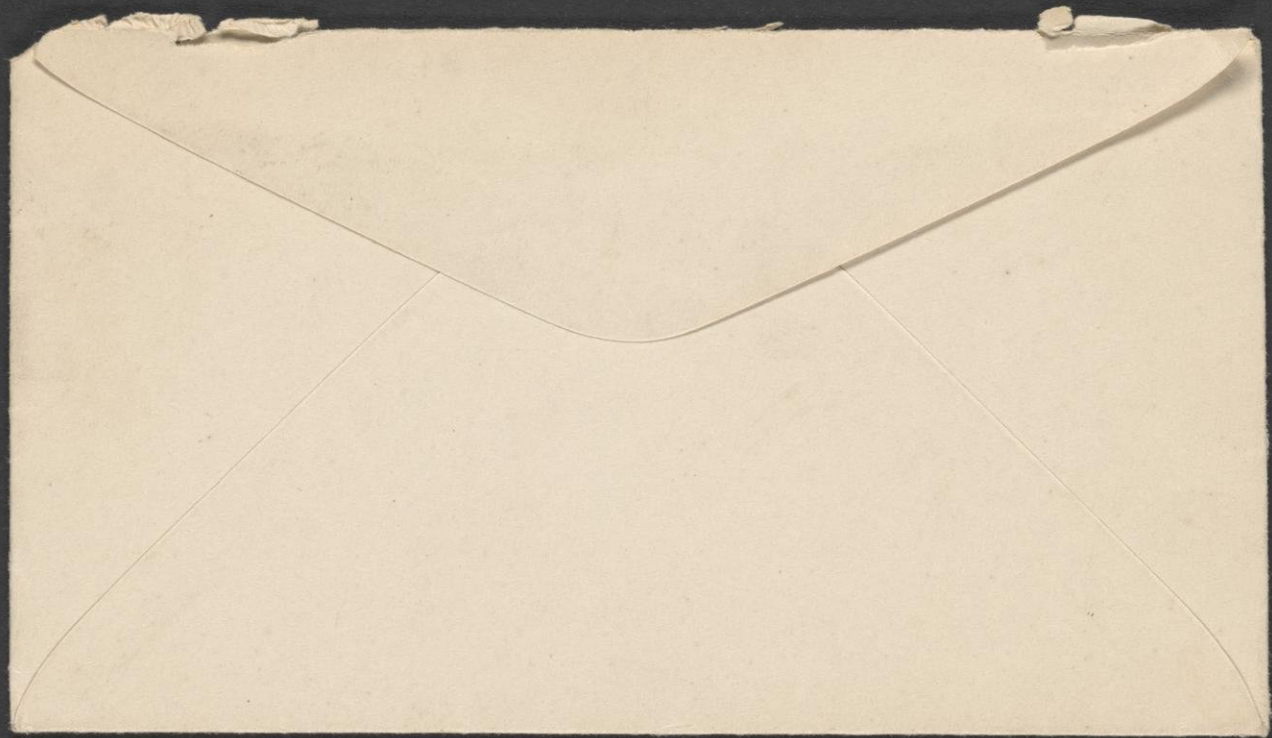
I am submitting to him The Elusive Gateway---do you mind?

This is only a line to send you this--because I am about to go for a walk with a little girl who is most impatient and has just called up to know whether I am not coming. So this is all for now..... both all and now being continuous.





Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Feb. 19, 1923

⑤

I am sending on the
Belloc of the Roads and
Pan Ladey to the American
Review - by your leave.

But the Jeffries - do you
remember? - I wish that

you would send it to
Mr. Canby or to Mr.

Frank - in turn, if

necessary. It is a thing
so perfect that some body will

some slight rebuke. She ran to
the window ^{looking} this way, put
her head on her hand and
said: "I want Anna." I said
that beyond all literary
criticisms, flatterings?

I am immensely glad
of that yielding - yielding,
which is to say giving, but
not conforming, as you use it -
in the class-room. I am
sure of it. I remember
how that sentence leaped
at me out of Carlyle, when
I was twenty - "His conquer
nature by obeying her." It

21
want it and it ought to have
its best chance. Will you
do so?

I have a not very good
copy here - interlined and
changed a bit. You must
have the original - should
one say the aboriginal?
For the paper is of yesterday;
to-day and forever too. —
A charming little girl has
come to live next door. She
is Lucile. She calls me
Anna. The other day, after

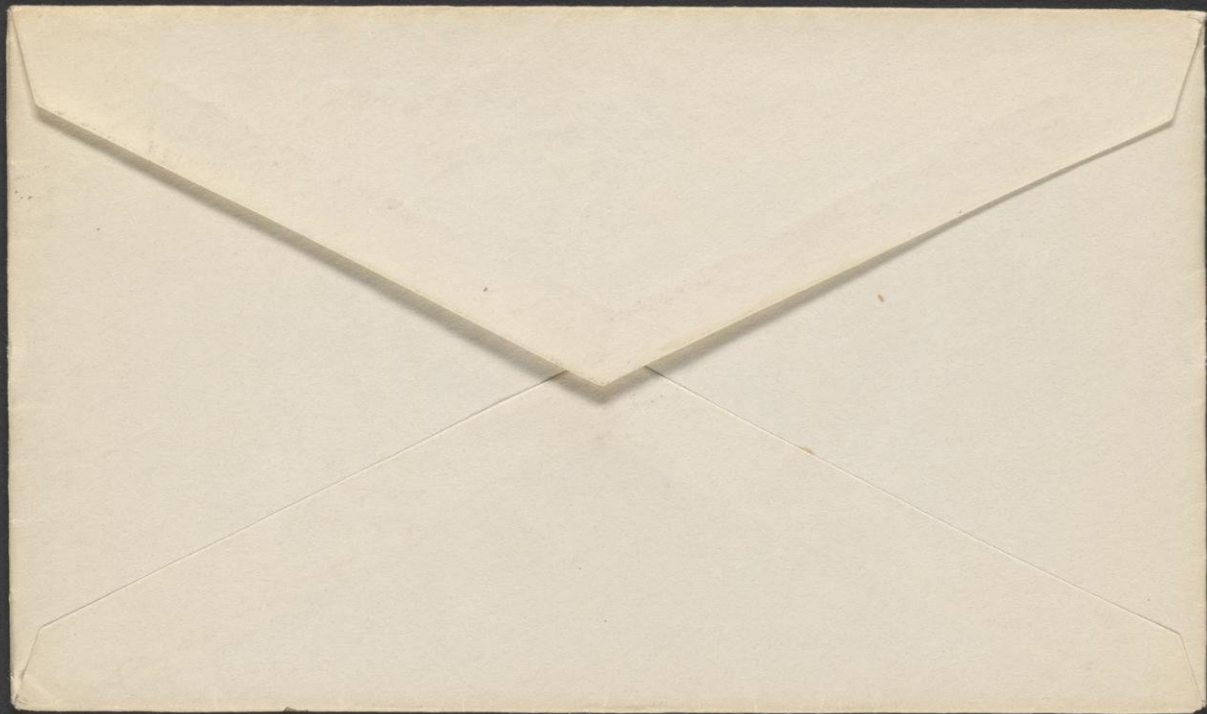
is so all the way - but there
is a technique. If one
dies without technique, that
is merely discipline and
death. With the technique
it is immortal, omitting
the death. A happy
arrangement.

This is only a good
morning word.

Monday



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Vallejo
California



Postscripted May 19, 1923

⑥

.... Home, and the Hill of Dreams
waiting. It is very lovely to
have it - (especially as the Madison
copy had a soiled cover and I
couldn't have borne to read it!) very
lovely to have it, as I was
saying, and at your hand. Thanks
you so much - for it and for its
inscription. I have barely begun
it - but so far I find, though so
much fulfiling, nothing at any point

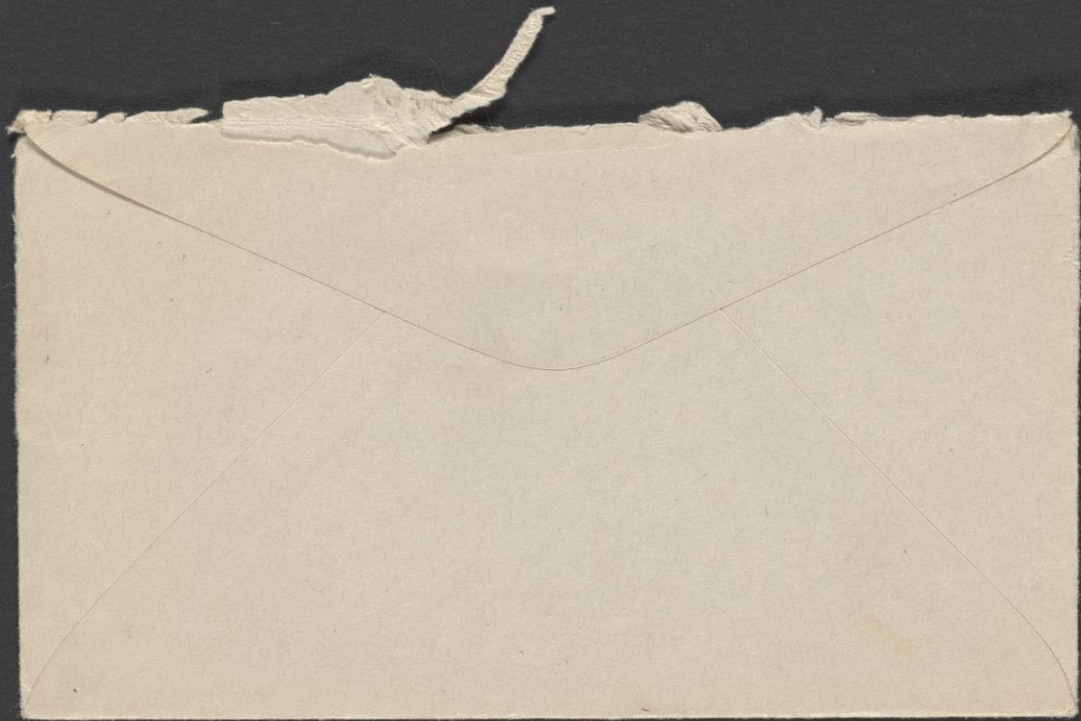
approaching the distinction and invention
and variety of your prose. When you
begin to have these things published in
earnest, one after another, this fact is sure
to be evident to the high roads, the high
seas and the high heavens. There was
one flash, so far, in the Hill - something
of the glint of a pyre's fire in a with
place, which suggested you - but for the
rest, no charm of manner, only of
substance. I demand both. We deserve
both - not for our history, of the human
race, but for our future. - Thank you
for the book, however - for its substance
is lovely and I like it for not effacing
your work -

I haven't thanked you, on returning, the
charming note, that of the black border, which
you let me read. It was a beautiful letter,
neither too precious nor too compact
of home, I thought. - Thank, please, the
Lady Miriam Lee for her lovely word to me,
which I love for its friendly, kindly ease
than for its literary quality. - Is your
friend Ferdinand Earle still there? and
if so will you ask him if he knows
of the death of his friend Pauline
Brown a year ago at Monroe? - It

seems to me that there is more to say (can
that be?) I have not returned the mes.
am to return, and will - Read what a
charming letter, with the corners filled in,
like embroidery in another stitch. - By
the way, we are not coming to California
last winter - I haven't told you
that yet, I think. I'm sorry - another
winter may seize us and slip us there.
You are close to your vacation - Three
months of writing. The life of a teacher is
for three months in the year the life of a
God - and, for the rest, that of a son of
man, used by the Gods.....



Dr Henry C. Tracy -
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood -
California



Postscripted May 31, 1923

(7)

Portage Wis.

May 30th 1923
Dr Henry C. Tracy

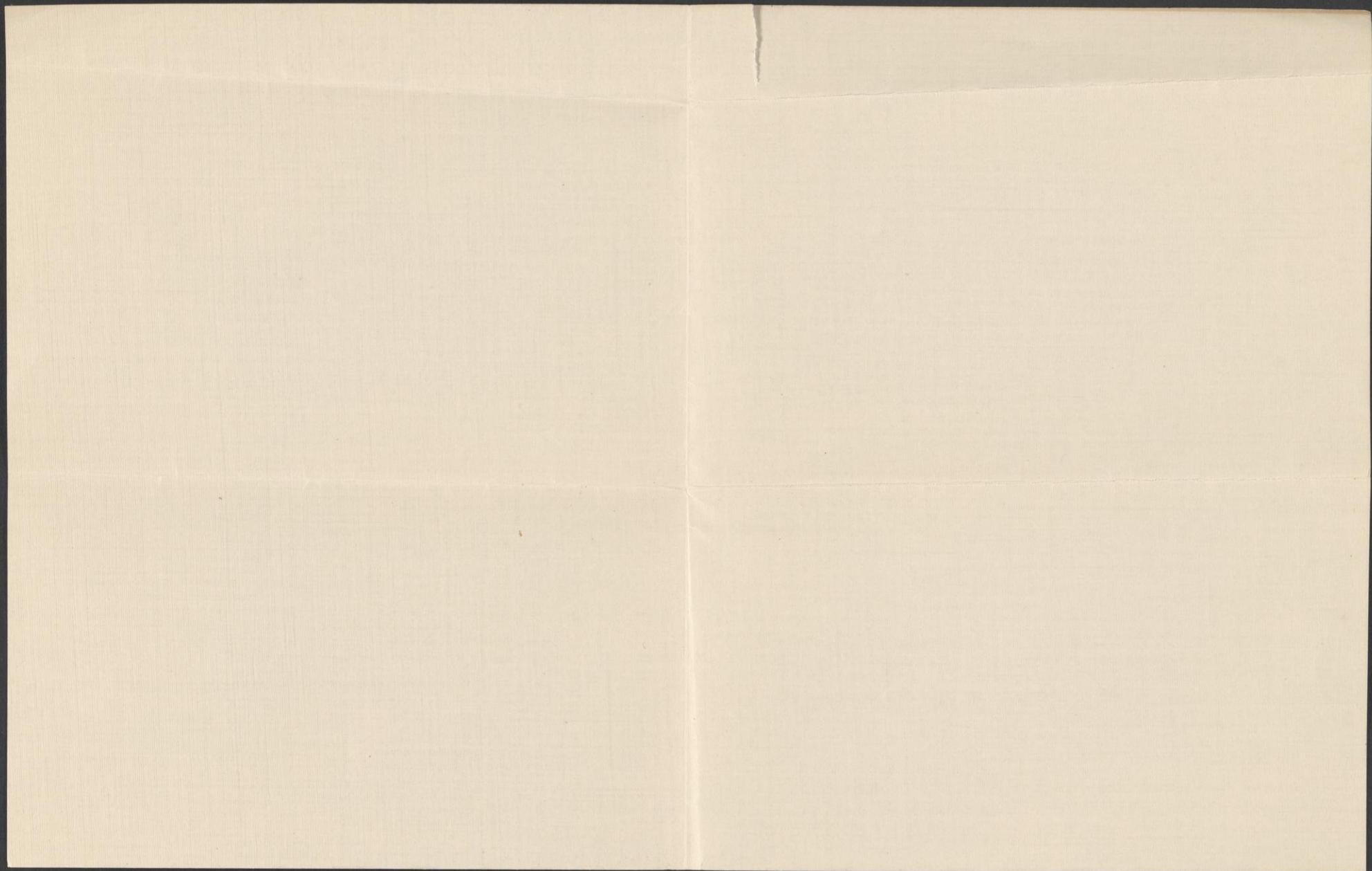
My dear Dr Tracy: -

Miss Zona Gale request-
-ed me to write you that
her mother passed beyond
the veil into the Great
Secret last night -

She and her father are
certainly blessed -

Sincerely -

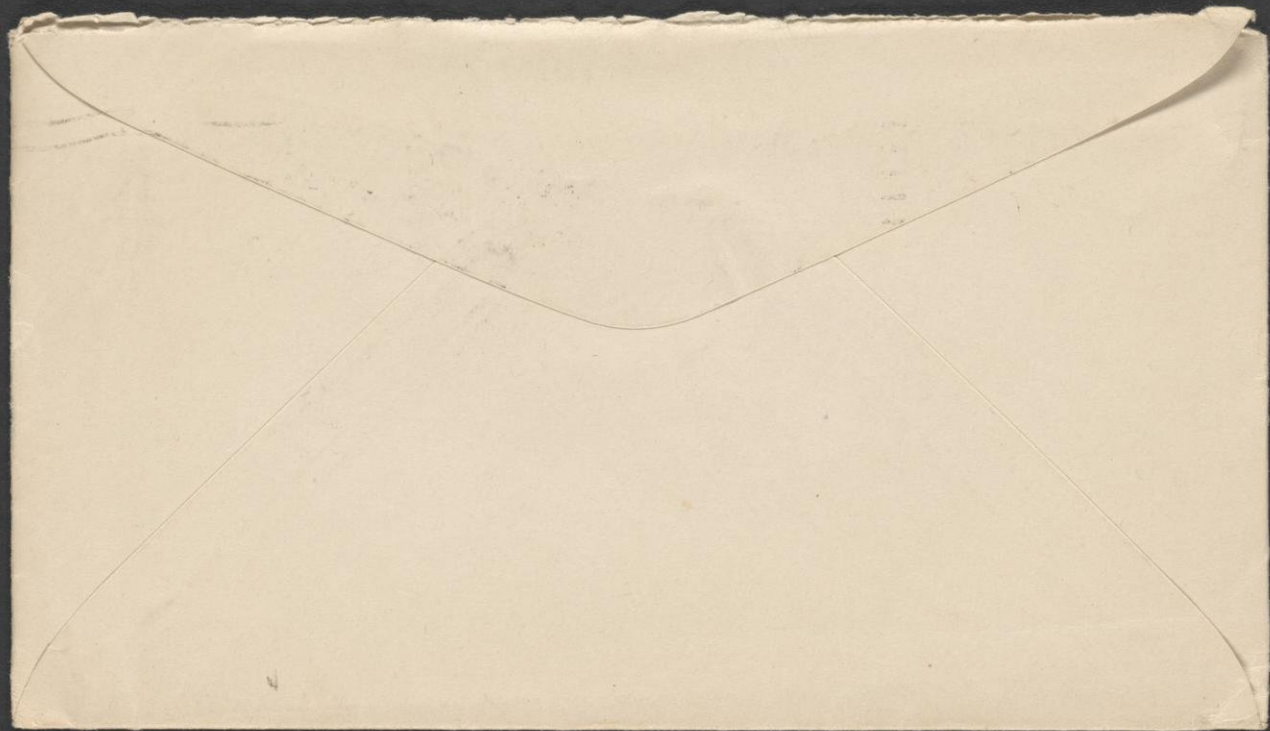
(Mrs J. H.) Viola Rogers -
Mrs Gale's life long friend -







Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Jun. 1923

(8a,b)

I hope that the new work will
bring its own power - and I
know that it cannot be less
than the Roads, but must be
more. - Still to end from
Freeman's Century - I shall
write now and ask. I want
to send Blusier's Gateway to
the Yale Review of the Century -
I know of no other - can not
strike its pitch. It will be
so much better for the
acceptance of the whole group
if there have been several
appearances of a few of the

Sketches.

I am working on a novel - and there have been many interruptions of lilacs - and then locusts - on the bank, and now a catalpa not far from the window near me is receiving slowly its new definiteness of flowers - incarnating more, before one's eyes. Trees and shrubs must heighten in consciousness as this time comes - must rise from dense areas to a finer medium of reaction. How would be the time to try Alexander Bell's way of talking with flowers - were we speaking of that? And of the Riverside man and woman - Methodist minister! - who had been present at one of those series of experiment in Washington? - Between the scientist and the domestic there ought to have been enough of touch so that my imagination had a scaffold. At any estimate, I believed. - Interruptions too of squirrels - six raised by two mothers in one and the same hollow tree - a yard from the living room window. The two youngest tried to emulate the older ones - by climbing out - and repeatedly fell to the ground. We rescued them, entertained them in a basket of wool on the porch, tried to feed them, returned them scrupulously - only to hear the plaintive little cries again from the ground. At last the mother - a society squirrel, my mother said - took them one rainy night to the very top of

The next day where she had built a nest of
leaves. This was at sunset. At dusk I heard
the familiar cry, found one on the grass and
while I stood there down came the other. I brought
them again to their basket, feared the morning,
but found them curled warm in two balls. Ah,
when they climbed from the basket, the little legs
were wrong - the hind legs. They dropped. We waited
until the doctor next door, who was in Chicago, returned,
to make sure that nothing could be done - they seemed
not to suffer and got about quite cheerfully! And
they would not take milk of course from a saucer.
So I got a doll's nursing bottle, very tiny,
very cunning, quite complete - filled it with

Postscripted Jun, 1923

Warmed milk and water - and
the littlest one seized it to the
manner born. I knew that to do
mistakenly. It was adorable - would
lie in my hand on its back
with two little paws clasping the
rubber, and draw in left. But
the other, the larger, could not be
persuaded. He would take a little
from a leaf, that was all. And
then I thought he would storm
and I called in a neighbor wise
in such things, and she shook
her head sorrowfully: "It's a
male and they don't know
anything!" - She opened the
little mouth and I inserted
the tip and then he knew that to do.
But it was of no use. Then the
doctor looked he said that they would
always be helpless and he took them away.

The little clever one mother had christened Luther. In all
friend over them and missed them terribly - they were so
perfect, thick coats, bright eyes, so cunning with a grace
almost childish and so uncomplaining. And perfectly
tame. They never knew fear at all - I hope that, and some
how given them, helped them on their way. How can
- then be extinction of any life? It seems like a
contradiction of terms. Like the confusion of dimensions
which Kargy looks so serious. - I had a wonderful hour
with his books this morning before breakfast. I said
that I thought he is as wonderful as Darwin, and faster
than is just reading him, said: here so.

How you had the Indica Underhill books yet -
on Mysticism all? Her Practical Mysticism is
the essence of all, and I say, already have spoken of
her Education of the Spirit Chapter.

Rudolf Steiner is in California - I hope that you
have had opportunity to hear him. It has seemed to
me that his thought is more an individual
development than on the following of truth for its own
sake - but he has a beautiful experience to me when
I first had his "Way of Initiation" and "Results of
Initiation."

Oh! I do not like the photograph at all. How can
you like it? It is only a little edge of you - a new
man of a being. Of course what you must have is

the full face with the eyes looking directly out at me. I think this is far from that and from you.

It will be a slow correspondence indeed if you visit for me every time. It is so hard for me to write letters. I write all day, more or less, and when evening comes or late afternoon I want to sit outside or to sit quiet, mostly, by the river. But I wish always that I might hear all that crosses your mind to write.

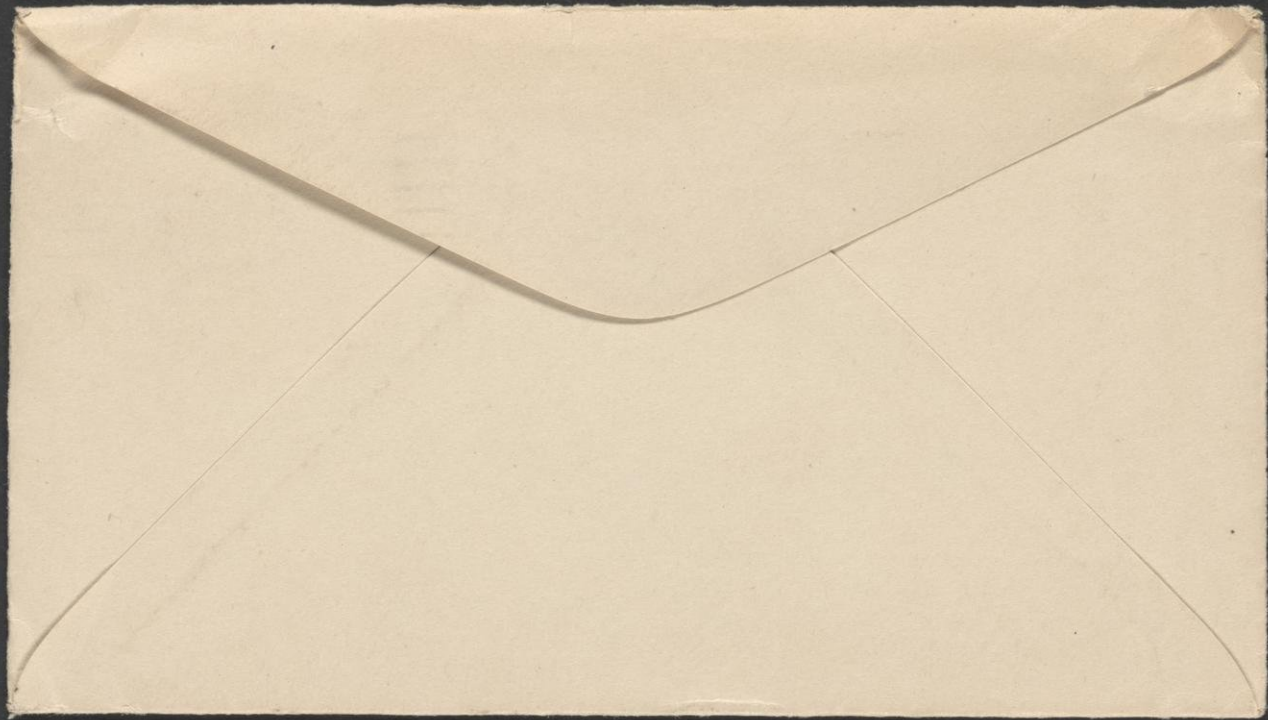
My warm remembrance and greeting to you and to Miriam Tracy - and Green Dag -

Lore Hale

June - June - June.



Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California



Postscripted. Jul. 3 1923

Gabe

The envelope which you sent me was dated May 24. This that is came May 29. - I had looked at the enclosures a little but not much, until this morning, early, on the upper porch. I felt as if I were living some fine future, moving among people wroth to such things - not I mean, merely in the reading of this beautiful certainty, but in the current certainty, that your things cannot die, must grow into place, and find their own. When I do not know, but they will. The music - one almost took me to that when. There is no word for it - if there were it wouldn't be what it is. Here you have "then one to the very place of beauty - more than mood, than mod + more than any thinkable experience. - Now glorious that by Hudsons from Comber Beach -

2

- On Something Is True. -
And the whole plays - what
really you have set in your
own hands. The Chinese part
too + - The - one about
meditation, having all its
treasure to offer, yet towards
me somewhat in a structure -
as if some of the third
page. The craft part, were
not mixed enough, were not
enough assimilated. You
mean mental meditation - ?
I wish there were some road to
distinguish that from the other,
from true contemplation.

- What you say, in Russia, of the organ of memory beyond any mechanism that we now know gives me that wandering swift sense of almost knowing. One little impulse more, and one could have it, and one should know all about it, all. - When I spoke of it to father at breakfast he said yes, all knowledge contained, existing, in the universe, continuously there. It must be all experience, too. If in common, that an illusion personally must be. And its solution solves for us the form which survival takes. You see, one almost knows! - Have you seen Camela Bianca's drawings in the Century, sometime in the winter. She does in other media - But is a whole book of her drawings now. When first I saw those in the Century I felt pierced by recognition. I had seen so, and more than so! - A little more - and we shall see through. I look at the new moon, at the outdoors, and think how exquisitely other in beauty it must be as another is seeing it. Curs - but not ours, for we stop short of it. "A glass, darkly."

Postscripted Jul 2 1923

But you. With all this,
What a glorious life you
lead. I like to think of
those phrases coming softly,
of your surprise and
your welcome - yet withal,
your sense of this utter
familiarity, and naturalness,
then and you at home were
at meeting. You are
living such deep immortality.
You are bound to be deeply
happy, in essential event, in
- I want a new word. I would
area-luce be a word. I
made it?

Postscripted Jul. 7 1923

5-

Now I have news for you: a new magazine,
the Adelphe, which began in London in
June - and to that you must send some
of these quickly. The two Oxfords, the
Hudson, the Music - I don't know that,
but you will know. (The Machine ought to
go to Dr. Canby?) Yet need some such place
as the Adelphe is the only place for these.
I am sending you this copy. But can you
send it back to me - fairly soon - as
soon as you have thoroughly read it into you.
Isn't it fine that the magazine is. It
must be kept going.

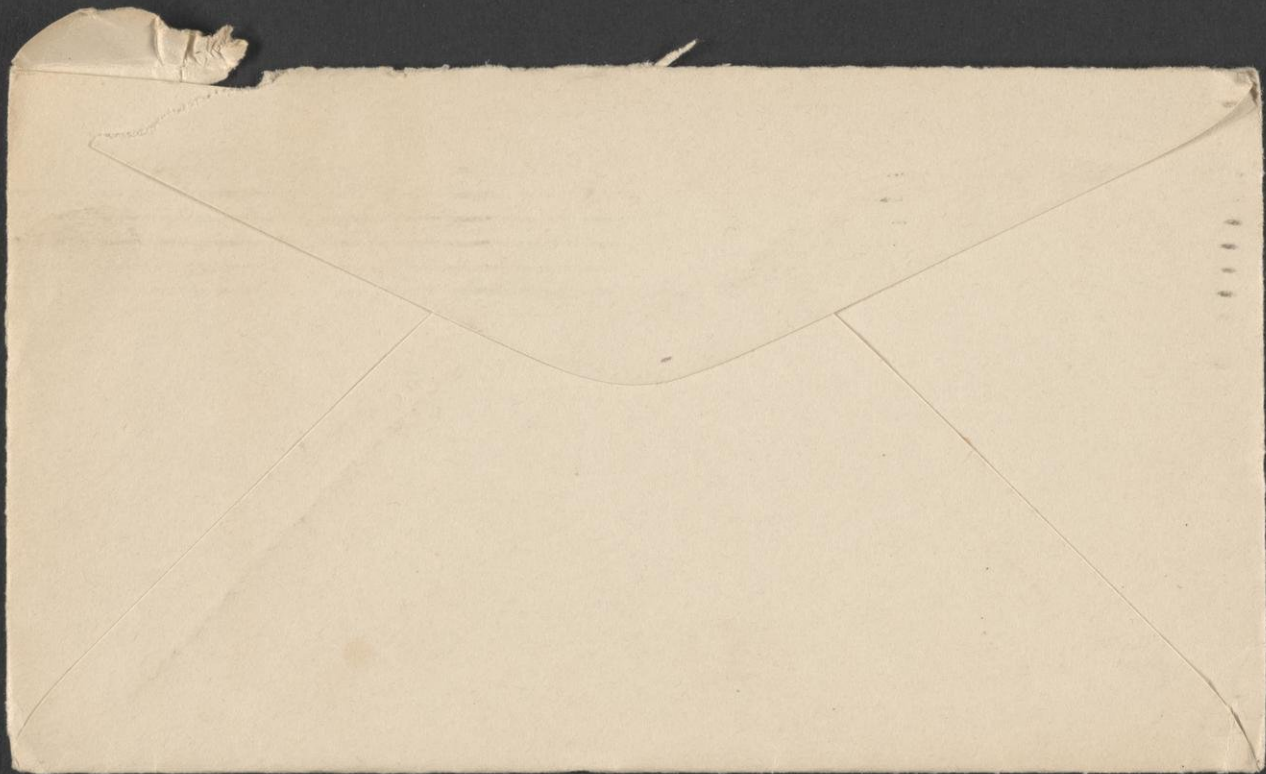
-) Don't want to say that I think
there should be no foreword - have you not
come to that feeling? In the Yale Press
book. Unless you have something in mind
from Mrs. de Silencourt - and that might
go on the jacket! - You know, do you not,

not for you to fear to
make "intrusion" you
know that? Surely you
love by now some thing
more to send me?

6
of the Atlantic Monthly Press,
which might be another
Yale Press. But I wonder
whether, for you, the way
to America doesn't lie
via England? Jonathan
Cope, who advertises in the
Adelphi, is a new young
publisher taking on some
Americans. The Adelphi might
prove a channel to English
publishers - and English
attention does open here.
— Because I have
been mute, that is



Professor Henry Chester Lacy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California



Postscripted Aug. 8, 1923

(10)

How happy a circumstance - John Middleton Murray
not waiting to be relayed by me but writing to
you himself. Of course I have not yet written
him a word. Even to subscribe for Adelphe, which
I confidently meant to do at once; regretted not
taking down the address before I mailed it to
you. Thought to write you for it, and found it in
your letter, thoughtfully provided by the same air
line. - It is precisely the place for you, isn't
it? And may be published in America! Like
any grand opera singer, one entrance to America
you would make via London.

— Well, you will make it. These poor lovelies
and lovelies. I am so glad that you sent him
Just a Reflection just. These are lovely - only
I haven't been all in my eyes yet, for they came
when I was hurrying off the last acts of
Faint Perfume Play. But one thing I know! I

discovering you. They love these
editors, to be inventors of you,
no less. Of the new writers. -

If you want any of the copy
that I have to go to him, send
me a letter to go with it and
I'll mail it from here, to save
time - with your return mark on
the corner. But you say what ones.

This goes by way of bulletin,
without time to tell you of
the flights and swoons in
your style. Not that you don't
know that these are so exquisite
but I must have the pleasure
of telling you how exquisite they
are, to me. - I'll write soon
again - in a day or so.

2
believe that all these airinesses
belong alone together. That
the bulk of Part II as you
have projected it, the critical
essays, belong not with these
but in a volume by themselves.
Please, regard meditatively this
suggestion? I feel it so. For
you will have more of these
presently. Let a few dribble
to Mr. Murry and sound
him about an English
publisher. And I'd say, send
these yourself. Write me
there only, in my subscription
letter, congratulating him on



1923

Mr. Henry Chester Lacy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood California



Postscripted Aug 11, 1923

(11)

I am enclosing a copy of my letter to Mr. Brownell. Now that Mr. Murry has, or will soon have, *Dust of Reflection*, I should think that these might wait Mr. Brownell's word, though of course there is nothing to prevent submitting them in England and here simultaneously. But waiting the fortnight or so will save making new copy, or else letting both be out of your hands, and mine.

To-day if possible I will write subscribing for the *Adelphi*, and mentioning my pleasure in the connection, the correspondence which he has already made.

DOUBT ABOUT COLLECTING THESE ESSAYS? NO. NO. NO. But I do want the critical comment to go by itself. It is too full of substance to cope with a nearness to the ephemera which are so much more substantial than any literary criticism.

I'll send the meditation which you require.

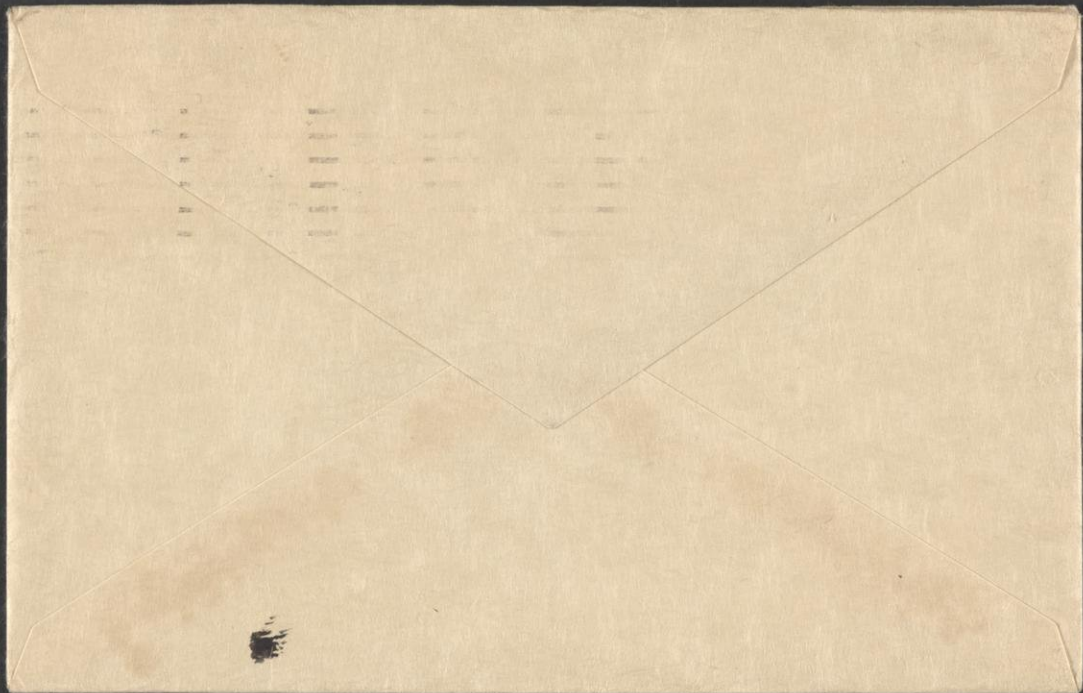
Badger. No, I wouldn't. Badger takes only things of real fulfillment or of sure promise--but he takes them for payment. You would have a letter from him next suggesting four or something hundred dollars as your share of the project. Perhaps more, now. This is generally known to the publishers of course, and therefore does nothing for you in that way. You do not need Badger.

Mr. Murry's letter is nice--thanks for the "excerpts". That word always annoys me. It looks as if one were typing something else and got the letters in wrong. Why not excerpts. Poor word. I don't mean that I would scorn any such harmless arrangement of letters. These distastes trouble me. There are two flowers that I do not like and I am sorry about that, too.

Have you inquired about the
Atlantic Monthly press? Or
does that use only reprints from
the magazine.



Mr. Henry Chester Lacy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Half Moon California



Postscripted Aug. 21, 1923

(12)

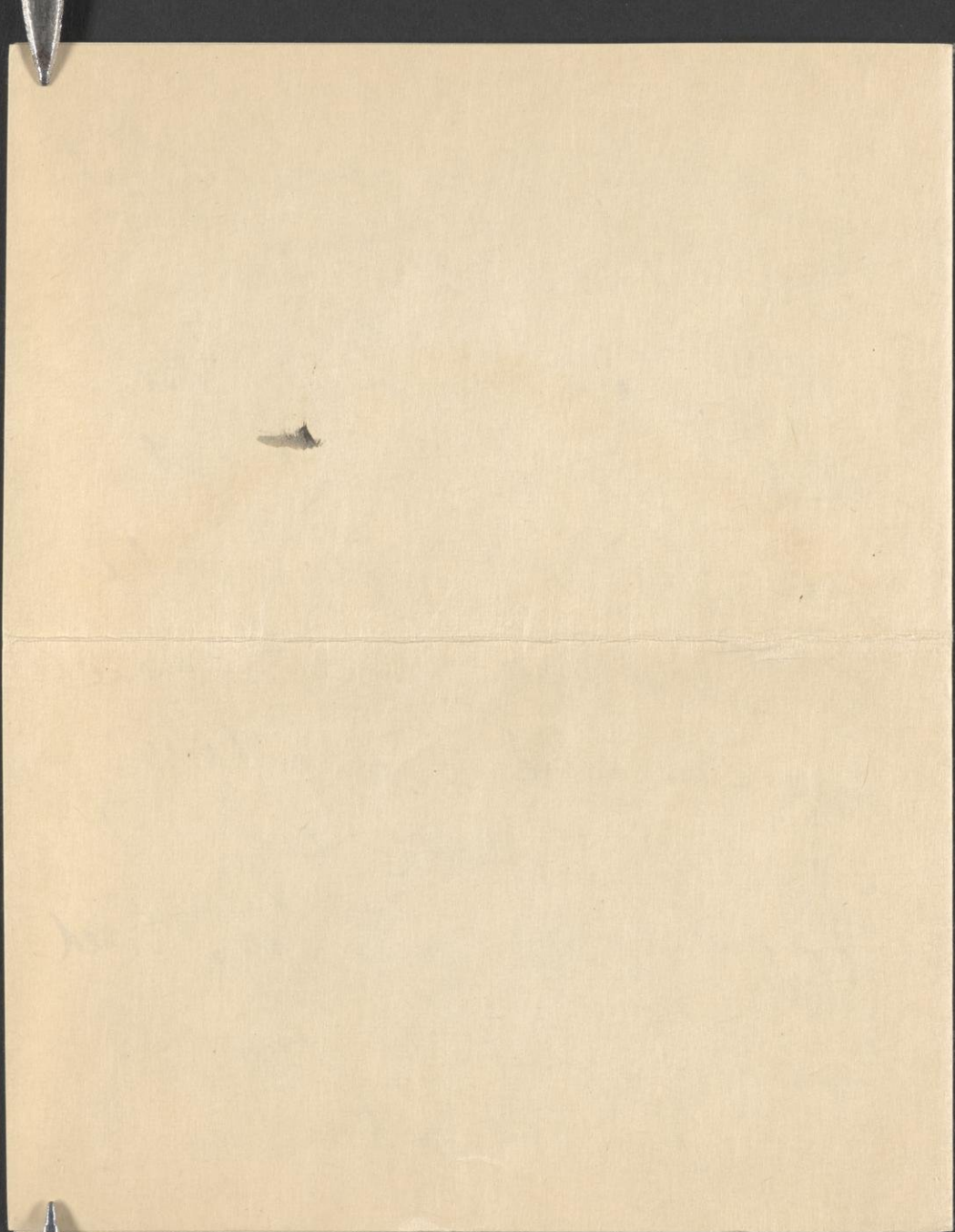
A happy birthday — which
means that I hope both
the ankle and the
Thursday operation will be
on the road to healing
and to health-giving
adjustments. I am so

Adelphi. — Shall we not send
the Oxford Souvenirs to him
instead. —

Well. I sent you good
wishes for your birthday last
year. The interval has brought
you both grief and cheer, but
it has seen you do wonderful
work — and the Bank on its
way. May this year mean
even more. Greeting to you both.
Faithfully yours. Mrs. G. L.

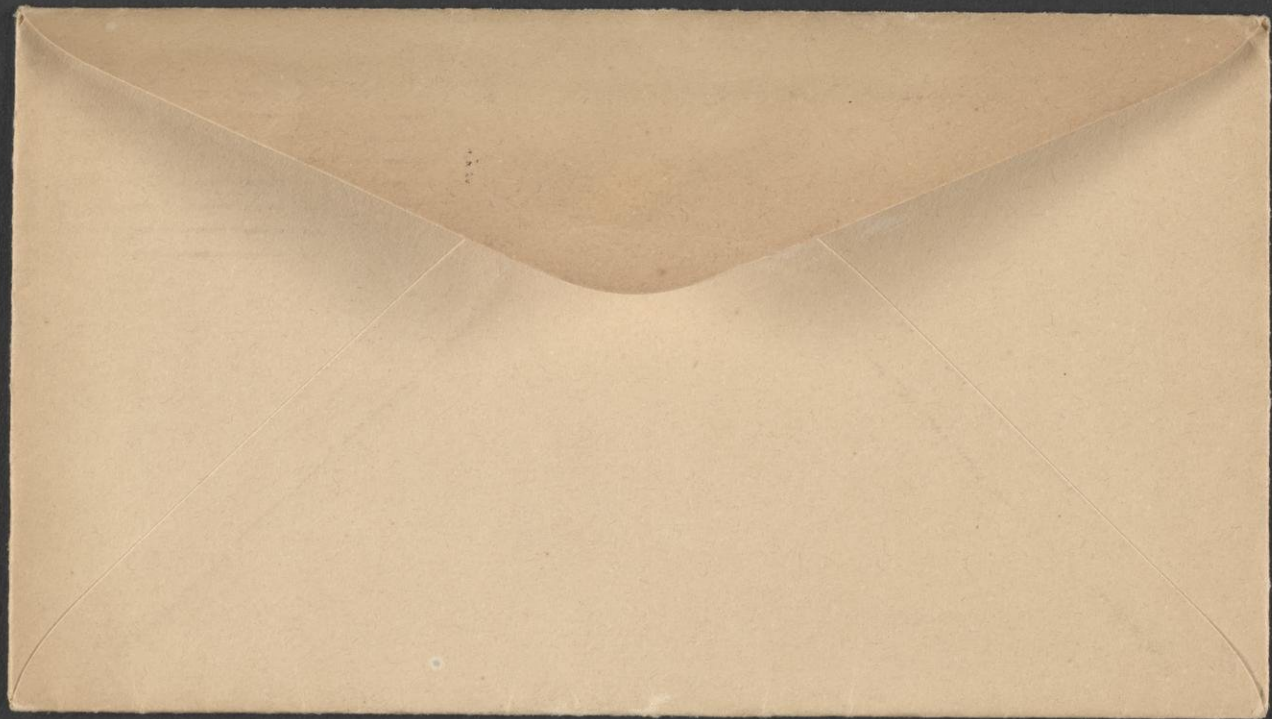
27
Sorry that you have all had
these difficulties.

I love the Seventy days
and Religion — but I believe
most in the English studies
for Mr. Murray just. These ^(70 days) are "nightmares" — for a later
offering, I would say. I
think the Seventy days would
be fine for the Classical
Journal. It is long for the





Mr. Henry Chester Ince
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood, California



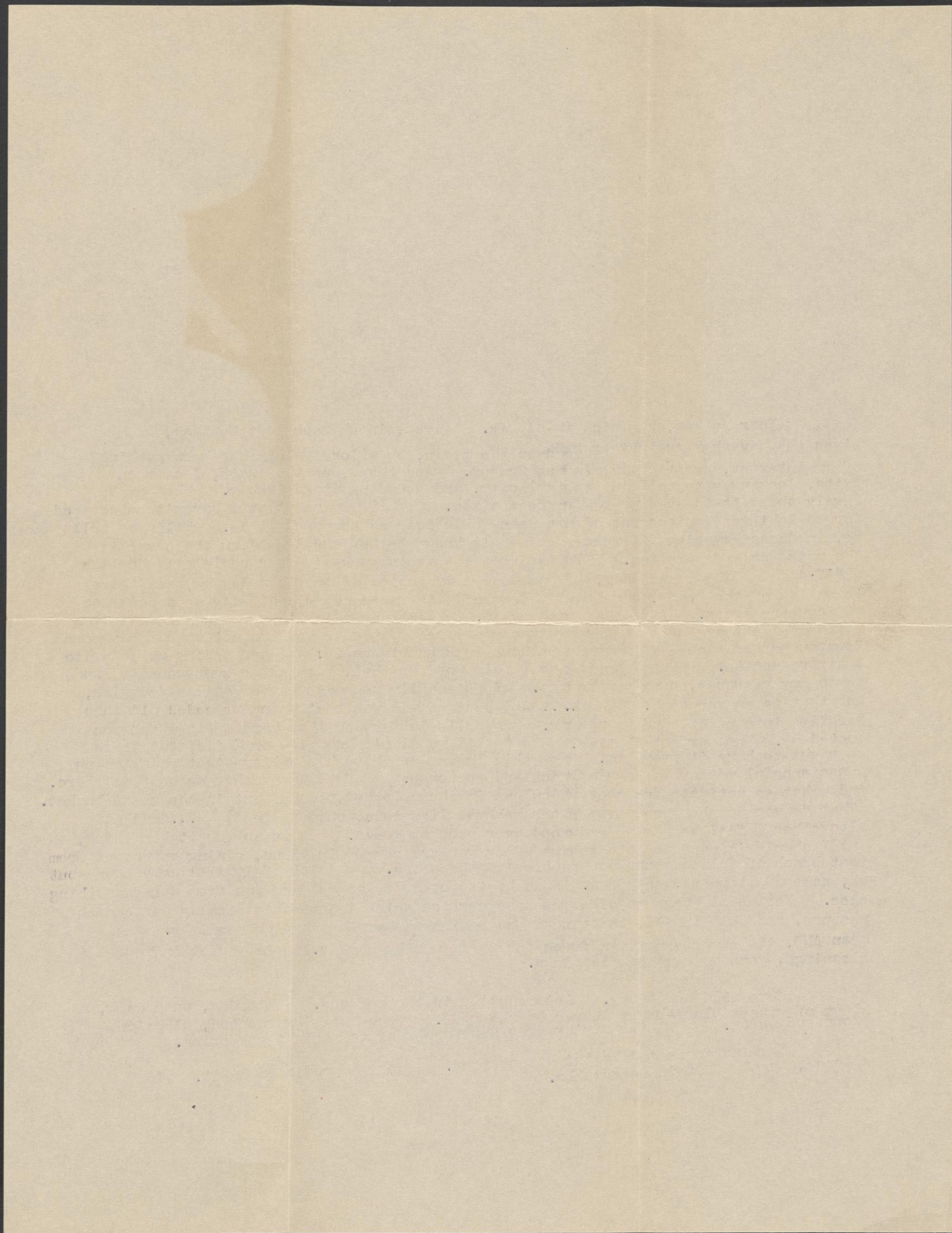
Postscripted Nov. 19, 1923

(13)

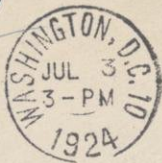
Dear Author, how nice it all is. First, in Chicago last Tuesday, I am given the November Adelphi to read on the train, by a lovely lady who knew nothing of my interest, specifically, in that number. And there, on the train, I came on Exits, looking very well in its publicity, and standing it admirably. What a lovely thing it is--and what a perfect title. (I may say that I haven't subscribed for Adelphi yet, on account of not being able to read how much it is. Will you tell me, in decent American figures? I don't know whether the legend on the cover is the price or a decoration.) This isn't anything new--I never could read English money.) Then, next day, I am sent my copies of American Review, and there is Belloc of the Roads, rambling down all its pages as delightfully as a cataract of country lanes. And I was read again. Next day after that comes a letter from Wilson Follett saying that the contracts are ready (in case you do not vote for a more "sumptuous" edition--and what a sumptuous word sumptuous is!--) and asking me to write an introduction. But I await our final word on that, both as to sumptuousity, and as to my response, on my own account. I personally recommend Anne Douglas Sedgwick, but that is as you wish. And best of all was that which preceded all this bursting into print, and it was Mr. Brownells letter--or that part of it which you quoted me. How perfect that is. Not that we didn't know it--or I did; but it is so right to have it from him. How this letter exhibits his quality--that pianstaking conscienceful motion of assimilation and response. I feel happy that we sent it there. And what an antidote for that ridiculous Scribner letter, which I put in the waste-basket. (What do you do when your typewriter behaves like this, once a line?) ... So that altogether I feel very glad and good over your progress. It is an inevitable thing, but I shouldn't want it ALL to come after you are carved in stone, rising expectant from that bench of folded stone, of ripples in the stone. A lot of it will come then--but oh, some of it should come now. Enough, if possible, to release you from doing anything else. Yet we all have to offer up some service which is not specifically our chosen measure, and all in all, teaching is as radiant a service as might well be. And --I mean AND, it leaves you ~~xxxx~~ free for three months a year. Be quiet in your blessings, your raiment of blessings.

Here mild and sunny. Asters still in the gardens. Yesterday, on a walk, a bloom of russet black-berry leaves by the road. Trees still garmented, albeit in brown and gray. But the winter gran spread abroad as bright as Spring.

I am not defeated by this typewriter. But I am modified by it. To silence, by all that is measurable.



Inel Sale
Porty. Missouri



Mr. Henry Chester Lacy
2104 Highland Blvd.
Hollywood California



THE SHOREHAM
Washington

I forget what you told me
about the new address;



7/3/24

(a.b.)

THE SHOREHAM
Washington

My dear "Harry" Chester
Lucy - no! Nothing has
gone wrong, certainly,
what could go wrong
between you and me? Aren't
we long by all that?
I can't imagine "scuffling"

with you, either in eloquent words or
in eloquent silence. When a
silence falls, it is always only - as
in this case - that I had
promised so much work by
certain dates, and was behind
with it as usual. - And now

Yesterday I came off here, on
short notice (to help bring
on the La Fayette petitions to
him to run for president, of
which there are thousands.) And
tomorrow I expect to return with
the La Fayettees - with her + Bob. Jr.,
to Cleveland, for the third
party Convention, which will be
as little like the other two as
it is possible to imagine. -

Mean while: You are enormously
mysterious about your new work.
Aren't you going to tell? I want
to know. I'd very like to
see. I feel as if I were no
longer your shadow if ever
you called me. Look-master,
wait it? — And as to that
Preface: No, no. I couldn't do



THE SHOREHAM
Washington

The sort of thing which
I saw quite clearly
was required. I run
to the bagne and
intimated and intimated
so much more gladly than
to the Dep'te and
bind. And the Dep'te

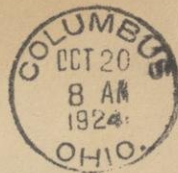
and vivid, were clearly what
~~the~~^{we} wanted here. But over
and above all that, the Yale
University Press imprint is enough -
and I do think introductions
are tiresome things, any way - unless
they can merely lay on a
finger and run away. So
do you! - You both are
enough. And how eager I
am to see it. - "If only there
were two Yale University Presses"
you said! - Yes, but I think
after this book, a "Commercial"
publisher will be "easier" to approach!!
You are to tell me if
you like my story in the

Last Century and my Serial
in the Liberator, and to let
me see if I like that you
are working on now and
to forgive me for all the
things for which I need it -
My love to Mother. Love
Ma Sale

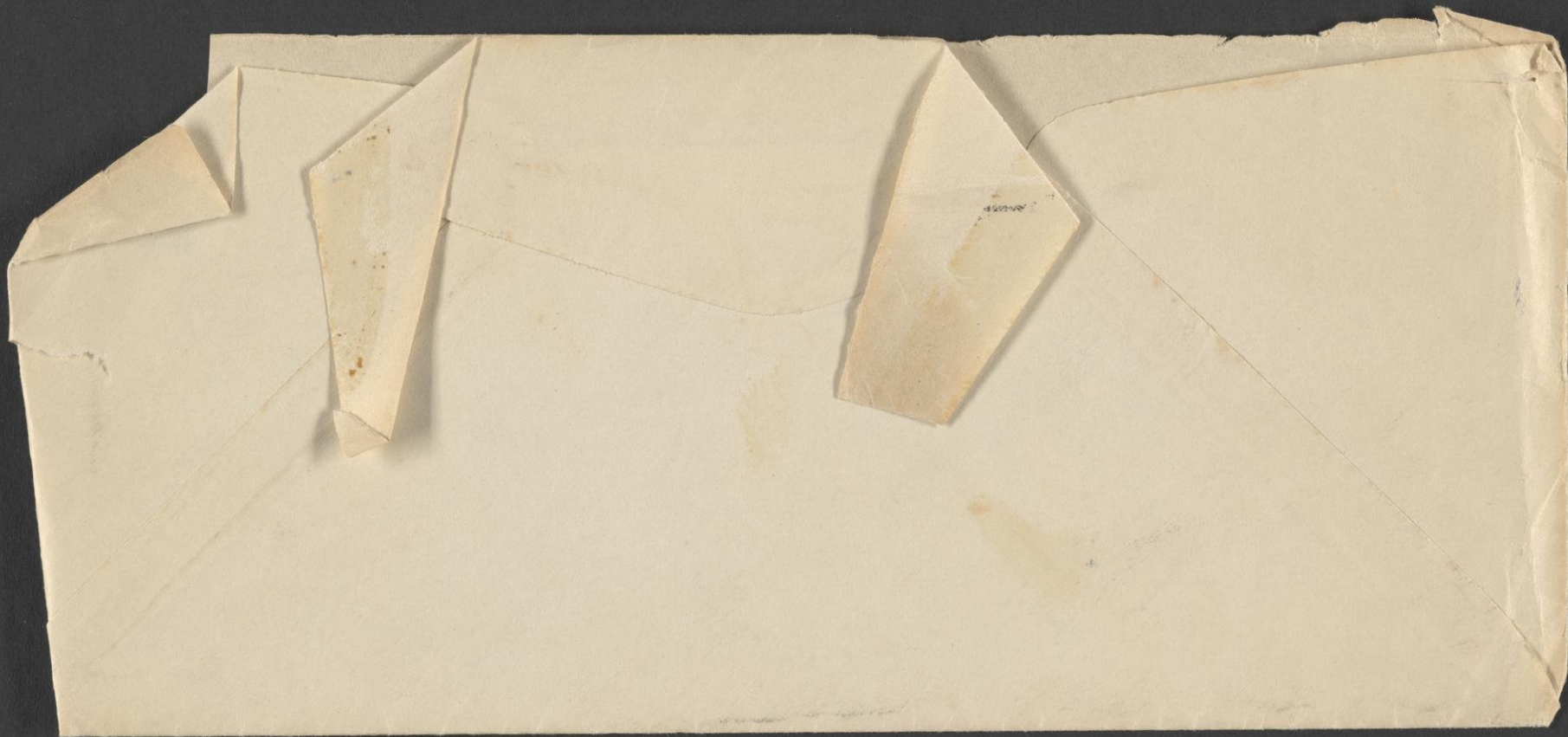
July 2 -



CINCINNATI



Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California



ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE, For President

BURTON K. WHEELER, For Vice-President

10/20/24

(2)

WISCONSIN LA FOLLETTE-WHEELER Progressive Committee

IRA S. LORENZ, Chairman
204 Grand Ave., Milwaukee

E. J. ONSTAD, Secretary
17 West Main St., Madison



Headquarters:
MARSTON BLOCK
17 W. Main Street
Telephone Fairchild 3860
MADISON, WIS.

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Wauwatosa
JULIA ANDERSON SCHNETZ
Racine
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WM. T. EVJUE
Madison
JOHN J. HANDLEY
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La Crosse
ERNEST L. SCHROEDER
Shawano
JOHN W. REYNOLDS
Green Bay
MARY FRANCES TAYLOR
Chippewa Falls
CLOUGH GATES
Superior

I want four tickets for La Follette
in about that many dogs - in
New York, Massachusetts, your Pennsylvania
and Ohio. And I expect to keep
on until election day. - If
only there were another month or
a thousand more workers or folks
to get the truth to the people. -
I am having some literature sent
to you from Chicago, and wondering
whether you will distribute it? - And
if you already have the little book
called Facts which I am reading, or
in any case, will you lend it to as
many people as possible. I think that
Mrs. MacDonald would distribute some

To vote for La Follette and Wheeler, make a cross for each of the La Follette-Wheeler electors, 13 crosses in all.

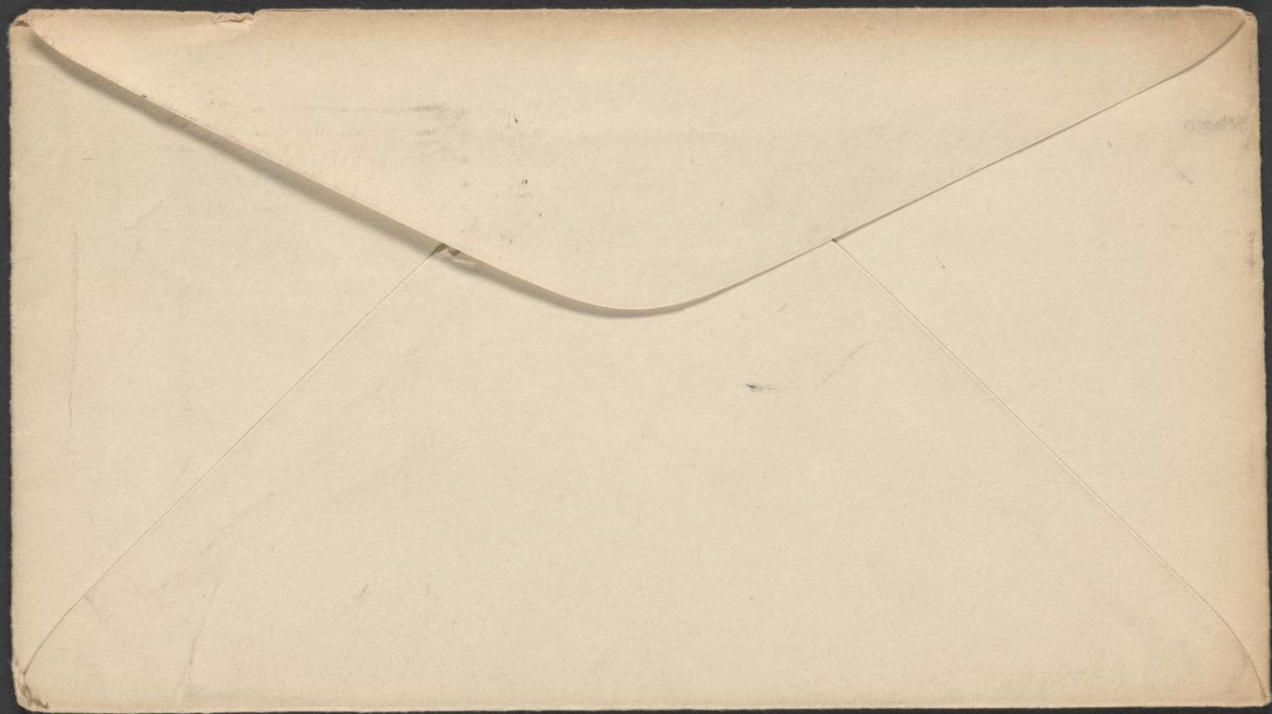
of this literature, if I knew where she
is now. Perhaps she will use some
of yours. Or send her, with A, my
greeting & tell her that I mean to
write.

Our Autumn is like the Second
Moon - like the Island in Time -
like the Time of God. So
faded and misty, as other spheres,
so with an air of its own, deep
in its own routine, already with
the look of the far future. If we
could see it better, we should
know Grayship better. -

Grayship /



Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard Nth.
Hollywood California

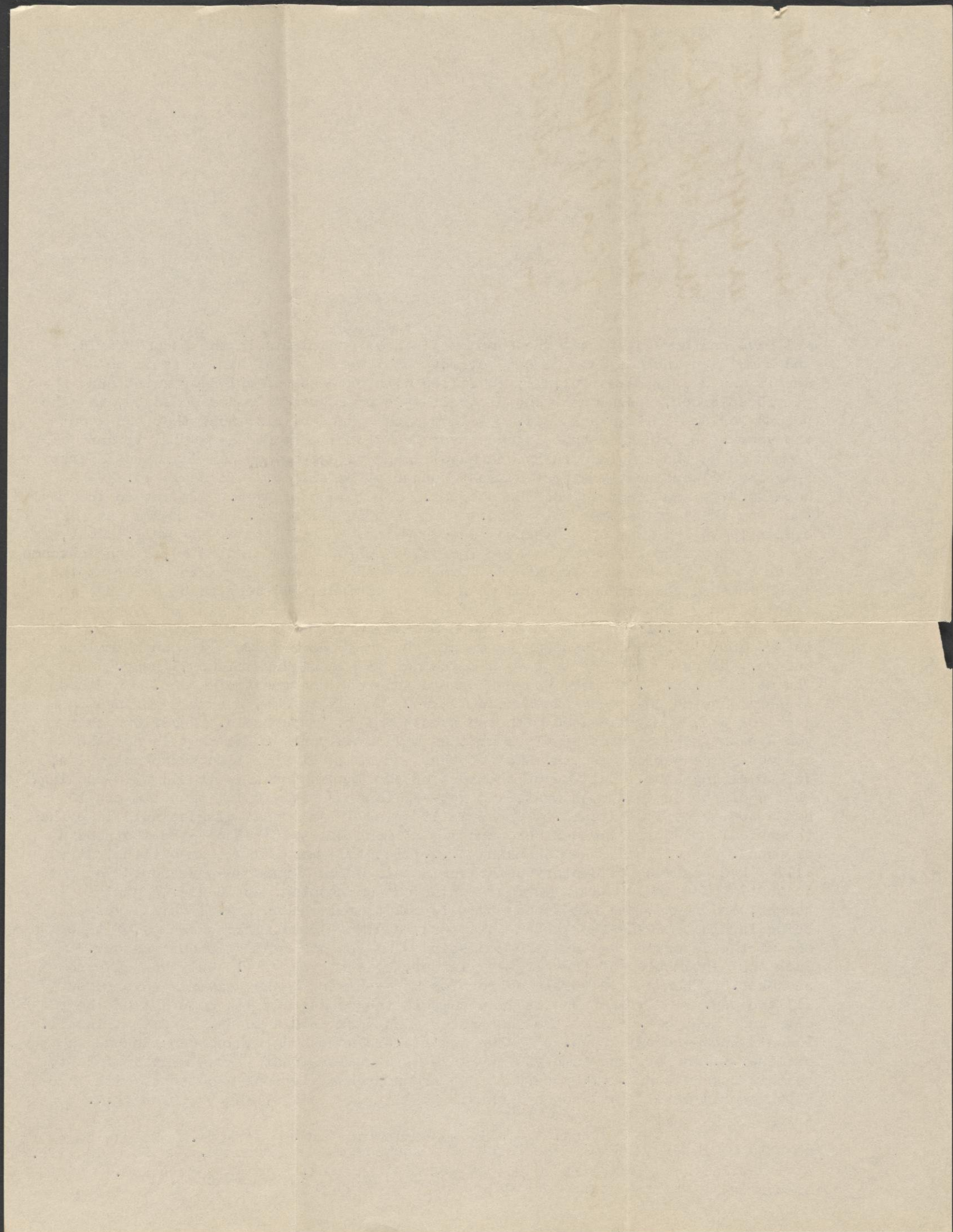


Postscripted Feb. 13, 1925

(1a, b)
x 7 found them before
sent last and took
them with me. What
an amazing letter
came with them
last October - when
7 was 77, speaking
for the future!

I have and have just read the Shoemaker's days and nights in the Second World, +
and have been in the enchantment both of that world and of him. It is so
deeply and dearly beautiful, all; so filled with excesses of splendor, quiet and
gentle splendor, splendor almost dextral---as of course splendor would be, in the
Second World. I love it all. I love with a kind of dizziness that bit about
the veery. Do you know that I have never heard one? But for some time it has
seemed to me the combined fairy and angel among birds, and on the day when I first
hear one, I confidently expect a Great Wonder to befall me. It seems so. "I
hope so." But that is not the subject. The subject is you. I want so intensely
that you shall do nothing but write. Oh, that is all wrong. Your karma is
evidently to do many other things besides write, and to do them all well. That,
or something like it, may have been indicated--or what WAS indicated, by the outcome
of that blissful hegeira to Oxford. Often I wish that you had taken a year at the
beach instead, pen in hand. And as a matter of fact, you seem to be getting an
extraordinary amount done, as it is, of writing I mean, and carrying on biology and
such as well. ..I talked with Mr. Cape about you in New York a fortnight ago. He
is Mr. Murry's friend, Jonathan Cape, and you may have known all about him long
before. He seems on your trail-- a nice man and a good publisher, I hear. He
was at the P. E. N. dinner, where Sherwood Anderson was guest of honor. But those
dinners bore me SO--I have been to only two. Nobody speaks, everybody brings a
guest or two, you get seated with the guests, and it is terrible. Never own that
you are an author inside New York or they will grab you. ..But that is not the
subject. The subject is you. Not whether you write all the time or do not write,
but something else. Tell me of the rest of the Shoemaker. Is it all wild-wooding?
What could be better. And yet, and yet---I find myself wishing that the craft
had a bow as well as a sail. Where is it going? Isn't that disgustingly like the
theatrical producers who ask for punch? I mean something else---the apotheosis
of punch. ..I have been thinkingfirst tell me: Has it an outline, at
all? Even as much of a story as Hudson has in Green Mansions--why should you not
do that? You could make a perfect thing out of nothing, as he did: A girl
sought, and found, and not found--that is all that is necessary! This lovely
being in his garden--the garden chapters, say, of those first sketches, of the
one at the desert's edge and the song-bird whom you observed "without rancour."
Then the intimation of the girl--by letter, by what you will! Only you have not
seen her. Then the leisurely search for her---having these heavenly adventures
all the way. Perhaps she is in a camp in the woods. Or you come out of the
camp and meet her. And the Shoemaker goes back to his woods. And that is all.
I don't know--nobody knows. But isn't there something which can become an
outline.....And all the time you may have more outline than I know anything about,
to this second world. ...Or perhaps you are content, gloriously content, with the
second world itself, and so why inhabit it with any beings, any progression...

And yet, my friend, there is something to form. To Form. It has come
home to me lately with all the force of a knowledge of a presence. Form is life.
At least, without Form life is not at its most radiant. And therefore art. But
of course, there are standards of Form which we have not approached,
and



perhaps this Form of the Second World chapters is one of them. Or the chapters which I have not yet seen.

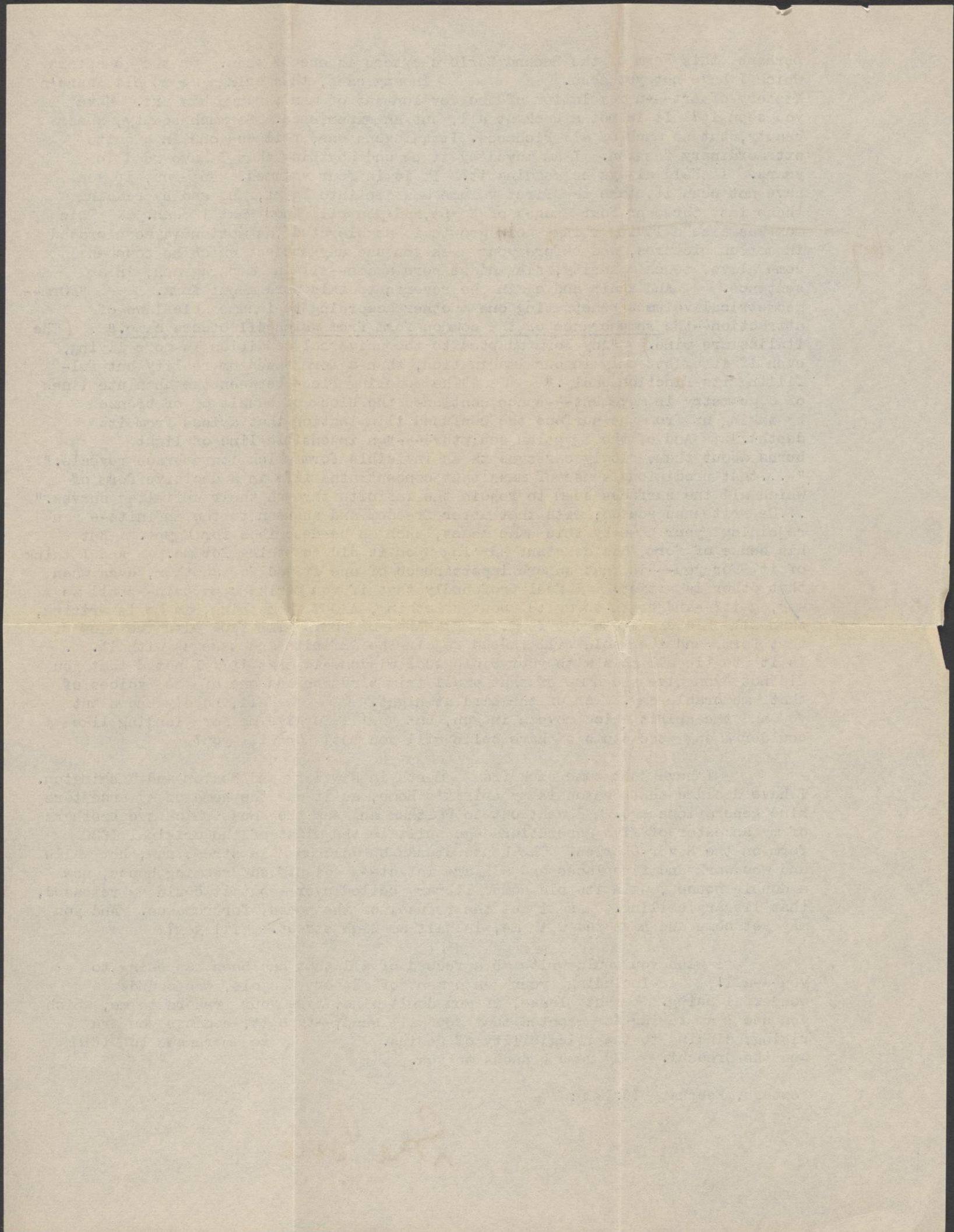
tey In any case, this brings me to Eli Faure's History of Art---a revelation of the development of man through his art. Have you seen it? It is not a book at all, but an experience. So much beauty, sheer beauty, but so much of all richness. It quickens one, releases one in a quite extraordinary fashion. I am moved by it beyond anything that I have read in years. I shall always be reading it. It is in four volumes. But you, if you have not seen it, take the first volume and dip into Egypt, and end by reading those last three or four pages of Egypt, and you will know what I mean. This man was like a living thing, whose growth is accelerated, as motion is accelerated in motion pictures, and before your eyes you see any subject which he touches come alive, touch maturity, die and be born again--all in a paragraph, in a sentence. And again and again he reverts to this word about form. "Form--geometrical values penetrating one another according to innumerable laws of attraction--the remembrance of the common form from which all others came." (The italics are mine.) "Any Form adapted to the universal condition is more living, even if it exists only in our imagination, than a form based on reality but fulfilling its function badly." "The modeling flows between the absolute lines of a geometry in movement---space continues the block of basalt or of bronze by taking up from the surface the confused illumination that arises from its depths." And of the Egyptian sculpture---"an insensible line of light burns about them, slowly caresses ~~the~~ an invisible form which its embrace reveals." "...that prodigious sense of mass that concentrates life in a decisive form of which all the surfaces seem to rejoin the infinite through their unlimited curves." ...He writes as you do, with that utter freedom and abandon to the infinite-- you rejoining your home by this same means, such as he describes for Egypt. But his sense of form, his constant harping upon it did something for me. And I think of it for you---in that superb impertinence of one friend for another, even when that other is artist. I feel profoundly that if you strike a certain--shall we say, gait?--and begin to write about something, ABOUT something, as he is writing, then all this exquisite but formless richness of yours will flow with the flow of that form, and the whole will indeed rejoin the infinite and take us with it. Is it to tie all this with your biological wisdom--is that it? I noted that you did not even give the name of that small trim bird who was one of the voices of that memorable day. Nor of the bird at night. Well, nobody knows but you and the spirit which moveth in you, but you'll forgive me for landing like a boulder among the stems of hare bells will you not? Or will you?

I have just come back from a month in New York and Boston and Washington. I have decided that Boston is my spirit's home, as it was the home of my ancestors nine generations ago. I went out to Waltham and saw the house which two brothers of my ancestor of five generations ago built in the midst of the original 1630 farm on the River Charles. The house stands on Waltham Main street now, but walls and woodwork and fireplaces and all are intact--a dignified dreaming house, now a double house, with its old domed library ceiled over---but it could be released, that library ceiling. And I got the refusal of the house, for romance. And you may yet come and have tea with me, in Waltham High street. Will you?

I wish you would write me a record of all that has been happening to you---all! Including your enjoyment of Robert Nichols, who sounds a wonderful being. But please, if you don't mind, type your record to me, which you see I am taking for granted that you will send,--type it, because you are rising, sinking to the illegibility of genius. My remembrances to Miriam and the Gracchi. My remembrances to you.

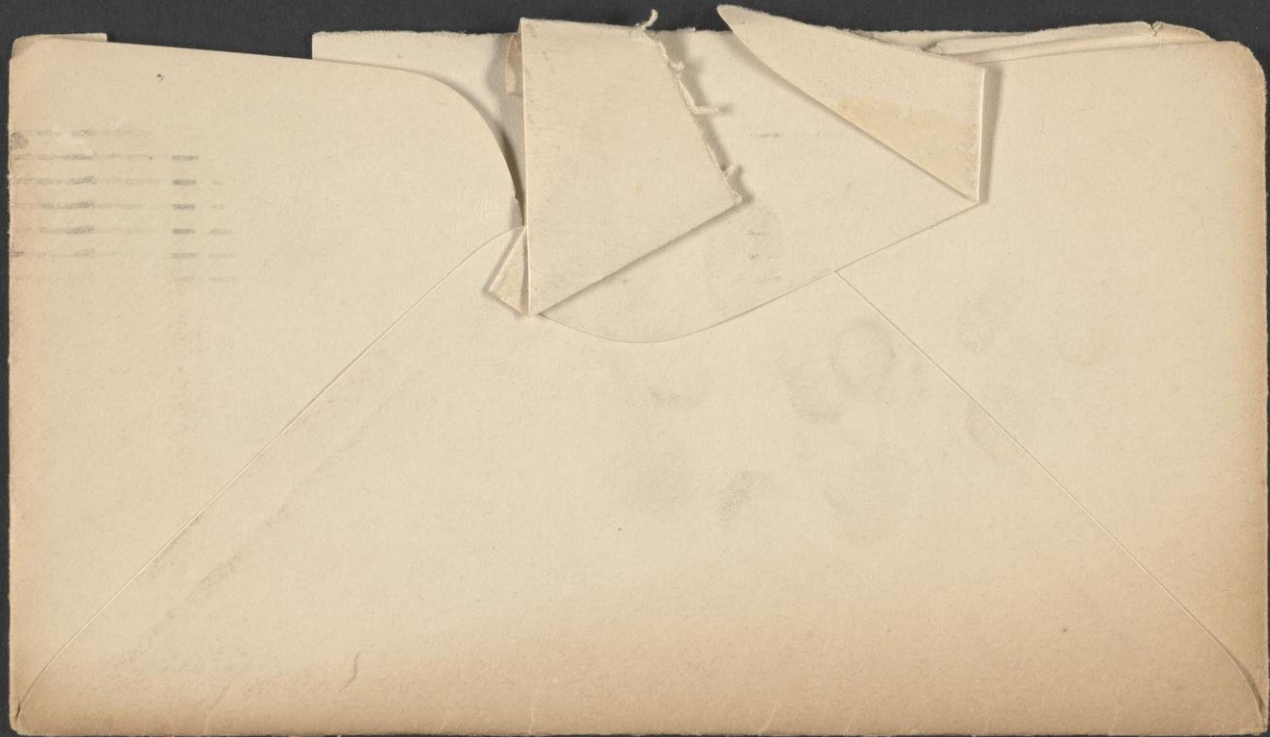
Portage, February 16:1925:

Lila Gale





Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California



Postscripted May 2, 1925

2abcd

Don't you think this sounds perfect?

It sounds as if you would have something wonderful to send to The Winged Arts. And will you do so? I don't know what. You will know. ...I have as yet only dipped in these fascinating pages which you have sent. Dipped for refreshment and rest. "Dipping" recalls the new Algernon Blackwood, "Tongues of Fire", and the two gorgeous stories, or sketches, therein, called "Picking Fir Cones", and "Malahide and Forden." Do get them and read deep. ...The reason I have only dipped is, for one thing, that I have twenty-three stories by Negroes, in a short story contest, in which I am one of the judges. And a dozen or more short stories (by Whites) in a social service contest-- I mean one-act plays, not stories. Oh, my friend, where is it not difficult to get a chance to set pen to page? Who is there ~~not~~ who would not be 'set aside', for such an opportunity. Can you picture me--with all that there is to "see to" here, and with more than I can tell you crowding in. The First Presbyterian church would have a pageant celebrating its 75th anniversary, and will I do it? The University appropriation is about to be cut off, and will I spend two days in Madison at the hearing, and speak there? In another part of the Capitol a dollar-diplomacy bill is up, and will I speak there (I didn't) I am to go to Minneapolis April 5, and to Indianapolis April 9--both missions which draw me inevitably. A family in Caledonia is burned out, root and branch. One has only to lift one's hand to have things flocking to them, but it takes time. From that family emerges a little lad, acute and wistful and--deficient. He must go to Madison to the new (and free) hospital, for observation--and is there now. But first he walked in here, eight miles, in rubbers, and no shoes or socks, his feet wound in Ingrain carpeting--and this through snow. .. And ~~the~~ these are only SOME. No, there is no 'setting aside'---but oh, how well I know what you mean. One has to invent one's own leisure--and I almost think that one gets it by yielding to the other pressure. That then it lets go, while so long as one pulls and stretches away, it holds all the closer. "You conquer nature by obeying her!" And experience too. ..My room here is sweet with pine boughs which have been brought in--the whole house smells of them. Have you pine boughs in California? Well, yes, I must admit that you have. But not Wisconsin pine boughs. ...And DID I tell you of our Kentucky cardinal? That has lived on our river bank all winter? We have seen him, bright and red against the ide of the river, and later feeding on the dark ground; and with the first warm days, he began to sing, clear, sweet, varied, adorable. ~~Came~~ a March snow, and he sang in the snow. But oh, before Christmas, when it was 22 below, I was in agony. How could he bear it, who the bird books say comes no farther north than northern Illinois? And then, on Christmas day, I heard his note. He has stood everything. And now I know that he was here all last winter too, because when I came home in March, he was singing, and I saw him, but I did not think of his having been here right along; and father had not seen him before. One other year, some time ago, father and mother and I saw one, which came to the house in a snow storm, and used to feed at the box. This one never came to the box that we know of. Isn't it a heavenly thing to have happen?

Don't you think this sounds better?
It sounds as if you would have something wonderful to send to the
"Ladies' Aid". And all you do say "I don't know what you will know."
...I have as yet only dipped in these fascinating pages which you have sent.
I have for treatment and read "Dancing" too like the new American Dances,
"Dancing of the", and the two gorgeous stories, or sketches, stories, called
"Dancing of the", and "Dancing of the". So get them and read deep.
...The reason I have only dipped is, for one thing, that I have twenty-three
stories of Westerns, in Western story context, in which I am one of the judges.
And a house of more short stories (by Alice) in a social service context--I
mean short-story, not stories. Oh, my friend, what is it not difficult to
get a chance to get you to page? Who is there that would not be
glad to get an opportunity? Can you please me with all that there is
to "see you" here and with more than I can tell you everything in. The first
page of the book would have a legend before the first story, and will
I will do it. The legend is a legend before the first story, and will
second two days in March at the hotel, and again I want to see you
the book a good thing. It is not and will I send it to you? I think it
I will go to the hotel in April 5, and to the hotel in April 5--both matters
which show me that. A really in the hotel, it is not one, not and March.
One has only to take one's hand to have things looking to them, but at times
times. From that time comes a little bit, more and what is different.
He was to go to the hotel to the new hotel, for observation--and is
there now. But that is what is there, what is there, and no more
or more, his first would in the hotel--and this through now. ... And
these are only what. No, there is no better matter--but oh, how well I know
what you mean. There has to be a great one's own letter--and I don't think that
one gets it by writing to the other person. That then it is late, while so
long as one gets it and it is late, it is late all the closer. "You compare
nature to book-keeping. And experience too. ... My room here is sweet with
pink blossoms which have been brought in--the whole house smells of them. I live
your pink blossoms in the house. Wait, yes, I must admit that you have. But
not Wisconsin pink blossoms.
... And oh, I tell you of our Kentucky
candies! That has lived on our river bank all winter. We have seen him, bright
and red against the ice of the river, and later, fading on the dark ground; and
with the first warm days, he began to sing, clear, sweet, varied, adorable. I was
a March snow, and he sang in the snow. But oh, before Christmas, when it
was in snow, I was in snow. How could he sing it, who the bird looks say comes
no further north than northern Illinois? And then, on Christmas day, I heard his
note. He has moved everything. And now I know that he was here all last winter
too, because when I came home in March, he was singing and I saw him, but I did
not think of his having been here singing; and I had not seen him before.
And after that, some time ago, I saw one, which came to the
house in a snow storm, and I had to find it the box. This one never came to the
box the way of. Isn't it a heavenly thing to have happen?

So, then, send something to The Winged Arts, which appears to me to be made in your image. Send it to Dr. Thomas Dickinson, (The Players, Gramercy Park, New York.) And send it soon. ...I have a great notion to send him your last letter, as expressing you; but I will not. Oh, and my suggestion anent Form, anent (whatever anaent means()) having a STORY fills me with regret. I said not at all what I was trying to say--such a "story" as I suggested would be incredible. But what do I mean? You should know. FORM in some gracious and undiscovered aspect, form which shall be to beauty as white flour is to whole wheat flour, to which it has to be joined so that the whole wheat will hold together in a nice little "gem", and not fall all to pieces. I am not suggesting that you make gems! I am but looking round for heavenly enough white flour. Do you gather what I mean to mean?

*The writer
of this
enclosed.*

Have you read Mary Johnston's Sweet Rocket? If not, I shall lend you mine. But get Tongues of Fire, meanwhile.

Did you see the eclipse? If it was not so long ago that you have forgotten---ah, no. One could never forget that. I saw it from the roof of the Gotham Hotel in New York, total save for a blazing point of light on the lower rim; and as it was like that, the lights of the city sprang out in that queer coppery dusk, and the electric signs sparkled; and from the roofs of some lower buildings, servants or others cried out, a clamor of sound, like a chorus heralding the event.

And the two little girls next door, five and six, spent Saturday night here. One of them has a song, which every few minutes she demands to know if she shall sing. And I always said yes. The song goes:

The time to be happy is now.
The place to be happy is here.
The way's to be happy and make others happy
And make your own heaven wite here,
Wite here,
And make your own heaven wite here.....

...only she can not stop there, but keeps on, with wite here inserted, quite all down the page. It is too darling....and too true? Then they sing together something which they call American..being the well-known hymn.

Now I must go down and read the Negro stories--which are thrilling me through and through. Such an experience I did not dream that I should have--I would not have missed it for worlds. Is it not strange that it is impossible to give anything at all that one does not get it back at once, multiplied.

GOOD NIGHT.

You knew, of course, what happened: How I put the mss. in the envelope, intending to follow it with a letter in a few hours. And than that I....well, you didn't know what. How could you know that I went to Minneapolis, and Indianapolis (literally! So that the little girls next door talked about my going to Mindinapolis, naturally.) And Bloomington, and Terre Haute, and then Madison. ..But oh, you knew too, or you must have known, how utterly charming I thought the chapters were. Like cobwebs with ropes inside, carefully concealed by mauve and iris and peach and dove and silver, but ropes all the same, firm and compact. Your English is a delight to me beyond words to fathom or to climb or to circumscribe or to penetrate with any word of comment of my own. But it is a style so liquid, so flexible, so musical, so true that I flow with it from page to page; when I come down to earth, to alight at all near the earth in fact, I am still moving on, as a ship's motion moves in one after the ground is found. ..Why do we worry about your having opportunity to write? You will write, you DO write as you breathe, and you cannot help ~~at~~her. I can see that. ..Still, of course, as I wish for you bright and brighter air, so I wish for you more and more and more sheer time to write IN.

...Are you any nearer? Have you heard anything from anywhere? And I wonder, sometimes, if there is any place anywhere which would not devour your time, if you were teaching at all. A place in which they permitted you to put yourself would devour you more than ever, perhaps, because there the temptation to do ever more in class work would be irresistible. Now your trouble is, after all, partly that they will not let you be creative enough, take time enough! Still---have you heard anything, from anywhere? Did Meikeljohn say anything? Have you written to Yellowsprings again? COULD I DO ANYTHING? If I could, you would not hesitate a breath to tell me so, would you?

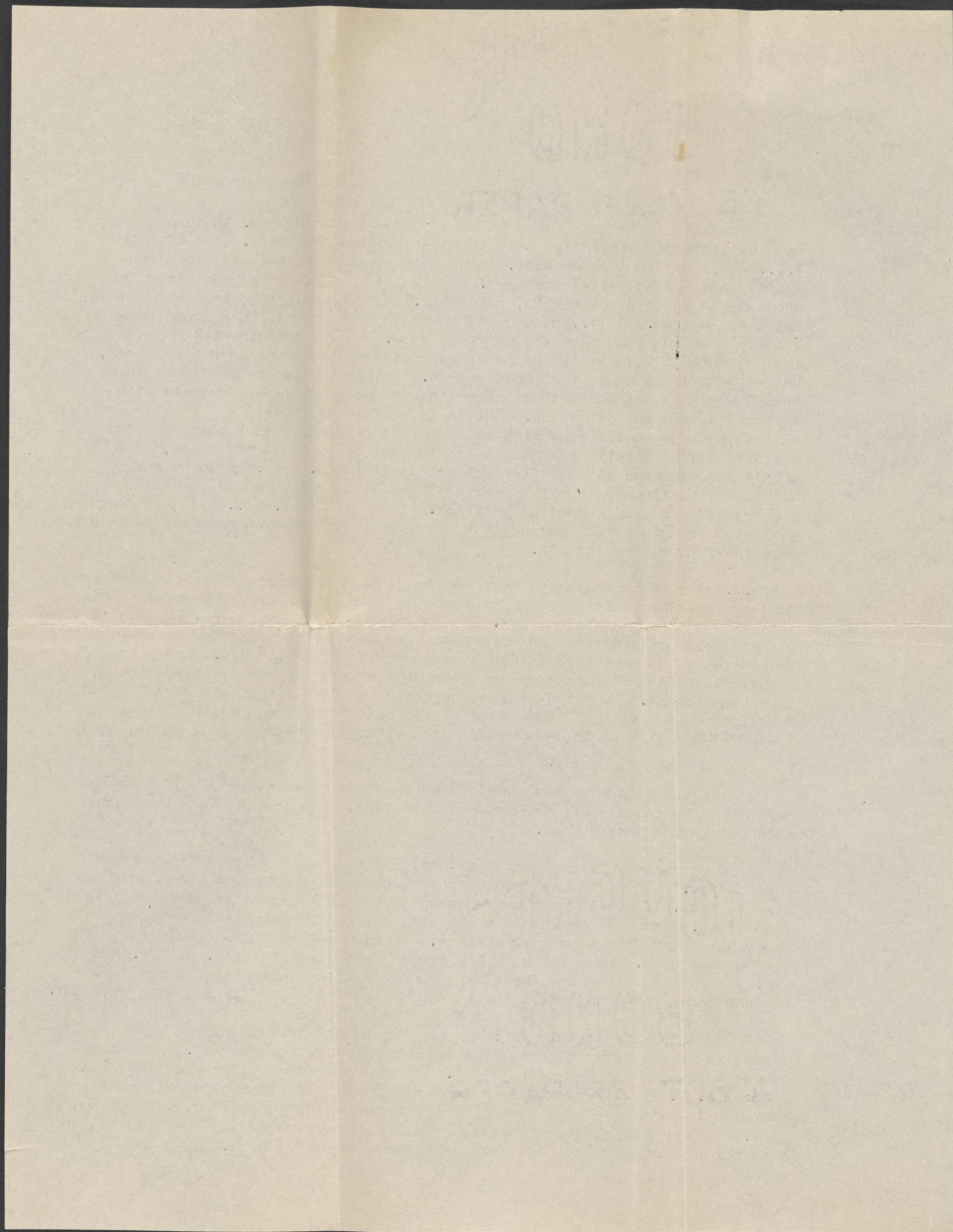
And whatelse have you done? You oughtn't to wait for a word from me before you write and tell me what you have done. You are the turn and turn aboutest person that I know.

I am enclosing something from Mrs. Bailey's new book, "A Treatise on Cosmic Fire." A marvellous book, from which I shall send you bits from time to time. I honestly do not know what you, as a biologist, would say to some of it. But yet a biologist who is three fourths occultist would say the right thing--I can be sure of that. This, for example, I know that you will accord with. Even, I think, to the words "subtler beings". Mr. and Mrs. Bailey have been here for a day, en route from Minneapolis to New York--and now that I see the book, I think, Can it be true that I have spoken with her.

One thing I must tell you: On the day of the full moon, in May, there is always in the Himalyas a time of special outpouring on humanity. This year the day falls on May 8---next Friday. The time for you, Pacific time, will be 5:43 A. M. ..If you care to keep that time--make it a time of receiving--consciously...to give it a period of meditation before and after...if you do, you will. A sense of alignment between the Ego, the Thinker, and ones bodies, so that the Ego is a channel of force---you know it all, I know.

May 2 -

26



"The Winged Arts"--that's the title. I already have the strongest group of free imaginative spirits ever gathered together under one banner to my knowledge. Norman Bel Geddes, Alfred Stieglitz, Georgia O'Keefe, Don Marquis, Stephan Bourgeois, Zona Gale, Percy MacKaye, Walter Damrosch, Witter Bynner, Karl Schmitt, Hugh Ferriss, Lewis Mumford, others from dance, music, all kinds of visioning easily to be had; these all glad to unite in one set of wings to see where they can fly; backer unbelievably understanding; 1st issue set for June 1st; to be made by best printer in America; isn't it a joke?

I like your Hollywood man and would like to have something from him if he can isolate his stuff into incandescent sentences; crystallize it into gems of experience, not for beauty but for truth; give us the truth and we will attend to the beauty. No one living is big enough to force on us chunks of paragraphs; a bas the disquisition. Don't you think you should go through your stuff and cull me something under the head of "Sententia"? I am not asking anyone to write; I am asking them to give me some of the best of themselves that has been chucked back in corners under dust because they did not dare to show it: they would tremble so to see it pawed by dirty hands. And that is the kind of stuff we are getting. I don't think there will be much trouble. What should one do about Mr. Hollywood? I'd better get his book, I suppose. Good bye.

From Mr. Dickinson.

2342 Regar Road
Berkeley, Calif



Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
To J. Laurence Seymour
Mokelumne Hill
Calaveras County - California



100-1111-10

Postscripted Aug 8, 1925

3ab

Dear friend, just now, this Saturday morning, the little maid---yclept Marguerite-- in sweeping, found back of the hall radiator, fastened between the wall and the table which covers that radiator, a letter. It was yours of April 12, telling me the good news that Chatto and Windus are to publish your book. What must you have thought of my failure to congratulate you about that? It is too beautiful to have it come out so, publication on the other side first. Oh, and now that makes your American course so easy. It should be published simultaneously, there and here, and it must be. Have you done anything about that? I do not wonder at your not telling me. Because I realize, and have realized for a long time, something much worse than an announcement like this stuck behind a radiator--that I never have told you a word of my reaction to that outline which you sent to me of that book. The other day, here, a dealer in antiques was shown by me a tray which a prisoner had made for me, an inlaid tray, she said: "It is beautiful. It is so beautiful that I can't say a word." I think that it must have been something analogous with me. I was overwhelmed--not only by the scope and originality of the thing, but by the fact that it was YOU who had projected it. I might as well confide to you that I had thought of you all along as the Shoe-maker, the glorified shoe-maker, who uses clouds for leather and cobwebs for laces and drops of dew for buttons, and gives the shoes away, gives them to fairies turned human, whom alone the shoes will fit. This outcropping of a fundamental granite--you gather that only a veritable salad in metaphors will meet the moment-- this if you like it better, sudden breaking down of leather -clouds and dew buttons into their original atoms of electricity left me dumb. Electricity! Atoms! Prana! The stuff of which life and spirit are made and made one. The basic atonement. You compiled them in a table of contents and offered them to me on a page, nonchalantly, as if they were fruit on a plate. I ate and apparently slept. For I never have told you. But then, you knew. I challenge you to say that you did not know.....

So I am glad. First for your power. second for its application. Third, for its publisher. Fourth for its mission--fourth, which is really first. And fifth that you will let me have some small part in the American end. Of whom have you thought. Of Macmillan---dignity without advertisement. But, if the book carries its own, that will not matter. Knopf or Harcourt, youth and vigor and novelty and the future and good advertising, but no background. Appleton, who would almost with certainty snap it up. What do you say? What do you decide? Of course the English appearance will be so much---and Macmillan and Appleton both have English branches, but Knopf and Harcourt, I believe, haven't. Or is there another name, floating in your mind?

Well, then, there is a sixth and most important gladness which besieges me. It has done so ever since you told me your summer plans. For do not I, too, know Cora Williams? Did not Mr. Markham himself send me her Creative Involution; some

winters ago. And did not I, of my own initiative, find one day last summer, in the Madison University library, her enchanting little book about the San Francisco fair, and did not I bear, and do not I bear in my mind unto this day, its frontispiece of a room turned inside out? That concept never leaves one. It is a delicious brand on one's brain. It is more. I swam and floated through that book, knowing what it meant but not what it said. Knowing that I knew and always had known and was merely recognizing. But resigned to the old fact that I know by other means than my mind, which doesn't foot up to much when I do its addition. Of all the kinds of schools that there are, I should have said that the best possible one is this school of yours, for you, and now. What a lovely way you are led. And how essentially in harmony you must be to have things draw to you like this, things of your own. You evidently go about charging and re-charging yourself with exactly the kind of electrical currents which will attract to themselves the particles which you need. For food, for air, and for vision. This is true. As of course you know. I am more and more impressed with the fact that one is or is not harmonized with an inner power and that this is all there is to it. I found a letter of my mother's the other day, written to me when I was in New York, which quotes from Emerson to the effect that a great to-do is made over the struggle of right with wrong, but that there is nothing to this. "God either is in the heart or he is not." Is that not profound? If He is in the heart, all is arranged, because there will be attracted there nothing that is alien to him. Really, the religions of the world, though they have so slipped down and floundered in their theologies, have come unanimously to a great method: The method of prayer, of meditation, of quiet. Prayer that God will inhabit the heart. And a technique of keeping it clean for him. I suppose that all this can be summed up in two sentences. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God".... and "Be still and know that I am God." How wonderful to have added to this, out of the abundance of its life, the teaching of Jesus that it isn't hard work, or fear, or sacrifice alone---but love. It is easy! I mean, it would be easy if we were a little more freely inducted into our higher consciousness. Tell me then, about the school. Which is, I take it, a practical means of exploring one's higher consciousness and making it the center of one-energy. No?

Meanwhile Alice A. Bailey in New York, has put out her Cosmic Fire, received from Thibet telepathically. Two volumes, a thousand pages or so. As the London Morning Post remarked, after Balfour and the others had conducted their grave experiments of receiving telepathically a word or an idea impulsed from an adjoining room, What is such a childlike proceeding as that compared to Alice Bailey's feat of receiving three books thus? I saw much of her in New York last winter, and in Minneapolis this Spring. And she and her husband stopped over here, on their way east. She told me this. That once, in Thibet, she was going over a mountain pass, dry and barren, desert for miles at their feet, when abruptly they passed a cavern in the rock. Over these rocks trickled and gushed a fresh spring of cold water. Everywhere in these rocks grew masses of maidenhair fern, freshly green. And all the air of the cavern was filled with the twinkling wings of innumerable little blue butterflies.She was in Thibet to teach the bible to the British soldiers, and knew nothing of other planes of perception until long after her return, until, in fact, ten years ago or less. But it had been all the same, for she had had her quite terrific novitiate of living sacrifice---a sine qua non, apparently.

Write to me. Your pen is more living than mine. Write to me with it, even when mine lies supine and all but unconscious on its blotter. My typewriter says Yes, I do all the work but you must have a poetic figure. Poetic? Well, a figure at any cost. My love to you, with grace and remembrance.

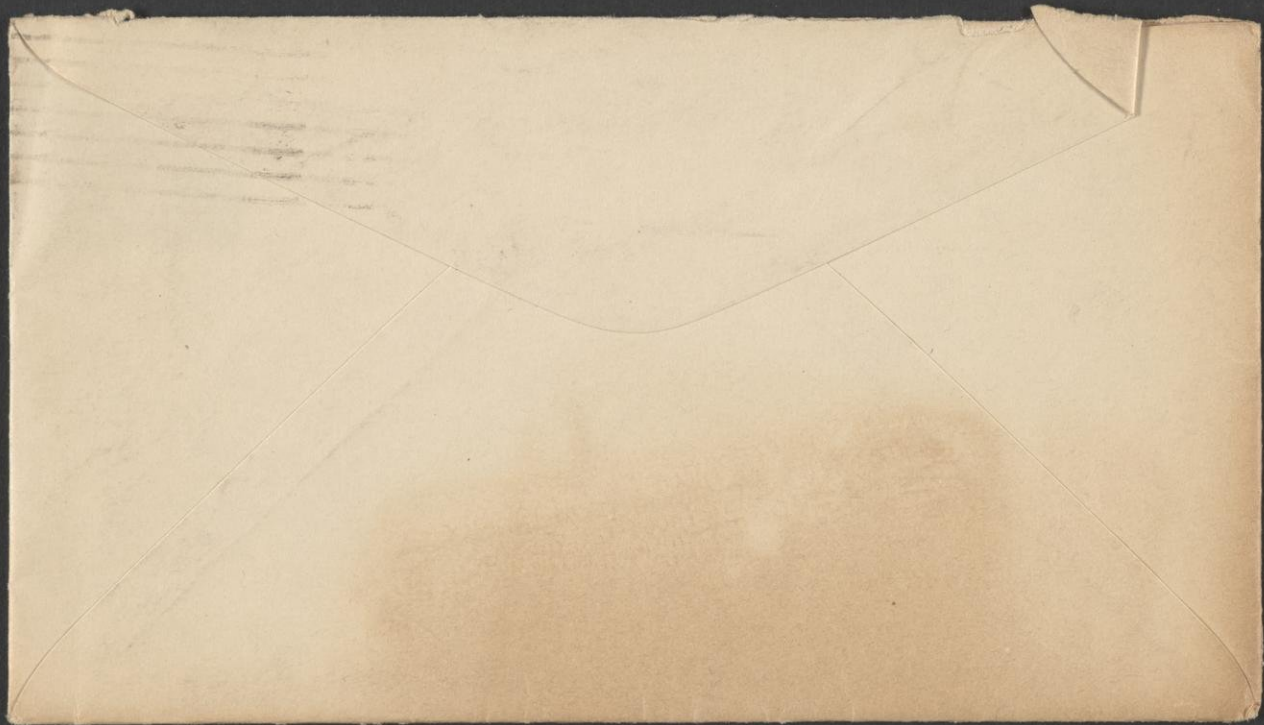
Lucy

August 8-1925-

11/23



Dr. Henry Chester Jones
834 Regal Road
Berkeley California



Postscripted Oct. 24, 1925

This page would have been the next page in my story,
molest. But I want to know this: If I should stay
human? Did it the fish say that to the tad
when they saw him blink on the bank? Is
that sound biology or not? And besides you
are a tad. You're not human, all, yourself
+ it is this that draws other tads to you. If
you were merely human I should be miles and
miles and miles away in the forest. - And
besides, what is human? Is it necessarily the
status quo? It is not and that is sound
biology if there is any. In other words, then,
to reverse oneself blithely, yes, let us stay
human, but not necessarily human as one
chance to know it is - our chance fragment
of time. Let us be all-human, to-morrow's
tad as well as to-day's mimic. No? -

Now also, what made you say that? Had you been reading anything, is a letter or not, in which I gave signs of where it was I seemed to you to give signs of? The last book I read, by the way, is Carl von Sorensen's Other Provinces - which is charming, ^{but not secret} but his sketches about his children "Scholar", "Barbarian" & "Gypsy" are not anything like as lovely as the things you write about the small ones. Not so small any more.

Last Saturday I was in Madison - and I wanted to see the Hibbert Journal, to see if I should send them something which has just come back from Mencksen. For the first time in my life I looked into a Hibbert Journal, and saw there its leading article by you. Do you know what my first reaction was? At least weeks & weeks with my pleasure was a violent indignation

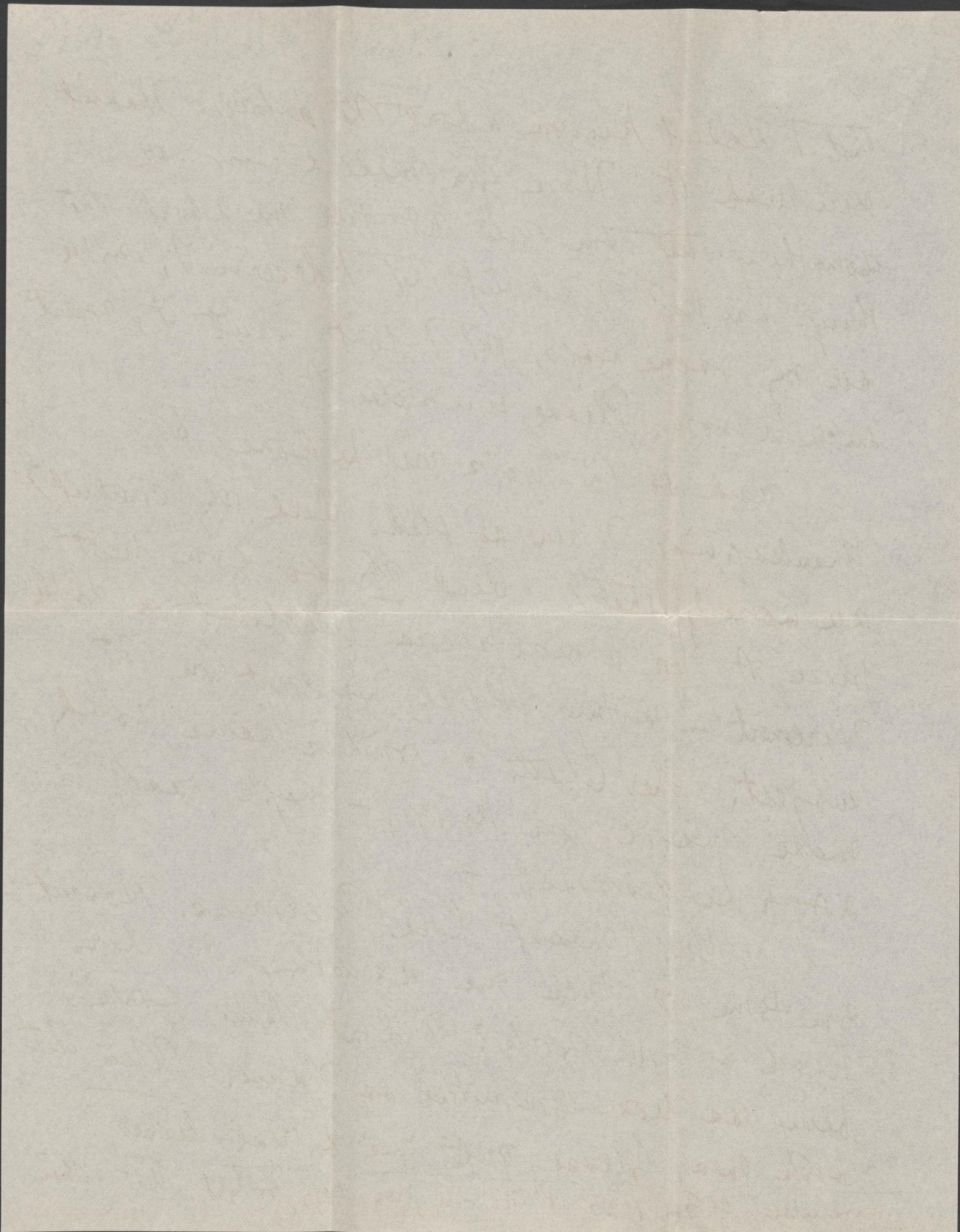
But I hadn't known about the article. Hadn't
even read it. Now you made a row - or
something that you will not tell me about the
things you do? I admit that I deserve it, - with
all my vague rags; but I don't want it, want
such a row. Please unmake it? -

And so the book will be done by
Thanksgiving. I am so glad. And why couldn't I
see some of that? And why do you not
place it for simultaneous publication with
Harcourt - writing Alfred Harcourt on the
subject. The Chatter & Hindu name would
make magic, you know, & magic, really, is
not to be despised. -

Yes, I meant Cora Williams. Haven't
you time to tell me something of her
school & your work? I don't like your
being as non-committal as I am. When the

book goes, please write me, a real letter.

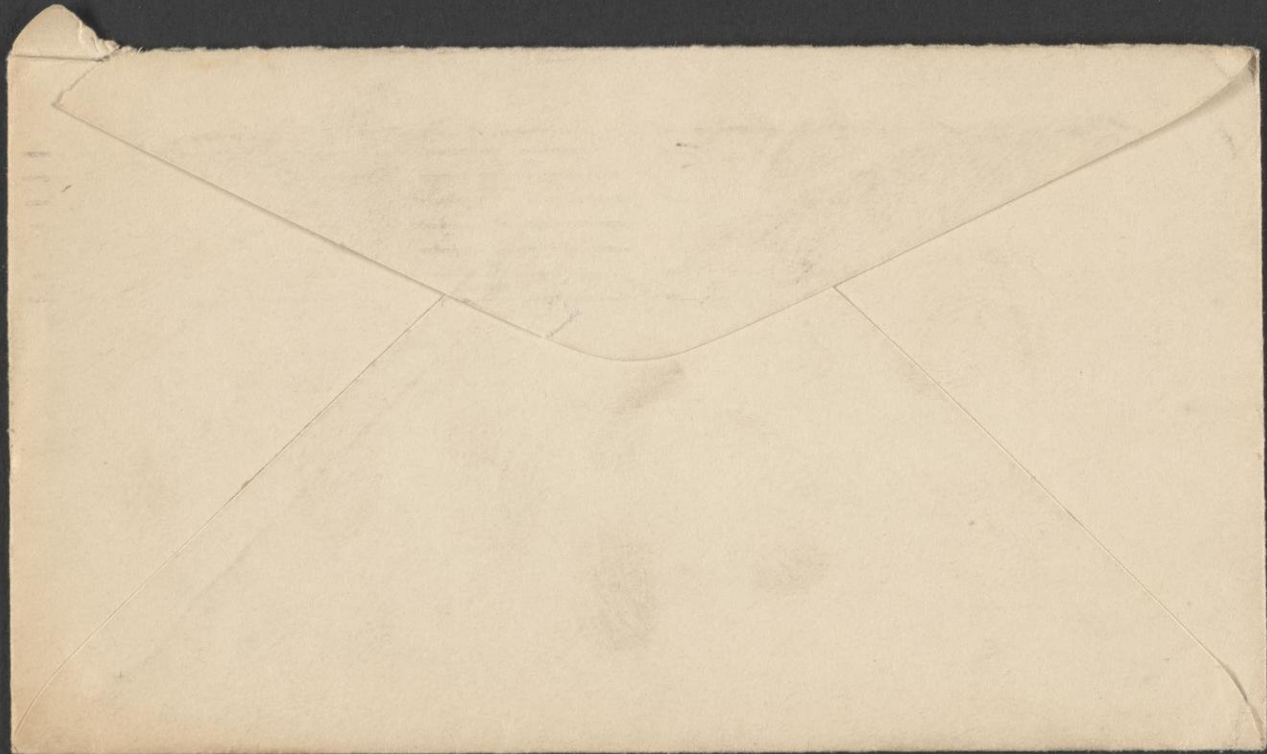
November 23 - 1:25 P.M. - a grey day. Without, not within.



506 Edgersten Place
Portage - Wisconsin



Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
83-4 Regal Road
Berkeley California



506 Edgewater Pl.
Portage, Wis.

postmarked 12/5/25

(No date on letter)

I hope that this is your right address - is it?

You ought to write me a long letter telling me all the things that you think and feel about the school and about Involution (?). Why do you not? I am reading her book Creative Involution (?) and I am enormously impressed not only by what she says but by her economy in saying it. Too great economy almost. It is so packed, so concentrated. Picture Herbert Spencer saying what she says. He would require five hundred pages. But yet I wish that she had said more. She could so easily have said so much more. It is the new word, isn't it? It is, as Anna Hempstead Branch said of Bergson, what poets have always known - only, not knowing self (?) either, with the best of them - they do not always know that they know this. - Do you? - You must be getting great things as well as giving great things. Tell me! - And how much longer are you to be there? Mrs. Markham writes that Virgil is back from Europe. You know that MacMillan's have accepted his book and want more?

(p2) How is your book - the Chatto and Windus. Really (?) finished by Thanks. giving? When will you send it to me? Not ever, you say, because I never return, never speak. Oh but think how much I think. And send it do. — I am writing a book of my own, and very fast now. I do not know when it will be done - or what its name will be but I am having a very good time with it. I thought of calling it Benediction, only I am not sure that that is what it is about. — The Millers are back in Riverside from Japan and China, and in his absence people in Riverside have collected for and erected a bridge and "peace tower" of stone, which will be a testimonial to him and will be unveiled about December 14. Wasn't it a beautiful thing to do? - Have I told you that Faint Perfume is to be done on the stage in New York sometime this winter? - I may go east for a little when that time comes, but otherwise I expect to be right here. For "recreation", if I needed it, there is Madison, and the Glenn Franks; and the regents share (?) becomes more and more interesting. Presently I shall tell you his plan for

re-writing the whole curriculum. - not doing (?) so here and not now,
But someday.

2.

Williams, Cora Lenore
Creative involution.

Berkeley, Cora L. Wms. Inst.,
1925.

US Cat Jul 25-Dec 26

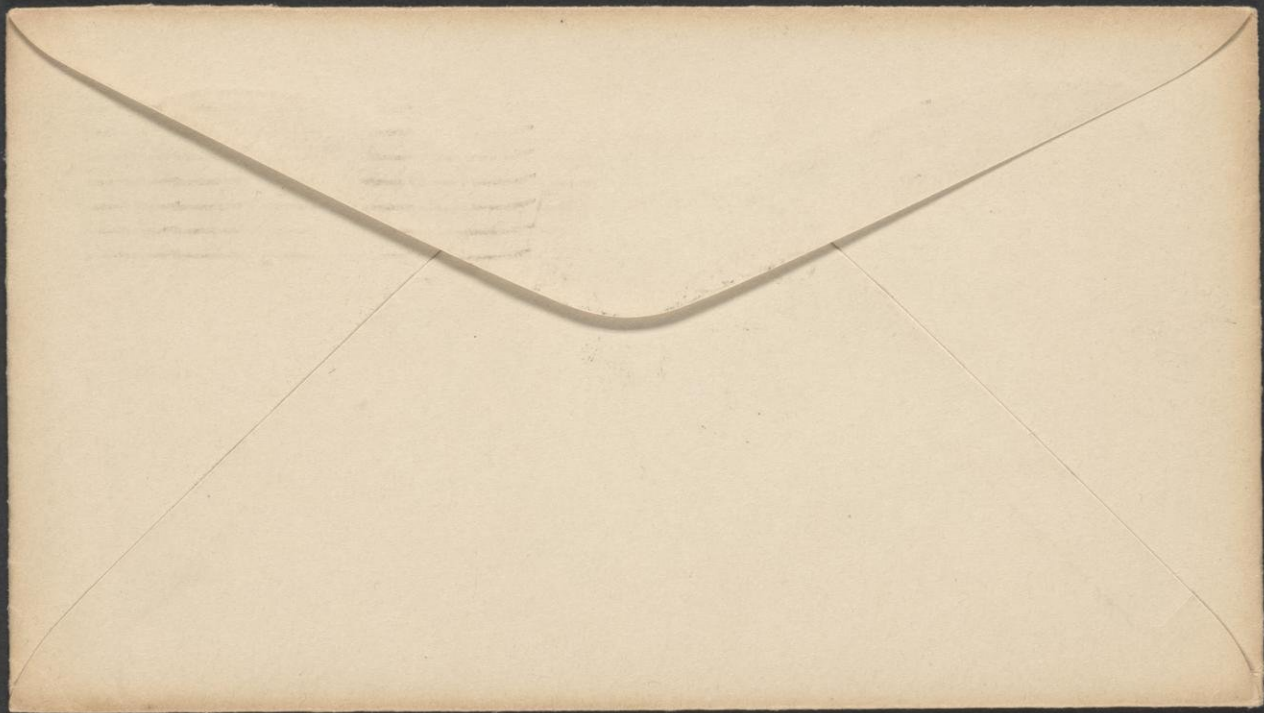
Postscript Dec. 5, 1925

I hope that is your right address - is it?
You ought to write me a long letter telling me all
the things that you think and feel about the school
and about ^{Education} ~~Education~~ ^{Creation} ~~Education~~. Why do you not? I am
reading her book ^{and} I am enormously impressed
not only by what she says but by her economy in
saying it. Too great economy almost. It is so
packed, so concentrated. Picture Herbert Spencer
saying what she says. He would require five hundred
pages. But yet I wish that she had said more.
She could so easily have said so much more. -
It is the new word, is it it? It is, as Anna
Wempstead Branch said of Bergson, what poets
have always known - only, not knowing self
either, with the best of men - they do not
always know that they know this. - Do you? -
You must be getting great things as well as
giving great things. Tell me! - And how much
longer are you to be there? - Mrs. Markham writes
that Virgil is back from Europe. You know that
Macmillan has accepted his book and what more?

How is your book - the Chet & Wanda.
Ready finished by Theosophy? When will you
send it to me? Well over, you say, because I
never return, never speak. Oh but think how much I
think. And send it do. - I am writing a
book of my own, and very fast now. I do not
know when it will be done or what its name will
be but I am having a very good time with it. I
thought of calling it ~~the~~ Benediction, only I am
not sure that that is what it is about. -
The Millers are back in Riverside from Japan and
China, and in his absence people in Riverside
have collected for and erected a bridge and "peace
tower" of stone, which will be a testimonial to
him and will be unveiled about December 14.
Next of a beautiful thing to do? - How I told
you ^{that} faint perfume is to be done on the
stage ⁱⁿ some time this winter? - I may go east for
a little when that time comes, but other than I
expect to be right here. In "recreation", if I needed it,
there is Madison, and the Glenn Franks; and the
repeats there becomes more and more interesting.
Presently I shall tell you his plan for re-writing
the whole curriculum - not ^{dropped} here and
not now, but someday.



Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 North Highland Avenue
Los Angeles California



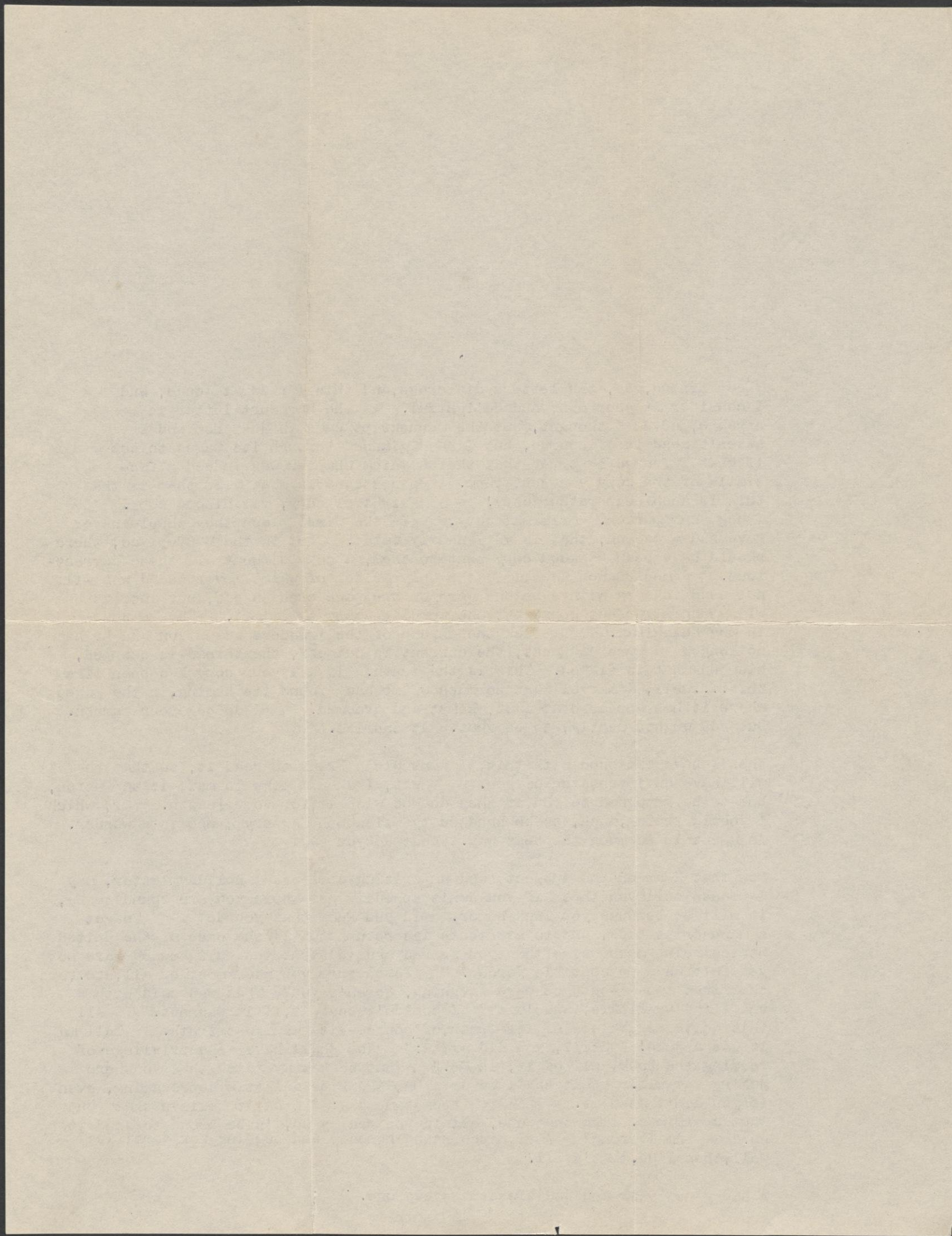
Letter postmarked Dec. 27, 1925 from Zona Gale to Dr. Henry Chester Tracy

Dear friend, yes, the letters did cross, and this I read at once, and I consider it your own, and delightful. The Harcourt letter is strange, or so I thought, but the manuscript came in just now and I haven't read it of course, but I have glanced through its pages to see if what I feared is true--that the Humanism chapter was indeed a facsimile of the copy you sent them. Unquestionably what ails them is that this is such a desperate copy! Frightful copy, villainous copy. I beg your pardon. Criminal copy. In the first place they should never have had a carbon, that is very nearly fatal. But in the MOST place, there should have been a good copy sent to them, a copy without all these corrections. James Branch Cabell is the only writer of whom I ever heard who will not send in copy with even one word on one page crossed off, but insists always on a perfect copy, but one word is about the limit. The reason is psychological. You break the thread of the reader's attention and he has no longer a true judgment, the current is cut off, the thread is snapped, his judgment is flawed. This is the truth. If all your copy has been like this....well, I marvel that so much of it has found its home, in the pages where it has appeared at last, kempt and groomed. I do beg your pardon. But you ought, really, to be shot. At sunrise.

When I have finished with this, I want Glenn Frank to read it, so that he will have an impression of you. Next, I should like to mail it to Dutton, but to be returned to you if they do not wish it, for some reason. Or, which I should prefer, much, to be handled by Elisabeth Marbury, who is a wonder. An agent is so much the best way. What do you say?

Now that I am on the subject, and am writing a pleasant holiday letter, may I please tell you that if you don't speedily get where you are bound to be, it will be because you lack humor. Did you know that you do? To get a manuscript back, and to attribute its return to (1) the case of the United States being much worse than you feared and (2) that the enlightened ~~are~~ are not yet felt as a perceptible force! To be sure you add, "most of all," etc., but the first two----but you were laughing, weren't you? That was said with a sniff and a wrinkle, wasn't it? I couldn't bear it, if it was not. All this quite regardless of its truth, of course--its manifest truth. Tell me it was a joke! Still, you did write: "You shall have the privilege of reading the book, all of it, in Ms." That shakes my faith that you were joking at all. What shall we do? Oh, PLEASE be a little deprecating, even if you don't mean it. PLEASE sometime say: "I can't believe that you want a big mss. like that one, but if you really do, I'd be proud to send it on." Am I wrong? Am I discounting honesty and begging for artifice? Well, then I do, that's all.

A happy new year and God bless us every one.



December 31, 1925

(bab)

This was to have gone back to you with my letter, and then it seemed a shame to make it travel in the same envelope with such a letter, to say nothing of the inherent shabbiness of letting you pay the postage on a letter such as that. So this has waited, and now goes to you with this decorous and humanistic note, to say my thanks for the privilege of reading it. It seems to me full of fine things, as you know that it is; and especially did I gloat over what you said regarding the teaching of literature. ..That concerning "likes and dislikes" is exquisitely robust and tenuous-- both, assuredly. And that propaganda gives "the illusion of effectiveness" is direct and keen, and a little hard on everyone who has left in him anything of the itinerant preacher-- as I have recently read of somebody saying of himself. The Dewey quotation is packed full. But this whole chapter is packed full--and I suspect that therein lies the difficulty for the average reader, as sensed by Harcourt, Brace. I suspect that what they want is that he should be helped along by "headings"! Not that, exactly, but by some chinks in the walls of pages of prose, wherein he can dig in his toes as he tries to mount their sheer sides. There is a point in that, too. It would be easy to do, without making this seem elementary, I think! The old Firstly, secondly, thirdly is not demanded, but it had its points for the sleeping ears to which it was addressed. And ~~Yach~~, O Teacher, and master of many, are exactly the ears which you are addressing. Please, please don't include BOTH of mine, will you?

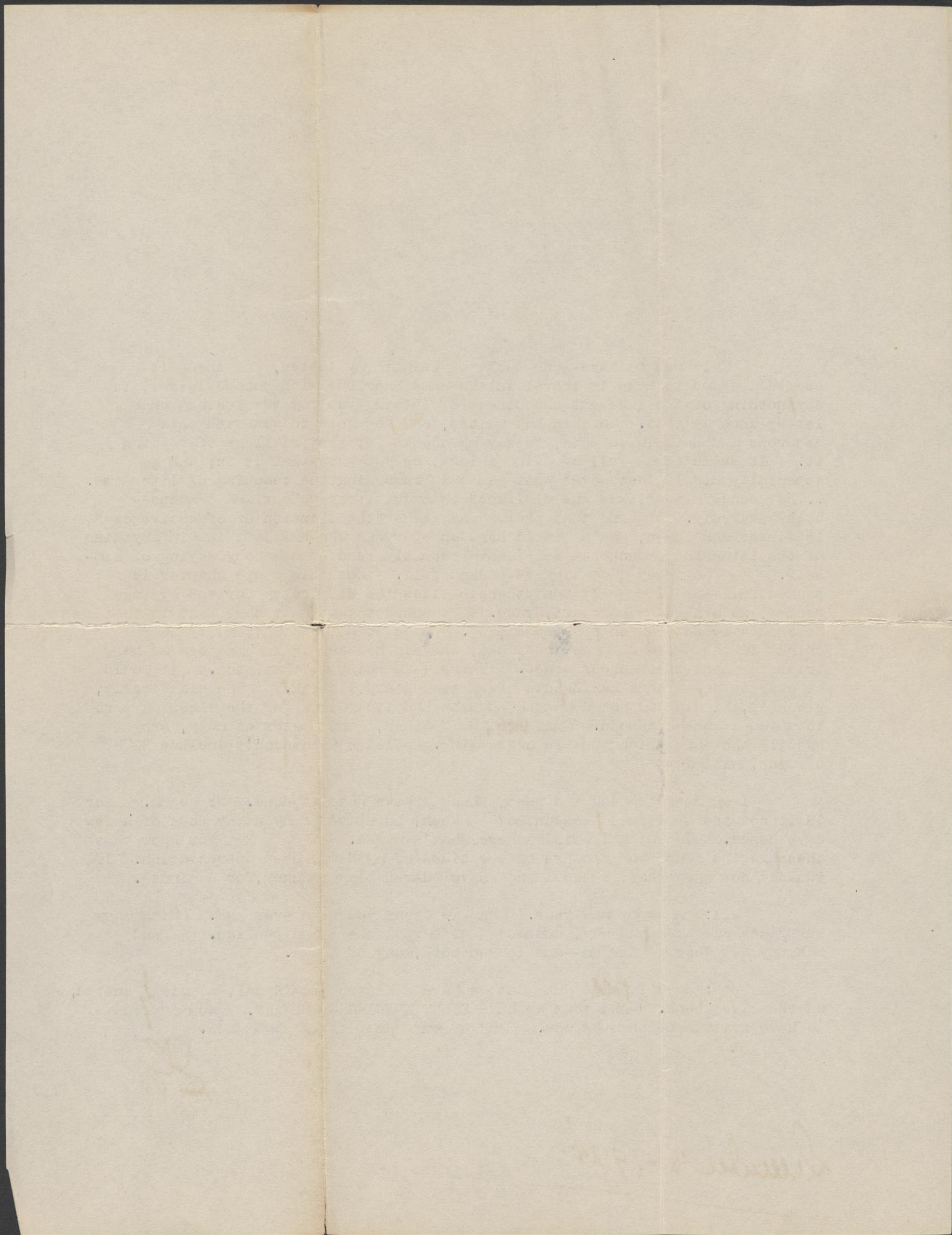
I am keen to read the rest, which I have not yet done. Or begun. For is it not the Christmas season, no? Keen, in spite of my utterances of a few days hence. To which I still adhere, what's worse. But you know that these are the foam of flowers on the tides of my deep, deep appreciation. If you did not know that, I should not have dared play teacher, for a minute.

Well: A Happy new year. Happier than you have ever had. With many surprises all along the way, connected with publishers and publics. And a happy New Year to Miriam--and to you both, many of these.

Note: Have I ~~told~~ you that we have a Kentucky cardinal, a pair I suspect, on the river bank. And that we have EIGHT EVENING GROSBREASTS. How much better to have written of them before. And of our deep thick slow snow.

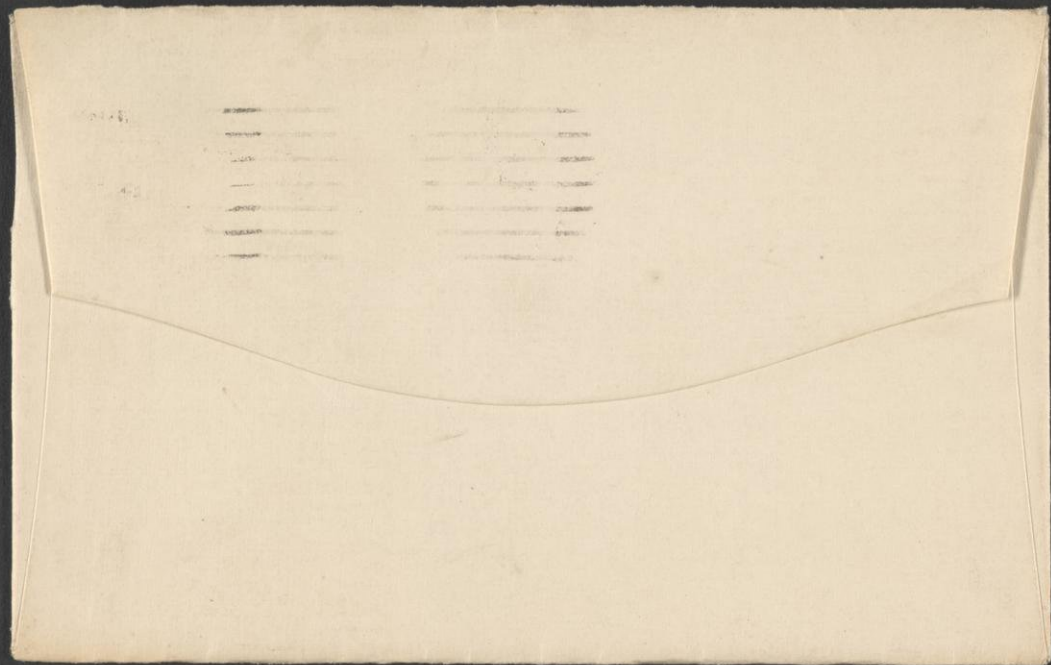
LG.

December 31-1925





H. C. Tracy
2104 N. Highland Ave
Hollywood
Calif.



Postmarked Jan. 18, 1926

①

Miss Eliza Lett Marbury
To American Play Company
35 West 42d Street

Address of Elizabeth Marbury,
for H.C.T.

New York.

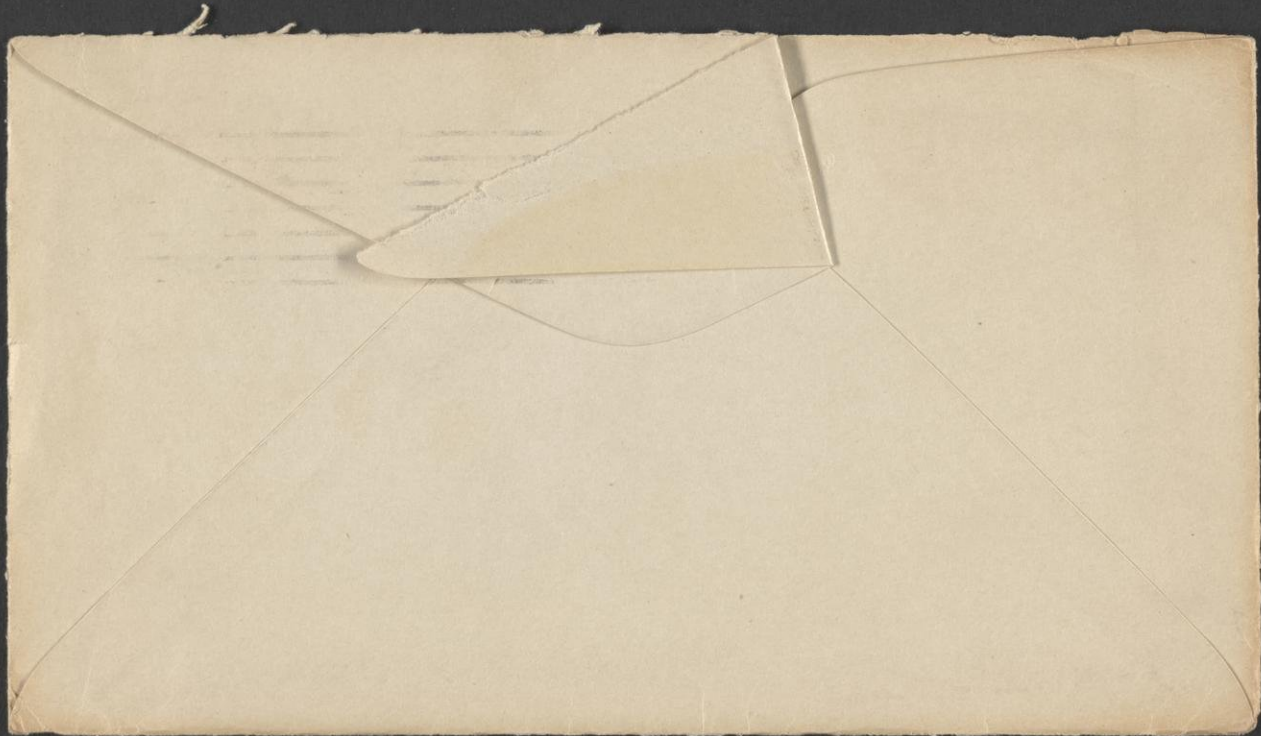
Certainly that was a most
marvellous reception of a
critique. One would think
that you liked critiques?
You receive them so exquisitely
that I should think you
would like them, would
court them, for the sake
of being so charming -
I knew of somebody who

said she loved to be
apologized to, because she
knew how to be. And that
she loved to wrong people,
because she loved to apologize.

If I were sure of being able
to apologize so well as that,
I might try it now. But
I'm not sure of being
expert. And I'm not so very
lucky. - I haven't read the
ms. yet - I've been stuck
deep in my own books, but I
hope to have it for transcription
within a few days. - "How
is school now?" - L.H.



Mr. Henry Chester Tracey
210 4 Highland Boulevard North
Los Angeles California



Postmarked Feb. 6, 1926

My dear friend, I you wanted - but you wouldn't have
wanted - and yet, did you not want? - revenge, for the
American corrective habit - with apostolic fervor in
me, Oh, but you have it. I read, every after
evening, and I said after the first chapter: "The
God passed, and I said 'Your scandal is unforgotten.'
Or I think that this was what I thought of,
after the first chapter. Of course you knew that
you had, when you said people hadn't caught up
with you yet. (And yet) cannot forget that
I nearly - well, nearly nearly - didn't answer your
first letter, because you said in that: "You haven't
heard of me, but you will." - And you must make
for me this allowance, that they all say that, and
when they say it, my heart sinks and so does yours.
In spite of your saying that which called forth my
apostolic fervor, then, here is this wonderful thing.
I marvel at you - the speed with which that is
poured forth. Sometimes I thought, by the corrections,

31st Nov
In spiritualism ^{31st Nov} as a mode of ^{Corroborations} but your contribution is, here, that you neither assert with the West nor deny with the East, the organism - but I seek to use its data, and that is new to mysticism, so far as I know, my little self. Your scientific humanism is a fluid link and you cannot offer a better kind of link than that.

Well - yesterday I took it over to Dr. Frank, the Open Court. On Wednesday I called him and told him that I had. I said "You remember Dr. Tracy?" "Yes." "And that I told you he was going to do something?" (I put it so) "Yes." "Well, he has done it." - My telegram told you that I would have him send the MSS. to Sutton on Monday. That I ventured to change. In this coming week Dr. Heikeljhu arrives at Madison for his first classes, and I want him to

32
It might have been a first draft - the facility, and what Lawrence would call the fecundity among me hardly less than the content. How far you have gone, how much you have excelled the present - and when I got beyond my depth, I felt that curious and ridiculous triumph which any member of the race must feel when one goes so disappearingly high. - And all the lovely phrasing and pouring words, unique and yet so subtle, usually - (though I meant to look up, ambit) It is a heavenly and earthly performance. - You do not quite meet the old mysticism on its own highest ground always - it, too, stands only for service, only for expanded relationships to man and to God - it too stands

4
see this. Then I want Hagen to
see the last chapters - He has
come from Germany this year to
join the faculty for history of
art.

Well, and this is because of
that has long been in my mind
and crystallizes now, because
of the man and because of
a plan of mine Dr. Frank
told me a month ago. Every
teacher's meet cries that there
should be an experimental
university, but they see no way
to have one without a million of
dollar plant & faculty to start it.
Dr. Frank proposes - this a
confidence, unless you care to tell
Robert Nichols - ~~to~~ Dr. I think it

is shally confidence, and you see she - to start an
experimental school in this university. Say, a
hundred students who shall volunteer to be its
students, and the faculty chosen from our faculty,
from those who could see this and do this, together
with those whom Dr. Frank wishes to bring in here.
You see? - I told Dr. Frank what I had in my mind.
And you should know too. - It was 21° here,
below zero, last week - but you should know. Our
houses and class rooms at least are 70°. Our capital
is 80°. We are California too. - Of course,
it is an airy office - but you may fall in
with the idea, who knows? - at least as an
experiment. until you write all the time.

Meanwhile, my congratulations, many and
fierce, at being out of the job. This gives you a
clear six months for the next book. How
lovely to have that freedom thrust upon you. It
is nearly as good and much better than being sent
to jail as a leisure compeller. (Or is it compeller?)
Dr. Frank says: "I have often thought - 'All for bars'."
I shall not let them hold the mass. longer
than next week. Then I shall send it to Hallon.
"Congratulations" is an empty phrase. I send you
the empty phrase heaped full. - L.H.

196



2104 Highland

Dr. Henry Chester Tracy,

2104 Holland Avenue,
NOT IN CARRIER'S DELIVERY DISTRICT

Los Angeles,

California.



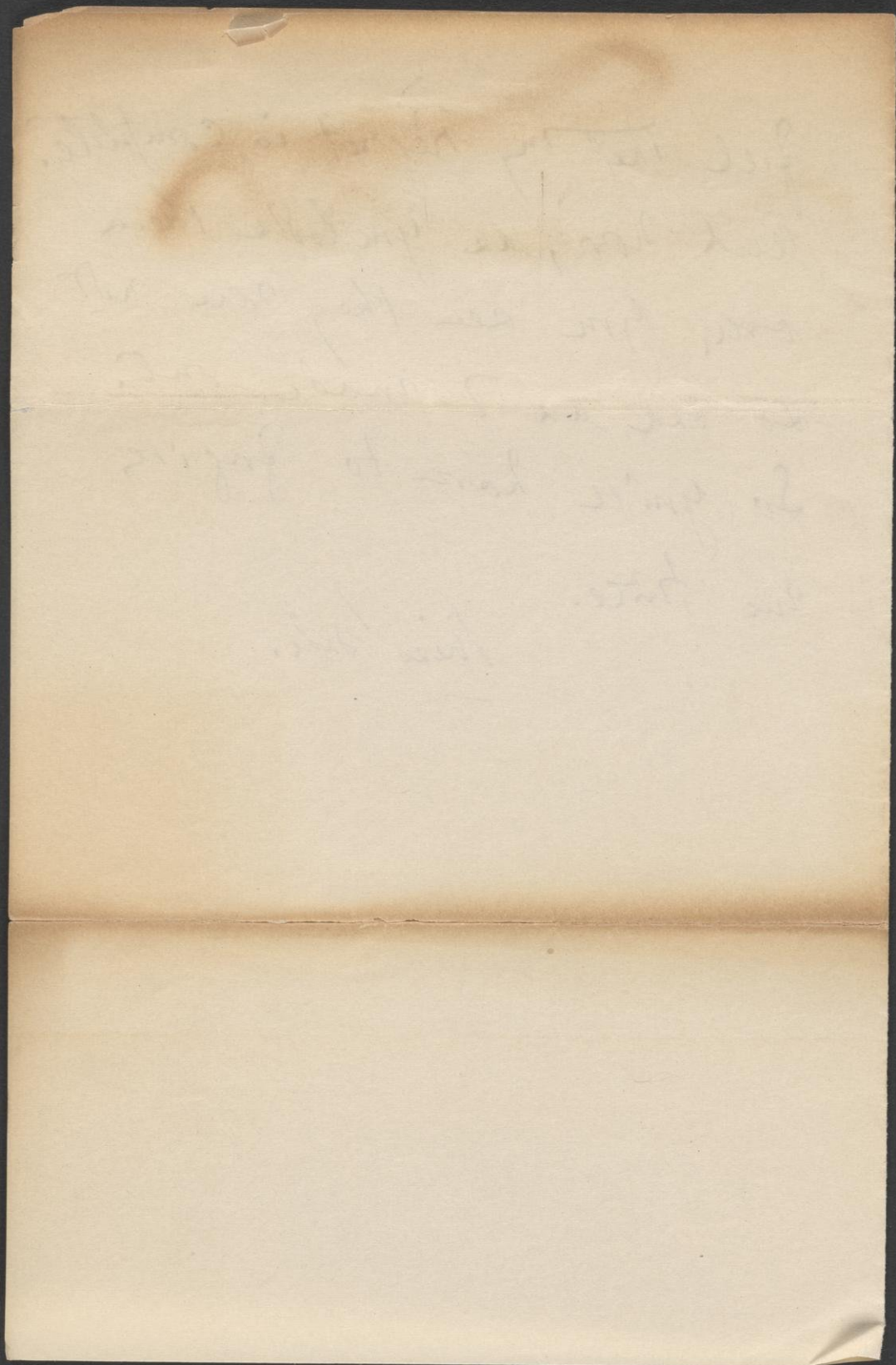
Postmarked Mar. 11, 1926

(30) 6, 4, 4

These pages go back to
you - you said you had
not a whole copy left and
these may fit in somewhere.
I took it upon me, (in
that aforesaid apostolic
fervor) to have the charming
not typing for me; type
these pages. She verified most
carefully, but if a word
was changed, I shall

feel that my regret is complete.
And now, as you look them
over, you see they were not
so bad as I made out.
So you'll have to forgive
me this.

Miss Sall.



Postmarked Mar. 11, 1926

(34)

This is the word from Dr. Meiklejohn at last which reached me day before yesterday. I am afraid that holding the manuscript for him to see delayed it, for it will only reach Duttons tomorrow. With it I sent the enclosed letter.

Dr. Meiklejohn's letter seems to me very stimulating and challenging and though not completely understanding, still as much so as one might hope for with his sudden introduction to the manuscript and to you. My thought is, and yours I hope will be the same, that you might write to him now much as you did earlier, telling him about that early letter if you thought well. And bring to bear on his guess as to your fort as teacher whatever might be permissible. And if he does indeed want to see the writer and talk with him why doesn't he? I can't make out his one word in that next to the last paragraph--that he would not carry what with him.

Mr. Frank's note at the head of the paper would not indicate that he had himself looked at the manuscript. He has been so besieged by engagements to speak and so tired and unwell that I dare say he didn't. He is always making jokes about having ceased to read books since he took this job.

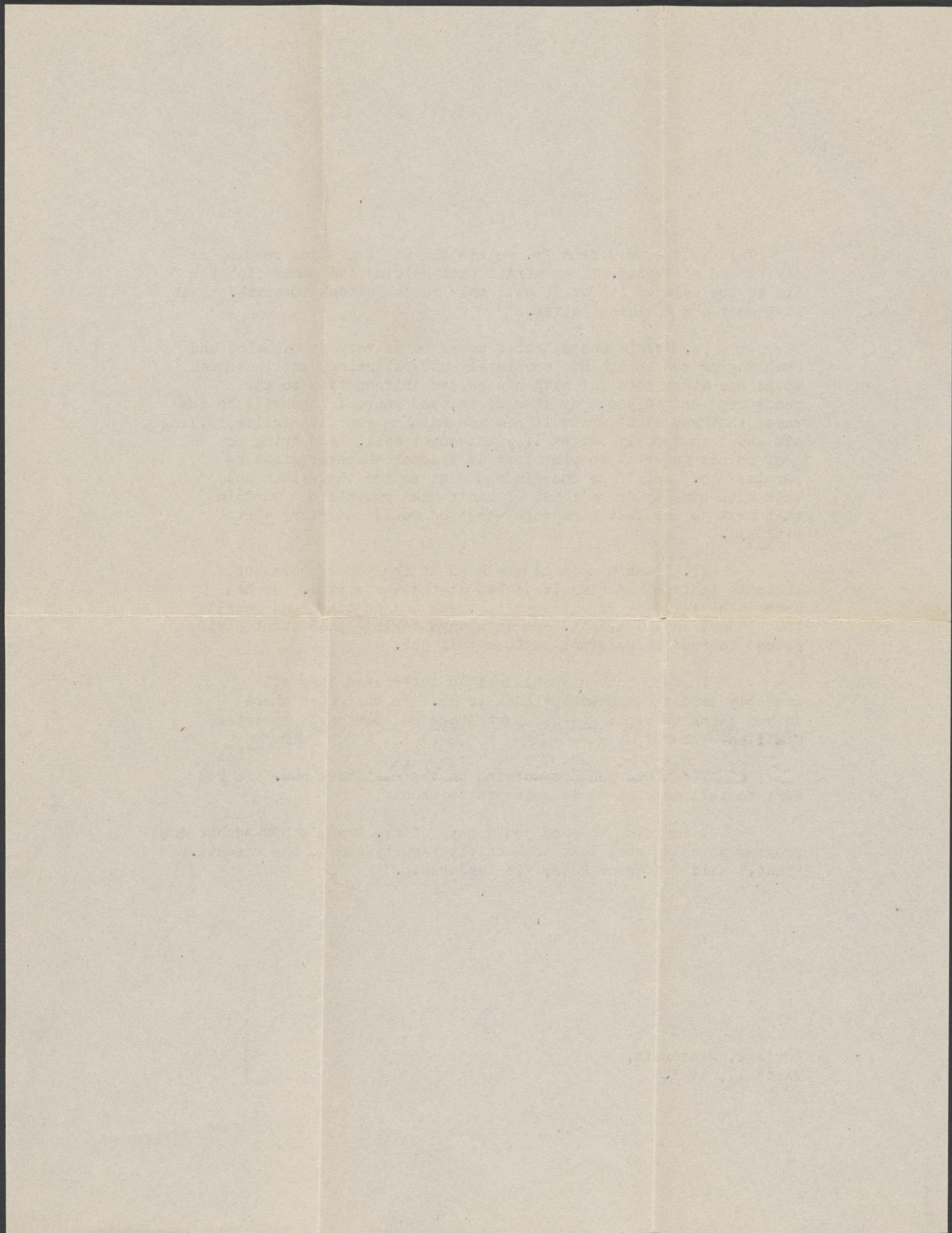
In case Dutton should not be interested they will probably send the manuscript back to me. In that case where do you think it might go--Harcourt Brace and Company? Appleton? McMillan? Where?

I do hope you are working on the next book now. Do you want to tell me what it is going to be about?

I am going to send you a copy of Mr. Frank's new educational program which he read last week to the faculty and to the regents. "That," said Professor Ross, "is leadership."



Portage, Wisconsin,
March 11, 1926.



Postmarked Mar 11, 1926

(3c)

COPY

Gentlemen:

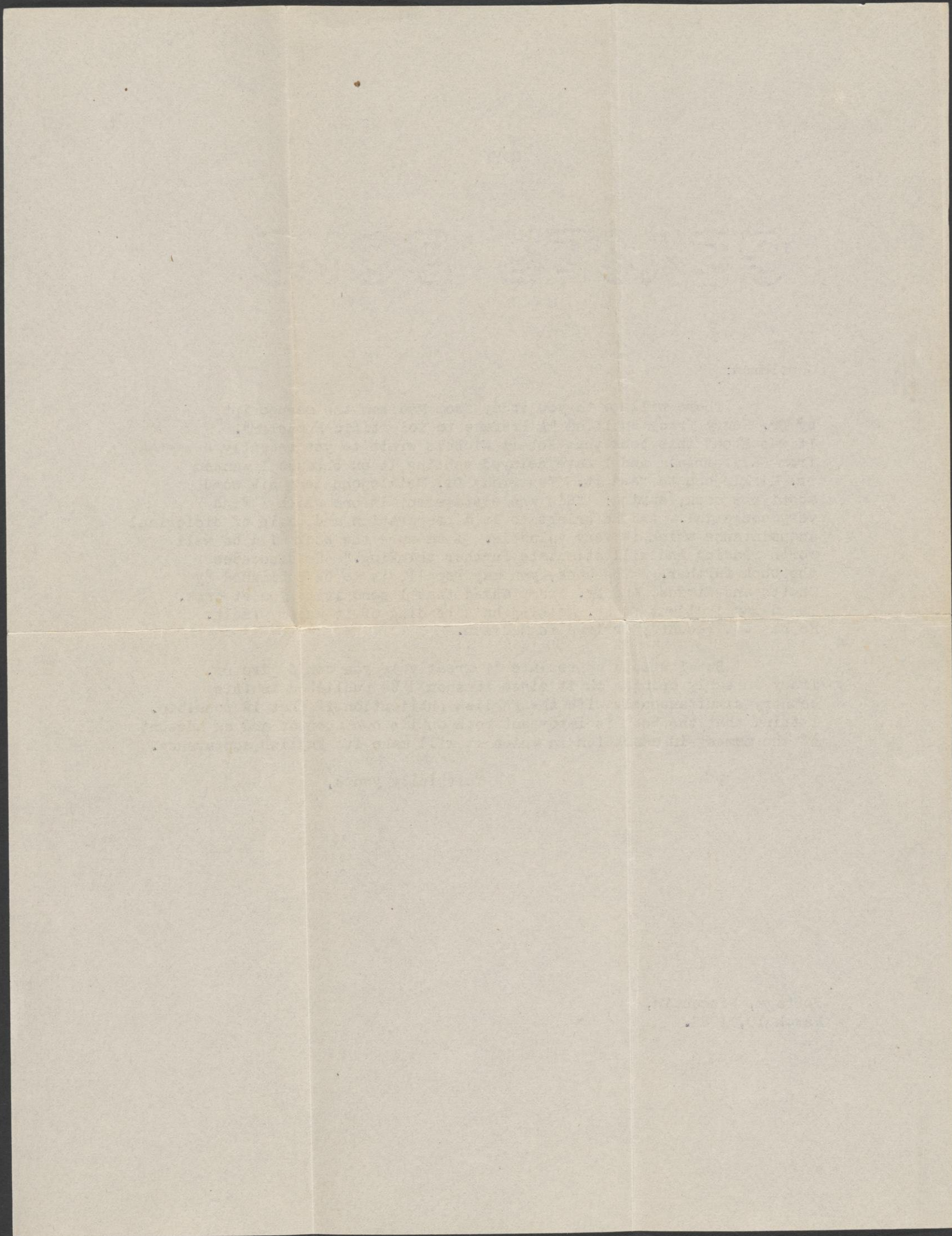
There will go to you today from Madison the manuscript by Dr. Henry Tracy entitled "A Preface to Scientific Humanism". It was about this book that Robert Nichols wrote to you recently from California. And I have delayed sending it on because I wanted Dr. Meiklejohn to read it. Yesterday Dr. Meiklejohn sent his word about the book, saying: "His whole statement is one which I find very congenial. And he brings to it a preparation and basis of biological acquaintance which is very valuable. I am sure the book will be well worth reading and will stimulate further thinking." He discusses the book further. The book, you may recall, is to be published by Chatto and Windus, and Dr. Tracy asked that I send it to you at once. The delay incident to Dr. Meiklejohn's reading of it was my fault. He has but recently arrived in Madison.

But I should appreciate it greatly if you could give Dr. Tracy an early opinion on it since it should be published in this country simultaneously with the English publication if that is possible. I think that the book is important both on its own account and on account of the moment in education in which it will make its English appearance.

Faithfully yours,

John G. ...

Portage, Wisconsin,
March 10, 1926.



Postmarked Mar. 11, 1926

(3)

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
MADISON

DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY

RECEIVED

MAR 11 1926

Feb. 22

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

My dear Frank,

Mrs. Cole,
Here is Dr. M.S.
Commons. What we
do you want me
to do with the M.S.
H.F.

I have read nearly all of this Mass. It
is very interesting. The writer has a point of view
which is fairly antagonistic to current educational
and social procedures. His whole statement is one
which I find very engaging and he brings to it a
preparative basis of biological sequence which
is very valuable. I am sure the book will be well

worth reading and will stimulate further thinking.

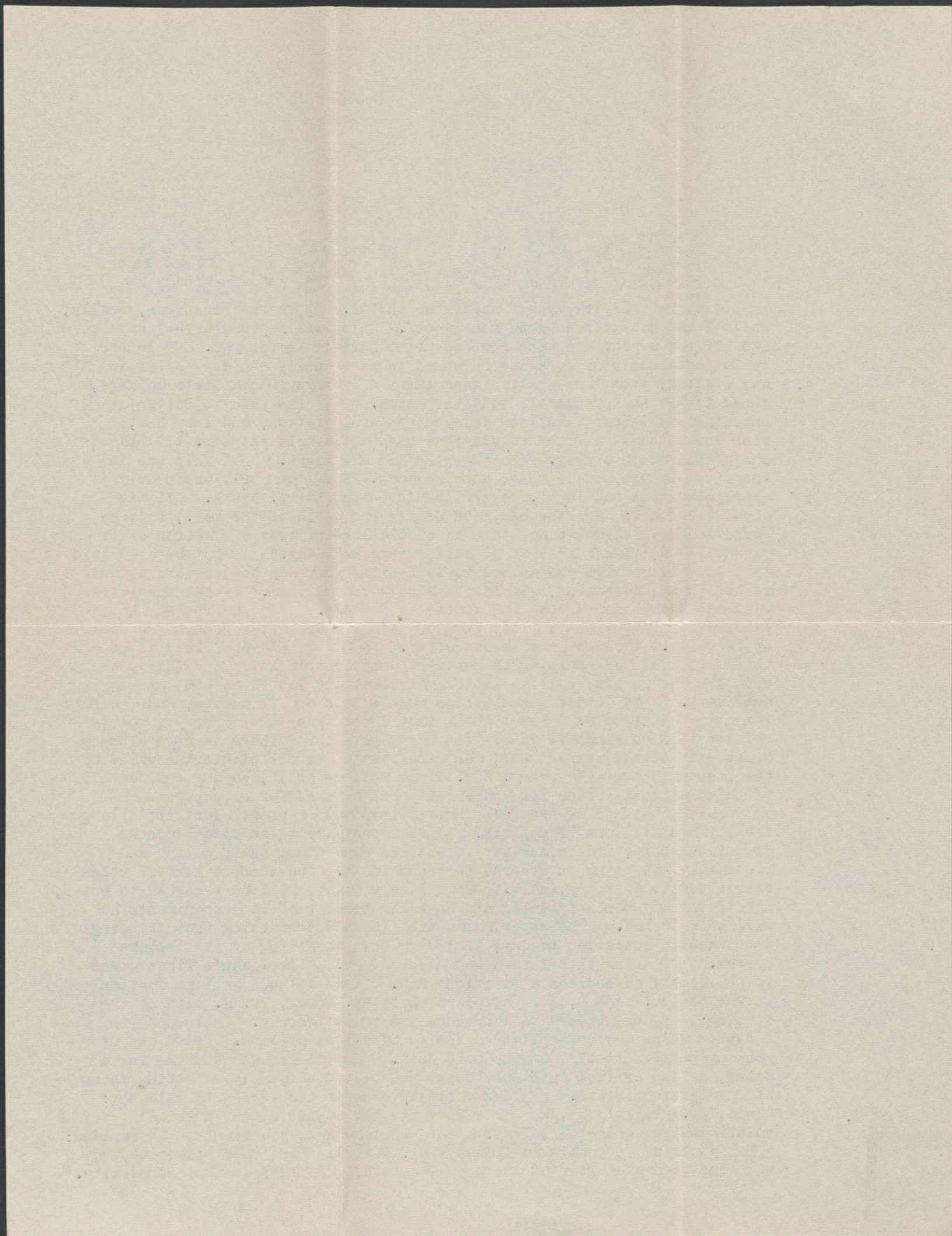
The writer seems to me to be feeling his way rather than seeing it. And though he would perhaps accept that criticism rather readily, it still seems to me to constitute a real difficulty. One cannot, when speaking of things, protest that they cannot be spoken of.

I'd like to see the writer and talk with him. He would certainly be exciting. My guess is that he would not be a good teacher, that he would not say things with him. But my information is too scanty for judgment. But, any way, I have had a good day reading the book. Thanks to you and to Miss Gull.
yours a.m.

no envelope

(Lab)

I cannot forgive myself about the letter. It is the first one, really, which I had not addressed to you myself. This little secretary--I have had her for a year and more now, seems to have it in for you. My letter to Dutton about your book was returned to me nearly ten days after it was written, from the English department of Pennsylvania State college, whose letter had presumably gone to Dutton. I telgraphed to Dutton at once that my letter had been delayed and would follow, and they had, your letter says, written to you that they would hold the Mss. till the end of the month anyway. So that one was all right. But this one is annoying--though not, I hope, more serious. For I can tell you nearly everything that was in Dr. Meickeljohn's letter to Dr. Frank. It was about like this: That he had read nearly the whole of the mss., that he found it most stimulating, that he should like to meet the writer of it "it would be," I recall that he said, "very exciting." But he also said that in his opinion you seemed to be feeling your way toward conclusions rather than---something, was it thinking?--toward them. But the letter was most complimentary on the whole, as you see. It is written, he said, evidently by one in full tide of revolt against the present methods of teaching. You get the import of it. And so I said if he suggests thinks it would be exciting to meet you, why doesn't he? And that you should write to him, telling him of your previous letter to him, and saying some more. My letter was about as much a loss as his, please, and I cannot remember what I said! But I think that I told you--and asked you not to mention it much since it is all tentative yet--that there is here a dream of an educational experiment, an experimental school within the walls of the present University plant. Dr. Frank told me of it, saying that at all educational conferences for years they had wished for an experimental university, but had always felt that it involved a great plant and a large faculty and millions of dollars. His proposal is to announce such an experiment here, and to ask for volunteers from among the faculty, and presumably to bring in others, to teach in it. And then to ask for volunteer students to study in it. No one, obviously, will be required to enter, but if anybody wants to enter and have the benefit of the experiments he will be welcomed. The experiments will include everything that is being discussed in education to-day, including the scrapping of the lecture system. I think that I told you also, of Dr. Meickeljohn's first class in Philosophy at Madison a fortnight ago. It is called an Introduction to Philosophy. And, as reported to me by Dr. Frank, Dr. M. said at the opening: "I am supposed to introduce you to philosophy. Philosophy is a system which may be applied to the perplexities of life. Have any of you any perplexities?" And he sat down. The class was stunned for a space, having arrived with note books and all, confidently expecting reams of mimeographed stuff. Then a little flapper recovered and said she: "Well, Dr. Meickeljohn, we girls have trouble adjusting our personal relationships among ourselves. Would that be what you mean?" He replied: "That would be so much what I mean that you will find that Plato devoted such and such a chapter of the Republic to discussing just that perplexity."



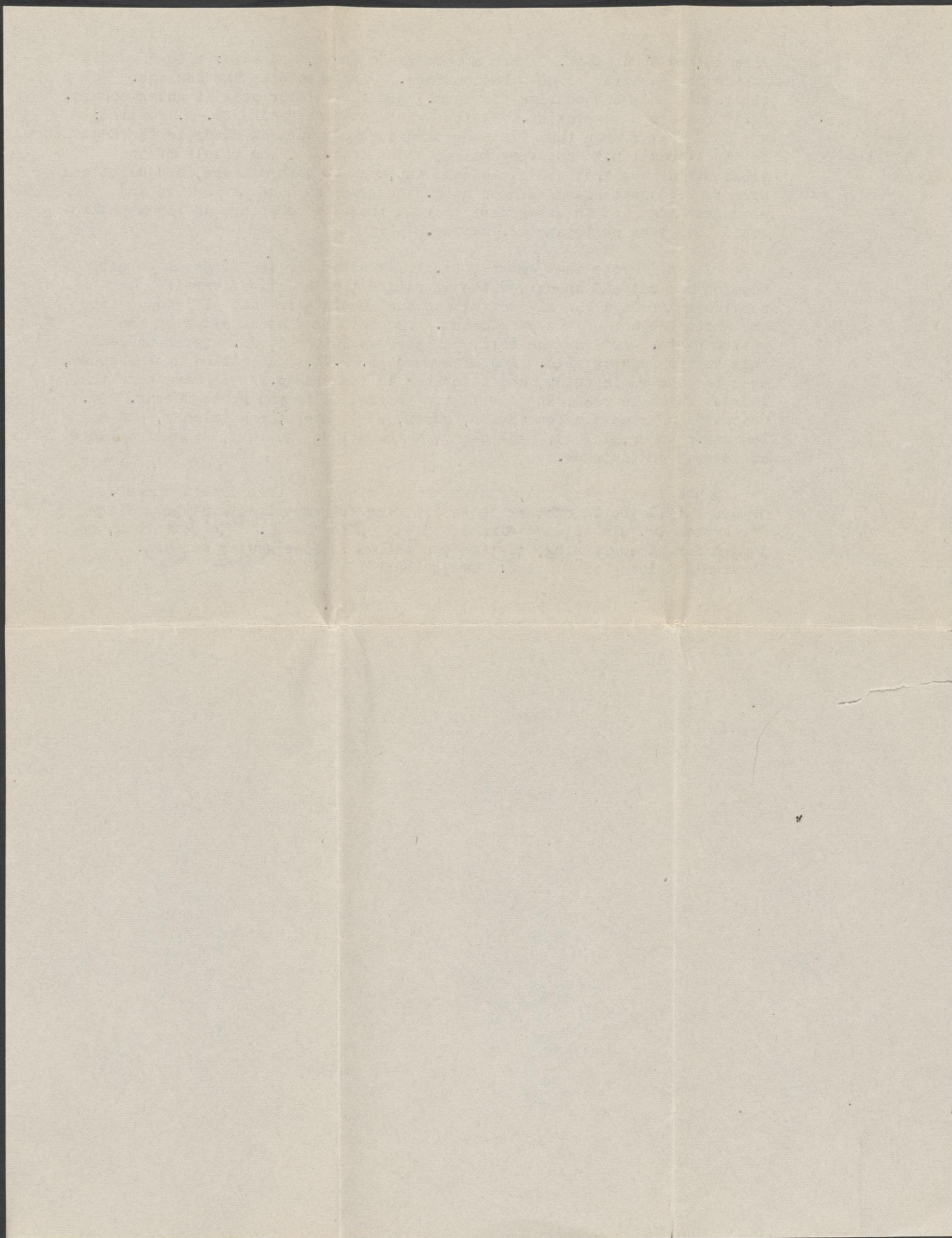
They talked about that. Then a vast Swede arose, and said: "Some bandit --name not familiar to me-- had courage. And a soldier has courage. But the bandit uses his courage for harm. And the soldier uses it under orders. Isn't courage a perplexity. Is that what you mean?" And Dr. M. replied: "So much what I mean that Plato devoted such and such an ^{chapter} in the Republic to its discussion." And they talked about that. The result of the "recitation" was that the class went out, keen on both matters, and doubtless keen to read what Plato said on both. Whereas an hour of lecture and mimeographing, and an assignment to read those two chapters of the Republic would have been quite another matter.

Since I wrote that letter, Dr. Frank asked for the floor at faculty meeting one day and announced the appointment of an All-University commission(I love the way we imitate the Russians in that All) to go into the whole subject of the curriculum. He said that he should keep the chairmanship. And then he told what they would try to do. Later he read this to the regents also. And afterward Dr. E. A. Ross called up the house, keen for the whole thing, and said "That is leadership.#" I have here that address which he read, and I will try to mail it to you by to-morrow. Dr. Meickeljohn is on the commission, Guyer, Schlichter, Dean Sellery, and a law man. Guyer, biology; Schlichter, Mathematics. Sellery, dean of college of letters and science. *Frank*

Maybe I told you, too, that I am invading your ^{field} friend this summer. Or did I tell you in another letter? Going to Pennsylvania State college for a week in July to give six "lectures" on the Novel. No text book, no demand for mimeographing, just my own things in Yale Review and Mrs. Wharton's Writing of Fiction! How's that?

Next time I'll tell you about the Butterfly.

S. Gale

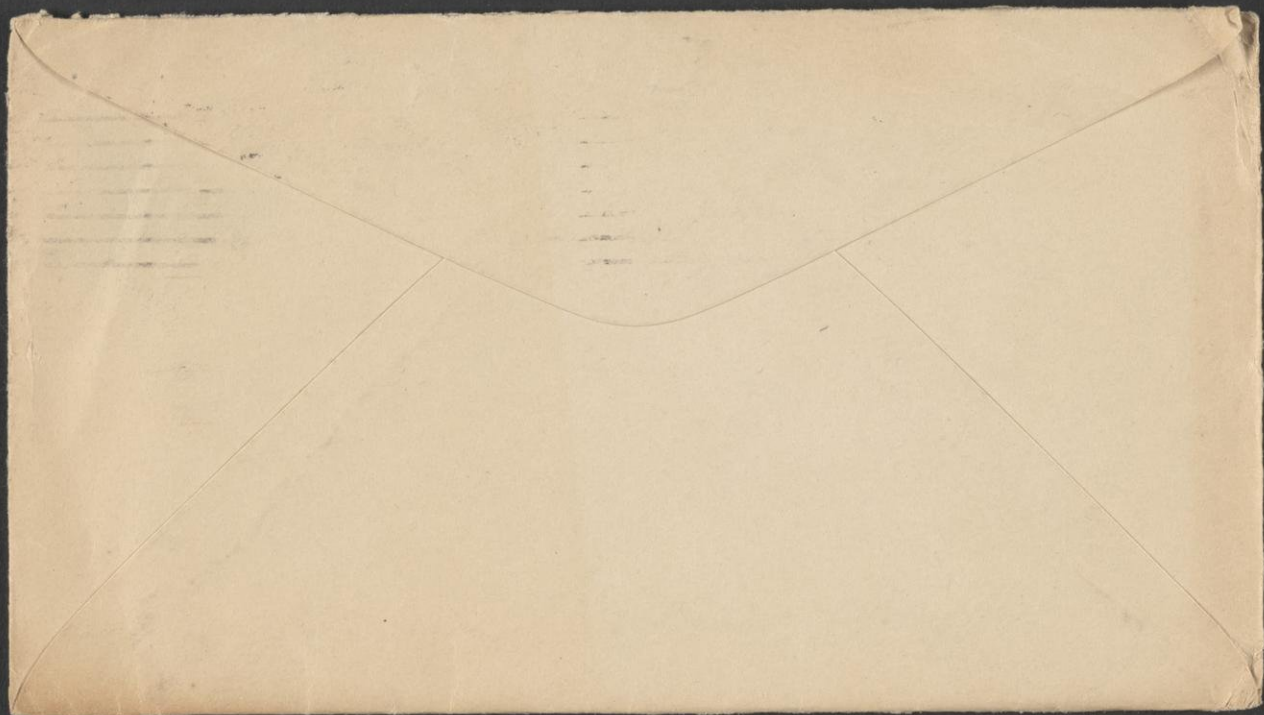


Don't take
Postage in
Michigan



Dr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Los Angeles
California

NO SUCH No. SOUTH — 590 W.



Postmarked: Mar. 27, 1926

⑤

THEODORE KRONSHAGE, PRESIDENT

BEN F. FAAST, VICE PRESIDENT

J. D. PHILLIPS, BUSINESS MANAGER
M. E. MCCAFFREY, SECRETARY

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The Board

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STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,

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Postmaster
Los Angeles
California

March 23: 1926:

Dear Sir:

About March 10 a letter went from here addressed to Dr. Henry Tracy, 2104 Holland avenue, Los Angeles. By an error of my secretary, Holland was written for Highland. Two days later she discovered this error, but I did not worry about it, for Dr. Tracy, a teacher in the Los Angeles High School, and a resident there for nearly twenty years, could not, I thought, be mislaid. Still, I sent a letter to him informing him of the error, so that in case the letter should not reach him, he could inquire.

Some
A letter received from him to-day informs me that he did not receive that letter of mine, that he has inquired both at branch and main post office, and has interviewed officials, and that the letter seems to have disappeared.

Dr. Tracey's name appears both in the telephone and the city directory of Los Angeles. I am unable to believe that these were not consulted by your department people before this letter would have been destroyed.

But, that failing, inside the letter was an enclosure--not the letterhead on which the letter was written, for there was none--but an enclosure with the letter head of the President of the University of Wisconsin. You would not, certainly, have returned the letter to that letter-head; but it would have indicated that the letter was of sufficient importance so that your city directory might be consulted for the addressee. In Chicago a letter sent bearing no address at all will be delivered, on time, if the name is in the city directory. This is also the case in New York. I find myself unable to believe that the Los Angeles postoffice can have destroyed a letter sent to a resident of years, a public school teacher whose name appears in all your directories. Will you not go into the matter, since the letter was of the first importance, and the enclosure is irreplaceable.

Yours Very Truly,

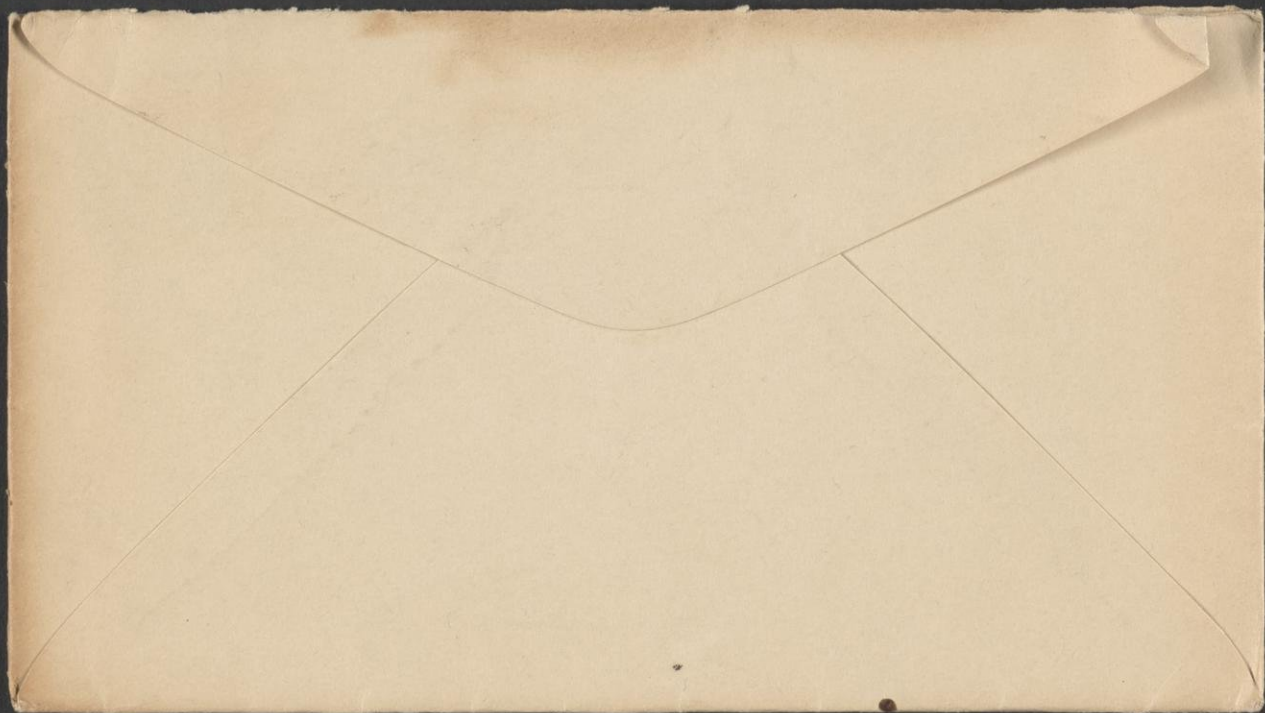
*Over, for
second thought, it should be sent to him. Mrs. Gale*

One feels the greatest sympathy for the Postmaster of Los Angeles with all its thousands of tourists, and their correspondents, who will not put on return addresses nor have their addresses verified. And yet in Chicago and in New York a letter is delivered only a mail or two late with no address at all, if only the name appears in the city directory. I want Los Angeles, to which I profess devotion, to be not a whit behind these other towns. And I want extremely that Dr. Tracy shall locate that letter which contained an enclosure on the letter-head of the President of the University of Wisconsin, since the letter is of the first importance, and the enclosure irreplaceable. Will you be good enough to have someone make inquiry for me?

Very truly yours,

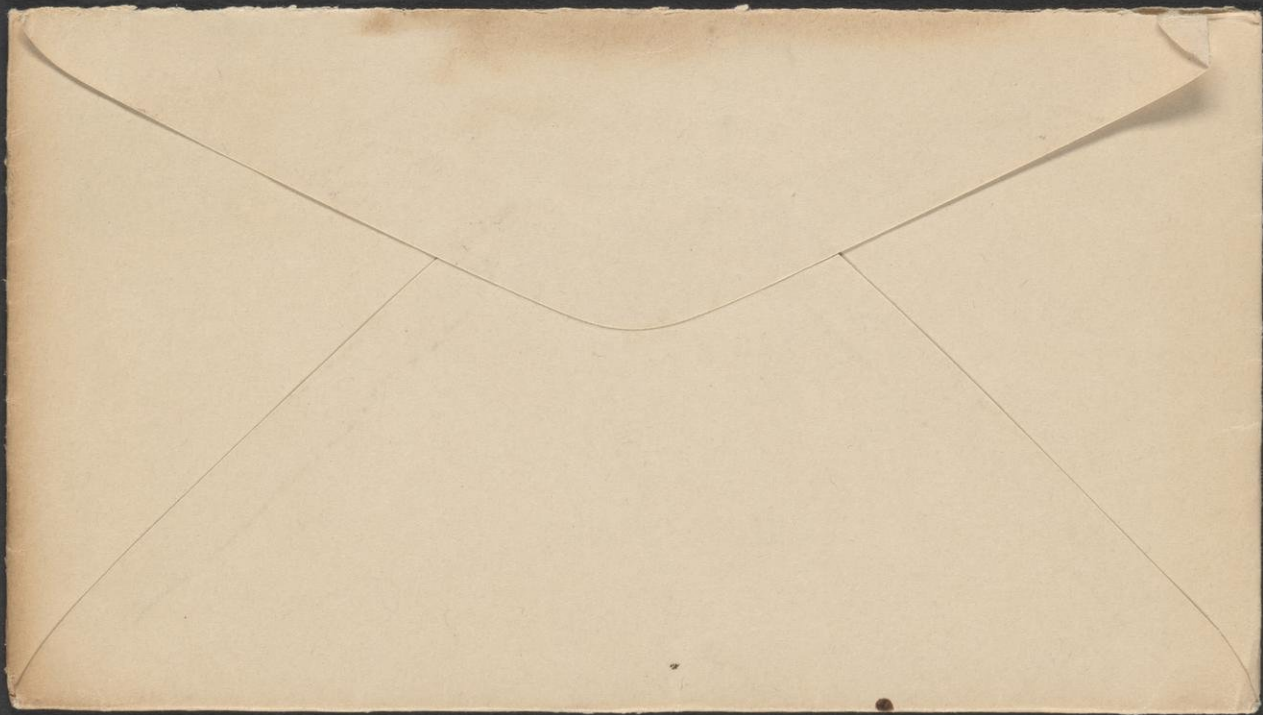


Mr. Henry Chester Tracey
2104 Highland Boulevard N.
(or 2401) Hollywood California





Mr. Henry Chester Tracey
2104 Highland Boulevard N.
(or 2401) Hollywood California



Postmarked Jun. 1, 1926

(6a)

So glad to know of the
decision to talk with
Mr. Frank and Mr.

Meiklejohn. So sorry not
to have said so before.
I have been to Detroit
and then spots -

7
returned to be laid low
with a griping cold;
and then father who is
here ill, had the

same and more, and has quite it for more
than two weeks. He is nearly all right
again now. However I shall hope to
see you in Madison rather than here
and will run over when you are there,
unless it is so by that time that I
can hope you will come this way
as you did before. The summer is
the last sounds delightful. I expect
to be briefly in New York in July -
I have promised to give a week on
the road at Pennsylvania State
College. July 16 - 23. - It may be
that you will be in Madison while
I am there for the last reports
making for the year - about June 14,
I think. But I would come over in
any case. If you were not to come
here. You must let me know as
much in advance as you can, and

I shall want to speak of it to the
Franks. - The room is full of the sound of
mourning doves - but across the river is a
thrush, wood or ruscus-backed, I don't know.

It is just three years ago that I
lost my mother - May 29 - - and for you
it is four years, is it not. So long -
and yet but yesterday that she was here.
My love to Miriam. I sent you a
little magic book to Berkeley. L.H.
May 31 -

Postmarked Jun. 1, 1926

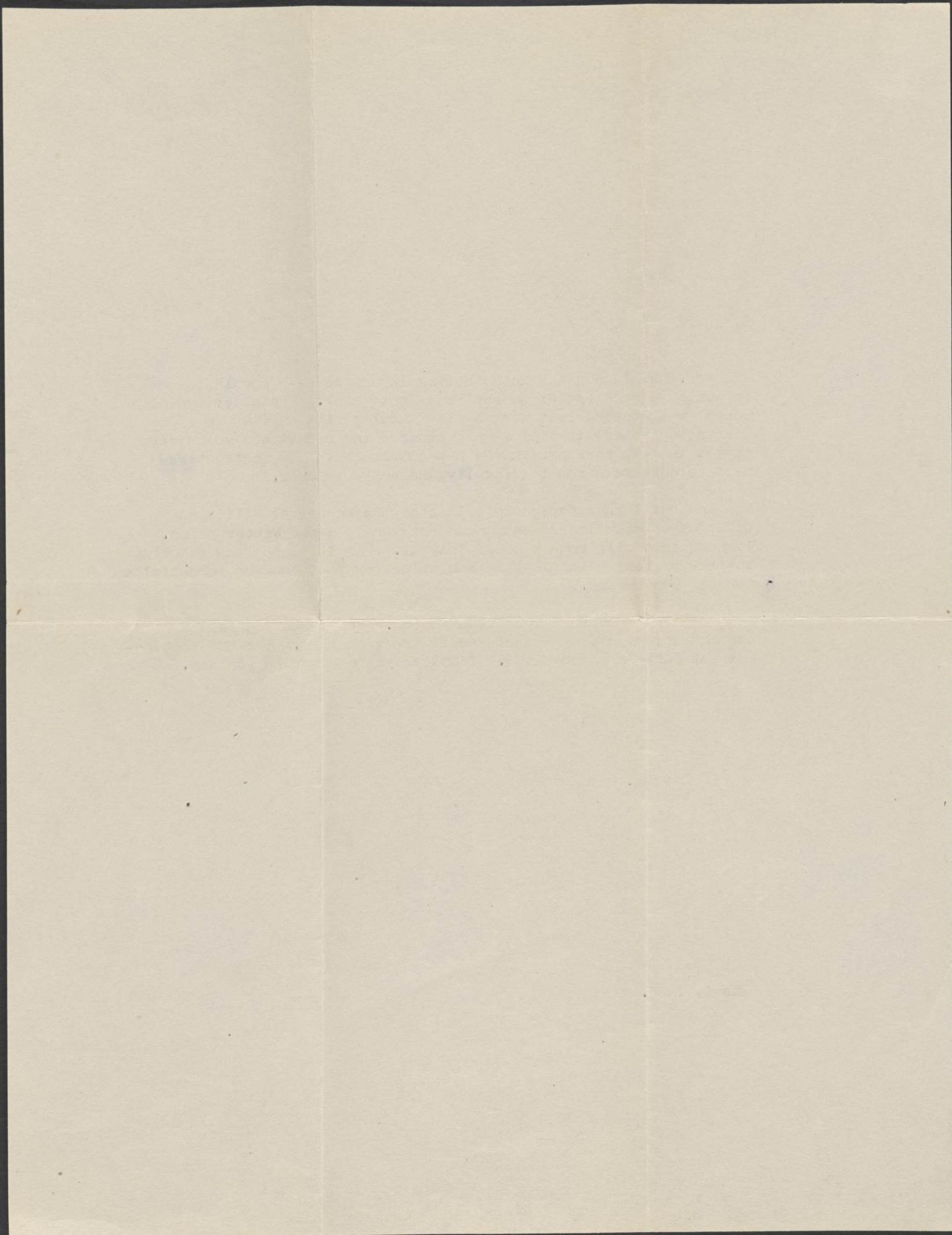
(6b)

Dr. Meiklejohn has no authority in any case--I should think it would be much better to see President Frank. The experimental school was adopted last week by the faculty with only a few dissenting votes--it will mean a hundred and twenty six volunteer pupils to live together in the new commons with the instructors--also volunteers--from the faculty and some new ones.

And yet I know perfectly well that the wonderful Williams offer which does indeed seem made for you is a far better thing. I know that with some kind of insight. For it is not the teaching but the writing which is the main thing for you, however wonderful a teacher you may be.

I haven't heard a word from Dutton. How could you take the manuscript off my hands when it isn't on them. The new people--Charles Boni--are very good. I'd love to do anything you say.

Portage,
June 1, 1926.



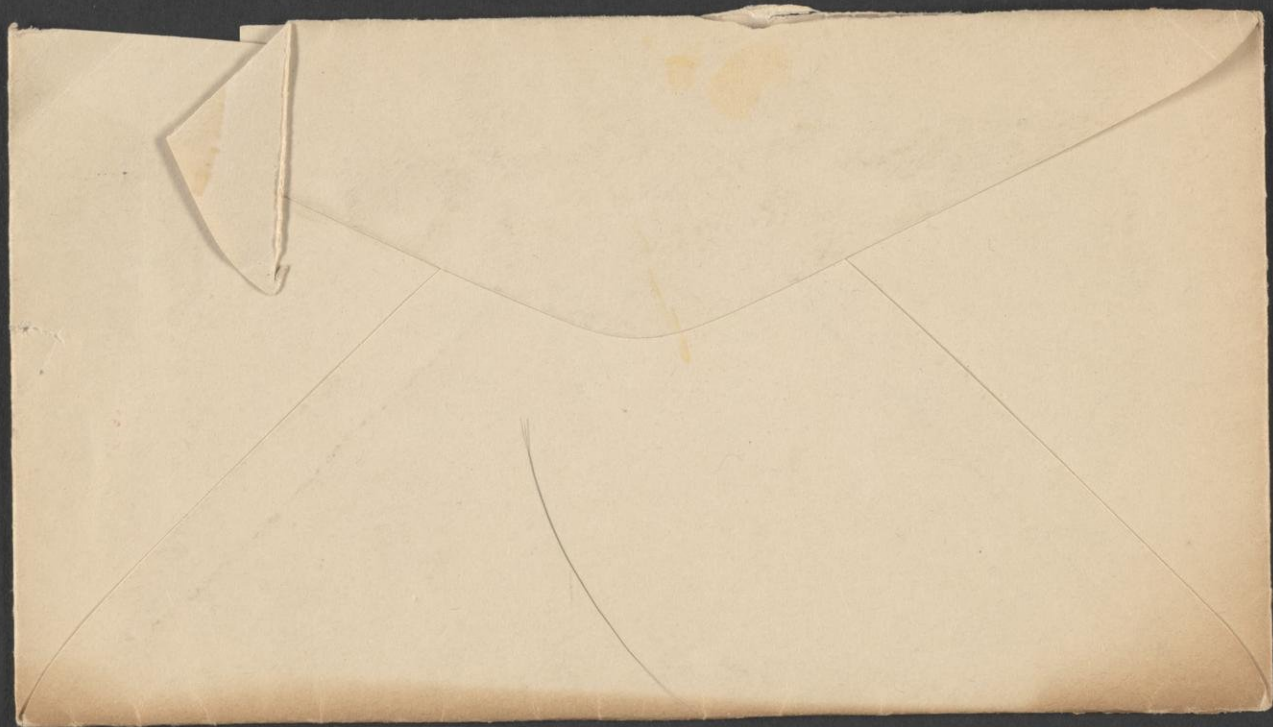


Dr. HenryyChester Tracy,

2104 North Highland Avenue,

Los Angeles,

California.



Postmarked: Jun. 2, 1926

(7)

Here is Dr. Frank's memorandum to the faculty---may I ask you to return it as early as you can without in the least curtailing your own time with it. I am thrilled by it--especially by the co-ordination idea; but it may all have been in your own thought. Last Saturday at Harvard and last Monday before the Wisconsin Alumni in New York, he gave a compact statement of the whole, and on Saturday and Monday the New York World gave him two columns, each day, one on the front page, the second day with opinions from educators to whom they had telegraphed for an opinion on his curriculum ideas. It would be fine if you were to write to him, on this, and with any wish of your own to co-operate with these points of view. Rather fields of view than points, I should say.

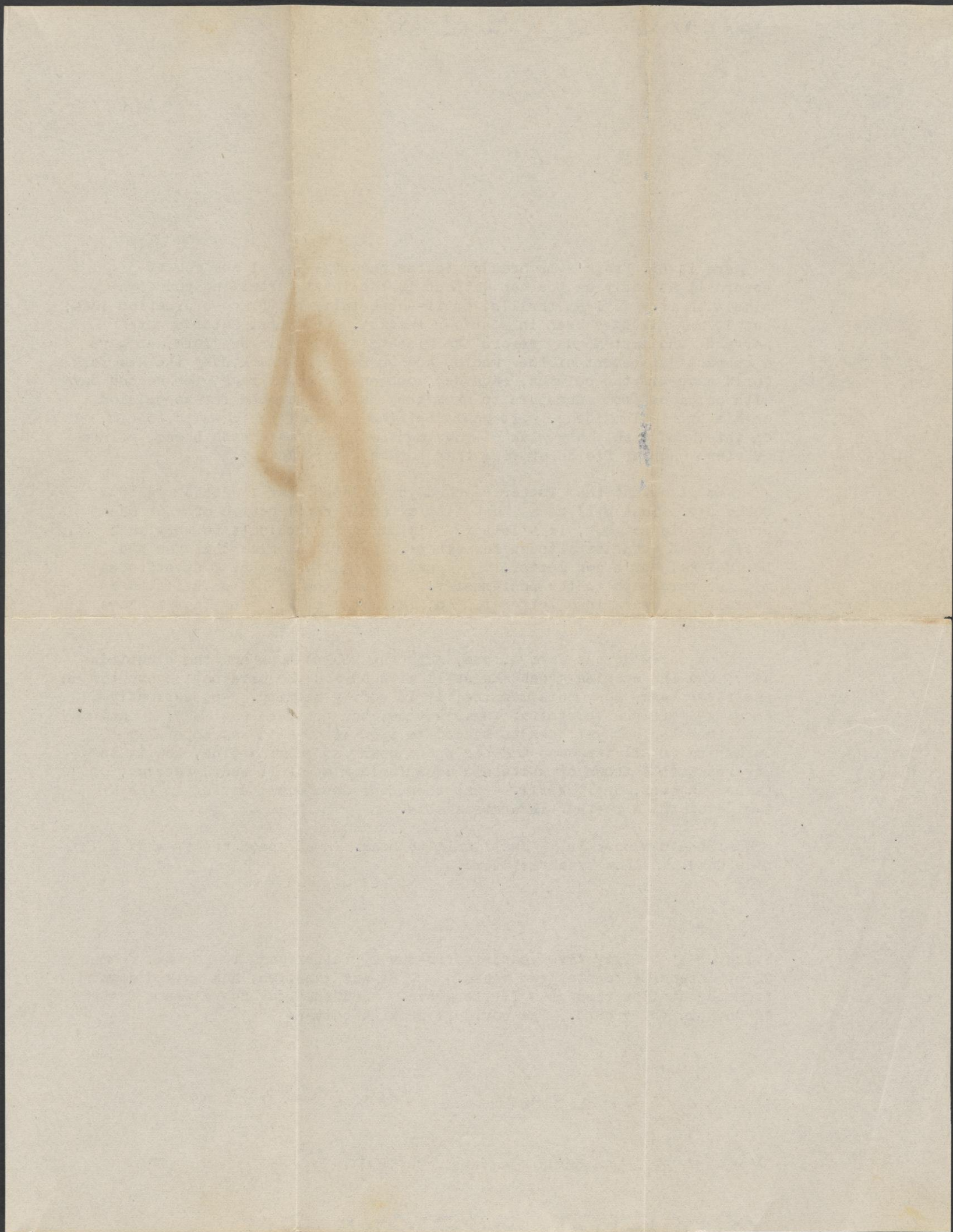
I am glad that the letter reached you--I hope that I quoted myself correctly. That will be a sharp test of one's recollection of what one probably did not say, in a letter. I'm afraid I shouldn't be very much good for an accurate witness for myself. But I am glad that you had Dr. Meikeljohn's own letter. And am I not glad that I substituted my last paragraph to the post-master! Would that I had substituted a certain paragraph in a letter to you, fairly recently. But that we have forgotten.

After three joyous days of sun, with the robins back and the ^{black}bluebirds here, and the evening grosbeaks still with us and the cardinal joyous too on the river bank, now, this morning, it is softly snowing. Not seriously snowing--merely a thoughtful reminiscence, but not the less SNOW: And as the river had not yet been persuaded to open, though it was hopefully darkening in all its ways and had spots open and running blue, now it is covered with a frown of white and doesn't look as if it would recover, or rather uncover, until April. But then, one does smell spring in the inside of the air--that is unmistakable.

What the new work is, I shall wait to hear. X God speed to it--what a nice word. Now breakfast time.

Friday. Sixty five years ago to-day my father came to Portage from Ohio, intending to stay two weeks. He was nineteen, and walked down from the station through a little grove. And that day there was a foot of snow on the ground. The world is growing better.

X - That work which is sublimating you
Who are already sublimated.

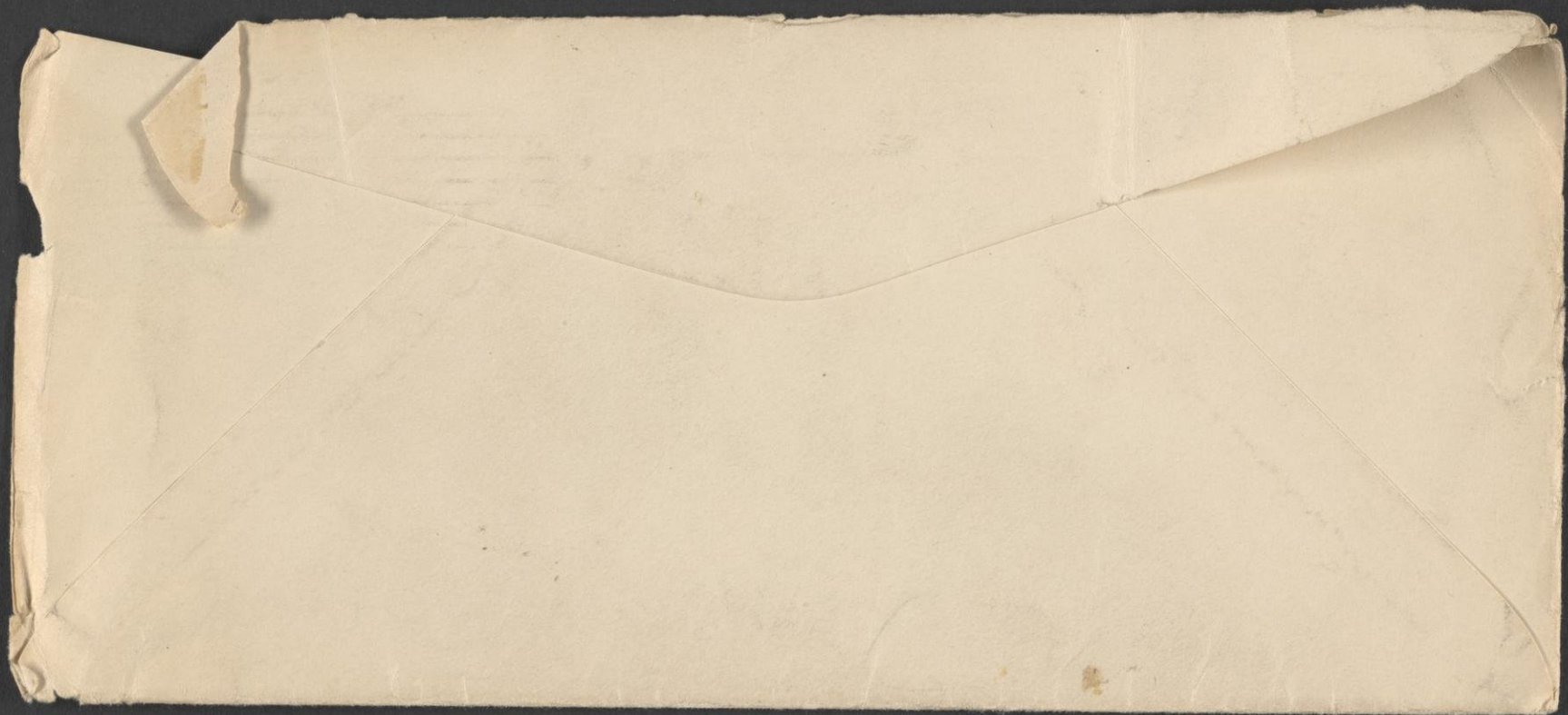


Mrs. Hoyt, Mrs. G.H.
30 San Mateo,

Menlo Park 1850 Mendocino



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2731 Virginia Street
Berkeley California



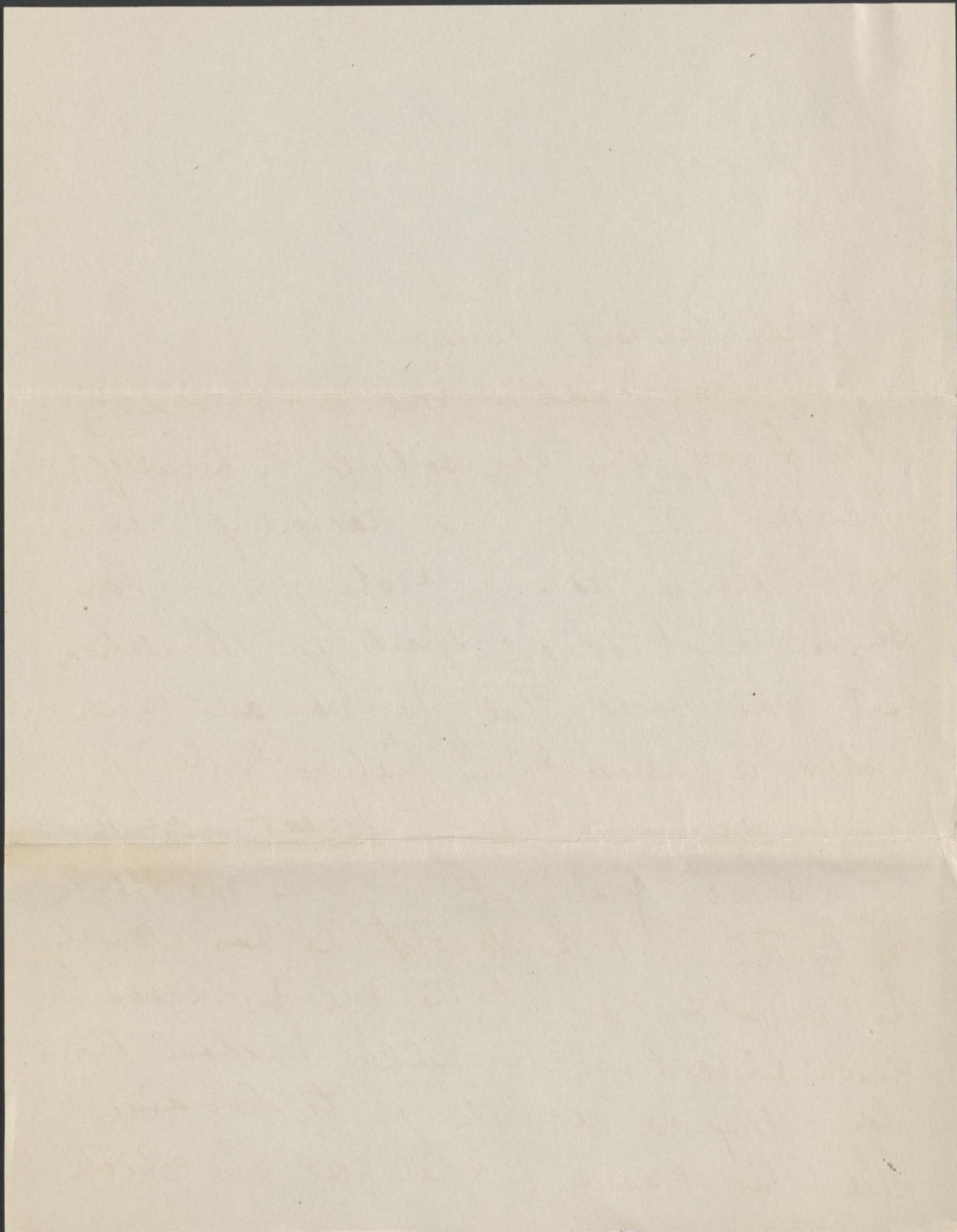
Postmarked Oct. 2, 1926

(8a, b)

CPY

Dear President Morgan:-

May I add a word to the word of Mr. Tracy, who says so little of himself? I know nothing of his teachership - save as the eleven years in biology in a Los Angeles high school speak for themselves. But I do know that he has an inner wisdom, a sense of the nature of being which seems to me the finest - as it is the rarest - qualification of one who speaks to youth. I think that he has not only the prophetic eye but the eye for areas which education too seldom touches. Though they belong so securely in its domain. All this means a qualification which



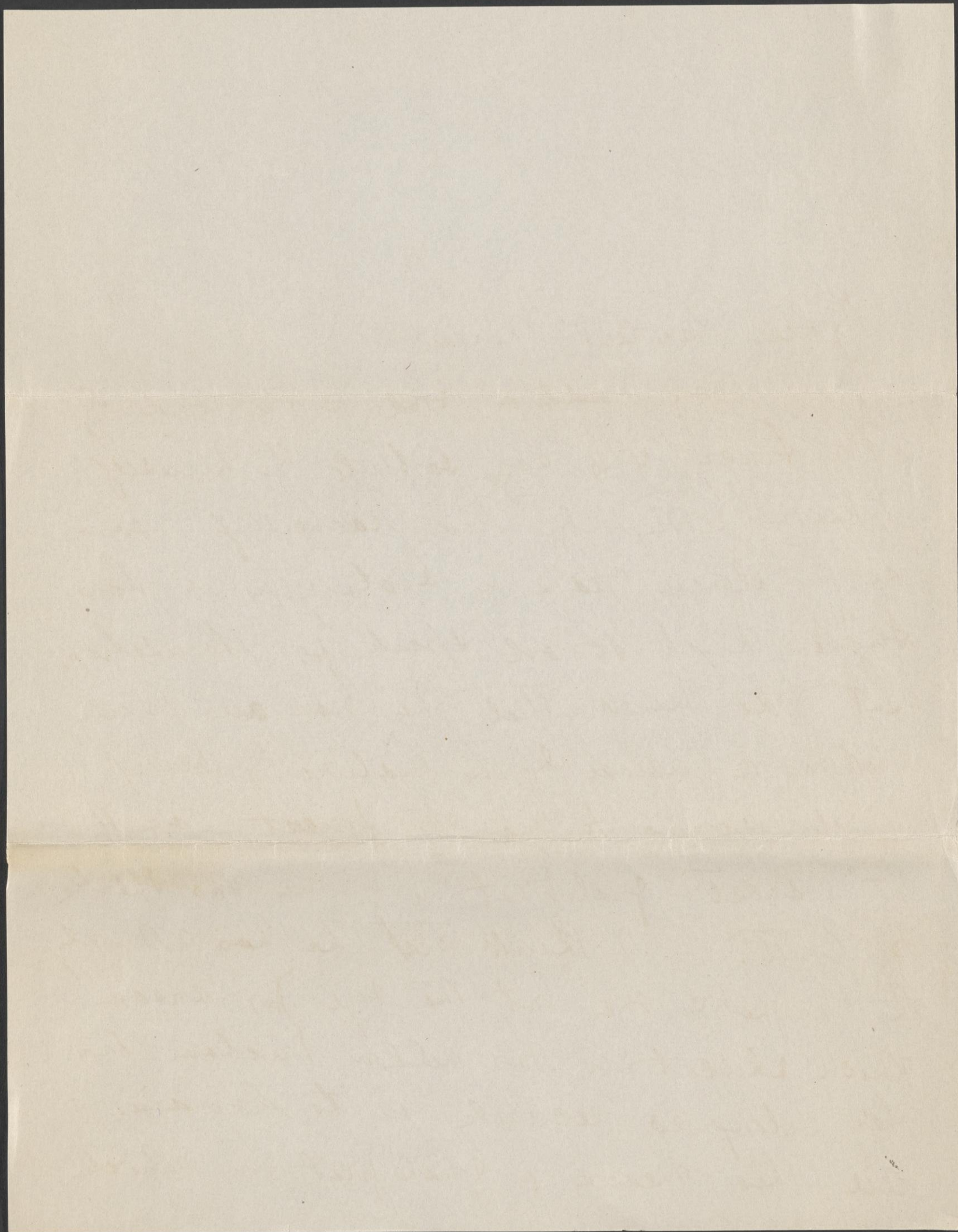
Has almost no name - certainly no place
on any known list of qualifications for
professorships. Yet to me it is - as
your tremendous appeal makes clear that
it is to you - the chief need of those
who try to train for to-morrow.

I am glad to feel that I may
venture this word to you, by the very
nature of your great adventure in living
and its implicit plea for Co-operators.

Faithfully Yours,

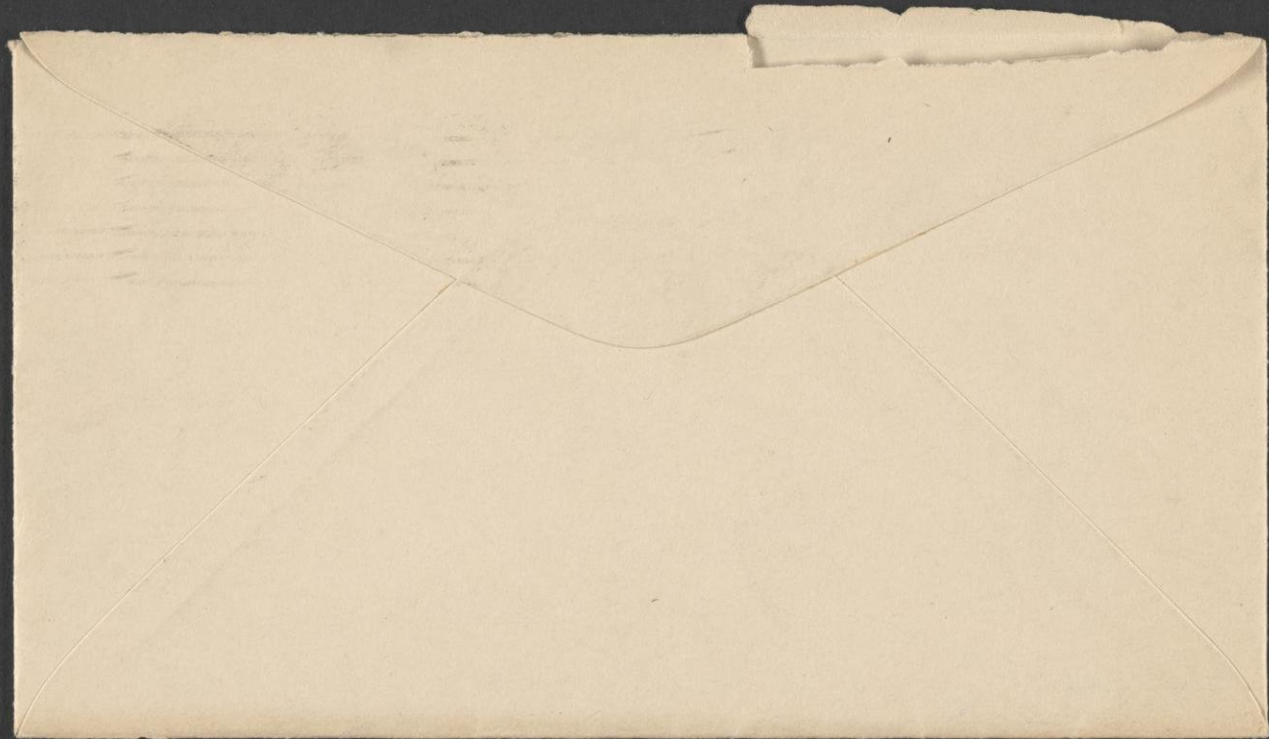
Lora Gale

Porter. Wisconsin





Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2637 Hillegass avenue
Berkeley
California



Letter postmarked Feb. 7, 1927 from Zona Gale to Professor Henry Chester Tracy

①

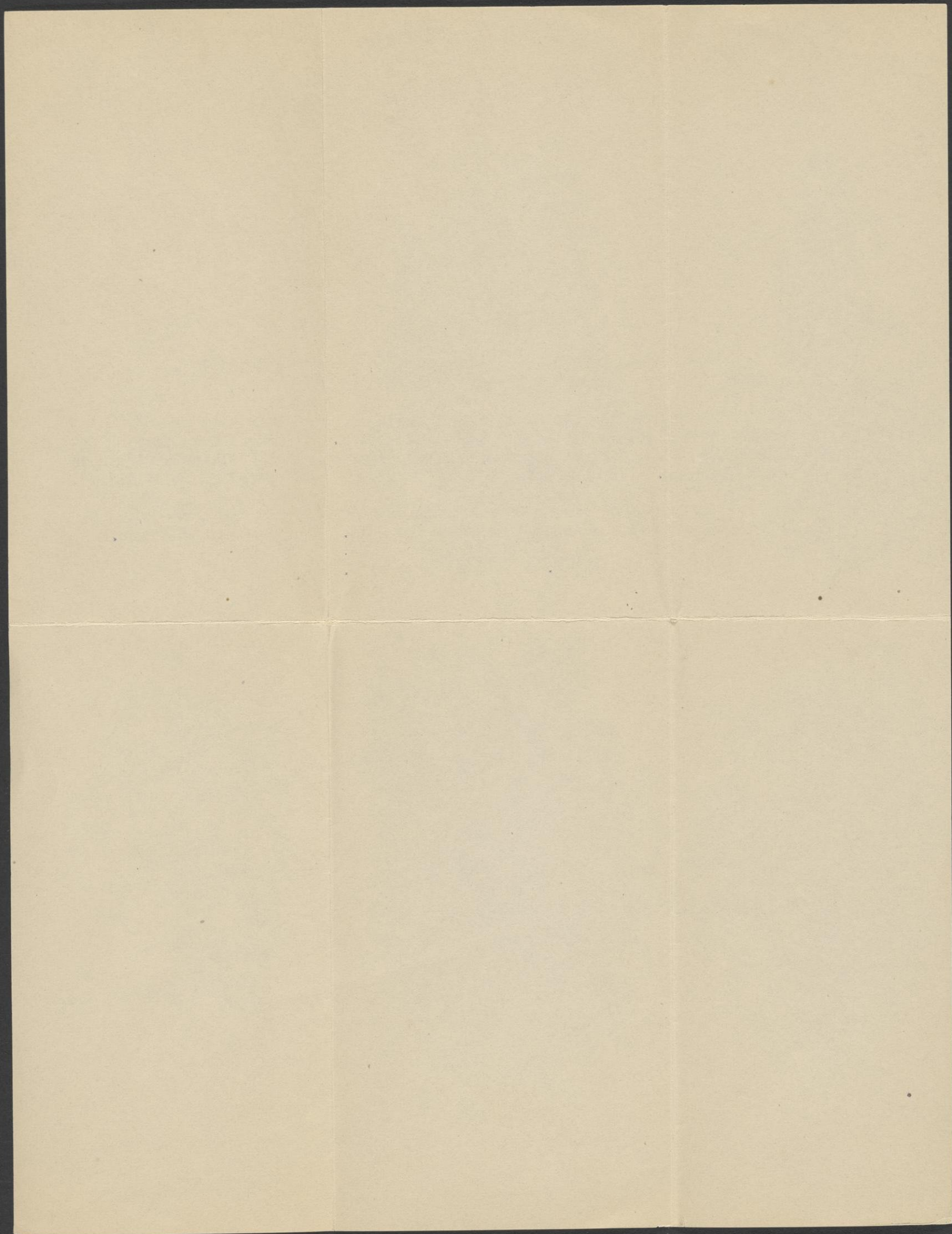
May I offer Shadow-Eros to a magazine, in case they could publish it before Dutton brings out the book?

It changes the eye of an editor with light to know that a manuscript has been accepted for book-publication. All the things that he ought to see and might not see, suddenly leap out in a brilliant brightness and a burning. The Atlantic? The Forum? Harpers? The Dial?

They have been trying to get me to go to California for a month, to get rid of a cough that stayed on, from the cold. But I do not think so.

This is a No-letter.

But not really.





Mr. H. C. Lacey
2637 Hillegass Avenue
Berkeley
California



Letter postmarked: Feb 27, 1927 From Zona Gale to Mr H. C. Tracy

The MISSION INN,
RIVERSIDE
CALIFORNIA.

You did have a letter here to greet
me - the last one addressed to Portage
had been sent on and arrived me.
I'm so sorry about the address on
your letter. Excuse that.

I wonder if you want to see
me as relaxedly as your letter
indicates - implicates; - (whether, if
you'd rather like to see me) you do
indeed let go so relaxedly. Which?
I'm not going back, I'd say, it is
without seeing you. And yet it is
true that one's determinations,
affirmations of intention do drift
from one, and I think after all that
yours are simply spiritualized, and I

quite accept that.

Not to less there is with me a residual suspicion that sometimes things need not be relinquished. And when they need not, then I'd say the spiritualized course might be to grasp them. To consider:

By a mere chance my ticket does not go via San Francisco. There is a sixteen day return between here and there ^{on there + here} - first class. But the difficulty now is the time. This Monday + Tuesday to Wednesday = noon, 7 go to Arch Beach with the Millers. Thursday 7 "am" here. Friday, Saturday, + Sunday to noon 7 go to Los Angeles with the Millers. Tuesday -

The presumption is, I return east,
I could run up to San F
instead, but the friend with whom
I converse, though she is beautifully
folding, wants to get back to a
husband who didn't go away as he
expected; and anyway our agreement
was to come for a month's trip
altogether.

Now: Can you see that the
truly chivalrous thing to do, instead
of making me take the hurried
trip and inconveniencing this friend by the
delay, is for me to take the trip
on your feet - which sounds
dangerous. I know, as put! - and

you use the ticket I would have
to use. Indeed, you would save me
money for it is, one way, fifteen
dollars to S. F. and the same on to
Barstow. Further - you'd welcome
being away from there in this moment
of the sorrowful happenings, this hour
of javelins - though by now these are
spent no doubt, and but shadow-
javelins in remembrance; is now =
remembrance. Will you not see this
with me, who have seen some things
with you?

If you came down from San
Francisco this ~~Wednesday~~ ^{Tuesday} night, and
reached here Wednesday forenoon,
we could have the afternoon and
evening here. I would make a

The MISSION INN,
RIVERSIDE
CALIFORNIA.

reservation here at the luncheon for
Wednesday, and you could be my
guest here as well as at home,
for I am at home here. And
I shall be free until Thursday
at one o'clock, so that we
might sit on the roof - on the
luncheon, if you, that morning.

This is all. I hope that
you will agree with me.

The only other time, for me,
would be next ~~Sat~~ Sunday,
from noon on, with the same
invitation for the luncheon; and
a part or all of Monday - ~~with~~

packing and all that. The
Wednesday would be better, but might
not suit you so well. Either
will be right.

Sunday

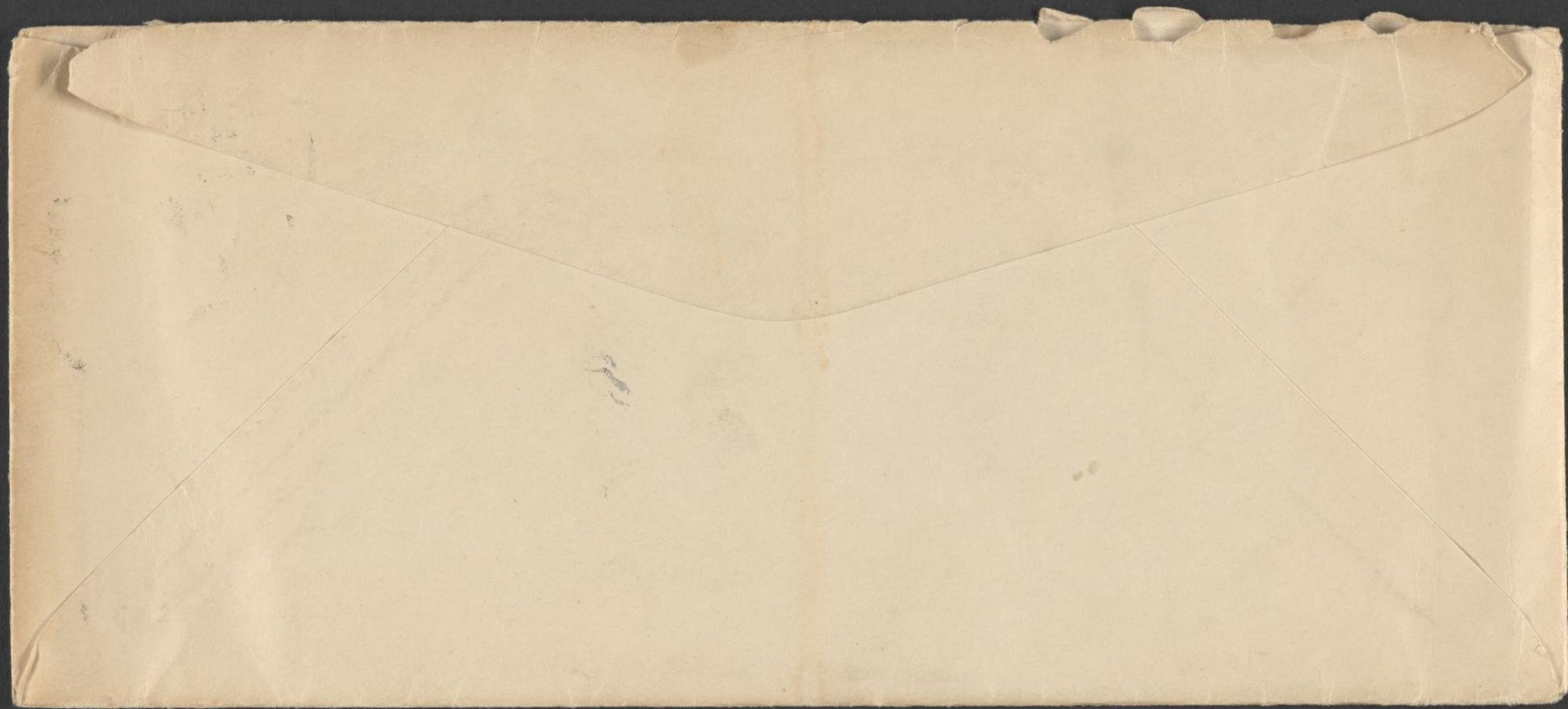
I see - with your visits to the
University School - that next
Sunday might be far better for

you. If it is, take that, and
there shall be no packing
interruptions.



1897

Professor H. C. Tracy
2639 Hillegass Avenue
Berkeley California



Letter postmarked Mar. 21, 1927 from Zona Gale to Professor H. C. Tracy

③

Thus you need say nothing of the Guild
to Mr. McCrae..... unless you choose.

My dear Mr. McCrae;--

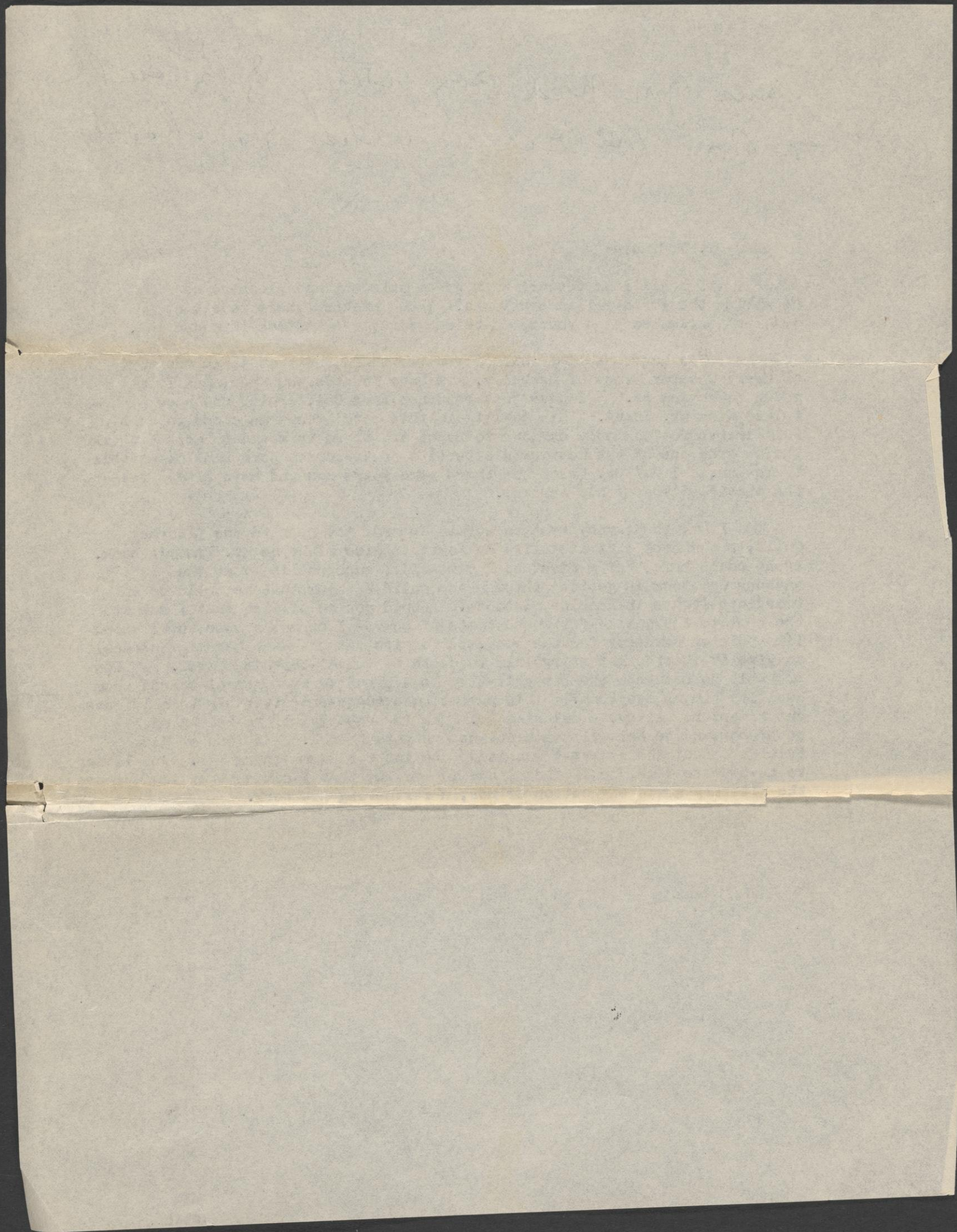
I shall look forward with great interest and pleasure to receiving the three Williamson books. I do not know these novels at all, but belief such as yours, and being yours, is a perfect introduction.

You have a belief which I greatly share, and that is in the work of Henry Chester Tracy of Berkeley. I have Towards the Open, and I am going to review it. I have just returned from California, and have talked with Mr. Tracy. His quality in this work brings us close to certain fulfilments not commonly our own to boast of, or so it seems to me. I think Shadow goes one of the most exquisite bits of to-morrow here made digestible by To-day. I met Mr. Tracy out there some years ago and have always felt the inevitability of his arrival.

I am, then, very keen to submit Towards the Open to the Literary Guild, in the hope that its third or fourth choice might be Mr. Tracy's book. If he could have, for a first book, virtually, such publicity at the Anthony Comstock is getting through the guild, I think that he would be an immediate figure in American letters. Would you be willing that I submit the book to the Guild--for whose taste, of course I cannot answer, but I should like this opportunity for the book, and for its author---who has a great deal to give if they do not starve him to death at school-teaching first. You probably do not know the struggle that he has had to keep school-boards from quelling him, as they can! This part-time arrangement gives him some leisure but almost no salary, as salaries go. He is probably at the height of his power now, and he has written a unique and potent book. As one of his friends I feel the greatest gratitude to you for discovering him. And I want to co-operate with you, if I can, and in any way that I can, whether you approve the Literary Guild suggestion or not, in furthering his work.

Faithfully yours,

Portage, Wisconsin
March 9, 1927:



"That heavenly fish"



Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2637 Hillegass Avenue
Berkeley
California

Adrian K. Severin
Barro Colorado

Letter postscripted May 5, 1927 from Zona Gale to Professor Henry
Chester Tracy

(4a,b)

I don't know why this silence should fall upon me, beyond the exigencies of that which brought it on, namely, a week's absence, and then four day's absence, and then ten days of house-cleaning and kalsomining and resurfacing and wall-washing, and all that frenzy which attacks one in the spring. And why do they say that spring is not to be spelled with a capital letter? If anything is ever to be spelled so--though why should anything so be spelled?--why, then, I think that the seasons should claim their capital. I hereby invoke a capital for Spring, and do now bestow it. But that does not make Spring any warmer here and now. Maybe it will. If it grows warm to-morrow, I shall know the causes as one cause. So, then, that silence fell. But I mourned that it did so fall just as the lovely images and representations went back to you, and thus without a word. They came while I was in St. Louis and Indianapolis and Terre Haute and Quincey, were here on my return, were set up about and revelled in. Especially, ESPECIALLY, that heavenly fish, that dolphin-like fish, careening with a bored look into the depths, the while those two calm ladies, as expressionless as space, sat on his back and received their experience. THAT is the way to accept life! Or is it, now? Well, it was for them--mother and child, with the look of indifference to all the waves and the wet, the tremble and the tint, the fish and its falling. That was magnificent. I adored it. I adored them all. The woody bird, in his safe covert--so safe, so inestimably safe, from all past, all the futures, even from the present. THAT is the way to live! Or is it, now? The one lone lily-like, bridal beauty of a flower--that was perfect too. With that precious line, outline, cut into the spaces about it, revealing more of space, a riper, mellower aspect of space, which reveals itself only in the near, the intimate presence of that bloom. And the bloom itself--so removed, so detached, yet so woven into its own experience which, adorably, is seen to be the experience of all. The aloof plus the woven. THAT IS THE WAY TO LIVE. And no question about it. Well, thank you for my brief and beautiful glimpse of these things. I remember too the iridescence in the wave and the sky --perhaps even in the paint. But it was, I know, more than paint. It was power.And how I was regretful for that attendant psychology of yours, when the charming things went back to you, without a word. They were, said you, not much. They were, you began to say, perhaps not worth sending. I know that psychology well. If ever I read over a returned manuscript, it--that mind--descends upon me. Why did I ever send that manuscript out at all? On the other hand, when I read the proof of something, I may, once in ~~an~~ a way, think that it isn't so bad. And when I see it in print, I may possibly think the same, providing it is between magazine covers. But let it once be bound into the finality of a book, and I am more likely to return to the returned manuscript psychology and think very little of it. This is a circle, very vicious.

However, there is more of your own psychology which I wish to discuss. Why, why should a coma which seizes on me, seize also on you. When my pen is not pointed to letter, my typewriter to type, why should also that strange paralysis prove itself contagious, and you too fall into sleep. Couldn't you write on, with the same bland indifference to waves and wet, to cold and chill, to distance and disaster, which affects that heavenly and earthly mother and child? You fall silent with the speed of an infection. Or maybe you welcome the chance to fall silent? Oh, of course, in that case....; I refuse to deal with anything pathological, save my own comas.

And now I have new shelves, six of them, extending across one whole wall of my room, so that I lift mine eyes as I write and look upon Gandhi and Ouspensky, Faure and Anthony Comstock, and even James Thompson. It is very nice ~~even~~ to see some empty shelf room, at last. But you are over in the corner behind me, in the case with the autographed books. You are also lying on the table downstairs--for Books sent me a copy of you when they asked me to review you. I shall send you a copy of that review within a few days--it is late, too late, and not finished now. But it goes. Such as it is---and so little such, I feel.

This review copy I mean to take over to Dr. Frank, when I have finished with it; because I have marked and marked it. I had the book with me on the St. Louis trip--and read it much on the train. Every word is being read before the review is sent. I marvel at you all over again--really, the book is not only magnificent, it is a thing rooted in asphodel, and the fragrance of Other Meadows breathes from the pages, so practically set with the soil and seeds of here and now. You have written of this world, with the second world showing through all the way, and what could anybody wish to do more than that.

Mr. McCrae asked me to name a dozen to whom he could send copies. I named the enclosed, who may have been also on the list which we made before the fire, on a forenoon still not so long ago; but in any case, these are people whom two copies wouldn't hurt. However he will know if we have duplicated. I am suggesting to him that he ask Cornelia Stratton Parker to write something about it. Her word carries a long way.

Now I must go to work. Isn't it curious that all letters are not work? The stars of the daytime, may they shine for you.

2.7.

Ray 5-1927 -

However, there is more of your own responsibility which I wish to discuss
now, you should know which side on me, being also on you. When my
own is not pointed to latter, my answer is type, why should I also
strange people's prove itself comparisons, and you too fall into
Conclude you write on, with the same plan, adding reference to ways and
to cold and child, to letters and disaster, which affects the heavenly
and earthly mother and child. For the same reason with the speed of an
infection. Or maybe you welcome the chance to fall asleep. Or, of course,
in this case... I refuse to deal with anything pathological, have
my own course.

And now I have two shelves, six of them, extending across one whole
wall of my room, so that I left little space at all and look upon them
and constantly, before me, many books, and even some papers. It is
very nice to see some more shelf room, but you are over
in the room, which is, in the case with the recognized books. For the
also lying on the table for review--for books sent me a copy of your when
they asked me to review you. I shall send you a copy of that review within
a few days--it is late, too late, and not finished now. But it goes.
Such as it is--and as little as I feel.

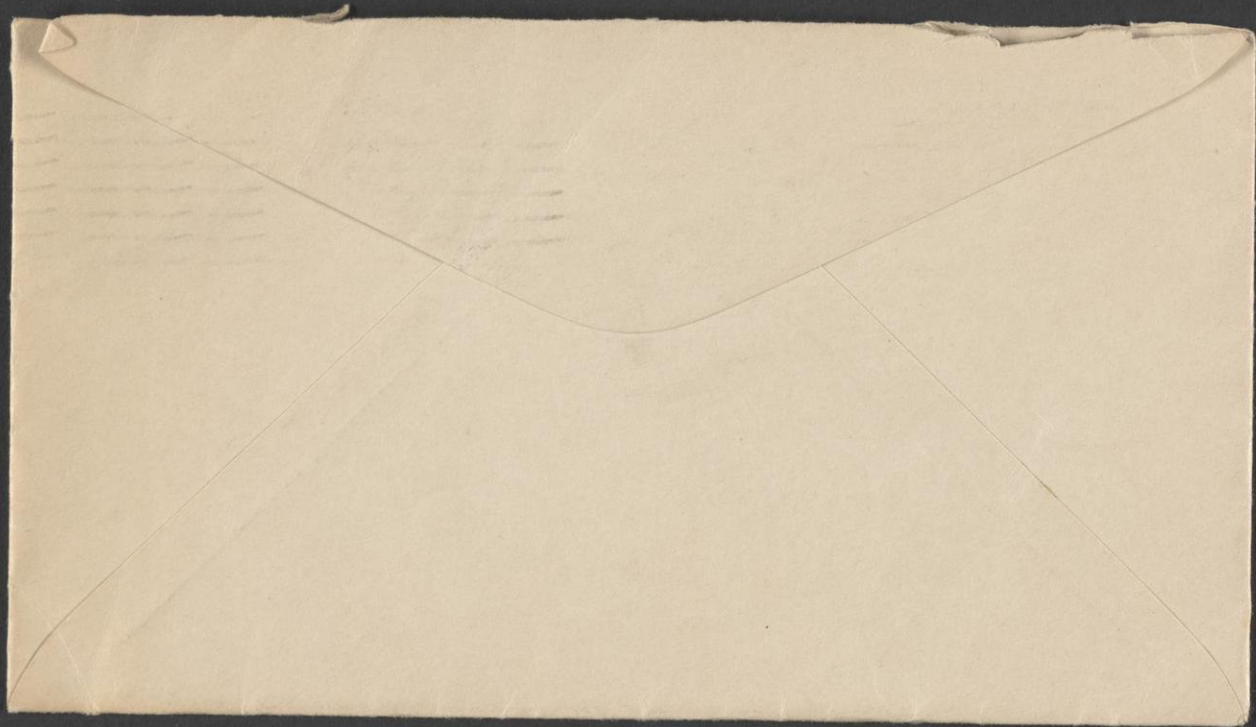
This review only I mean to take over to Mr. Moore, when I have
finished with it; because I have wanted and marked it. I had the book
with me on the 22. I have tried to find it much on the train. Every
word is being read before the review is sent. I moved as you all over
again--really, the book is not only magnificent, it is a thing rooted in
a ground, and the structure of it is a masterpiece. From the pages, so
practically and with the soul and sense of how and how. You have
written of this world, with the second world through all the way,
and with world nobody who is to do more than that.

Mr. Moore asked me to make a dozen or so from his copy and copies
named the enclosed, who may have been also of the list which we made
before the time on a London still not so long ago; but in any case, this
and people want two copies would be sent. However, he will know if we have
collected. I am suggesting to him that he ask Corbin's situation
before he writes something about it. Her word carries a long way.

Now I must go to work. I am at quarters that all letters are not
worked. The state of the business, may they shine for you.



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2701 Benvenue st
Berkeley California



Postmarked Jul. 2, 1927

(5)

Mrs. Marietta Johnson.

874 Chippeaw Avenue

St. Paul.

To C. D. Piner.

Oh, but I love the new address. I shall use it and can remember it. I could use and remember ANY address, rather than that irrelevant and unreasonable Hillegass which means nothing and never did. This--what could be lovelier. And the straight consideration of the "inanimate", in having the same figures as the Hollyowwod home. So you go there, for the summer, afterward. That is fine, with the roof-tree doubly sheltered by a canvas, and I hope that it may mean all.

Lately a Mrs. Johnson came to see me. She was at Wisconsin looking for an English teacher for her school in the south, which as she told me about it, seemed a wonderful school indeed. She took your ~~add~~ address and said that she would send you material about the school, as I recall it. But she paid only one hundred dollars a month, and settled in her mind that there would be no possibility of getting you. However, she was so thrilled by your book that she may have hoped beyond hope. Her address as the moment I will send you--she is still in St. Paul, I think. I did think for a moment that one hundred for nearly all leisure in a warm climate might be virtually being paid for taking one's own time to write. If you think anything of it, --but I do not believe that you will. Her system is wonderful, and her ideas are all, as nearly as I could see, those which fit in with your own.

The Mountain of Jade was here on my return from a weeks absence, in Minneapolis for a banquet of Theta Sigma Phi, the national convention of that journalistic sorority, where I held forth. And then went by day, an eleven hour trip to Indianapolis, where I had three days at the sessions of the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored people convention. A great experience. One ~~see~~ evening Mr. and Mrs. Ransome, fine and landed colored people, gave a dinner---Mr. du Bois, James Weldon Johnson, William Pickens, Bishop and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. Spingarn and me, the last named and I, incidentally, being the only white folk present. The first two are Ph.D. of Harvard, the third a Ph. D. and Phi Beta Kappa of Yale; all citizens of the world, with the manner and bearing of such--and so regarded in Europe, which they know well. I shall send you what I read--not much, but from my heart.

Now I am going down to the boat house next door, close to the river to work. I haven't had time, but the way, to see Mt. of Jade yet; but I shall of course send on your word to the Guild, I foresee that. Dreams to the dormant---that at least you can wish me. And I wish you to hear the cat birds song that I am hearing. Cat bird, grosbeak and wren have a three part recital ALL THE TIME.

Oh, you are good to copy Rat-freak
fish and his beautiful dreaming under. Thanks!

1. The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year, and the second section deals with the specific results of the work.

2. The second part of the report deals with the specific results of the work. It is divided into three main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work in the field of research, the second section deals with the results of the work in the field of education, and the third section deals with the results of the work in the field of administration.

3. The third part of the report deals with the conclusions and recommendations. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the conclusions and the second section deals with the recommendations. The conclusions are based on the results of the work and the recommendations are based on the conclusions.

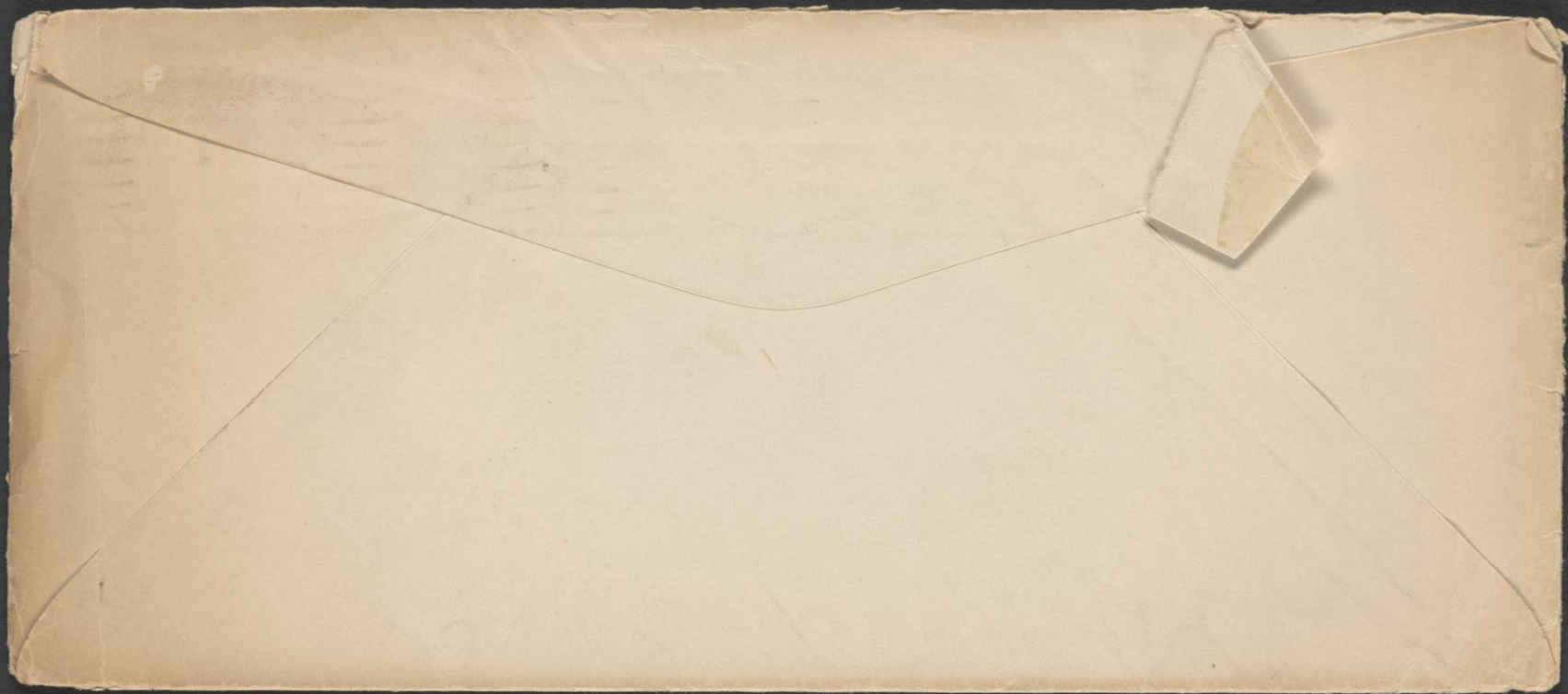
4. The fourth part of the report deals with the appendix. It is divided into two main sections: the first section deals with the list of references and the second section deals with the list of figures. The list of references is a list of the books and articles that have been consulted in the preparation of the report, and the list of figures is a list of the figures that have been used in the report.

5. The fifth part of the report deals with the index. It is a list of the names of the people and places mentioned in the report, and it is arranged in alphabetical order. The index is a useful tool for finding the information that is needed in the report.

Ina Gale
Partys in
His com in



Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 N. Highland Avenue
Los Angeles
California



Letter postscripted Jul. 30, 1927 from
Zona Gale to Professor Henry Chester Tracy
(babe)

I wish that I might see
the new things that you
are doing. May I?
The Sutton circulars are
perfect, I think - or nearly
so. May I have a
dozen or more of those?
I send one to Dr.
Meikeljohn - or shall I.
I am inferring that you

saw my Review in Books - I mean, saw it in
print. You must have finished proofs of
Shadow = Eras, by now. I have just sent
back the last proofs of my book of short
stories for this fall - not the short stories
you see occasionally, however, - "Yellow
Gentians and Blue" I call it. I
was looking at Bittersort, for a word.
That had a bitter connotation, when
under it, in Webster, leaped out: "The
Yellow Gentian, which has a very bitter
taste." Do you know it? I never
saw one. Part II of the book has
some hints of a blue gentian word.

This morning, under a tree on our
lawn, near the river, stood a huge
grey bird, with long legs, though his
tail came nearly to the ground, and
a very long bill. Back dark

gray, breast lighter gray, head very small.
He stood there motionless for a long time,
while we breakfasted; then, at a sound,
quivered, backed, and flew heavily toward
the river. Was he a kind of crane? But
I thought their legs were longer, when they
stand erect.

I observed some things in the book
which I do not think I have passed
on to you. If I have, pardon. Quint to
Miriam and to 2104. —

Oh the dreaming too
on the plunging dolphins
come, on their watery
flight, to rest with
me. And how I prize
and treasure them, their
steed, and their blue
bark. Thanks you so-
innumerably - that they

are indeed mine, with glints of the real
stuff of things in sky and air. Gold
must be a foundation substance. It
moves us so. It must be that greed
is only a search for the symbol,
which we, according to our nature,
mistake for the material. Thanks
again and always.

Three books that have joyed me:
Creative Freedom, by J. W. Mason.

(Harper.)

Trader Horn, by himself and
Etheldreda Lewis. (Literary Guild)

The Grandmothers, by Henry Maxon,
of Wisconsin & Europe, whom I have
never seen, but whose Apple of the Eye
promised that this second novel fulfils.

It is Harpers third, or fourth, annual
prize novel. I am just deep in it
now, but revelling in every page, and
afraid the book will stop. Its
little joys are every where - It is
tribal, pioneer-friendshiping. It is
everything that I like in style.

Nemo. -

Page 248. "They" omitted, $\frac{1}{2}$ line?

Page 213. I supposed that you did not mention Count Korzybski by name.

Page 207 - There is "but" persons of all stations in the social scale, instead of "by"?

Page 214. In the first lines of the paragraph beginning "We are speaking," "moved" occurs twice. If the first "moved" were changed —

Page 224 - Last line of #2 - "The organism proves its spiritual" should read "proves itself spiritual," should it not?

None of these matter greatly, but here & over - is one which does!

Really, I was amazed at the mental roar
with which I read, - on 197, the "Shady
mentality of the American Riddle Rest."
It is not that I do not know ^{that} shady
mentality abounds in America, but I
knew it not one bit more in the
Riddle Rest Room in New York or in
Los Angeles. Excuse me.

But what a glory the book is. An
immortal book, truly. A growing thing,
an organism, which will be budding
and burgeoning long after your pen
has flowers no more.

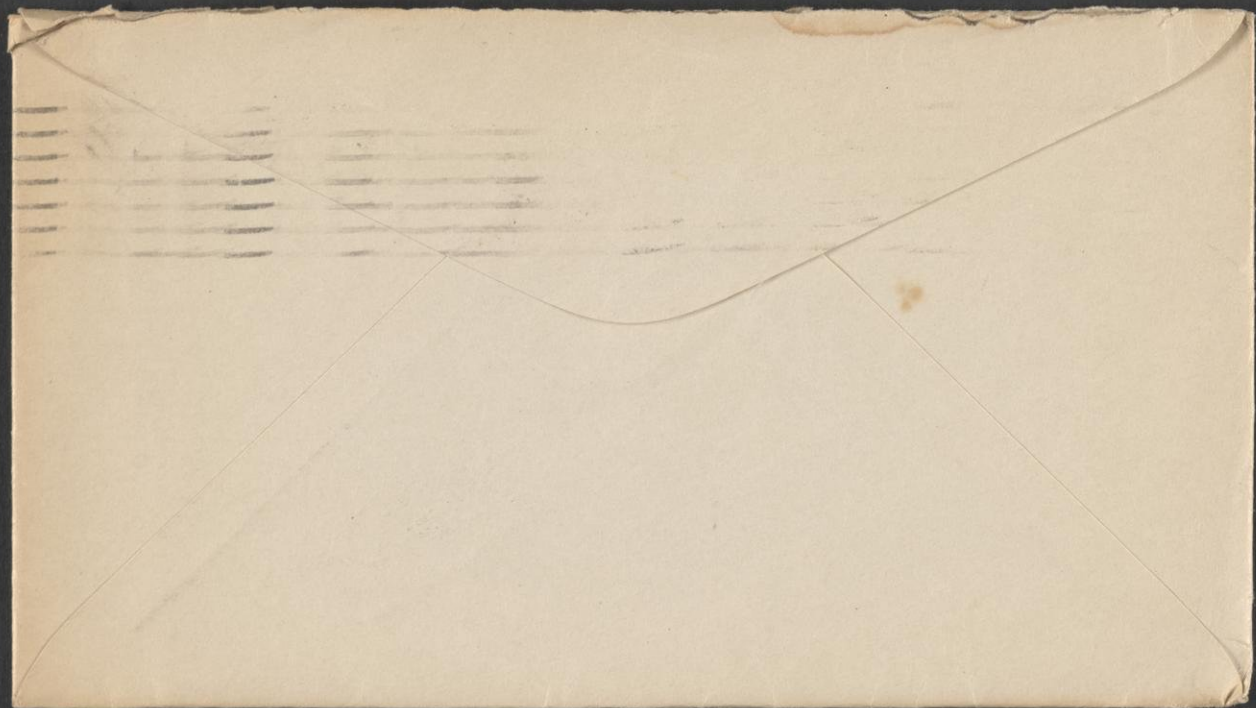


Professor Henry Chester Tracy

2104 Highland Boulevard

Hollywood

California



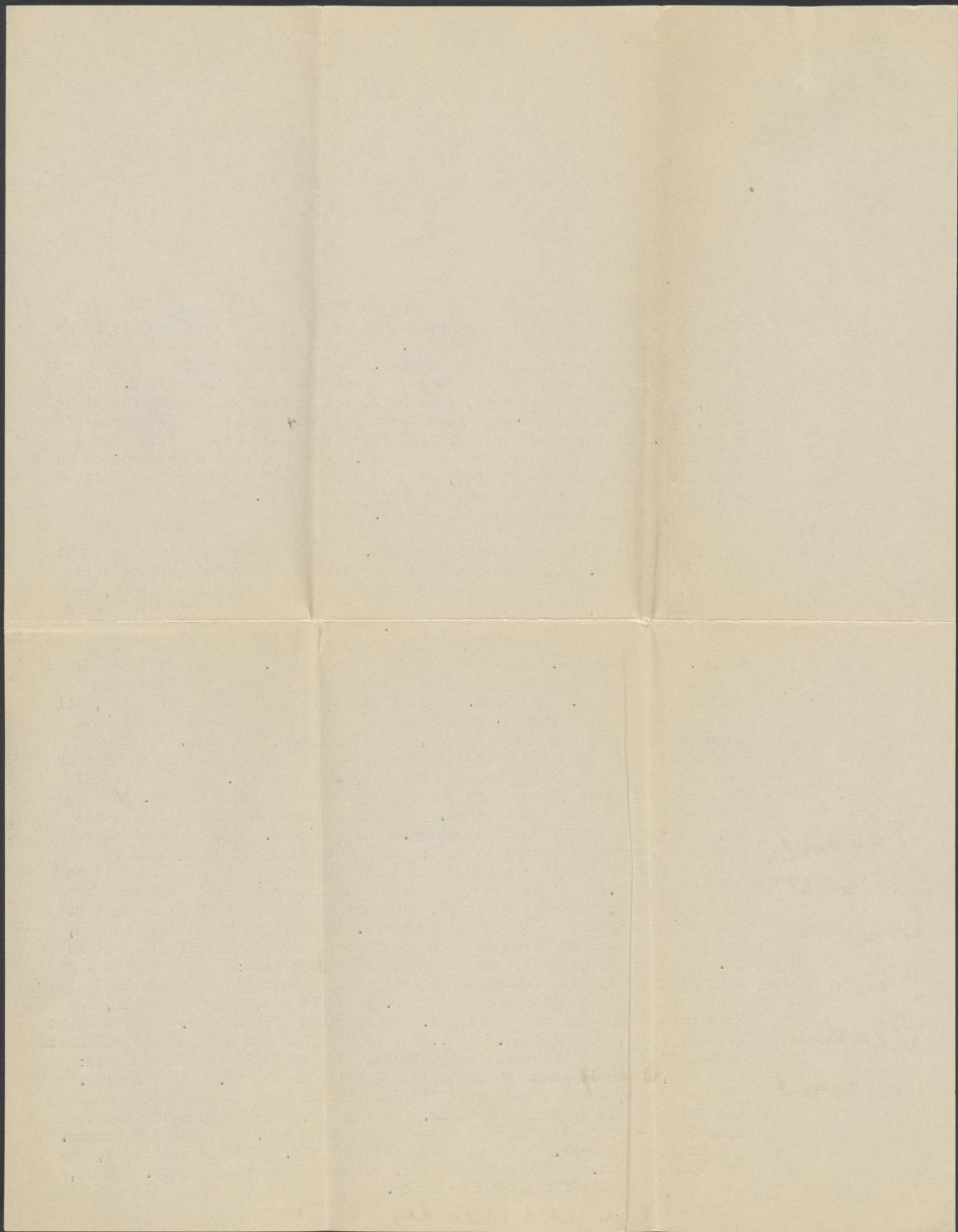
Letter postscripted Sep. 6, 1927 from Zona Gale to Professor Henry
Chester Tracy
(7a b)

Did you know that August 26th was your birthday? And that it was mine? This is the first time since we knew that we had collaborated on birthdays that we have not exchanged greetings. My thought came just a day too late for yours to reach you on the day. And I did not send you a telegram because I did not want to put you to the extreme of sending me one. And then, that birthday afternoon, four relatives arrived and stayed for eight days, with three other guests here for a day and a night in the course of that time. So that there really and literally hasn't been a time when I could send you an adequate word until now. Have you such a good reason as that for your honorable silence, as good a reason as I for my miserable silence? For your sake as well as my own, I hope so. A happy birthday, and many more things and days.

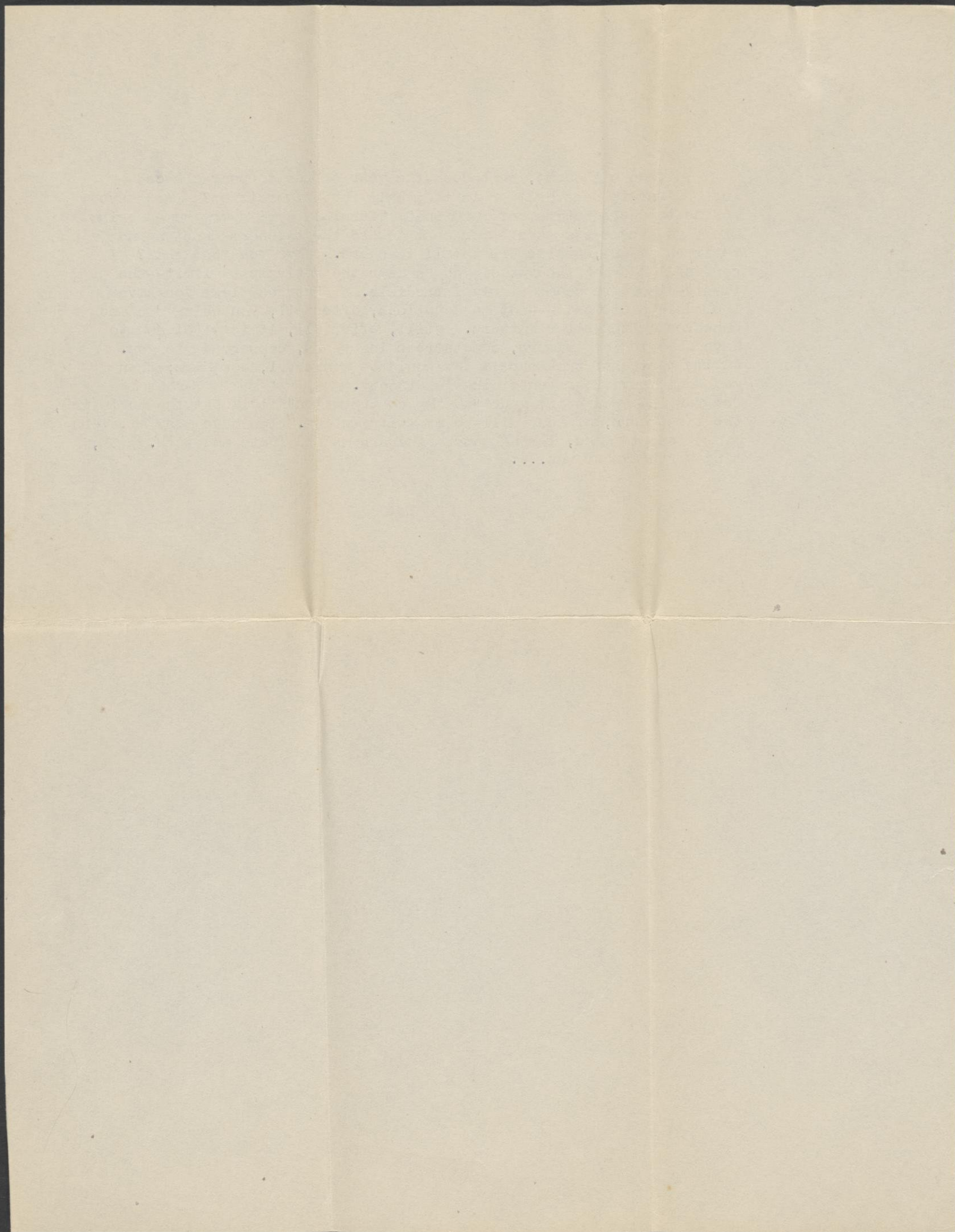
But that isn't what this letter is about. That which this letter is about is the following. I recall a brief paragraph in your letter, once this summer, to the effect that I received certain things with the aplomb, or the indifference, or the unconsciousness of the two who took their heroic plunge on the back of the dolphin-fish. Well, then, recently I sat in a chair in my work-room beside which is drawn a little table covered with books. I lifted one. And there lay a folded paper. I unclosed the folded paper; and what do you think smiled up at me? What but the lines and curves of----Given. No less. That lovely and limpid and opal thing, all this time, had lain unread and unregarded beneath a book which must have been hard at hand when your letter, enclosing Given, was read. What happened? Was I called away--did the telephone ring--was I taken whether in the body or out of the body I know not, into a dream. What happened? In any case, never, never have I seen Given until at that moment. X And how beautiful beyond words it is. It made me ache and joy and cease-to-be, and be-more than might be, beginning with always. Oh, you should have this year, you must have this year; and the teaching of classesful is nothing as compared to this year and that which you shall give from it to all the people. But yet my joy in Given was so terribly tempered by wondering what, and what on earth, you must have thought of no comment at all from all that loveliness and treasure. Not that it mattered to you, but I should hate to give you such reason to feel that the Middle West is SO. Let me, on that, ask you about something else: What has gone on about Introvert, of which you once sent me such an engaging beginning? That must be given all its other wings. There was, you may recall, in it a purple and plum and pearl sky. That was a perfect sky. There might be also peach, at twilight. ..In the proof of the new book by Elizabeth Madox Ford (You saw her first book, In the Time of Men?) there was this: "She sat, ~~in a cool green~~ X day in late April", so and so. That is nice. This new book, Green Pastures, I did not like so much as a whole, though the detail of it is rich and thick. By the way, she has been living at some beach--Hermosa? Rodondo? ---not far from you. I think the former. She must be a marvel. She has suffered terribly. If you are there, why not look her out. I do not know her, but what does that matter. We do, as a matter of all fact and more fancy.

X No wonder
you thought
I was on
the back of
a dolphin,
unaware!

X "A Cold Green Day" & c.

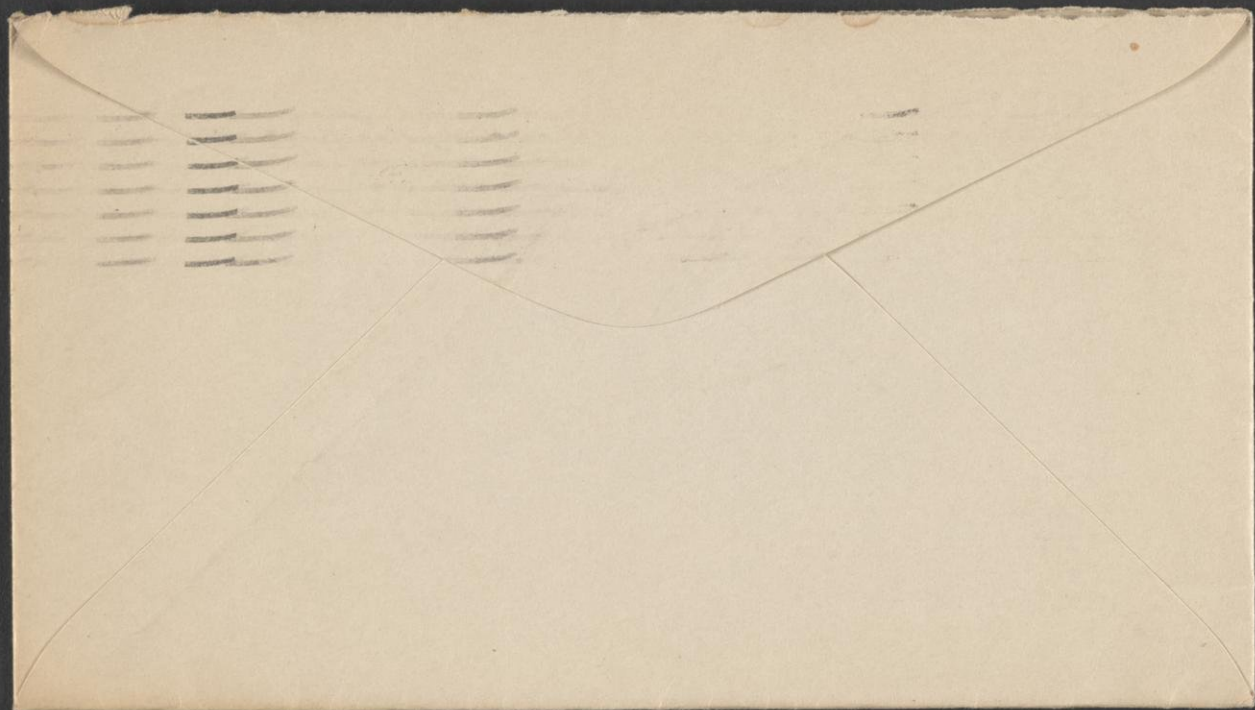


But, as a thought, what does the year off do to your chances for a Carnegie pension? Or is that only for Universities? And have you no teachers retirement fund in California? Here every human being who pays income tax pays a per cent toward the teachers pension and retirement fund, applicable to all teachers. Have you none such? I confess I had not thought of you as near the retirement limit--the twenty-six years seems simply incredible. But doubtless you have looked into all that---not so doubtless, after all, you being you and concerned with better matters. Still, after all, it is vital now to have a period of leisure, some stretching years, conserved to you. A time to teach two hours a day would be wonderful, somewhere; then you would have your continuing laboratory. Far from Towards The Open being your "was my contribution" it is but the beginning, the first horn, of your "will-be my contribution." You have many millions of motions to make, through words and dreams and facts and such. Oh, many birthdays to you....





Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California



Letter postscripted Sep. 14, 1927 from Zona
Gale to Professor Henry Chester Tracy

(8)

Yes, I could read very
good. Either you are
improving, or I am. lately
I was startled when some
one complained: "It
was script, and some
of your letters I could
not read." Now you
found it so, and

proved patient and uncomplaining, smiling
in secret? -

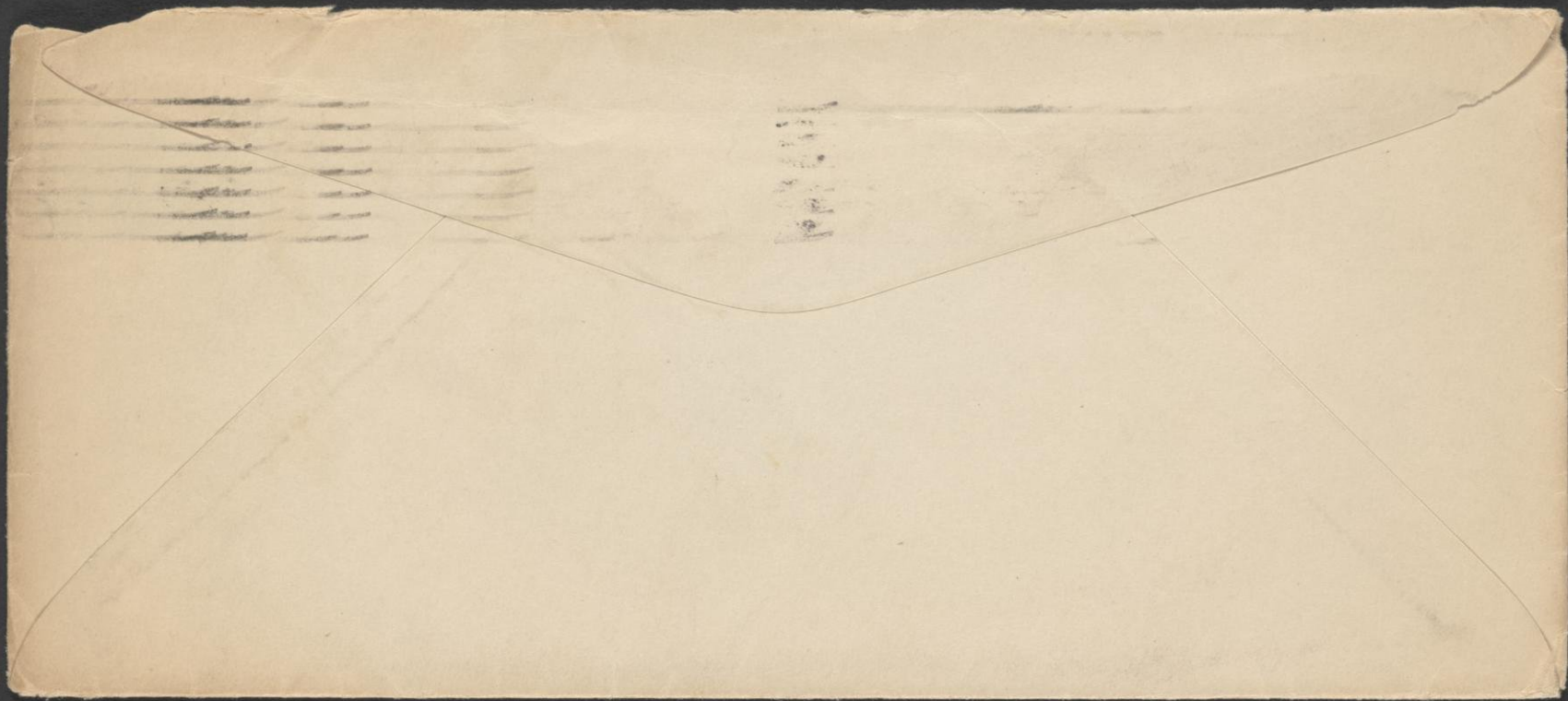
Well - I am mailing something with
this which proves to me exquisitely plain.
I hope that you will like this printing
of it. It is a small book called
Beyond Behaviorism. I may have told
Brentano to mail you one directly,
but I don't think so. So here it
comes, as a joy. The abc of the
first chapter, even, is charmingly
low - abc to you, but I didn't know
all that. Especially about the blob.

- I have a friend lately returned
from Constantinople and Damascus
and Liberia. She sent you in L.S. -

weather - and yet I want to go to
Constantinople. I want to go to Stamboul.
I want to see Stamboul. I want to
say, "I am in Stamboul." She sent me
a post card of the harbor. But for
that matter, come to think of it, I am
in Cortage - how far, how far, to one
in Siberia.



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 North Highland Avenue
Hollywood ~~Calif~~ Hollywood California



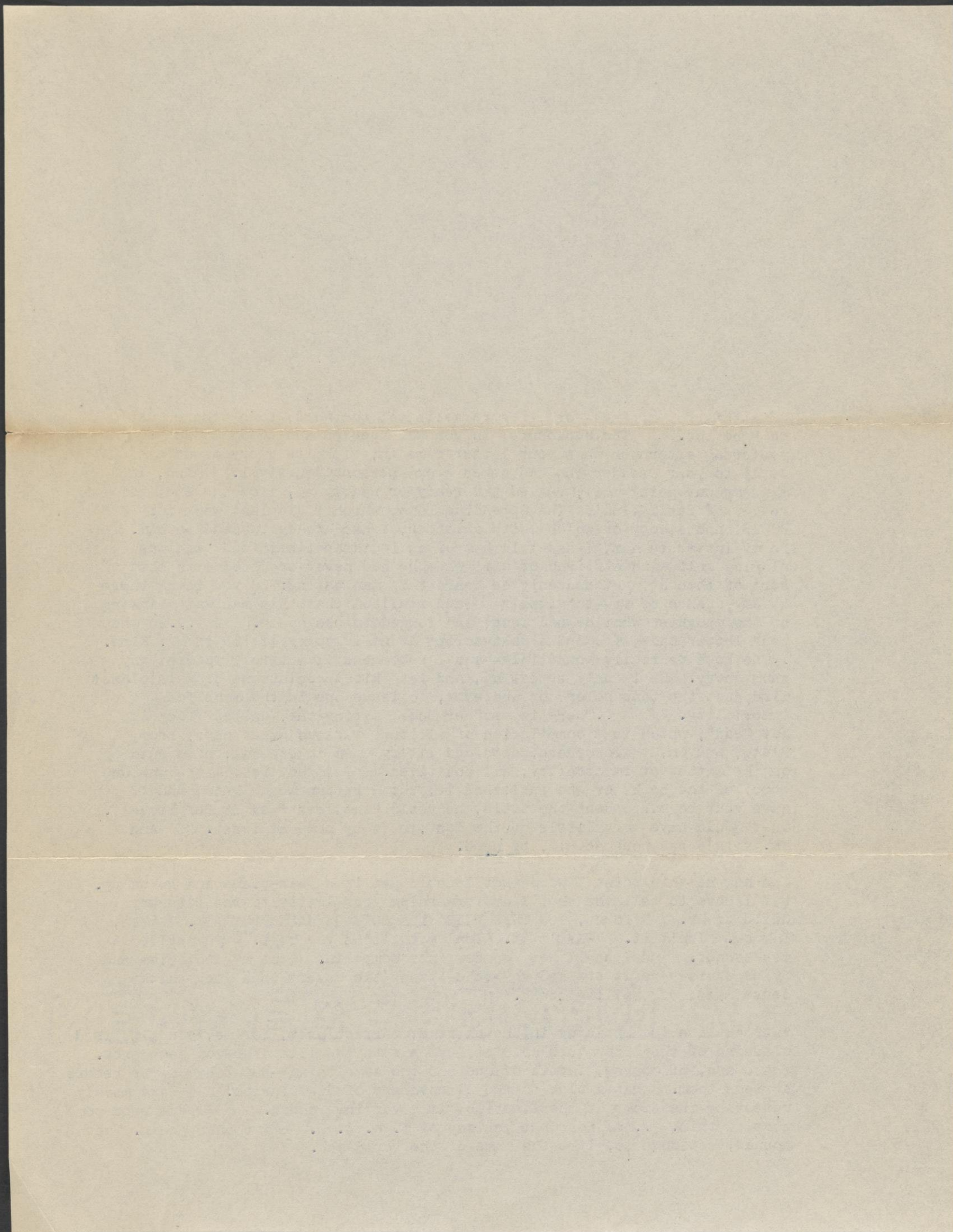
Postmarked Oct. 26, 1927

⑨

Was this not strange--or, if strange is not the word, then there must be a better. The enclosure to you was sealed and ready to go yesterday afternoon when your letter came in, with its query about a reply to your reader who had asked about personal survival. And, in my same out-going mail, sealed and ready or nearly so, was the enclosed review of Basil King's *The Spreading Dawn*, which I did last week for BOOKS, and a copy of which, with a letter, I had ready to send to him. In my letter to him, I had told him of an Indianapolis friend who was playing golf with a friend of his whom he had never credited with that sort of thought; yet suddenly he heard this man saying: "Do you think there is any chance of it--survival?" --and realized that this man was thinking of the daughter whom he had lost, and longed to see again. ...So when your letter came, I added a post-script about it to my letter to Mr. King. ..The book is really wonderful---and I recommend it entirely to meet any such query. He is only supposing, and yet his speculations drop into one's mind just the tone color, or whatever, to leave one in the mood for immortality. ..There is another book, a tiny one, called "*They Are Not Dead*", which is a compilation of all that various great ones, from Plato, and on, philosophers, poets and lit'ry men in general, have said on the matter of immortality, all positives. I do not recall the one who compiled the book, or who published it, but Brentano would know, and if you gave your correspondent the title, he could doubtless find it for himself. That would have very little of the East, in it by name at least. And Mr. King's has none at all, by name.

And now at this point I wish that I could get in an air-plane and go on up. For I have to tell you that I am forwarding your letter to the Literary Guild to Mr. Van Doren, TOGETHER WITH THE COPY OF *JADE MOUNTAIN*. Yes, I know. Isn't it. Wasn't it. Deal with it as you must. Forgive it you cannot. And I shall not wonder nor complain. But my apologies and my peccavis --is it spelled so--echo across the desert in a long thick dense mass of trailing sound.

Your outline is enticing in the extreme, particularly, for me, your inspired classing of the literature of disillusion with the literature of decadence. These are, of course, facets of one and the same thing--but I had never before so seen them. What a blow to the discoverers of disillusion! We are merely repeating the slump of the Nineties, in a varying chord. Please send some more of this. ..And for what you say of Y. G. A. B. --my thanks again. That sounds, set down so, like the name of the world-ash.

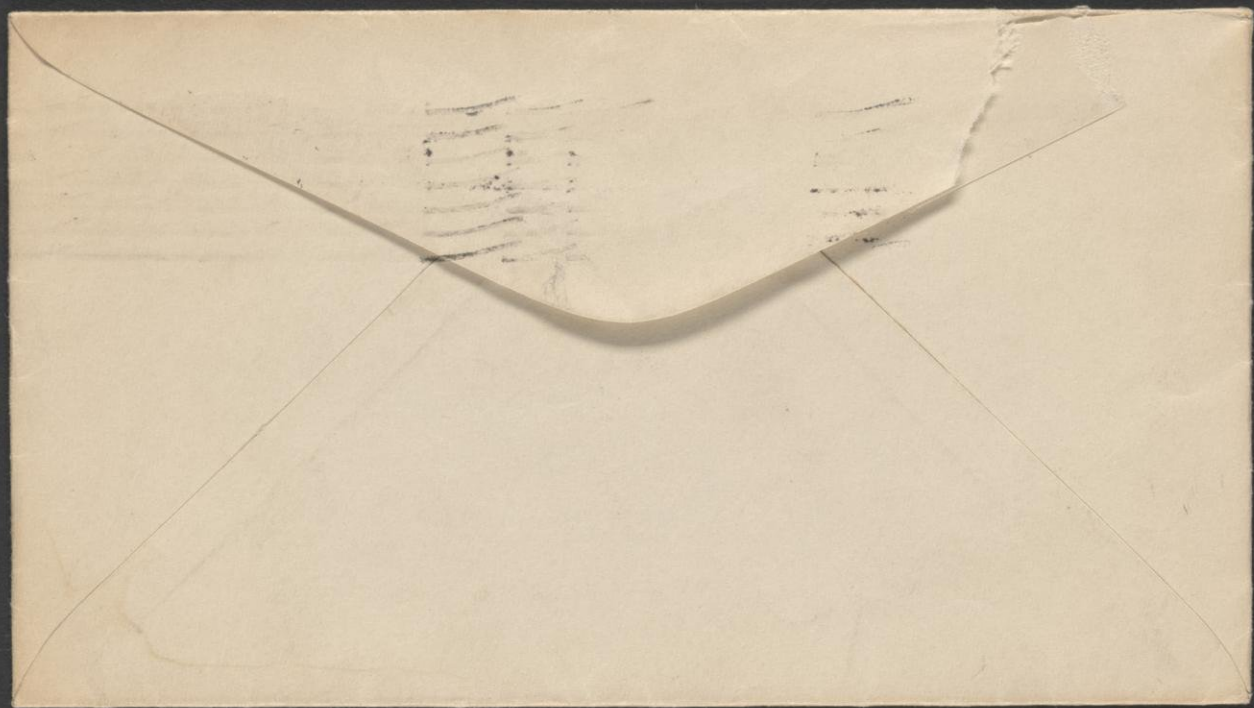


Zorn Gule



Mr. Henry Chester Zorn
2104 Highland Blvd.
Hollywood California

2401.



Letter postscripted Dec. 13, 1927 from Zona
Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

(10a b)

Key 7 mention just that
have been east, in Boston
and in other spots - and
that, though 7 have been in
Portage for plenty of time
to say so before, you must
forgive my silence.

Especially you must
forgive, having such an
abundance of that char

from which all fire, light, stars,
crystals and writing emanates. Indeed
it is true - that nothing that you have
done has ever given me more satisfaction
than these lost lovely beads - on - a - cord
of invisibility, but not the less a cord
connecting. These are exquisite - in
spite of your intimation that they are
to be returned for exchange with more
of the exquisite. So you know that
recently there came to my hand a
copy of Henri's "The Art Spirit -
story, thoughts, story feathers, story rays
from his great energy, bits of letters,
of lectures, of treasured sayings. And
all running on, in paragraphs not at
all connected save by that cord of
theme - The Art Spirit. And I had it

in my heart to send you that book, and
to say to you: "Here it is - supremely
the thing that you can do, who feel and
more in facts, in lovely darts and
points and flashes, all so exquisitely
compact & some one underlying silent
flow." - Your underground stream is
your connective flow in these. In
these you need no "story". I think, -

In one simple technical
explanation; the paragraphs
are so short. One is
not dismayed to find that
he was not, as he
thought, entering upon a
longer trail, ^{does he think} that
he ~~was~~ ^{is} beginning something,
for really he is only
dipping down into
certain air pockets of
speech, before he flies again.

You make him fly. You give him the
incomparable gift of making him fly
on his own wings, between you paupers.

What more can I say? Is this
not the supreme gift to one who
reads, that he be taught to run
the air? Even so you have done.
In this new book you have somehow
found the medium for yourself. And
for you I am infinitely glad.

The rest - they must be ready
by now? "I hope so." Let me have
them then! - And shall I indeed
send these back to you for exchange
of something more?
To you. to Divian. to the rest

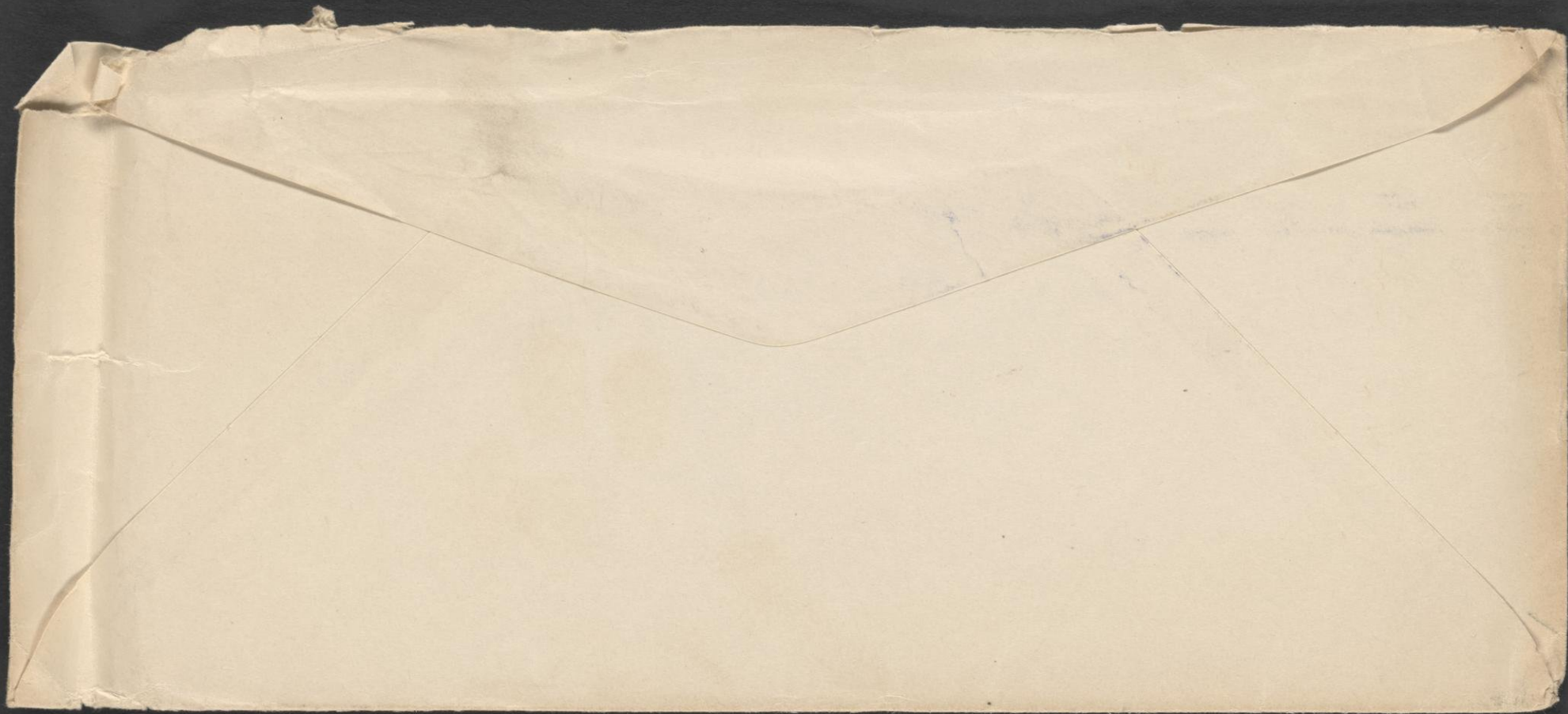
Who know, so my "best" wishes for a
beautiful holiday time, together,
in the sun.

December 12 -

Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood
California

10/24/27





Postmarked Apr 21, 1923 - mistake in envelope? or type mistake

(11)

JOHN SIMON GUGGENHEIM MEMORIAL FOUNDATION
PERSHING SQUARE BUILDING
NEW YORK

HENRY ALLEN MOE
SECRETARY

October 24, 1927.

CABLE ADDRESS:
GUGMEMORA, NEW YORK

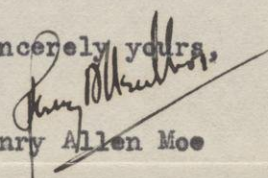
Miss Zona Gale
Portage, Wisconsin

Dear Miss Gale:

Miss Babette Deutsch has sent me the letter you wrote for her. Thank you very much.

And now may I trouble you for your opinion of Mr. Eric D. Walrond, who is making application and has referred me to you?

Sincerely yours,


Henry Allen Moe

JOHN SIMON GUSSEWORTH MEMORIAL FOUNDATION

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 22, 1937.

THE CHIEF OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Very truly yours,

Enclosed for you are two copies of the letter you requested. Thank you very much.

I am sure you will find the information of interest.

Sincerely yours,

John Simon Gusseworth

①

THE EMPORIA GAZETTE

February 10, 1928.

Dear Zona:

I have some sort of a recollection of getting "Toward the Open" but for the life of me I don't remember anything about it and I cannot find it around my desk today. I get literally carloads of books in the Book of the Month list and from publishers, and when I get done with the Book of the Month list, I am generally pretty ragged. But if you can get another copy of "Toward the Open" I will certainly read it. I want to read anything

Will any lady know cars?

that you like.

I read this month "Bad Girl"
and voted for it as the choice of
the Book of the Month only to find
after my letter had gone that you
people of the Guild had chosen it.
What a beautiful book it is! Yet
I think it would have been just as
beautiful with half a dozen lines
deleted in the seduction scene.

Gosh! Why?

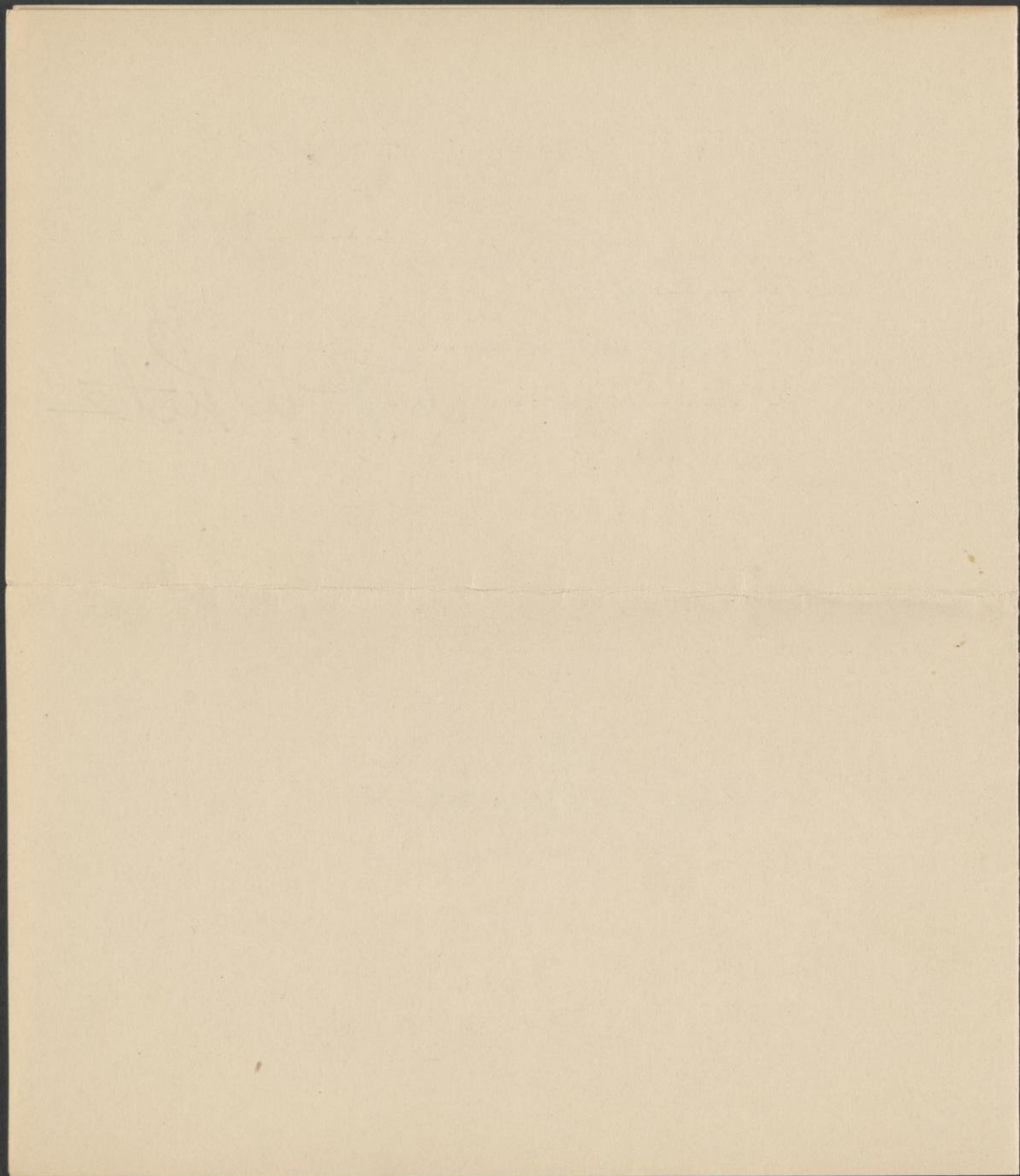
I am sixty years old today
and I wonder if that has something
to do with it. Would I have enjoyed
it thirty years ago?

Anyway it has been a good
show and I feel in the midst of

the big second act. Lord how I
hate to get up and go out and
catch the 5:15 for God knows where.

Affectionately yours,

W.A. White





Dr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Boulevard

Hollywood

California



Letter postscripted Mar. 1, 1928 from Zona Gale to Dr. Henry
Page Chester Tracy with enclosure from W.A. White ??

(2)

Your letter was waiting for me when I reached home last night. I am writing the acknowledgement which you waived because I hope you realize that anything I said yesterday about book reviewing had nothing to do with this situation - in which I am wholly at fault. I received the book last fall, read the first two chapters while sitting ^{at} with my camera on a bank waiting for a beaver to appear, his dam, found it interesting and provocative....and then, on my return, promptly forgot all about the implied (and accepted) obligation to review it. I say accepted because before leaving I wrote to Mr. McCrae, thanking him and ~~saying~~ saying I would be glad to do the review.....I have brought the book to the office and have, at 3.30, read past page 200. I shall write the review next week.Yes, I shall write an explanation to Mr. McCrae but not, if you please, till I can say the review has been done.

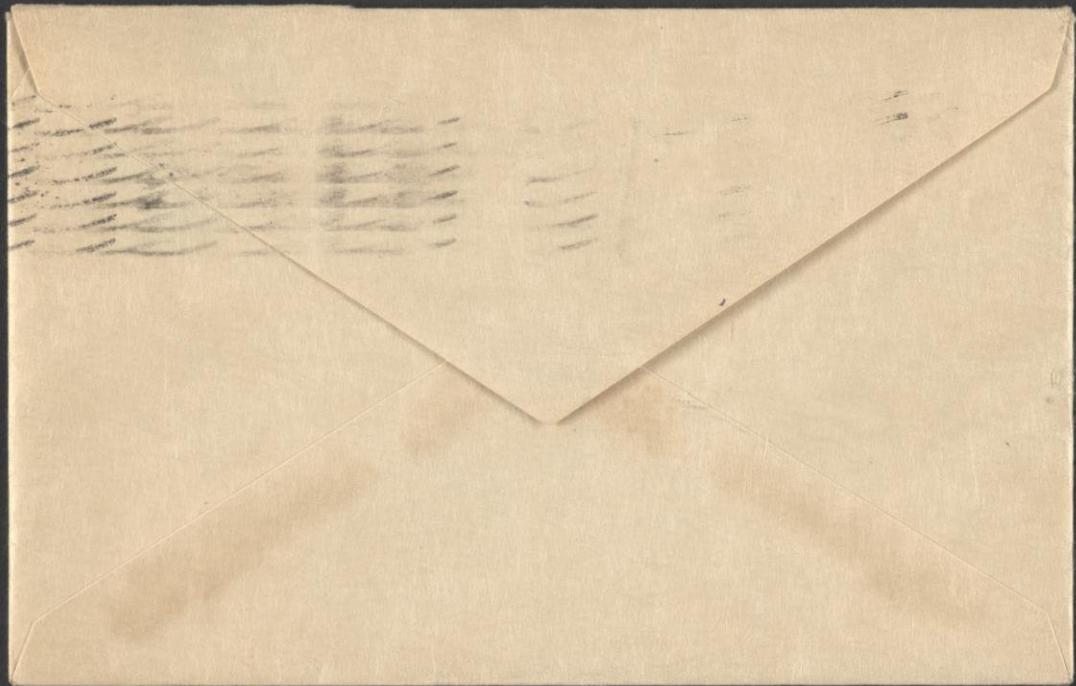
Saturday

From Russel Gore
Detroit News

The Gal.
Congr. in
Ind. con. in



Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 North Highland Blvd.
Los Angeles
California



Postmarked Jan. 8, 1929

(1a)

Dear my friend, on a train
coming out of New York
a month ago - a month
to-night, or closely that - I
sent you a letter, which do
not tell me has ever
received. It would shake
my faith in the amiable train
man who took, and
stamped. It would move
me beyond measure.

Three days after I had reached home, I
 read late in English as Experience -
 read and drank of it, drank of it and
 wrote of it gratefully, next morning - and
 soon found here on my desk, buried, that
 record - though I had long been thinking
 that you had thus had two letters, in close
 "proximity" - and to neither had said
 one word. Well - the book, it is a
 treasure, all compact of the tangible, the
 intangible, and the bloom and froth of
 both. Meanwhile I have sent a word
 to Mr. Moe to remind him that you
 are likely to apply once more for a
 scholarship - of Guggenheim - he said
 that "sometimes one year was found

impossible, then the next year, etc — " and
mean while I have asked Mr. Brown to send
him a copy of 2. as 2. — and have had her
word that she has done so; and have had
his acknowledgment of "same." — So, —
and I hope much earlier — You are, I
hope, applying. It is meet.

Also in that buried letter I told

Postmarked Jan. 8, 1929

(b)

Ym of my delight is that
mes. which I took last
in my trunk - and not all
of which I have in my
I mean, have got read in my
heart. But enough is that I
see its charm, its verity,
its quality of Ym, the need
to finish, as I hope that
Ym have finished. Let
me see more of this - and
tell me that Ym have
done, then. — I

shall be here now, I
come while to come. Let
me know that reveals
itself to you. That plunging
and pre-occupied princesses
you pluck in fortitude
from a pellucid parapet
of foam! -

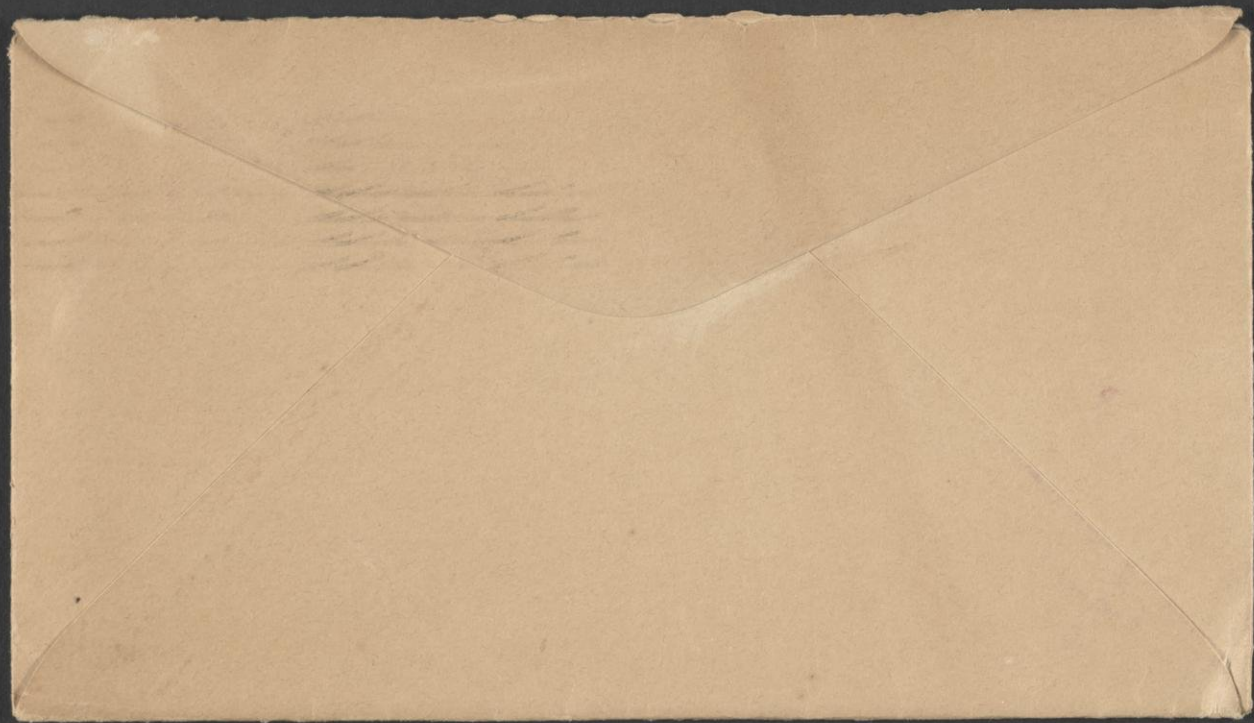
With much, good
night, good night, my
friend. S.S.



Dr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Avenue

Los Angeles, California



Letters postscripted Jan. 25, 1929 from Zona Gale to Dr. Henry
Chester Tracy
(2a)

Dear friend,

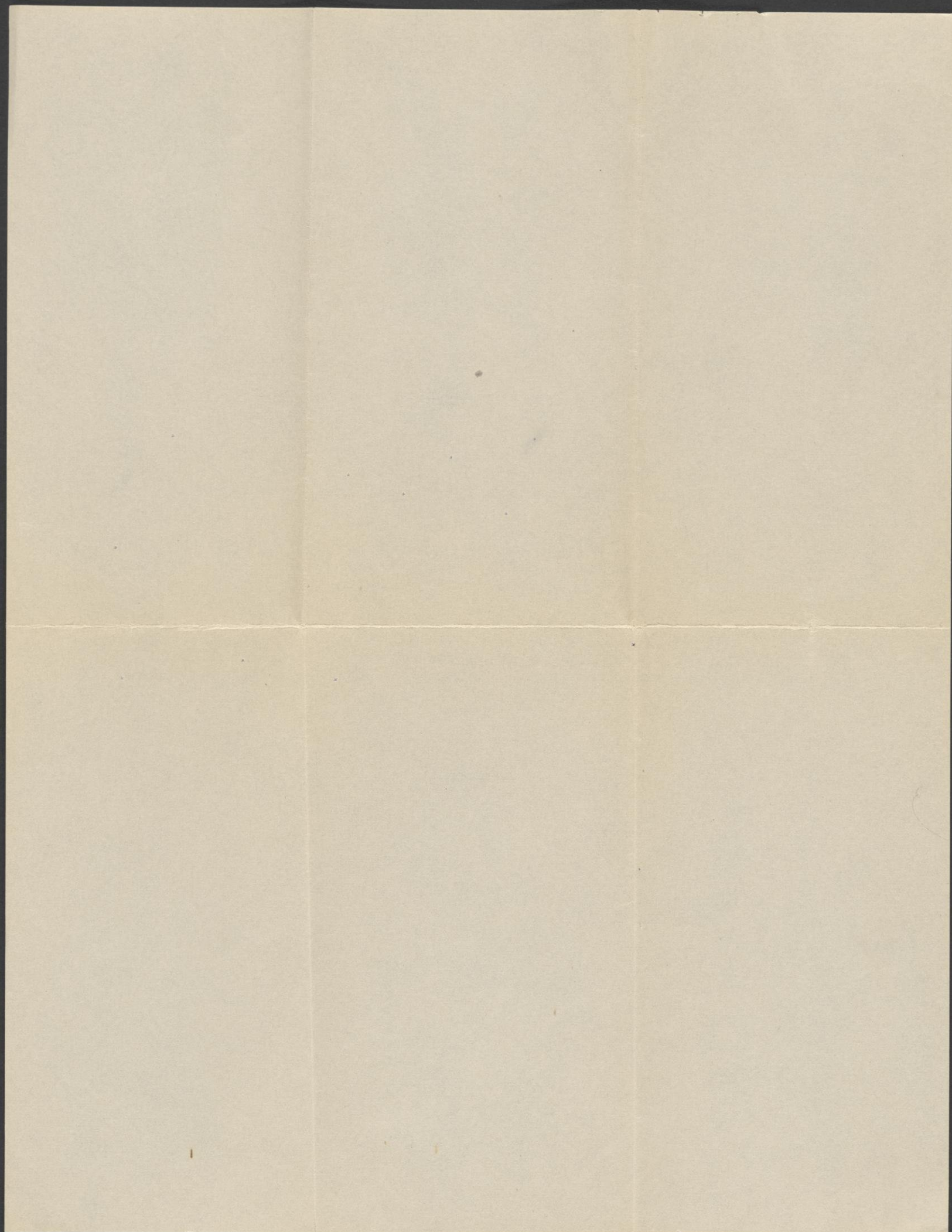
The additional twenty-five was sent voluntarily by Dutton who said in the beginning that twenty-five was not enough for the article written for them for their book review. So that is merely a post script. I am glad you sent word to the Guggenheims which I wanted you to send. I hope you keep on with that until something happens. Infinite numbers of good wishes on this score.

I am enclosing one or two things for your consideration. The Saegertown man is trying to have a summer conference rather like Bread Loaf in Vermont, which you may know.

Will you do something for me? Will you let me take back a gift. Elinor Wylie gave me that book and now after the early and tragic death, somehow I want to keep it. Some day may I have it back? All good wishes. More happy new years.

Yours
Zona Gale

Portage, Wisconsin
January 24, 1929



(2b)

This is the one
I've lived my days

Last night - no, right before.
I could not sleep, and I
read English as Experience.
It is a book of lines
and returns, interwoven,
itself a texture, a fibre,
a faith. Thank you for
its news, its reminders,
its faith, its dancing.

you not? - for this year.

And here is the rest
of the Dutton check for
the article about you -
a check which has come
in two installments. -

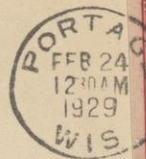
—
And on the train, I opened
and sank into the new
book - with its flames.

2
I am ^{to you} sending the first
copy of a letter that I
send to-day to the
Guggenheim people - and
I am sending a copy to
Dutton and asking them
to send to the foundation
a copy of the book.

You are going to get
after them again, are

and shines. It is
exquisite - It is more.
That is its status now.

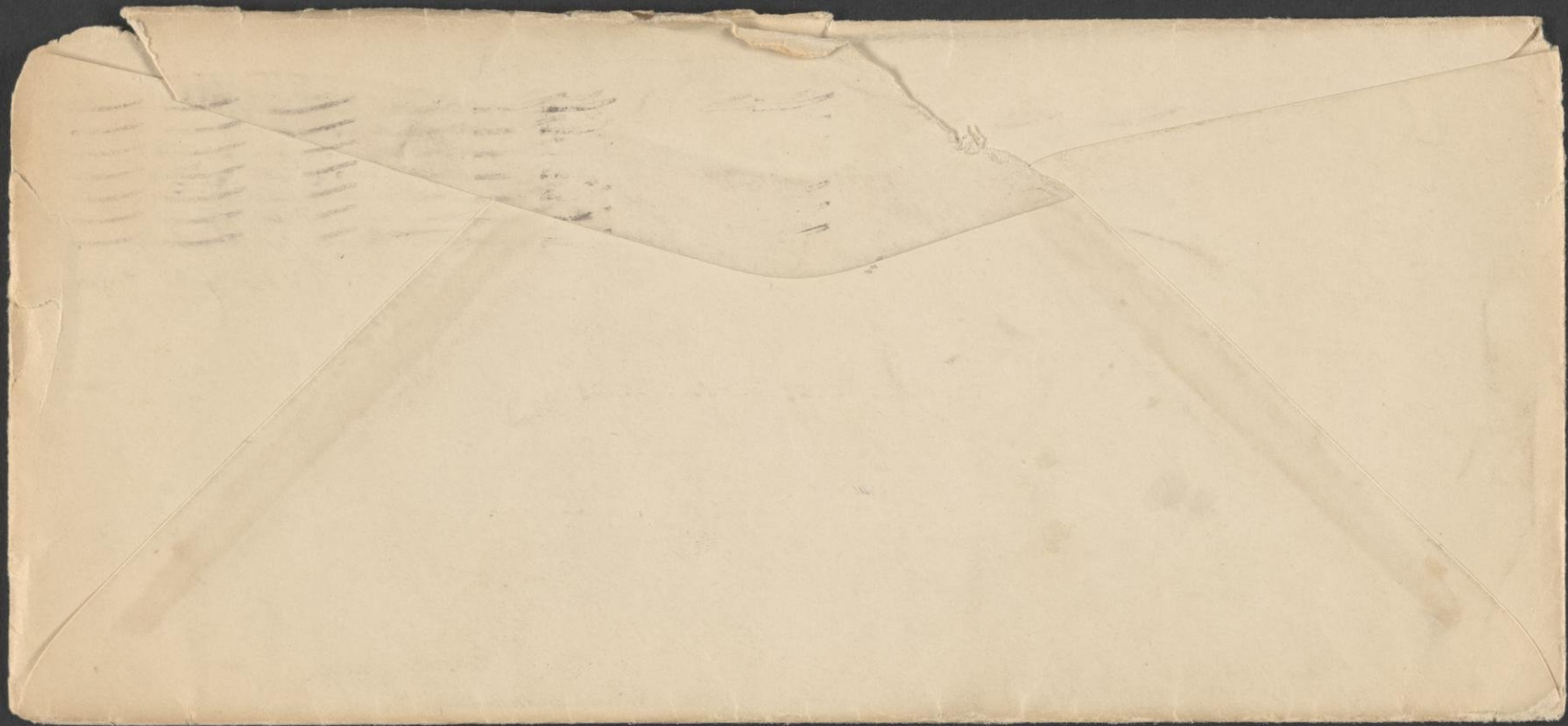
Now this takes the
air - or the rail. So,
in fact, there already,
25.



Professor Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Boulevard

Hollywood, California



Letter postscripted Feb. 24, 1929 from Zona Gale to Professor
Henry Chester Tracy with enclosed letter from Mrs. Ann Radford Johnston

(3a, b, c)

The enclosed comes to me from one who is apparently a
neighbor to you. If on reading the letter you think you
would like to meet her, do go to see her and say that I
asked you to do so. And Miriam if she would care to do so.
What a vital letter it is.

The Elmer Dyer book came - Thanks for
so much for understanding and for
sending. I have not yet written to
William Benet, her husband, but when I
do, I want to send him the lovely thing
that you said. -

John Middleton Murry has something
in the March Century. In the April
Century I am to have an article
which they have called I've Been
Reading, and one of the seven books
discussed will be English as Experience.

I had many more things to say - "I
had something to say, but I have

forgot - "do you recall that poignant
fragment of Wharton's Saffo? (That we
A! boy?) Almost as poignant - see
when Leslyn (now 2½ - "two year ago",
as she affirms) talks to me of her

"lesly book." Al, all the lessons to
come. - Some of them so impressively
lovely. - Those other things that I
wanted to write about - I shall set
them down presently. The letter from
the holiday - I am very lovely - thank

you so much. Deep snow and
mercury deep in the tube are here -
and a pair of Kentucky Cardinals,
the seventh winter we have had
Cardinals - in succession. And one
before - a harbinger he, a pioneer. -

38

Her hands were cool upon his eyes before they opened, so he let them remain there. The features are of a slackness, She said to her maid, but we will restore them. Prepare food.

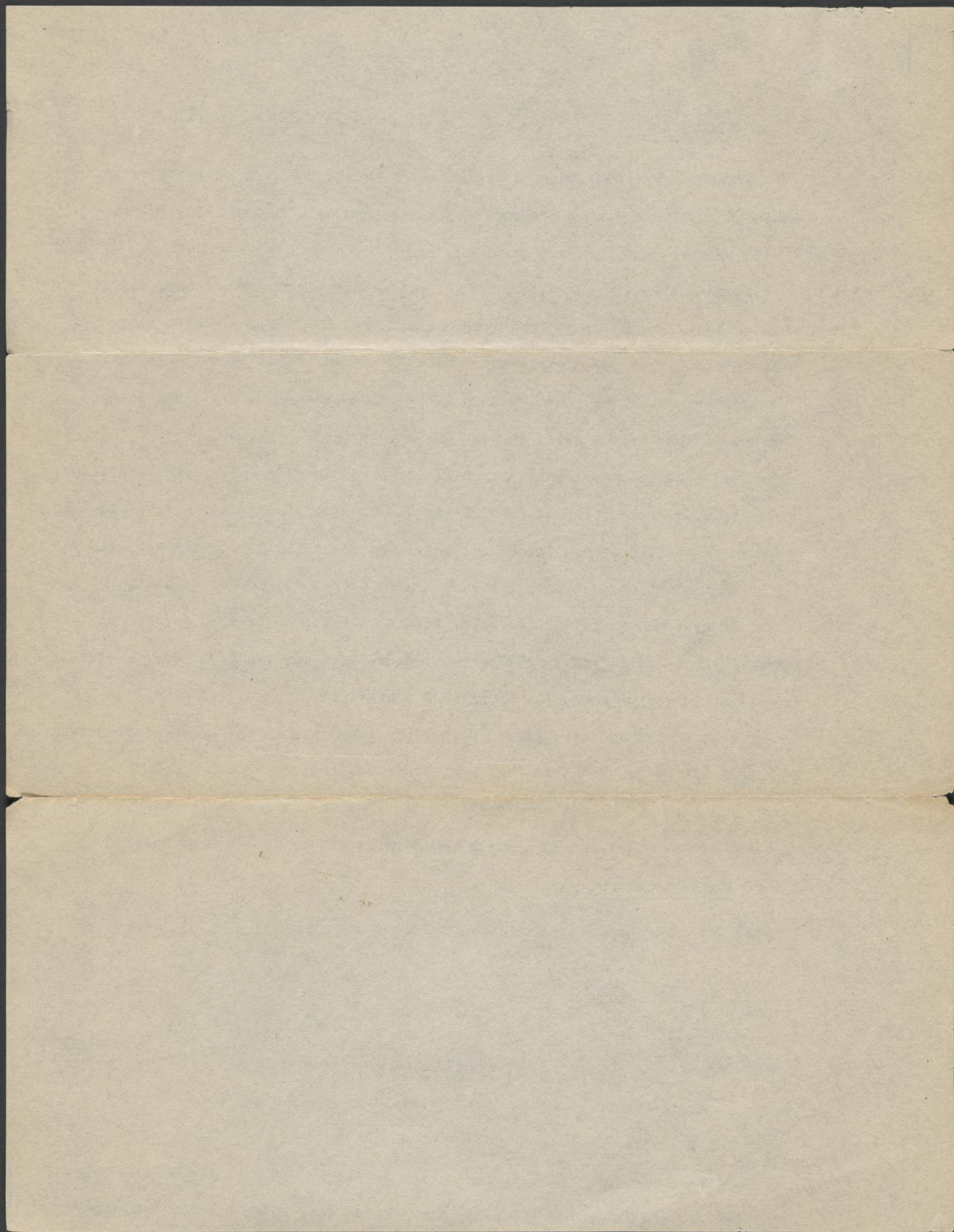
Restore them if you will, he said, but do not ply me with foods, for it is useless. And he opened his eyes, found hers. They spoke a known language. It is old. It is new. Peter was at home there, more than in the wide still spaces of the palace, more than in its carved panels, its air of ancient closure. Take me, he said, to your garden. We shall be alone there.

They went to the plum tree that flowered and leaned over a dark water. Why, She said, did you delay so long? It is almost done blossoming. And he saw that those white blooms were indeed falling. Each one as it fell, floated down and lay for an instant on that dark water, in which flakes of ice were floating.

It is true, he said, I am late. Yet it is early as seasons go, for you see there is still ice in the current. I was delayed, but I am here. I will delight in what I have, not mourn what I have not.

So they met and were parted before Day came, who is the great destroyer--before that stern Mandarin, the Sun, had seen them.

It was nothing. It was something to remember. It was one of many adventures of which the men of Daylight keep no record but the men of dusk and dream hold important.



3c

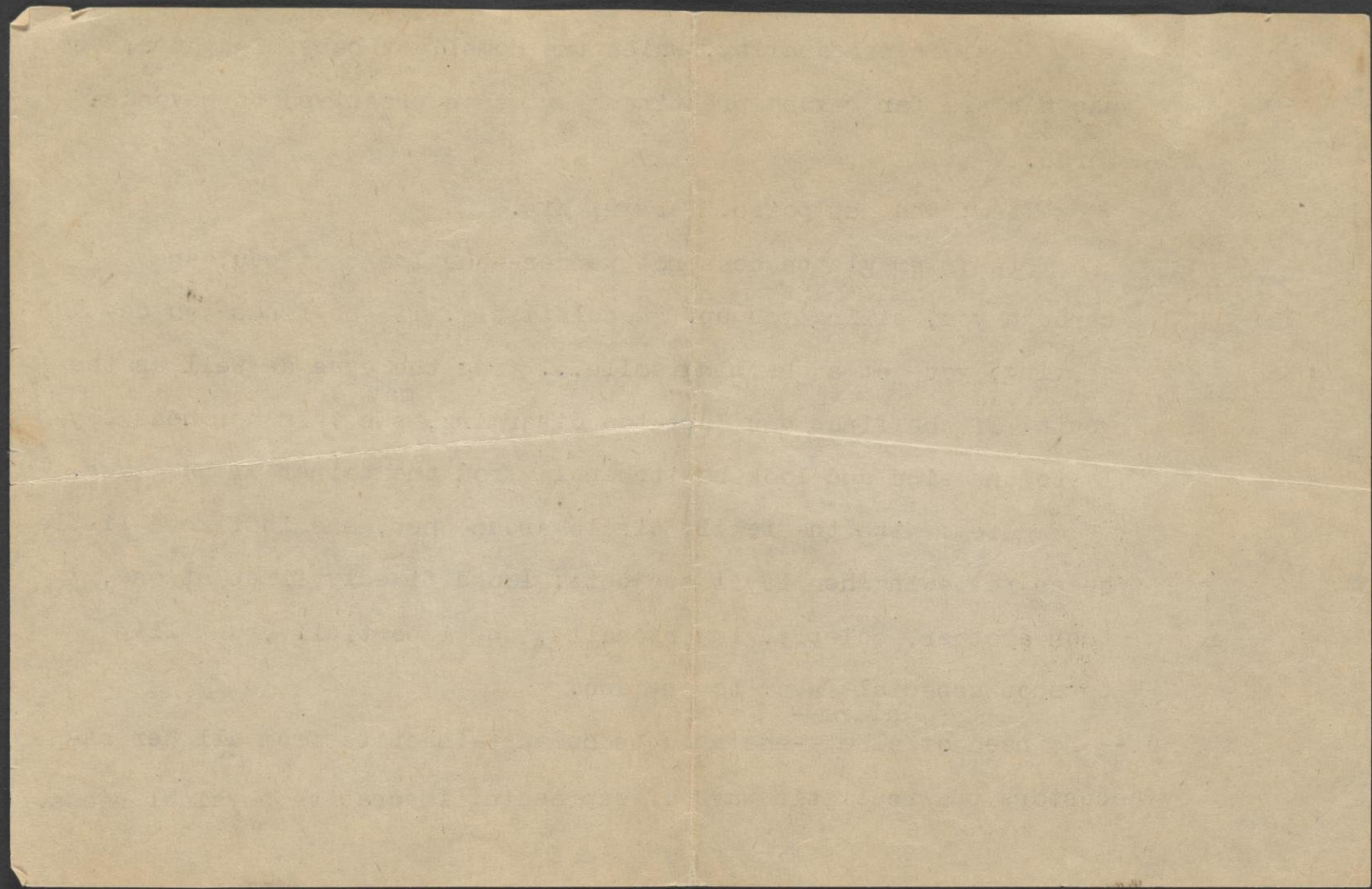
Besides personality, which the homeliest baby might have, she has a charm far beyond prettiness and an expressiveness beyond words.

Item: She has poise. Born with it.

Item: Her glance does not wander--she looks at you, and through you, sizing you up, speculatively. If she finds you deserving, you get a charming smile... from the eyes as well as the mouth. If she finds you just too disarming, ^{may} she turn her head coyly to one side and look bewitchingly from the corner of her eyes.

Item: With the family circle around her, she is like a little queen reviewing her loyal subjects; looks fixedly first at one, then another, quietly, impersonally, and impartially, unwilling to show especial favor to any one.

But-- no need of ^{alarm--} ~~alarm~~ --she's quite human --inherits from all her baby ancestors the realistic ways of expressing imperative physical needs.



(4abc)

Feb 14 - 1929.

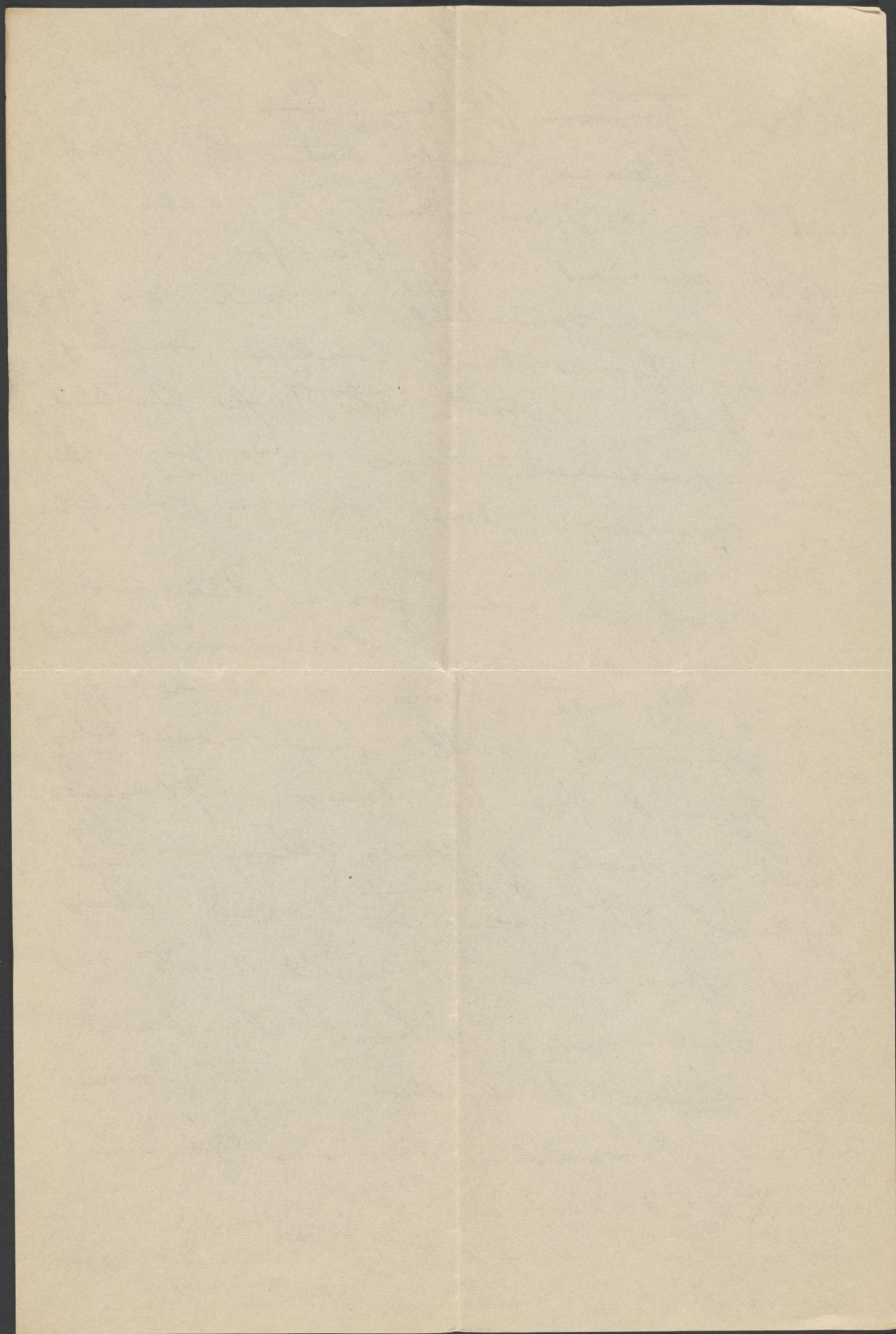
Dear Zona Gale: —

Please look into the post
and see if you can recall a
girl named Ruth Radford!

I have wanted to write you, for
a long time but lacked courage.
However, I wrote the Pope yesterday
to congratulate him. — So perhaps
that Courage will see me through
this.

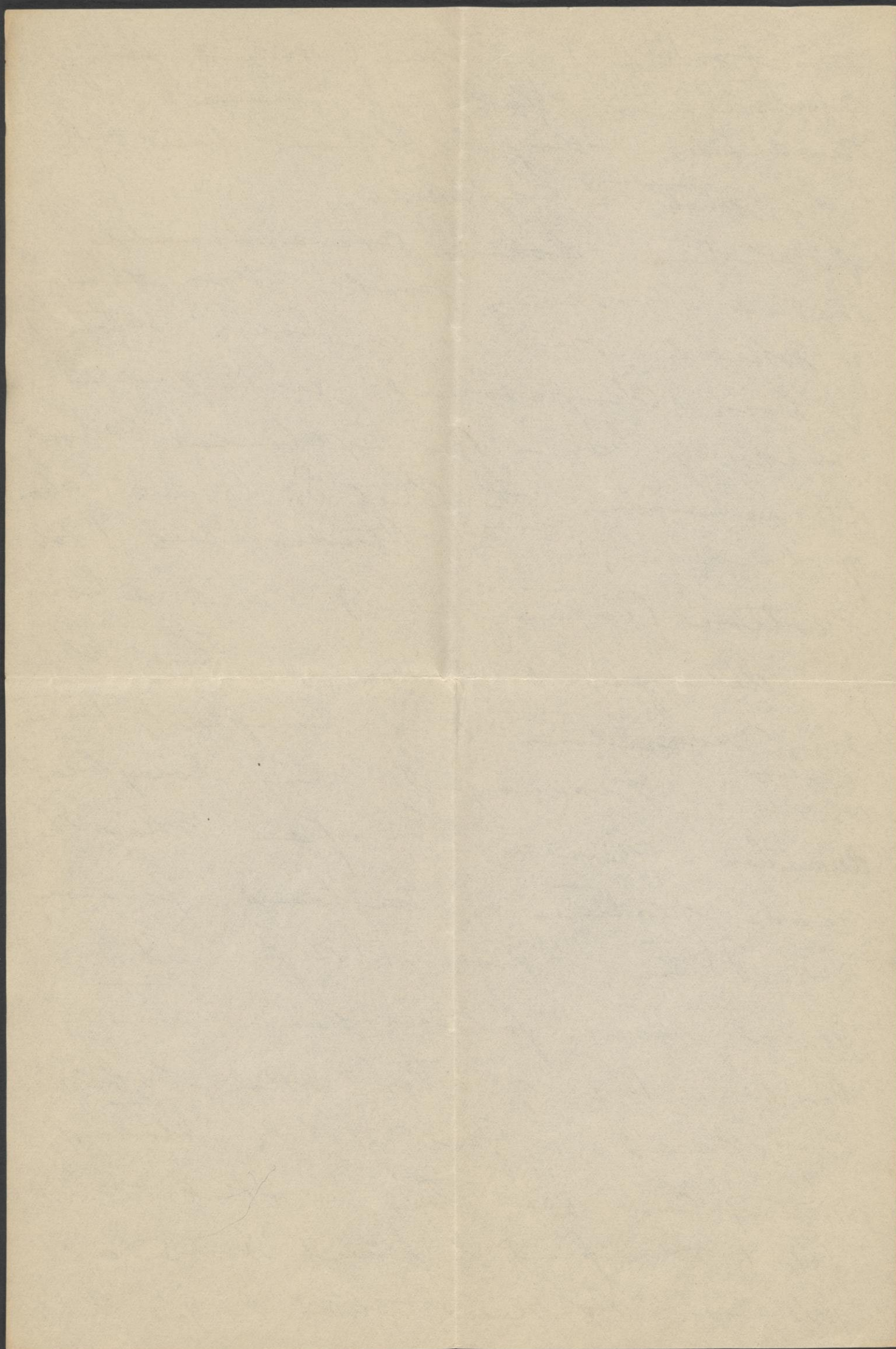
I got an idea for a scenario
from one of your "Uncle Sam's
Stories" "On the Shores of New York"
and wrote it with my daughter
in mind for it lead. Of course,
there is none of your story in it
except the location — but this
is the point — I can't write and
you can — and I have the nerve
to wonder (only that!) if you
would consider joining forces
— ~~to~~ collaborating? —

Then, too, I have a tremendous
amount of material (that I consider



month while) in my mind for
sketches - you see since the
Madison - days, I have seen Life
(Yes, with a Capital.)

Besides - doing considerable
Social Service work (Two years,
of which two is a large - stone)
I have "Chaperoned" girls & all
walks of life - An exclusive school,
Drumhams - The Ruth St. Denis' School
of Dancing, - The Studio Club (For
Motion Picture girls) - and a house
for delinquent girls. Then I
was secretary to a couple of Picture
Stars. Managed my daughter
during her year in Europe where she
made pictures in England, Germany
and Italy. Now I represent a
Travel Service for Europeans travel.
And a lot of other odd jobs !!!
My mind is full of life stories
and I can see them in black & white.
But, I repeat, I can't write and
you can. So - please, what do you think?



Of course, every one who went to
Modicum, claims you — and oh,
how well we know you, (to hear
us tell it!) and how proud!

Like, every body in the world — I
have always longed to write — and
when my dreams soar highest
I write editorials. Perhaps my
next life will see this dream
come true.

Your dream has come true
and I know it is a satisfaction
— no, I won't say that, you are
too great to be satisfied — but
I hope you have happiness.
May, I wish you much happiness
in your marriage.

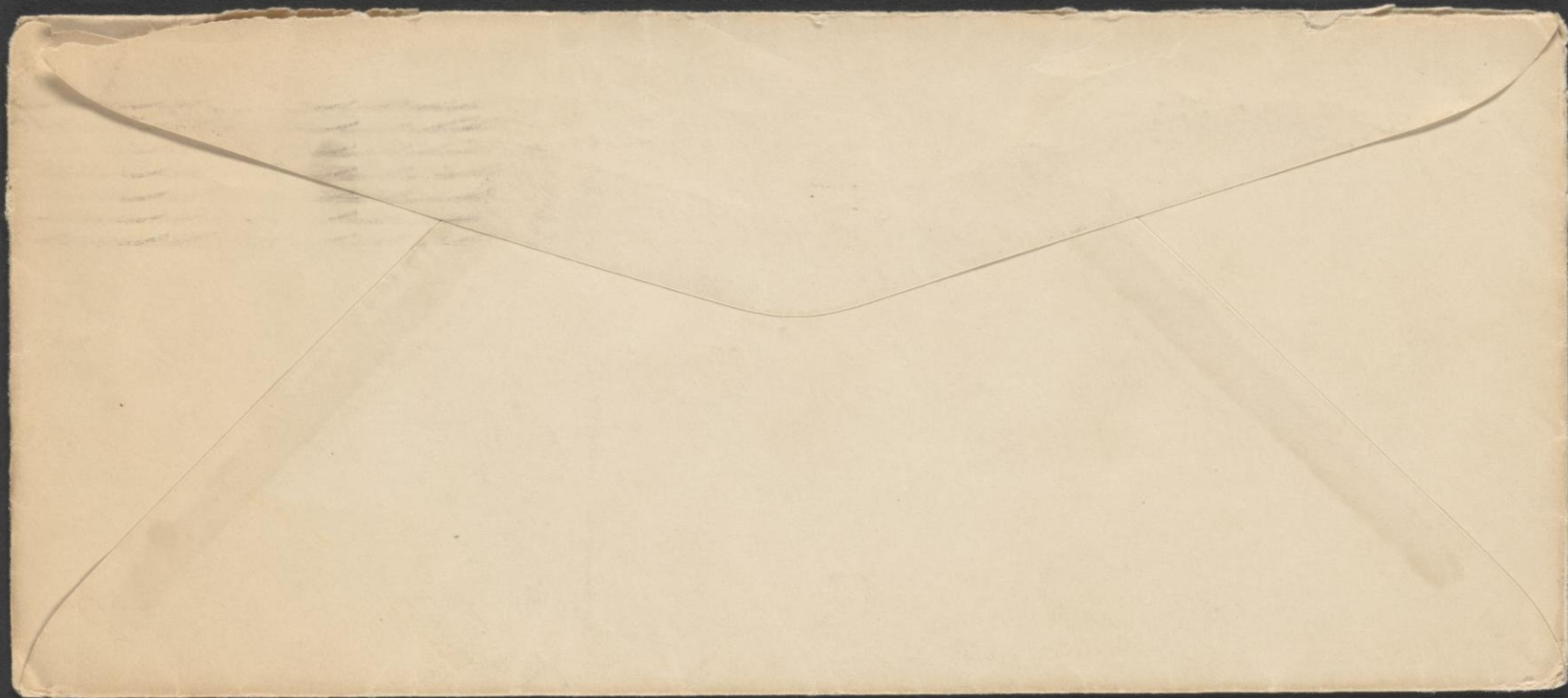
Most Sincerely
Arthur Radford Johnston.

Mrs A. Radford Johnston
2000 No. Highland Ave.
Hollywood
California,

Mr. Tracy



Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Blvd
Hollywood California



Letter postscripted May 25, 1929 from Zona Gale to Professor
Henry Chester Tracy

(5abc)

Interlude.

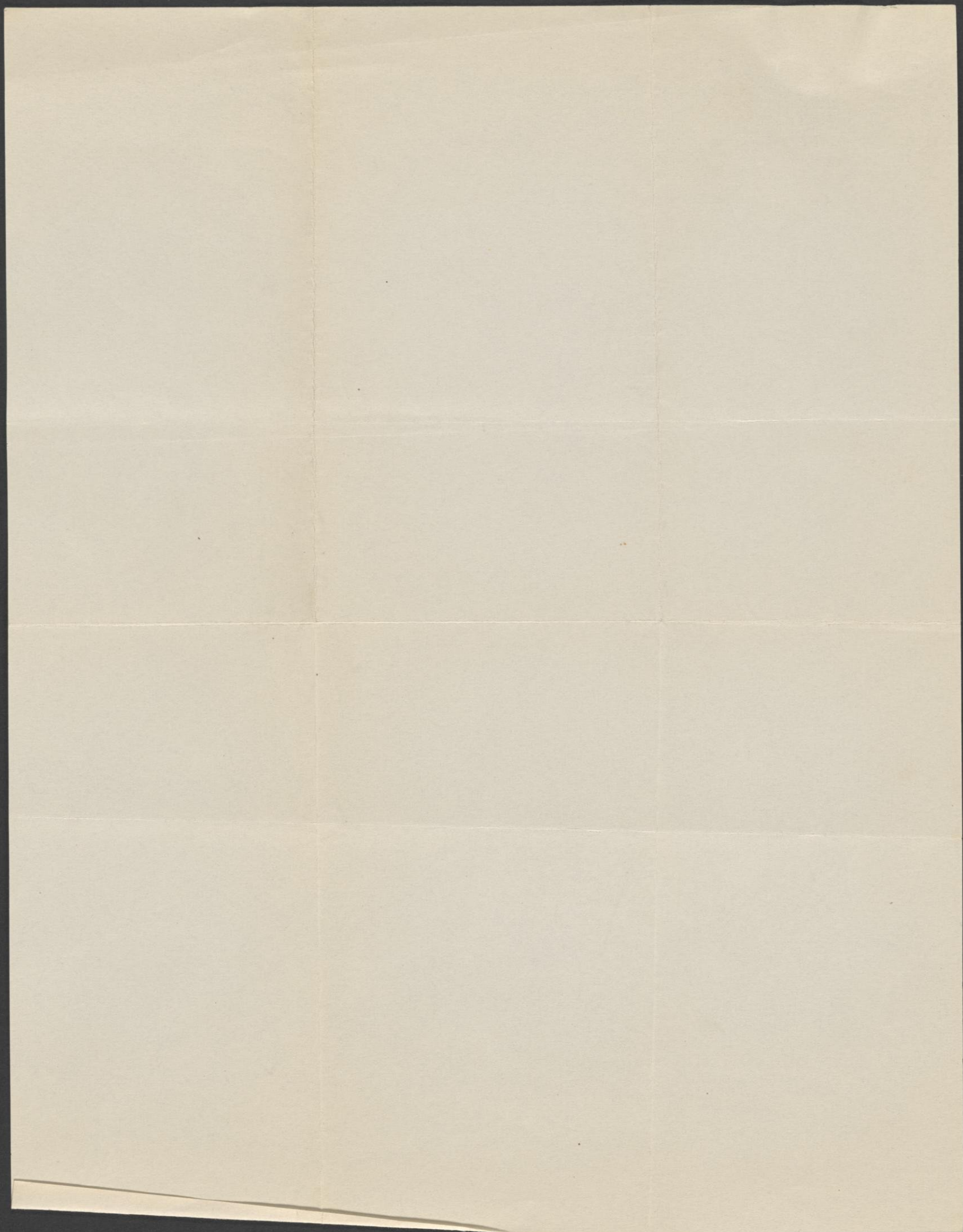
Did a letter from me miss you?

Did a letter from you miss me?

I wrote you of an article in the April
Century called "I've Been Reading" (!)
- and I have heard no word from
you concerning such. Not to day
same.

April is here in other ways - buds,
birds, brightness. What of April with
you? Anne Radford Johnston says that she
looked a charming note from you.
Thank you. But where are you?



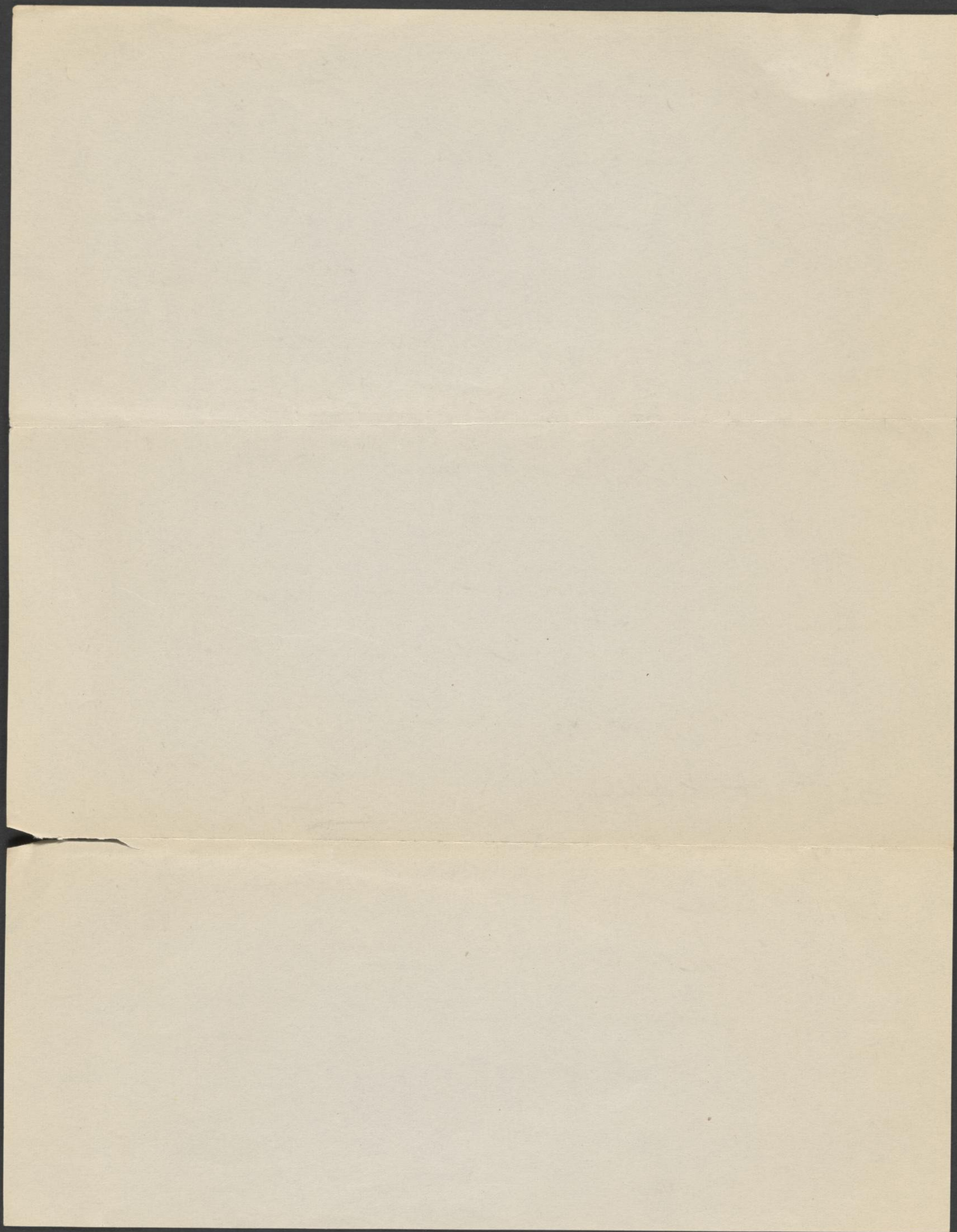


Next day - (Being Tuesday)

Yesterday, as I "worked," I drew a paper down and scribbled the enclosure.

Afternoon came, and your note - the usual universal chemical happening.

- I am so glad of your leaf of news - the Progressive Education movement is the educational way of now. I had thought of your writing to all who attract you in their catalogue - there are really so many now. Last week I was at Curtis and talked with President Boyan over the five hundred - or some of them - acres of their campus - with



horks, dams, crops, springs, "galleys", and
fruit trees — and orchid Red Bud. (Is
red bud the Judas tree?) Then they had in
23 students, men & women, who related that
their last ten, or five, week job was — was
carried on by the other detachment for
ten, or five, weeks — when the first group,
(having studied in the meantime at Antioch)
returns. I had not known that the
buildings are those of the old Horace Mann
school — where once students were examined,
& sat at tables which, rising, they then
chased for dinner. — But I am glad
of the Los Angeles experience in P. S.
— you have had, have been, all this
always, & now to let these others share
in a this California climate still, & it
be joyous for every body. — And you
give me news of a part there. (over) L.

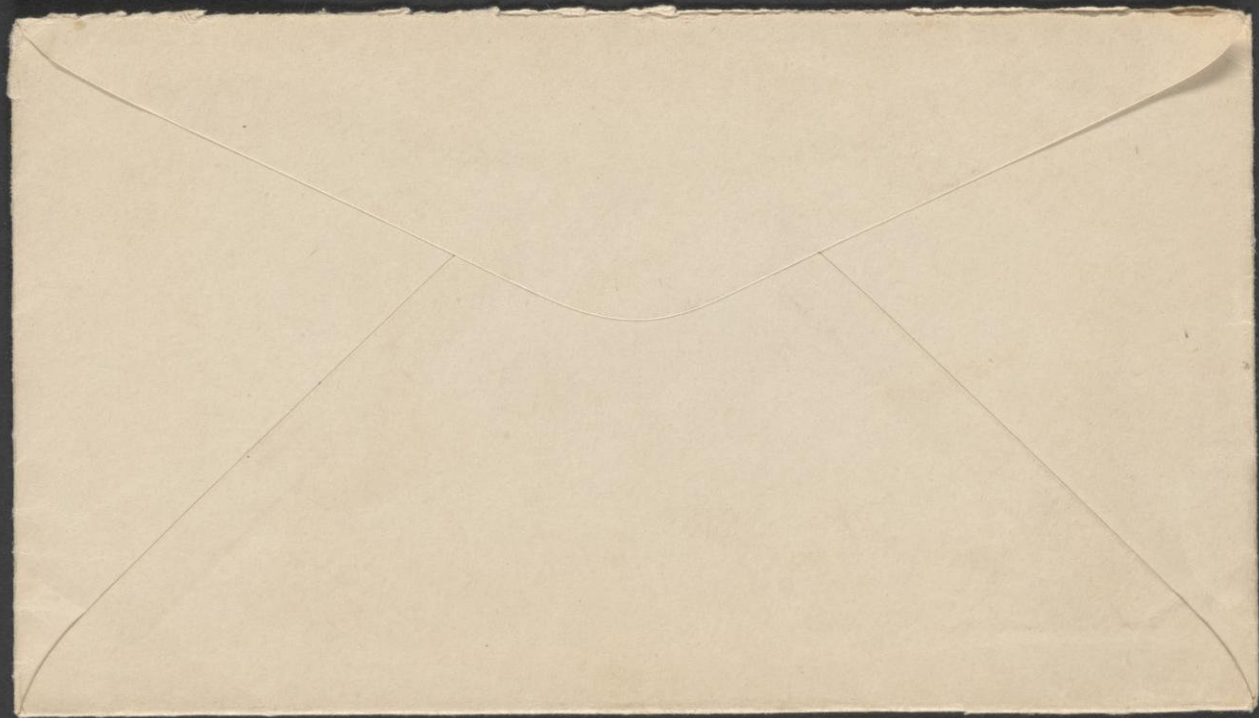
At Dayton I spoke to sixty librarians —
and of J. R. C. and E. as C. — At
Cleveland, at a high school, a Roman
spoke to me of J. R. C. — At
Columbus, (Ohio State University) I told them.
I am something of an impresario!!
I intend to mail you a book which
is your Book — to read, to write, to
be. I am having a new garden.
My baby is infinite. She goes to
Sunday School & in a high questioning
voice, repeats everything after the teacher:

"Little lost lamb? —"

Mrs Gale
Portage
Wisconsin



Professor Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California



Postmarked Sep. 10, 1929

(bab)

Yesterday I sent you Boyia -
which I hope - etc.

And I am thrilled by
all the news of your
letter, as to the new book,
and Hutton. I knew, though,
said she. Tell me more.

Speaking of Hutton. do,
of your recent, Read

on the day. When it became
evident that time had
passed in too great
quantities to allow a letter to
reach you then, I said to
me: "But to write a letter
on my birthday will be a
greater compliment." Then
to, my ^② birthday, your ^① birthday,
went treacherously by with no
such letter. But this is it.
For what is time? There
being no past, this is - our
birthday still. — Which

2
their Henry Williamson's The
Pathway. It is for me the
fiction of for-a-long-time.
It is the kind of book
that you might do in
another (and past) incarnation.
(What a beautiful word! With
all the fore-color of a fruit
in bloom - or of carnation
milk!)

As to birthdays, a note
was to have reached you

suggests Andrew Book - you
will love read it? Eddington's
Gifford Lectures - "The Nature
of the Physical World." -
Leah Mac Donald says that
she would like to distribute
that book by the thousand from
air planes, onto every university
campus.

Do see her mother
sometimes? She has had
such tragedy, so well borne.

Clarence came in the
other day - Clarence Weinstock.
He had taken six days to

Postscripted Sep. 10, 1859

Litch-Like from California!
Our car took him, I believe,
right across New Mexico -
partly by Starlight. Did
he read you his Foolish
Love sonnets? Very fine,
& thought. The baby listened
spelled (^{now} she is ~~now~~ three)
laughed out once or twice
at his sonorous cadences;
and next day observed:
"Where 'at man? - Here
Clarence's chair? ("this" is

Postscripted Sep. 10, 1929

Another book: "All quiet
on the western front." Do
not fail it. Christopher
Morley says that not to
read it and ^{not} to tell a
dozen friends about it is
treachery to the Human Race.

Gray = green day. Many
grays, monotonous greens -
and then, an ominous touch
of September yellow - alas.
Greeting to Miriam, to E. M.

6

along "here") and then:

"Tompach, throat - that
at man say?" - (Her
fascination is endless. As

"Dream train, carry me
back where I belong." -

And "Mother, give me a
sew-pin" - wishing a needle,

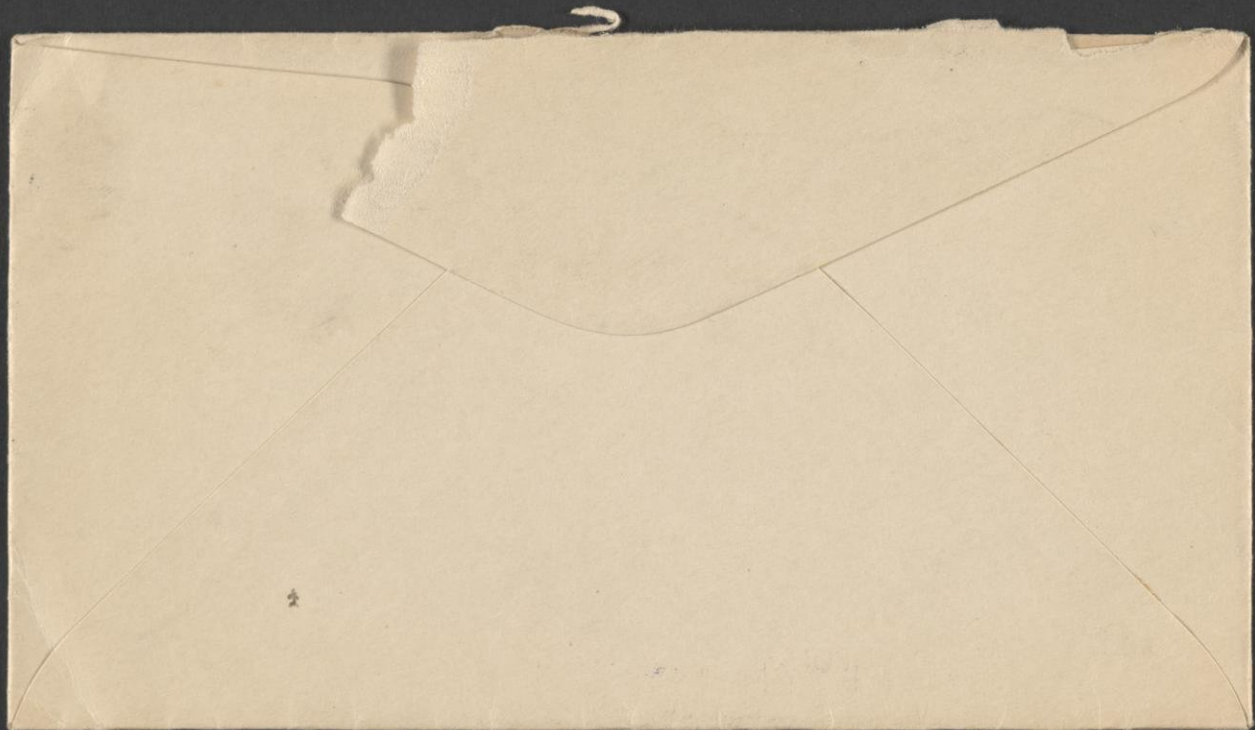
Am I boring? - But
that of the "see" one, who
must now be five feet - or
four? -

What do you paint?



Professor Henry C. Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Los Angeles - California

NO SUCH No. SOUTH - 509 W.



Letter postscripted Jan. 11, 1930 from Zona
Gale to Professor Henry C. Tracy

①

If one doesn't send a greeting
to reach another one on
Christmas day, then the very
best thing to do is to write
the greeting on Christmas day.
Or even on New Year's day. And
all thru I meant with all
my might to do. So now, next
best, comes that word with

Oh, nearly there - which doesn't
speak too well for your
ministry - but I couldn't take
that medicine, I recall. - I
wish I had!

That wild and waxy
image shall I promote from
the air to send to you? So
wild, so waxy is the air,
so imminent with images,
In another room waits a
University youth, sent to me
by Roger Baldwin. I haven't
met him, but we are now

²
added freight of more wishes
for more joys - and with
these additional loads to
create them, better joys. -

And your message I am
glad to have - thanks for
it, as you would know. -

I wonder "how now?" Tell
me "how now?" -

I might go to Hondo -
or even to California. I love
the same couch to which
you ministered two years ago -

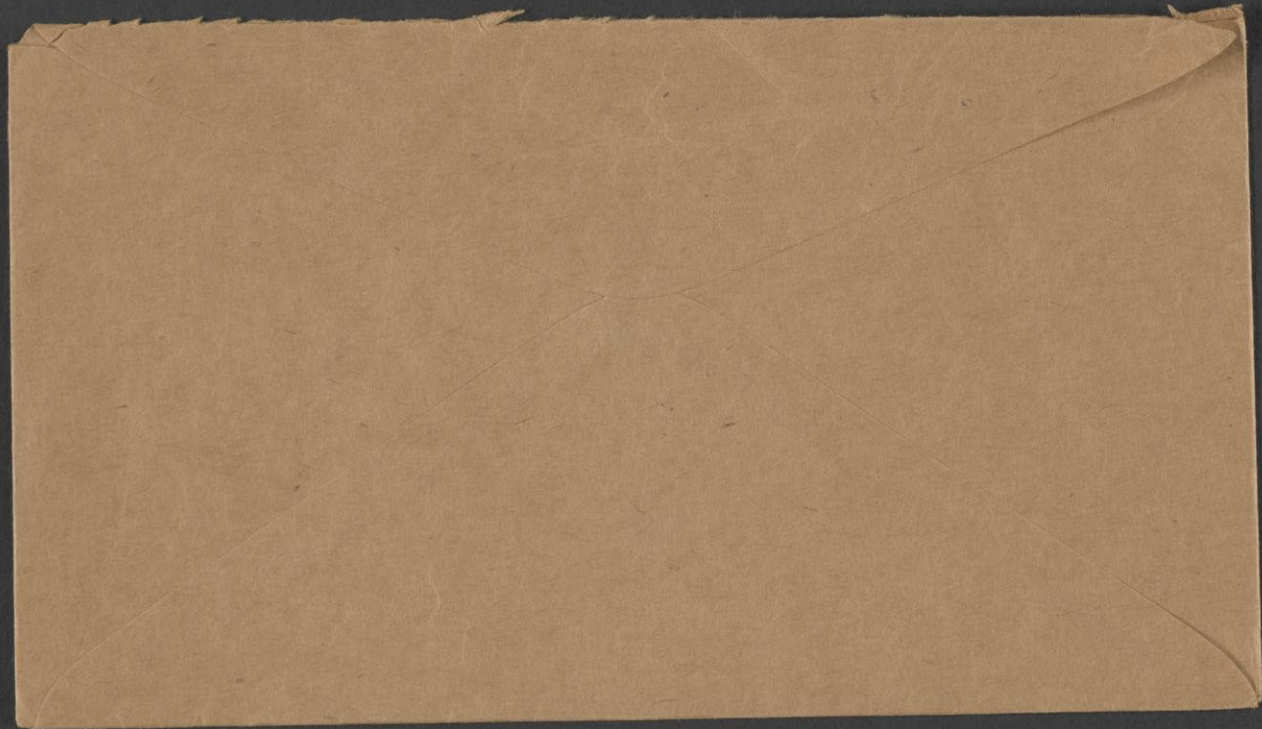
to break bread - break, in fact,
zuppes and slim sausages,
lettuce and tangerines. -

How idiotic not to be able
to ask you to lunch. That
clogs us, rights us, chains
us to one spot in this world.
I can think Tibet or Jaz.
My not read 'em. -

This being no more than
a frail signaling, through
denser air - less zuppes, less
sageen Ben / wash. L. My
born to Merion. —



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Avenue
Hollywood
California



Letter postscripted Jun. 18, 1930 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry
Chester Tracy

Don't you think it might be well to
bring with you on Saturday all the
other sketches which might have
place in Roads to Morning - those
which I have seen, and any others,
excepting the Asia sketches. -
Then we can have those ready,
answering the reply about those
which have been sent.

June 18-1930

This much I found, written so, on
this paper, with this envelope - dating
back then eight years and more. That
is something to think of. It is that day,

us both had been furnished, and all the
mystic was boxed secret within, whereas
now it floats, whirling its bright words, all
laid in lines of print and paper, floats
printed and papery, over all. How much
you have done and how beautifully you have
done. This is to one, reading the words
on the paper's other face, this is to one a
phrase and a point in air, or in ether,

"Roads to Learning!"

all resonant with what has been, and
what will be. Sometimes I think that
the books brought by you, noble in them-
selves, are yet but bright paths leading to
the temple, whose stones are all cut and
carved (and "rippled") and ready. I find my-
self eager for what you shall do now, do
next. But then I have always been that.
I find myself, then, more than eager. The
word is "certain". Good night.



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood, California

(or 2401)



Letter postscripted Apr. 11, 1931 from Zone
Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

(3a,b)

The MISSION INN
RIVERSIDE
CALIFORNIA

Mission Inn statuary —
Mission Inn air's — in
fact, Mission Inn and
7 on the roof, a low
voices length from that
raining room wherein
7 entertained the
plumber, in a great

ALICE RICHARDSON
MANAGER

he free interest of
did not record that he
came to 2700 miles,
arriving on the ninth
day. —

He shall be for one
day in Holly Ford — In
July is twenty two
(and craves ^{her} ^{ground} Holly Ford, that
is likely to be next
Thursday — and if it is, or
when it is, I shall

²
and fearful conviction
that he was gone.
He came here
last week — he drove
from this country — and
it was one of the
happiest experiences of
my life. He came by
El Paso and Tucson,
Phoenix and the Imperial
Valley — and should I

Let your know - and
Could you hear it
to join us to see
a studio, or something
of that? - In any
case I shall let you
know. We shall have
also, no time for anything
else - We are already
almost on our return -
we go to San Hugo and
then up the coast. to

The MISSION INN
RIVERSIDE
CALIFORNIA.

has Angeles. In a day -
but if you and Thiers
could meet us somewhere
on that day - where?
cannot now say - that
would be well indeed.

Meanwhile, you mountain
to mountain, moving
light like a goat, goes

ALICE EDWARDS

By putting to you
I am. To you all.
J.S.

April 11.





Mr. Henry Chester Lucy
2104 Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California

Dr. Hale Bruce

Dr -

MRS. GEORGE P. BRETT

"JOURNEY'S END"

COCONUT GROVE

FLORIDA

Letter postscripted Feb. 9, 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry
Chester Tracy

(Hab)

Dear friends: -
I wanted to write before I left -
- but what to say. I turned all that I
knew every way - but what a great sum,
what a great sum. I supposed that
you have thought of second mortgages
The difference in real estate values is
so great. Mortgage values of your house are
not half the values, at least! - The
sum, dismays me as much as you. I
have a kind of certainty that you have
done some thing, have adjusted to a
second mortgage, have found a purchaser -
have done some thing. My visions of

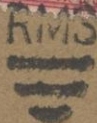
something were dispelled by the \$32,000 -
that fortune. Dear friends - if one could
help...

The two chapters, beautifully typed,
have gone to the Yale Review. And one
- the new essay - to the New Republic,
and one waits. The ^{new} book too, - a
little later, I feel sure that will have its
place. Now the publishers lists are so small.
The list of things you have - how fine that
is, a great property in itself; and that it
moves slowly is the fate of all. - "This week,"
speaking here six times at the University, I
have shouted loud and long of English as
experience. "I am anguished not to have
written - trying to think of something - getting
down here - speaking all the while - and
trying to think again. I write me that

There has been a miracle! -

Meanwhile, I am sorry to tell you that Florida is far ahead of California. Miami is 500 miles South of San Diego in latitude, and it is heaven, it is June. It is after midnight, but the fire windows in my room stand wide, as they have stood night and day ever since I came here - and crickets are singing, a little owl is gentling, and roses from the garden are on my table. There is no bite in the air of Miami, night or day - no heat in the house, and no need for it. I am warm, for the first time in years - but never too warm. -

I write you that there has been a miracle. Care Mrs. George P. Brett, Coconut Grove, Florida. I to be alluding instead of me.



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
210 4 N. Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California



Hotel Pancoast
Miami Beach
Florida

Letter postscripted Feb. 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr.
Henry Chester Tracy

(5)



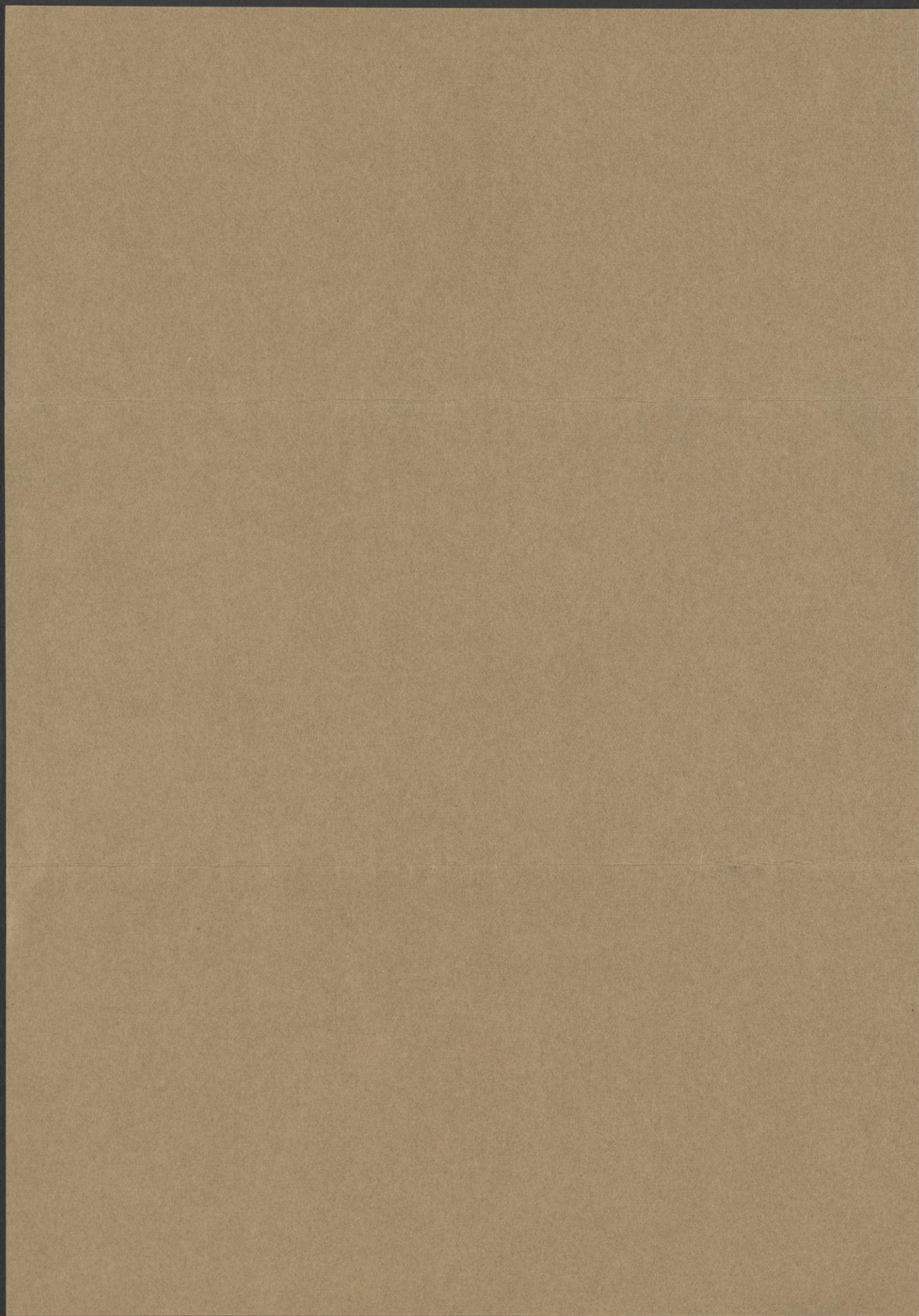
Hotel Pancoast
Miami Beach
Florida

Dear friends -

Just a valentine -
with love and good wishes,
I am inquiring about
the bird books.

We are leaving for home
now.

L.S.B.





Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Avenue

Hollywood, California

Ten O'clock and after
4200

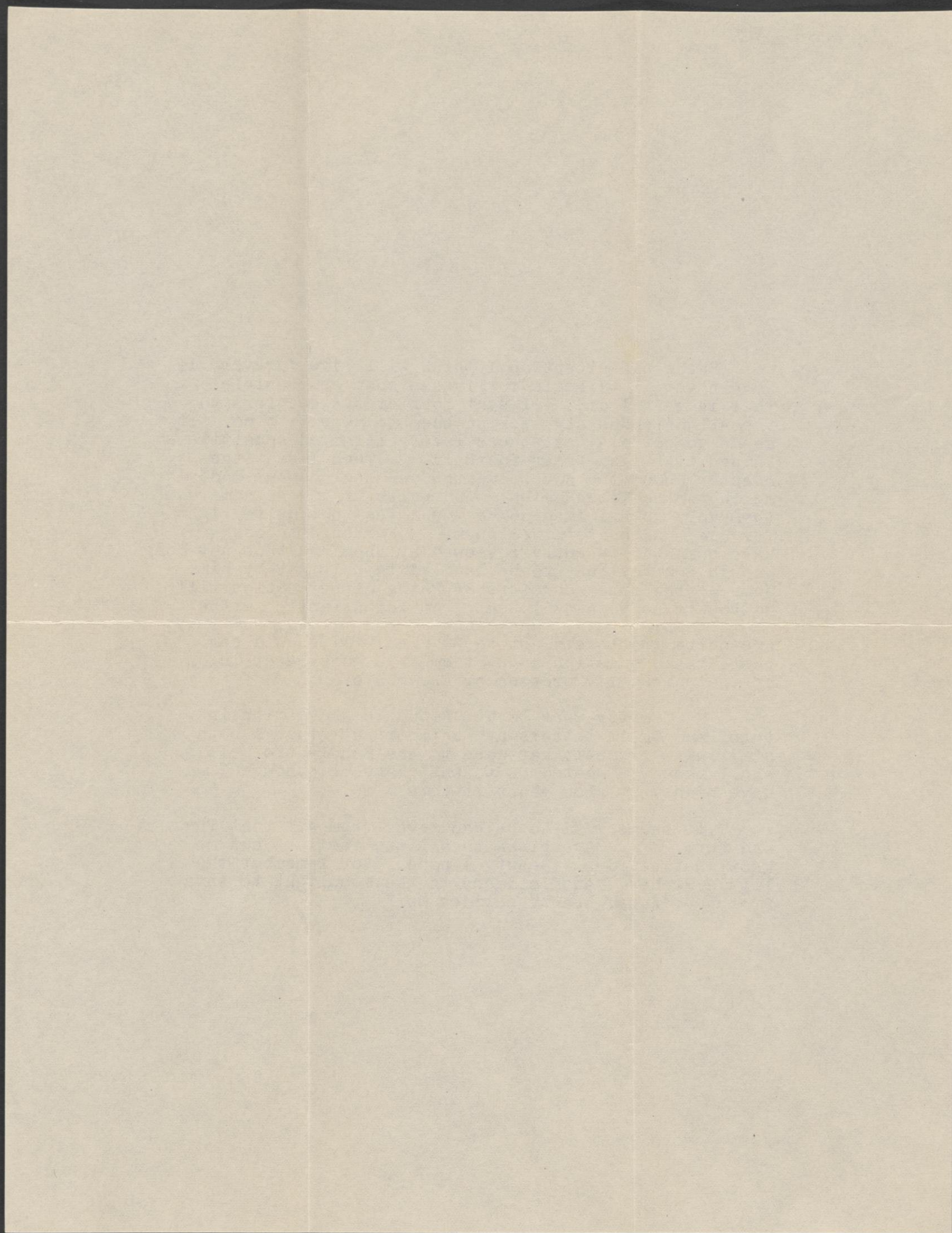
Letter postscripted Mar. 16, 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester
Tracy

(6)

Paths of Perception I think will live forever, if we can get it to begin to live as soon as possible. This is what I did: I sent four of the chapters to the Atlantic Monthly, asking them to report to me. It seems so certain that these lovely leisured sensitive things will find their foothold. Then I sent the chapter about the novel and the one on good and bad magic to the Yale Review. And while Dr. Cross admired them very much I imagine he found them not quite right for him, and he returned them. Perhaps the books have been too recently reviewed by them and thus not long enough ago reviewed to be handled in this way by him. Some of the other chapters of Paths of Perception will go to him as soon as I hear from the Atlantic, either for or against. These must be kept going, for they are quite too lovely not to be read. I should say there is no question about them as a book later in one of the university presses or elsewhere.

My Country went to New Republic and Nation in turn, and their letters are unimportant, though both admiring. Now it has gone to the Scholastic. I shall keep you posted as to what happens, though I have been very slow about it this time.

It seems good to be back even from all that fun and surf. Greetings to all the family. Let me know what betides. Beauty I hope. You remember the little Richard Mansfield cry in the moonlight to Anna Branch. "Anna, beauty betides me."





Mr. Henry Chester Tracy
2104 N. Highland Boulevard
Hollywood California



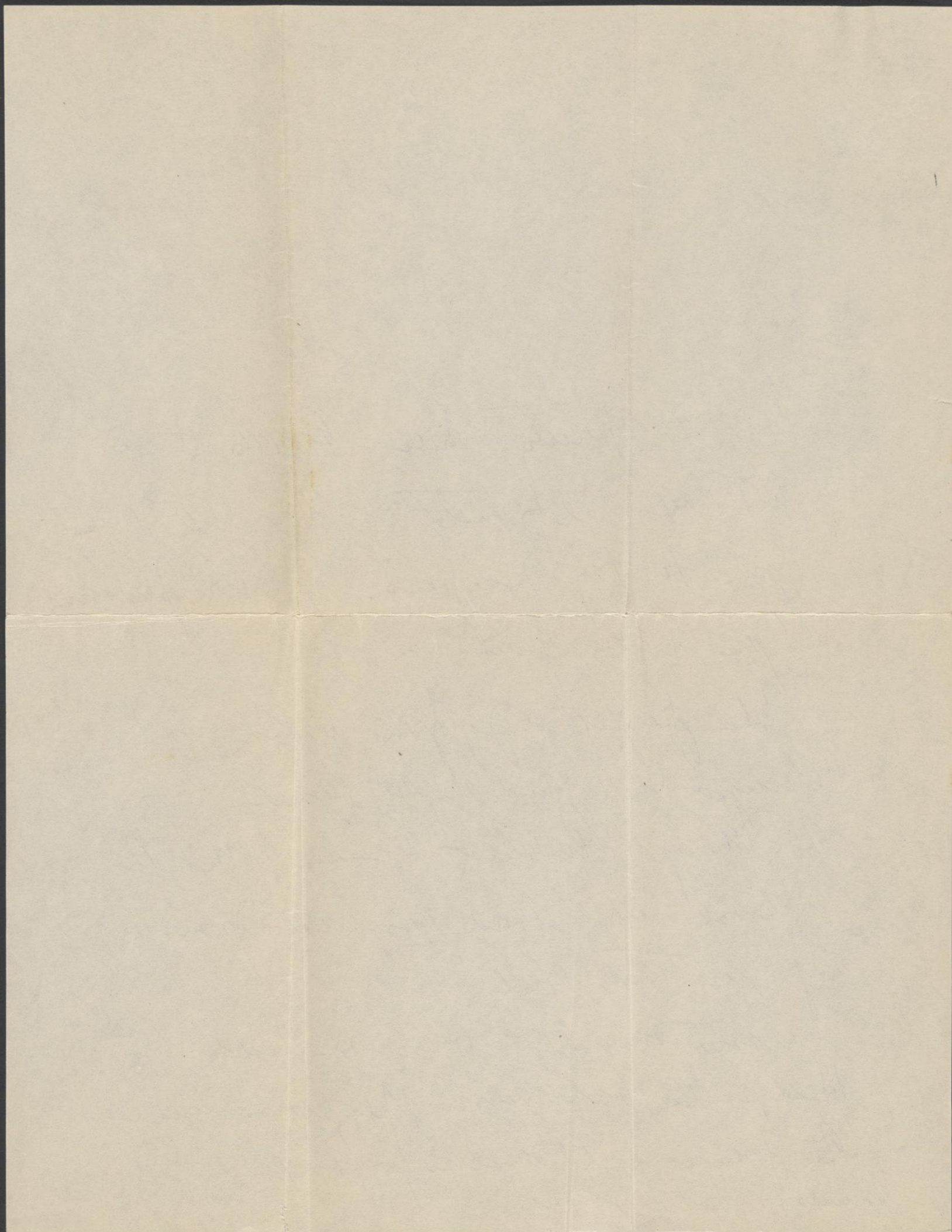
Letter postscripted Mar. 31/1932 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy including letter from THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

(78)

This is pretty nice - though it is
not all ultimate. Now I am
going to try Harpers. - Or perhaps
Zale Review first

The perfect copy of the Catha of
Perception you might send to
the Chicago University Press, with the
enclosed letter - and no letter from you? -
if you think well.

Easter morning at 7:30 we heard the
Hollywood bird services, ^{2nd} perfection and - in
the pauses - the mocking birds.
Thursday. Noon or more.



OFFICE OF
THE EDITOR



8 ARLINGTON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

The Atlantic Monthly

March 26, 1932

Dear Miss Gale:

Mr. Sedgwick is abroad, but the others of the staff have read these essays by Henry Chester Tracy with particular pleasure. They are perfect essays, almost of the eighteenth century in their sense of style and form. Though we are unable to take any of the three, do be good enough to tell Mr. Tracy that we are interested in his work, and should like to see more of it.

Sincerely yours,

Edward C. Aswell

Edward C. Aswell,
Assistant Editor.

Miss Zona Gale,
Portage, Wisconsin.

*Re - A Sentiment of Nature,
Sources of Serenity -
Dignity of Things*



The Atlantic Monthly

Vol. 1, No. 1

January, 1872

8

THE
YALE
REVIEW
A National Quarterly

WILBUR CROSS
EDITOR

HELEN MCAFEE
MANAGING EDITOR

JOHN HAY WHITNEY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

P.O. BOX 1729
NEW HAVEN
CONNECTICUT



April 11, 1932.

Miss Zona Gale,
Portage,
Wisconsin.

Dear Miss Gale:

We are sorry not to see a way of using Mr. Tracy's "Paths to Perception" in The Yale Review. The manuscript, which seems to us very well written, suggests rather book publication with fuller and more leisurely development. We thank you, however, for letting us read it.

Very sincerely yours,

1/5/50

BEAVER
LVT

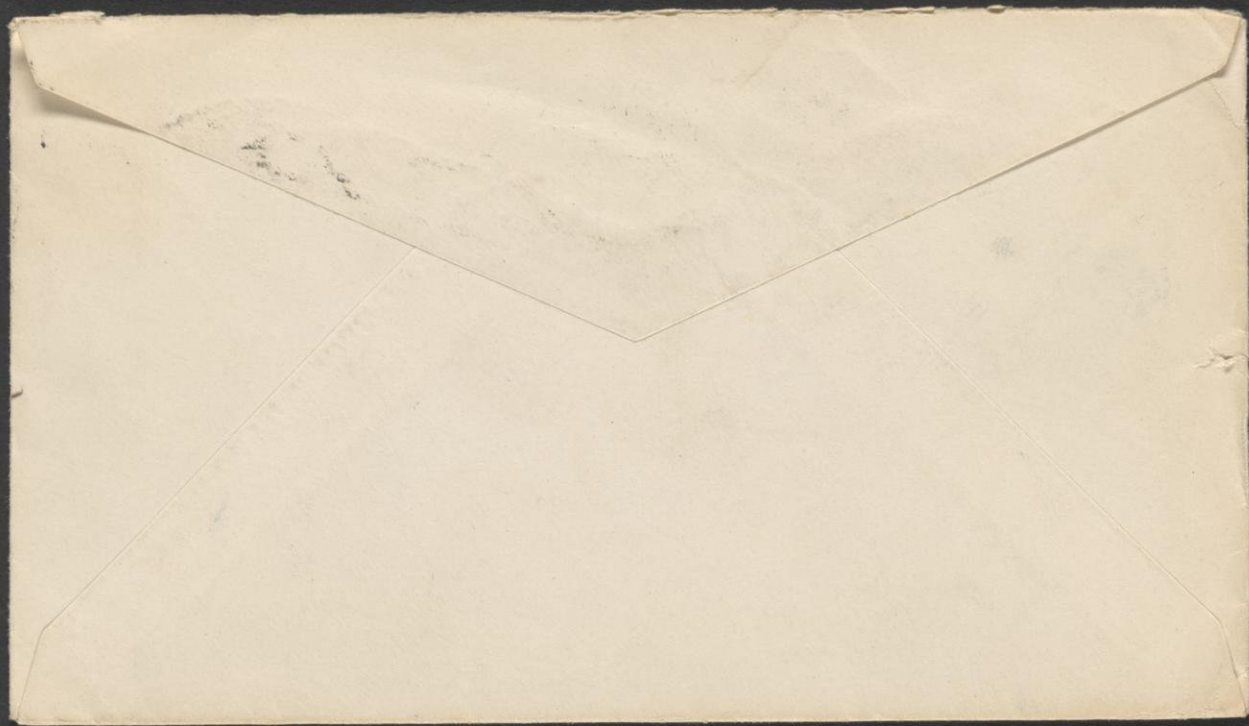
Mr. Tracy



Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Boulevard

Hollywood, California



Letter postscripted Apr. 23, 1932 from Zona Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy including letter from The YALE REVIEW

(9)

This letter 7 dictated. And
now, for my sins, 7 behold
this:-

Dear Mr. Tracy:

One more charming comment which brings you nearer to all that you were near before.

I shall of course do as you suggest about the agent. But when my eye fell on this enclosure I wondered if Doubleday might be interested. Very likely it is too lovely, however, because "jovial" seems to connote something less sensitized. Curiously one cannot be both. Or can one? It may be merely a matter of kind. Jane Addams is not jovial and Chesterton is, and so forth. Well, you are not Chesterton, thank your stars.

Nice about the Orage magazine. Of course England is your habitat and not Hollywood, except for climate and central heating plants. Fortunately the mails work, so that one may have both. How would it be to center on England for a while? If you get a success over there American publishers will sit up quite as do impressarios at a Paris or Munich success. They say that no grand opera singer has a hearing in America until she has succeeded abroad. There is more in this, however, than that. England does have the audience and America has merely audiences.

And how about all the other. Why not at least keep me posted even though my times have jyves as well as yours. Heavens! what a sentence. It drags like chains and creeks like iron work--swinging iron work--on a March night. A March Wisconsin night. Though this, to be sure, is April and I am looking at a robin. A robin, an elm bud and a bonfire, all these make a spring in a single window frame.

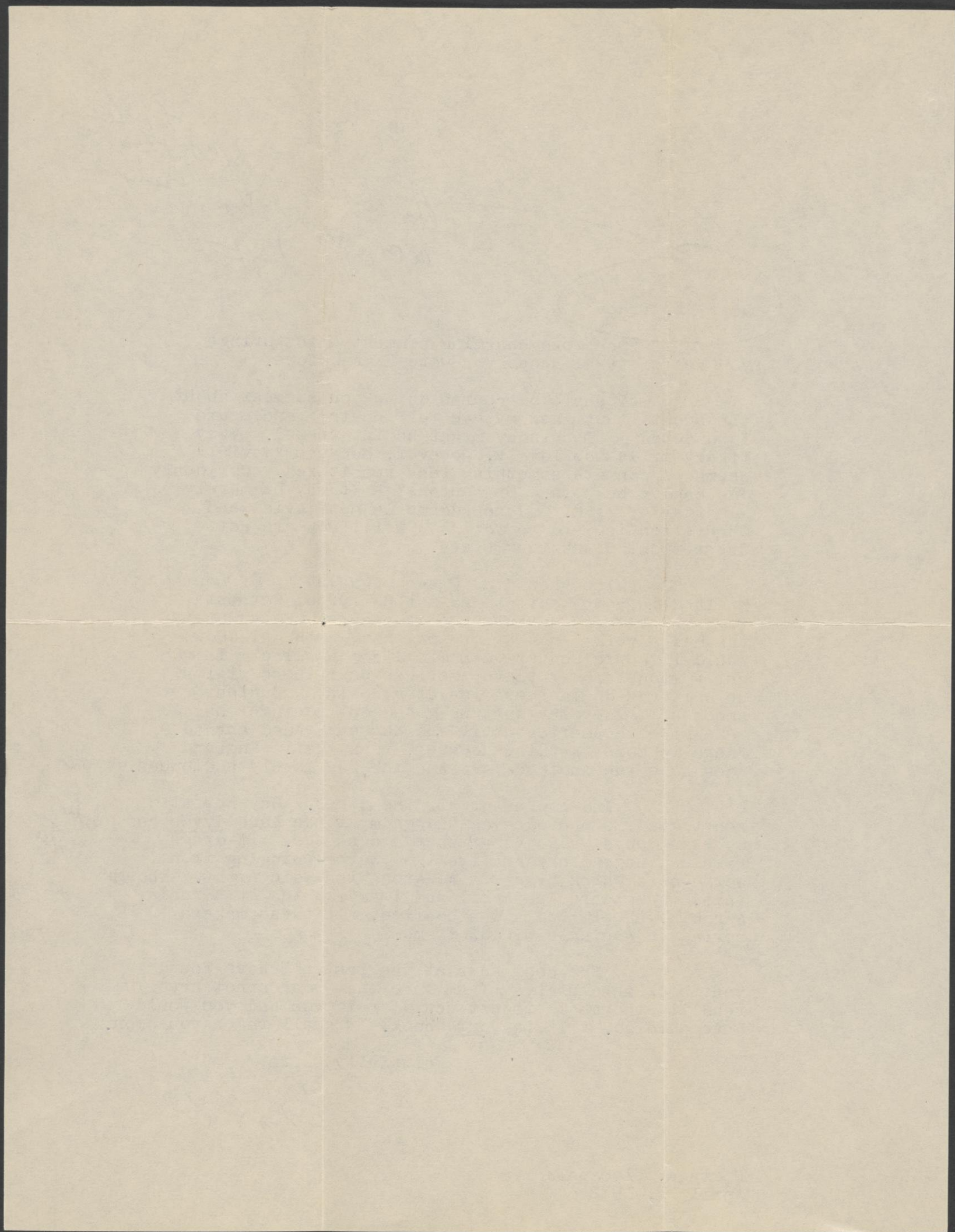
The best news at the last. I have found your book absolutely. I am sure that you cannot have read it, though it is not new, for if you had you would have said so. It is your book. It shall reach you soon.

Faithfully yours,

Zona G. B.

Portage, Wisconsin
April 11, 1932

- read 7
later
better
H.





Mr. Henry Chester Tracy

2104 North Highland Boulevard

Hollywood, California



Letter postscripted Jun. 2, 1932 from Zona
Gale to Mr. Henry Chester Tracy including
letters from THE SCHOLASTIC and The
University of Chicago Press
(10a,b,c,d,e)

Two little scraps - send for
you. One indicates a
question with whose reply you
recede must keeps me in
touch! The house, the hill - the
I must know what happens. -
Deep here to be known
only as lush - lush -
lucious. That seems like a
fit comparison. - Sample

More white with spirea -
There is a cardinal who
visits us, sings, and is
fed - he has been here
all winter for nine years
now - and sings after
the early year - Thrilling,
in snow. - You have
made three Rhododendrons
and two azaleas live
for four years. If this
is the case, how many
would live for eight years?

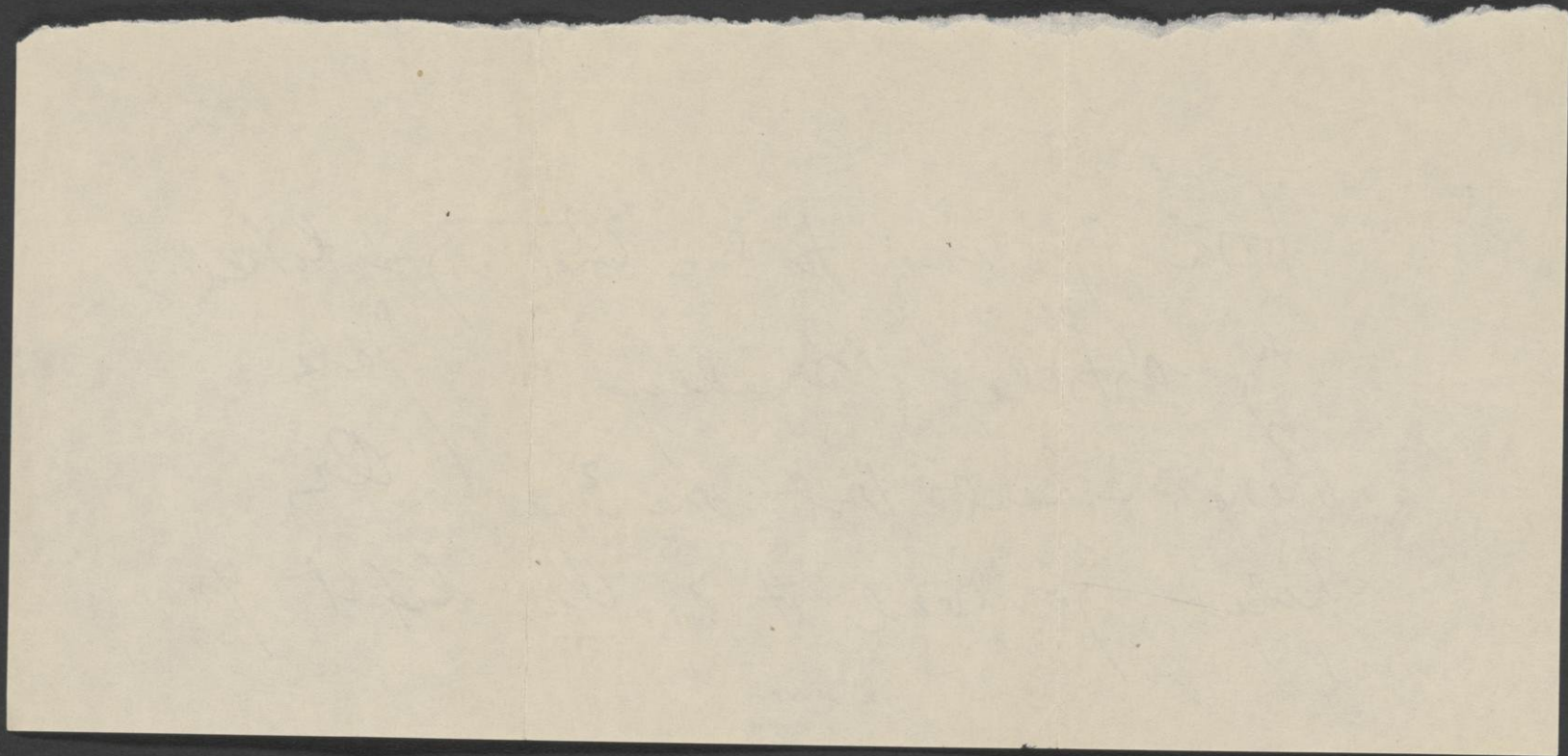
first copy of the New Review -
well? - Have you observed
that they pay for ms. only
~~long~~ special arrangement.
But that must be what
you have. I wish you would
send ^{ms.} them out by thousands!
You have to wear a
channel in the universe -
and share numbers is
something, regardless of exquisite
quality - really. I mean,
this plays its own part.

What celestial domes
mathematics might be.

Gently to you all.

gg
13.

Did you say to me that you liked
my article Breeding in ^{Yale}
Review - last but one? Or
hadn't you read it? Or didn't you
like it?



(10c) You asked me once what they talk about at
Conference of "creative" writing. They are all
students - some the lecturers, the talkers. I
don't know! - Keep to your hillside. If you can.
By the way, can you?
L.

Conference on Creative Writing

University of Iowa

Included in letter postscripted June 2, 1932 from Zona
Gale to Mr Henry Chester Tracy

Thursday, Oct. 29, Senate Chamber, Old Capitol, 8 P.M.

Lecture by Zona Gale.

Friday, Oct. 30, Senate Chamber, 10 A.M.

Round Table; "Creative Writing and the Universities."

Discussion led by Addison Hibbard, Edwin Piper, and Norman Foerster

Friday, Oct. 30, Senate Chamber, 3 P.M.

Round Table: "The Midwest in Letters Today and Tomorrow."

Discussion led by Irving B. Richman, Floyd Dell, and Ruth Suckow

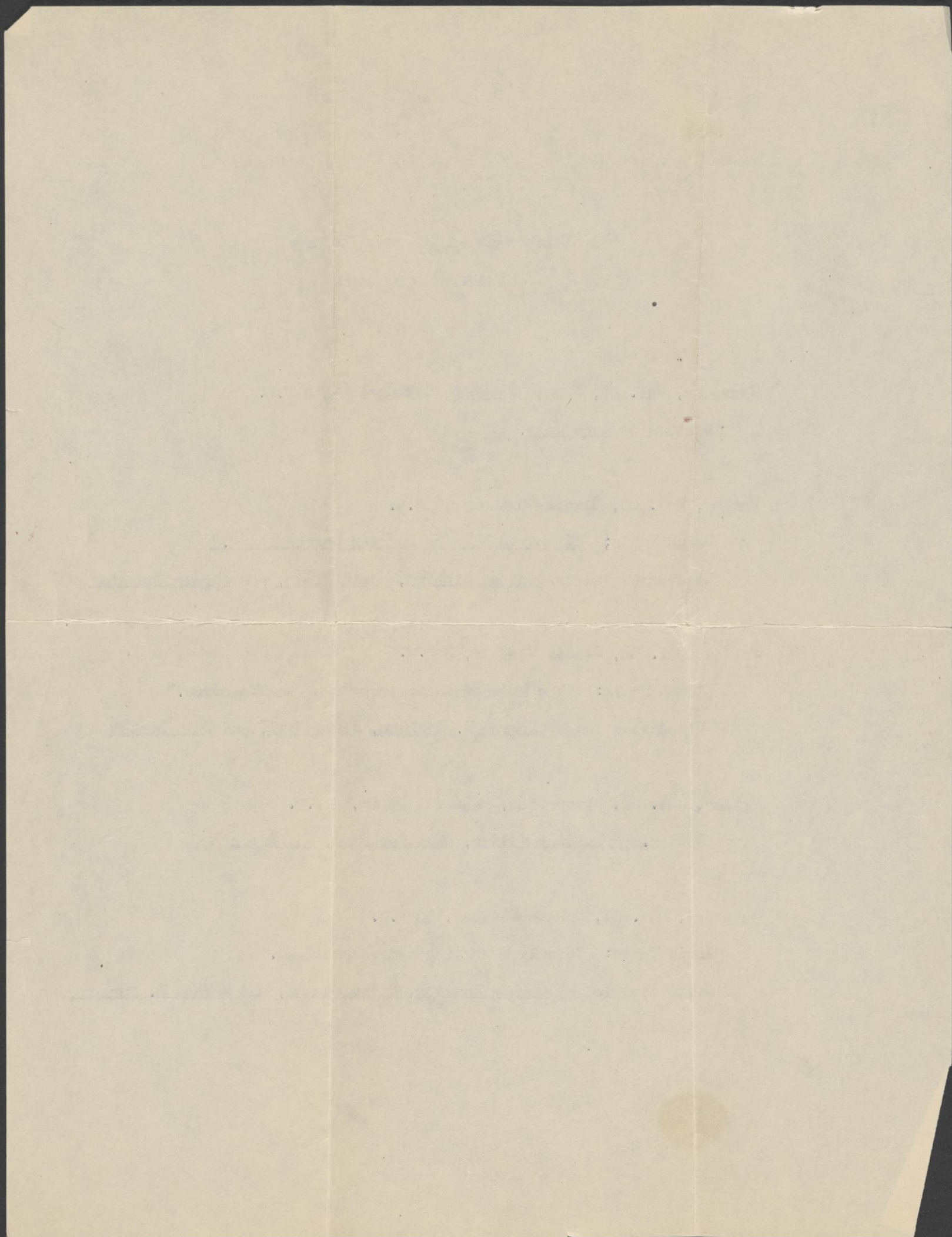
Friday, Oct. 30, River room, Memorial Union, 6 P.M.

Dinner. President Jessup, Dean Seashore, Sam Sloan

Saturday, Oct. 31, Senate Chamber, 10 A.M.

Round Table: "Creative Writing and Journalism".

Discussion led by Gerald Johnson, Harry Hansen, and Gorham B. Munson



(10d)



The SCHOLASTIC

A NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR
THE HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

155 E. 44th St. New York City
40 So. Third St. Columbus, O.
Wabash Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

May 19, 1932

Miss Zona Gale
Portage, Wisconsin

Dear Miss Gale:

I want to thank you for the manuscript by Mr. Henry Chester Tracy, which you were so kind as to send. This paper is everything that you say about it and I feel with you that Mr. Tracy is a stylist and philosopher to be cultivated.

From the special standpoint of the Scholastic, however, I do not believe our pages are the logical place for this essay. It is too adult in thought and in a sense too negative in thesis. The function of the Scholastic as a classroom magazine compels us to devote most of our space to information rather than opinion. Of course, you know our fundamental sympathies, and no school magazine has gone, or could go, I am sure, farther than the Scholastic in criticism of the basic assumptions of American life. We have been trying to do what we can to awaken students to an enlightened skepticism. But when we get letters from teacher subscribers complaining that Wells and Shaw are dangerous reading for juveniles, you can understand how carefully we have to tread in order to carry with us what constituency we have.

For all of these reasons, I feel that Mr. Tracy's paper would be much better adapted to one of the quality adult magazines and I am taking the liberty of sending it to Mr. Alfred Dashiell of Scribner's, because I think it might find a welcome there, as well as earn far more money for Mr. Tracy there than it could in the Scholastic.

I much appreciate your thoughtfulness and shall be happy to write Mr. Tracy and send him some sample copies of the Scholastic. It seems to me quite possible that he might produce some other manuscript that would be better adapted to our needs.

Faithfully yours,

Kenneth M. Gould
Kenneth M. Gould
Managing Editor

KMG:L

MS. SCHOLASTIC

ANNUAL MAGAZINE FOR

THE HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

1900-1901
Volume 1
Number 1

10e

The University of Chicago Press

5750 ELLIS AVENUE CHICAGO ILLINOIS

May 7, 1932

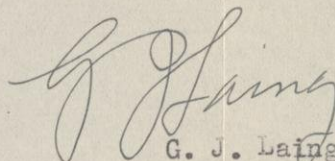
Miss Zona Gale
Portage
Wisconsin

Dear Miss Gale:

Thank you very much for your note about Mr. Tracy's book of essays. It has just reached us with a communication from him. I regret very much that I was obliged to write him that on account of the present condition of the book market we were unable to undertake the publication of the manuscript. From what you say I am sure the manuscript is work of outstanding quality.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,


G. J. Laing
Editor

GJL:OM

5

The University of Chicago Press
520 MICHIGAN AVENUE - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

(Pabc)
1922?

I see that you
have already sent
your letter - so I will
send this (filling out your
name etc) and the copy?
may destroy the copy?
I am here enclosing to you.

This letter and to President Morgan I shall
be glad to have you send on if you care to
do so. I think I know about Yellow
Springs - I think the Gray leaf path which led
its way was pointed to me so I drove from
Springfield to Xenia last Autumn - but I may
be wrong. It sounds like a lovely adventure.

I sent you a word from the station
in Chicago - and this morning a paper which
I think I addressed 2501 is something. If it
hasn't reach you, will you blow on a blue
flower bell up the street and it will hear.
(Unless you have a red wild flower at hand.)

Pan Tadeusz I thought is lovely - but
I feel at sea because I don't know what it
is. You did not date the book in the
first note - is it something recent or is it a

classic! I feel as if the Yale Review editor's
distinction - which is one that I in my
innocence could not have made, could you? - is
valid. And that perhaps Bellac's and
Jeffries and this do not belong in a collection
such as Morning Roads, but in a separate
volume of criticism, in time. - When the
Belloc reaches me, I want to send that either
to The Bookman or The Independent or you
like - and something to The Dial. I have
heard not a word from The Freeman - I think
Mr. Fuller must be away; or from The Century.
To The Century I will write again presently.

Salvator is utterly lovely - this is so
exactly the note to put into words, into
literature. You know it is ^{all} so certain going
to find its place - I wait at this moment,
in some moment. Perhaps it will get its
fullest reading from Hudson's "blanched
spiritualized race that is to follow" - do you
know Green Mansions? - Just at this moment
I become confused about the Elusive Gateway -

Where did we send ^{2/1} that? - I should have heard
from that before now. If it goes back to you
by another mischance - send it please to me.
Us. Of course you know I like having the
floating pages - only I feel struck that I
send so few. If only you'll understand
and not mind - and your understanding in
this has been quite beautifully a reality.
There has been so much of loveliness that I
can not acknowledge even, save as you know that
I have received, have sent in return really,
with no ink-pot tothering. I fancy you know
then I would be glad for you in this - or
this, as in: "I draw it about me, thought-wrest,
as God might draw this, about an unseeable
face." - And so much more. All this is
infinitely precious. I feel quite react. too, when
I read - as if I had looked in at a hidden
chapel and had there seen a bridal of
heart and word. - It was pleasant to
see again "Palpable Things;" and "Of Tribute" -
heard last as you read it aloud to Frances
- Brown and me. The Preface to a Story

I love very much indeed - I'd like to try
that at the Bodman, by your leave. And the
rougher handling in the Play Preface shouts its
own truth. - As to what you shall do next -
wouldn't you say to clear the decks as much
as possible - and then in this luxurious
vacation time to come - which crowns the
professorship as the aristocrat of the professions,
leisureing with the stars themselves - then, in
that time, listen and take what comes. You are
a cleared and open channel - you will know.
If it should be fiction, I think that it must flow
as freely as these flow - you must be possessed by
it, must you not? - If these others clamor, it is
they who have the right. You are divinely
without responsibility in the matter - save to
give it, whatever it is, its head - even as a
little burro' going down the Grand Canyon
trail - who stands still, or tumbles to the cliff
edge, edge of the abyss itself, if you seek to
guide him. - I think that all this time
in silence you have been sensitizing
yourself to speak, have been speaking as a
lovely preparation. Perhaps now the time has come.

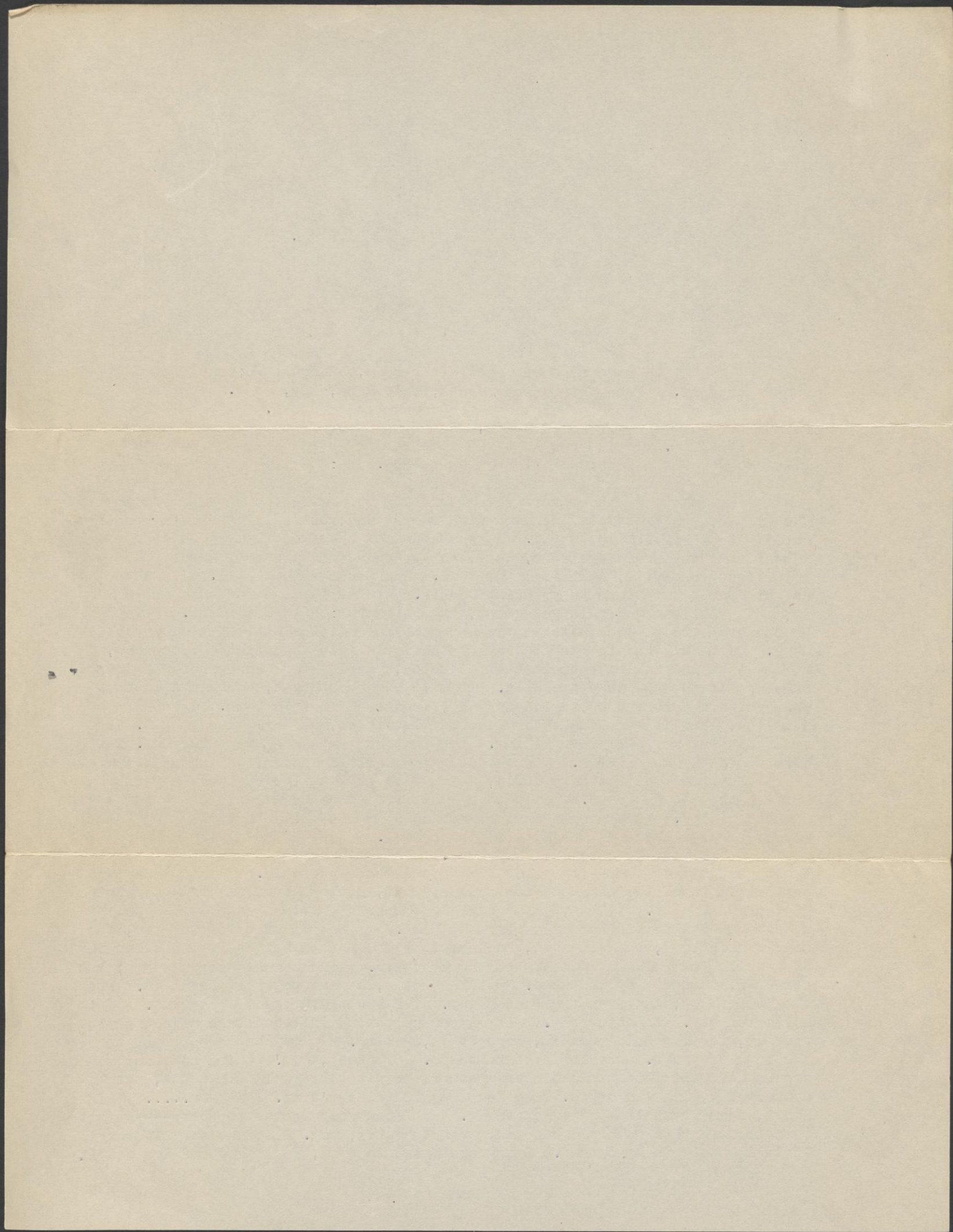
But the great and beautiful thing which has
 been impressed upon me in these last weeks
 is that all the inner wisdom, the special grace
 of seeing, the farther awareness finds its chief
 expression in living the Life. All these
 extensions to be looked, rendered - isn't it a
 lovely end? - into behavior. I sound like
 Adrienne Loner - Don you read it? Anne
 Douglas Sedgwick's book just done? Do not fail
 it is so perfect a thing. Adrienne, the glorified
 bromide = make, who doesn't say "I never
 read a story in serial form - I wait for the
 book", but confines herself to spiritual
 platitudes. "Try to Trust. Just trust" - she
 says to a casual acquaintance. - All I mean
 is that for me this has been a beautiful
 discovery which I long to share. So "touch
 every man-kind with the consciousness that
 a great experience, even an ideal in the Life
 lies on the other side." - Evidently you have
 been feeling just this - I loved you saying
 that you are being less difficult to live
 with! That's a heavenly test.

I can give you no information of how
tender a thing it seemed to be - the
"not a thirst but a fulfillment." Nothing
could go beyond that - nothing more
perfectly express what one would wish to
be. - I feel very humble at that - for
you could well be so intent on letting the
light shine through you that you should
have no need of fulfillment. The whole
truth is that an evolved soul is dying
for union with God - with the source - and
in the lesser unions it finds the symbol,
the promise of the Great.

The notes on the New Republic fragments
are engaging. But what shall I say of your
beautiful understanding of Birth. I am
deeply moved by that - as if an echo had
enchanted me by lying sealed and then
issuing, long after, to say what I had
meant, had hoped, had tried so hard to
say. Thanks you. Blessings always. The whole

I had the rhythm, when the letter came, an hour ago; and when I read Introvert. Then things intervened, telephone, duty, words. But now I have read the letter to Murry and the rhythm stirs again. This that you say of that is a profound truth, and for me newly lifts its head as you stroke its hair. It is true that the time to answer a letter is while the last chords of the finale still open and close. So:

But what IS the overture? There are so many--such as your friends the Clapps, how immediate and demanding they sound, as if it were laid upon *one* happily to meet them instantly. How can one not have met them? And the educational venture, adventure, well, that should come about by mere fortuitous concourse, as things DO come. And perhaps this will. In a bright heaven not known to superintendents. Heavens what a word--I just saw it, tall and lean and pale and gaunt, with thin arms: Superintendent. Then in the overture a black note at the absurdity of waiting until Spring for the book. I nearly had to for mine--I was so impossible about the corrections, making them and making them past all decency, asking for page proofs and so on--I don't see how they stand it. It will be a month yet, though the last changes were telegraphed, three days ago, in three fat telegrams. So bungling, that is--one ought to write and let it be, as I imagine you do. I am an amateur at nearly everything. On that sad note the overture ends. But here comes the main theme. A letter from Carl Van Doren, saying that there is to be formed The Literary Guild, which will publish twelve books a year through the Viking Press. He is to be editor, and he asks me to be one of the associates. A phase of the duty of an associate will be to look out and report to him choice manuscripts, in the making. Do you see? The theme swells and sails and leaves the ground. You must have ready something that I can suggest to them--something lovely and second worldy. I expect anything of the nature of the new book, to follow, must, in the nature of things, go to Dutton and Chatto. (What, by the way, is the first title of the book? Only preface to Scientific Humanism stays with me.) But all the rest of you, the near and far you, the wing you, the innerized you, must be getting together the book which you will let me show to these people. The casual writing--yes; but threaded, in some way threaded. Think through, in what way this shall be. Not the Machen way, not even the Hudson way. The you way, not yet appearing. Not a fiction way. A Better Way. It may be something in the nature of a task to find it, to lay hold upon it, where it is, waiting. It may be an approach to the task of tasks. But it is yours to do. Please, soon! And now the second movement which is a wonder whether the Literary Guild might not, just conceivably, like an organ. Whether The Adelphi isn't it. Whether..... In short, I am brazenly sending on to Mr. Van Doren your letter to Murry----but it is necessary that nothing be said, even to Murry, now. Because the Literary Guild is not yet announced. I am merely telling you, as if you had dreamed it.



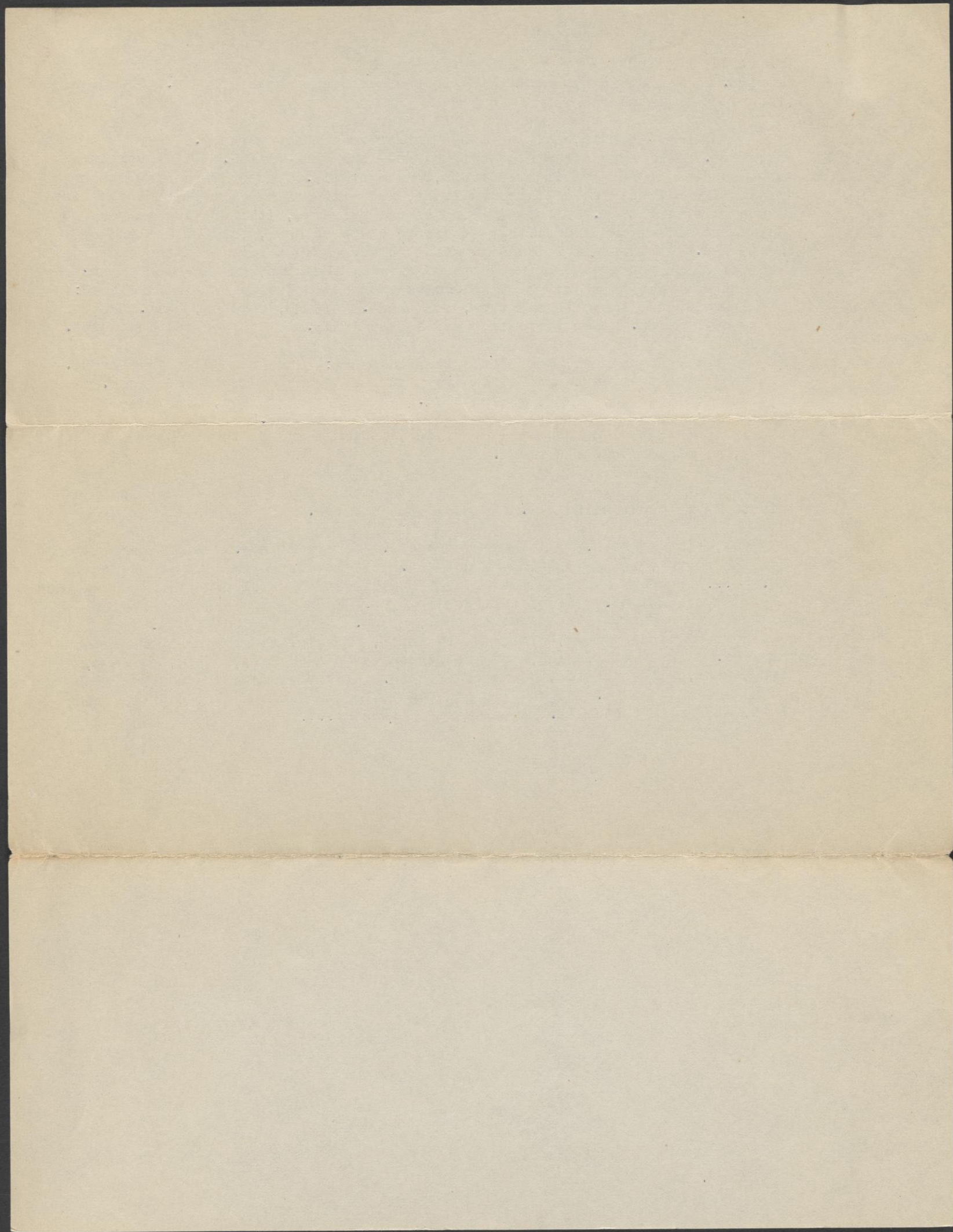
Has it already ceased? How marvellous of an Adelphi could come to America. But that is the next thing in the heirarchy above a dream. What would its bright name be?

And now the main, the swelling Ninth Wave of the symphony. The Introvert. How exquisite these things are--like snow-flames. I marvel at you--you seem to be a divine reservoir, inexhaustable. These things flow up in sprays like a fountain of fire and light, and mix with the air so that the air is the purer for them. But speaking of the Universe, It is saying to you that these things must be integrated into a web of God, for the healing of the people. Well--that friend whom the Universe might form from the raw material which you are good enough to dignify by the name, such an one thanks you and asks you to think of that one as somebody chanting one lasting word: Mold these, shape them, thread them, tie them. Let me, somehow, help. But not by suggestion. Nor by power, for I haven't it. But by something quiet.

Now the Hagen note, the Black Alberich snarl: The Long Island incidence. Like the black of trunks and earth among such a heaven of feathered green. It doesn't, of course, mean anything else. It didn't reach you, did it?--did it? Didn't you --well of course you did--"knit your aura." But not so tightly that that black geometry of winter, lacing together the light leaves of spring, might not take its place.

And now the whole thing goes to pieces on the single human word which you said to Murry about being ill. Really? But not now?

Yes, that address. I looked everywhere. I have it now. And I perceive that the rhythm, being begun, does not end. So let it go on, even though I do end. ...Two weeks ago somebody brought me a great mass of blue fringed gentians --that says gentians. Did I tell you? ...I know some of those Berkeley hills--through one morning spent in them, alone. The Piedmont Hills. I recall some sort of winding park, with sloping paths, and violets growing sparsely at the side. And a little inn, with nobody there--a woodcraft, rustic, one room, place, warm, with curtains, and nobody there. I sat alone and had a sandwich and a glass of sherry. The hills and the violets and the sherry and the being alone, and again the hills. And the word Piedmont....



(3)

Do send your Guggenheim application immediately--if it appeals to you. Send everything that you have, without waiting for the reply--for I know that the applications for this year have to be in in November --~~let us~~ hope that it is not by November 1. But if these applications are mailed by November 1, it is probably all right, even in that case. I am enclosing the sort of statement which was submitted by one competitor, so you the kind of statement of purpose which is required. If you make one regarding English as experience, and perhaps another as to your general work, that would cover all. Mr. MacRae, Mr. Murry, Dr. Ross, Mr. Huxley you could send as references and ME if you wanted to, said she modestly, and then they could take their time about writing to these. I ~~almost~~ think that I should send them a copy of Towards the Open, too. ~~do~~

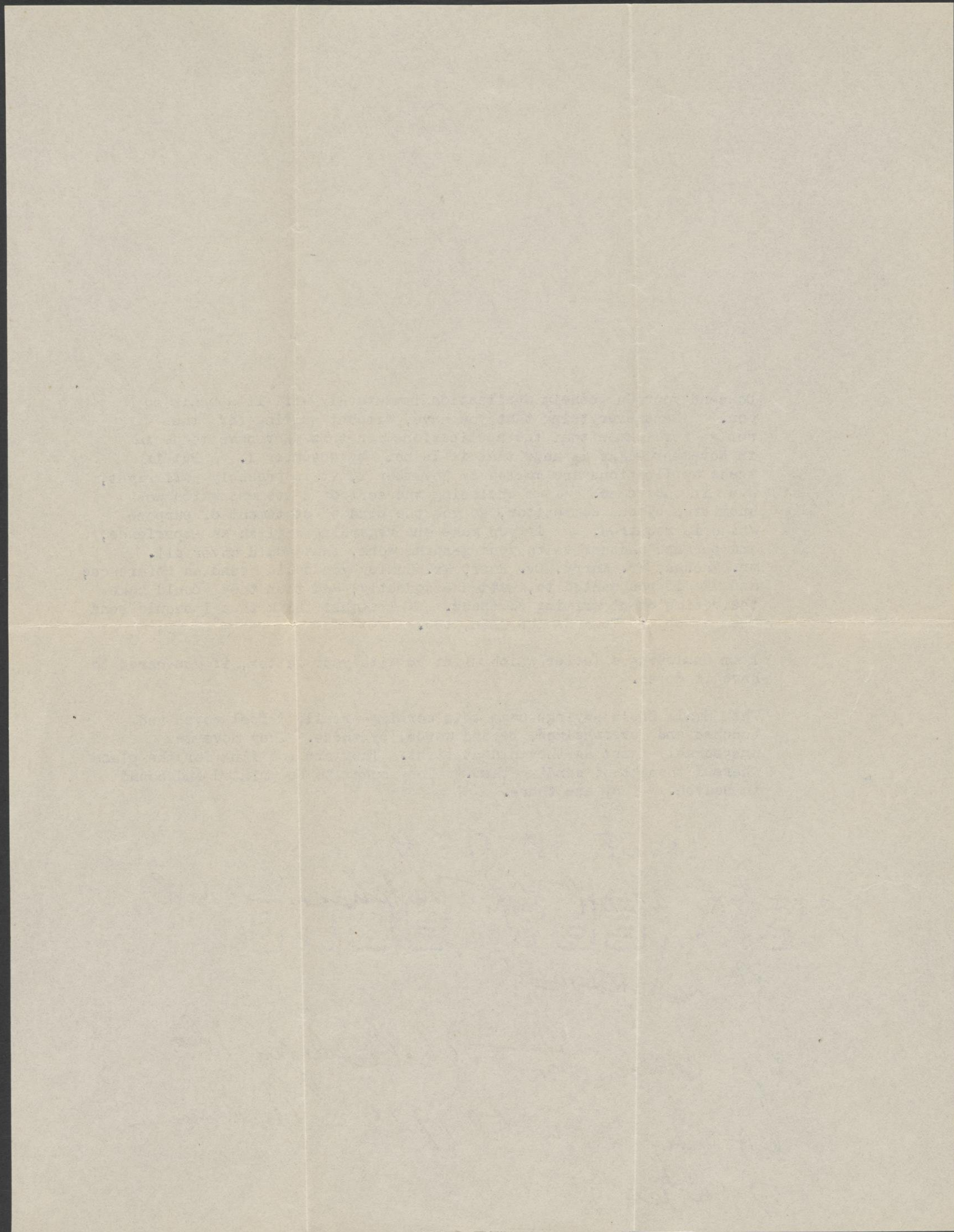
I am enclosing a letter which might go with your letter, if you cared to have it do so.

The Small One's sayings came this morning--really I feel moved and touched and overwhelmed, beyond words, by these. They move me unspeakably--just as they did at first. They are too fine for the place where I thought of sending them. They ought to be printed and bound in heaven. They are there.

Fin about the sketches! - let

if he soon! -

Of course the scholarships, do
not begin until 1928 - Autumn
7 in Feb.



No envelope Undated letter from Zona Gale to Henry Chester Tracy

(4)

All day yesterday I wondered if it would
be too much to ask Miriam Tracy to bring
some music, when she comes, for the luncheon?
Will you ask her, since it is so much to ask -
whether she will do this? For my great happiness
here who shall hear her play.

In that case, if a week from Saturday
is better for this, shall our engagement for this
come then? But if this Saturday be possible
so much the better for the climb and the
rest, with the music on Sunday. Or come Friday
night for the rest, so that Miss Freshman who
~~leaves~~ Sunday - and is lover and knower of more -
can hear. - If however the music-day
be postponed for a week, will you come
this Saturday just the same, at any hour

Which suits you. I have in mind that
you should come on the remaining three
Saturdays that we are here. We have a
reservation for return on April 11.

There should I think be more to go
to the publisher - several more. Suppose
you bring them all back when you
come - all the lovely "knifs"; Asa
and I, and I will decide. I
am sure that the cumulative
impression of several of these, varied as they
are, is well for the book - appraising
mind.

To-day we shall, as we now plan,
leave the sea, at Arch Beach.
Love Yrs.

Wednesday 7:30 A.M.

No envelope Undated letter from Zora
Gale to Henry Chester Tracy

⑤

"Six Sixty Three", dear
Friend, to enclose this
bit. Authors have sent
it to me for the little
article - and I cannot
make money out of you -
or of any of my friends.
So please add this to

Started it on to you. Thank
you ~~so~~ very much for
my copy of your book, in
which I shall now plunge
and be up, borne, to a
more silvery medium.

The prestat Yale
Review - and the November
Century have things that
I shall want you to see -
ah, I remember now that
both are in my book! You

²
the English as experience
profits. Such as the scrap is.

My copy of the book
came Sunday, just as I
was leaving for Chicago. In
the same hour, came my
copies of my new book,
from Knapp. So I put a
copy in the Sutton ^{box} book
which had given yours
wings from New York, and

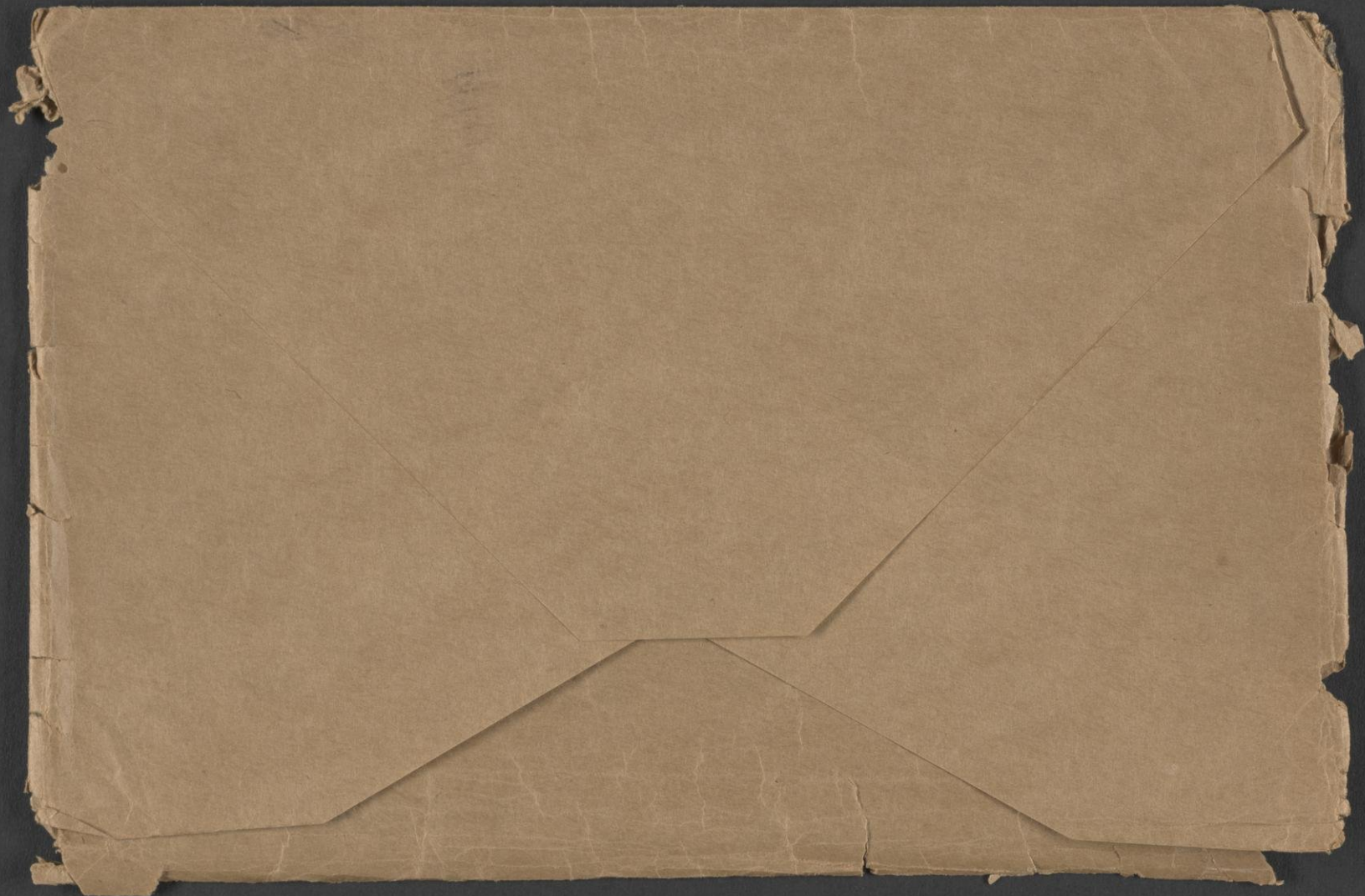
are kind and more than that
about Boyia. A recent
Harper's led "Katy-town in the
Eighties" - that too is in the
book. I wish you would
send - if there is time - your
chapters serially just.

Last and most, the little
packet of pages that came.
They are not yet mine to
read - I am hoping for a
day within a day, and sooner
than that.

L.H.



Mrs. Rosenthal
1 Audubon Street
Rochester
New York

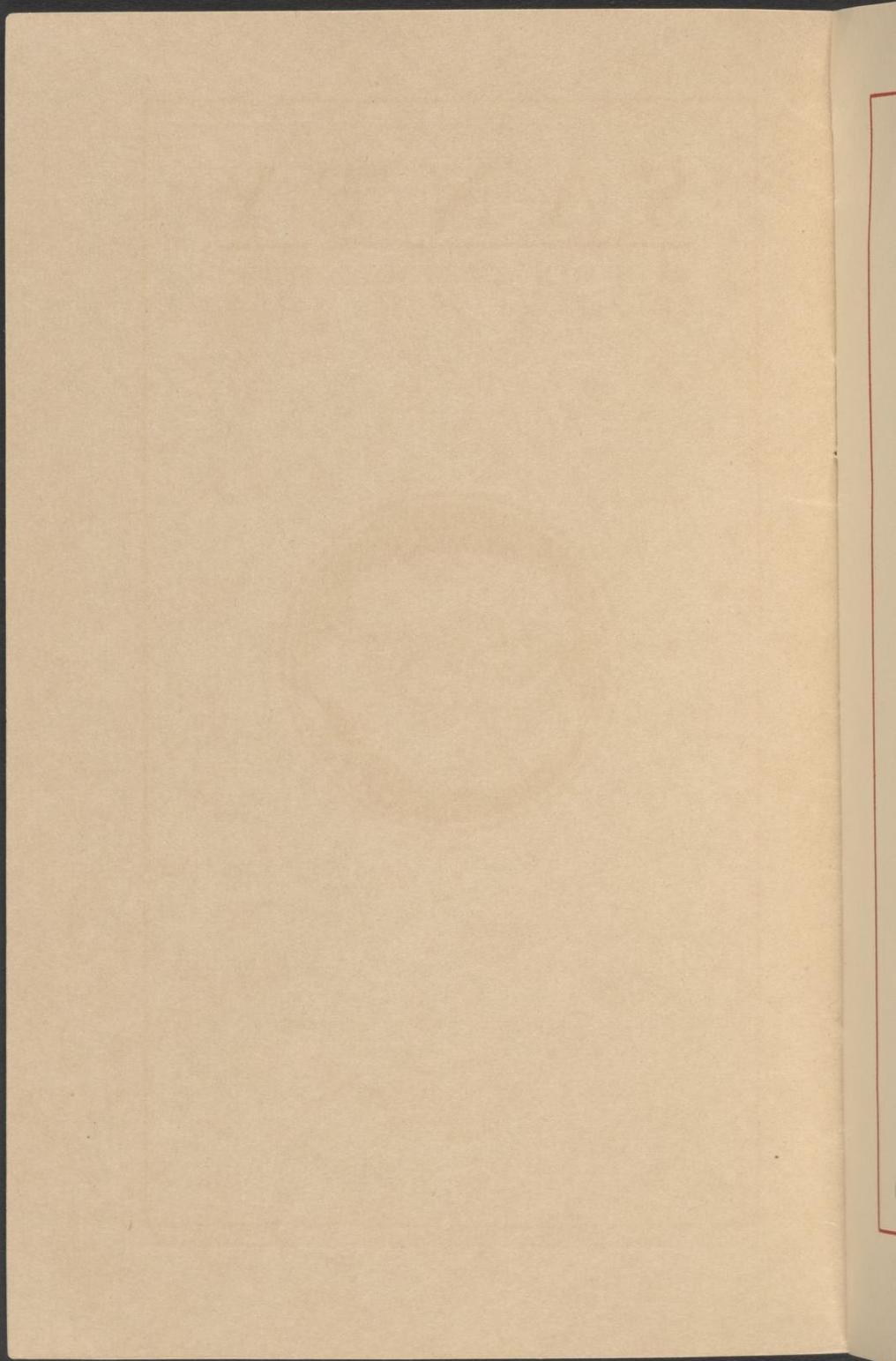


2

SANTY

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON
Illustrated by the Author





SANTY

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

Illustrated by the Author



Christmas greetings and
remembrances - and
thanks for the gift of having
met you.

Published by
FRANCES L. LESTER
The Laurel Shop
1151 E. 55th Street
Chicago

Ira Gale

Christmas - 1913

From
APPLETON'S MAGAZINE
Reprinted by Permission
Copyright 1907, by D. Appleton & Company

SANTY

WHY, land's sake, child, of course they is. I reckon I've saw him nigh onto a hundred times myself—and he'll be here drecktly, too. He's jest a whoopin' down across them icebergs on his way here, licketty split, an' you betchy he'll be here on time, too. Never knowed him to fail yit, an' I reckon they ain't nobody's had more ex-per-i-ence in these matters than me. No, course you ain't saw him yourself, but you got a *purrr-r-ty* fair idee how he looks, now hain't you? Sure! I knowed you had. Why, I ree-collect jest as well's 'twas yestiddy the first time I see him. Let's see, what year was that? Um-m. Brother Jim was born in—well, if I hain't clean forgotten. Well, well, well, 'pears like my mem'ry's kind o' failin' me on little things like that, but when it comes to Santy Claus—you betchy I don't forget anything about him.

I kin dee-scribe old Santy with my eyes shet. Tall? No, not exactly tall.

Kind of a little squatty roly-poly feller, if I remember right, with the funniest little eyes you ever see. Reg'lar little weasel eyes, but so full o' fun that they jest plum brim over and spill out on his cheeks. Not what you'd call a real handsome man—but, oh, powerful good-natured. Jest do anythin' fer you if he takes a shine to you. If you're real good an'——

How? How do I know he's comin'? Well, well, well, jest listen to the child. *How do I know?* Why bless ye, I know the signs as well as I know beans. You know how a new Noey's Ark smells, don't ye? Well, that's one of the signs. Whenever you go down to the store and ketch a whiff o' new Noey's Arks, you c'n make up your mind that Old Santy's powerful imminent. And another thing, too, along in the late fall when th' year's gettin' kinda old an' decrepid like, jest hobblin' along to'rd December, you c'n jest taste the Santy Claus feelin' in th' air. Why, goodness me, it's jest as plain as spring fever is along in April. You know what spring fever is, don't ye? No? Well, well, what in th' world do they learn ye in school nowadays? That



was one of th' first things I learnt at school. Well, anyway, spring fever is a kinda lazy feelin' that comes along 'ith th' first warm days. You don't know *exactly* what ails ye, but you don't want to work, and jest want to mosey around wishin' fer somethin' you don't know what. Very curious feelin'—that spring fever. Well, this yere Santy Claus feelin' I was tellin' you about—it's a good deal like spring fever, only different. It comes along with the first snow. You feel full o' ginger, 'i jiminy. You want to crack yer heels together an' get up an' whoop. Th' old Northwind comes tearin' around th' corner o' th' house an' pinches yer cheeks till they look like a ripe tomayter. He's jest tryin' to remind ye that Santy's comin'. You see, he's a sort of a *ad-vance* agent, so to speak. Santy sends him down to tell folks to git ready. An' the trees, too, they take off their clothes and

wave their ga'nt arms as a kind o' signal. Always 'peared strange t' me that the trees take off their clothes in winter when it's turrible cold and put 'em on in the summer when it's so warm. I've thought about that a heap, but I never quite got it figgered out. I'm goin' to start on it again next week. How? Oh, to be sure, I'll tell you.

Well, as I was a sayin', Old Santy sends this yere advance agent down to notify people. Then, purty soon, he follers him up with another one—old Mr. December First. Along he comes to politely hint about Santy, and then old Mr. December Tenth, he speaks to you mighty plain. "You better begin gettin' ready," sez he, and off he goes, an' along comes a whole bunch of 'em, each gettin' more an' more ex-asperated. I tell ye the excitement is jest about near the bust-in' point by the twenty-fourth of December. If Chris'mas had came two days later the strain would be too much. Old Nature would jest throw up both hands an' call in th' doctor. But you see they figgered 'n this, so Chris'mas comes two days earlier than



it would if it came two days later an' so ever'body manages to live through it safely. Talk about excitement! Why the buzz o' childern talkin' an' the thumpin' of little hearts on the night afore Chris'mas is enough t' plum drown'd out the sound o' sleigh-bells, to say nothin' o' th' crunch o' fur boots on the housetops.

I tell ye, folks begin to hurry 'round like all git-out, jest afore Christmas. But nobody gits mad. They all git more good-natured right along. Kinda funny about Santy that way. Whenever I feel Santy a comin' I begin t' feel a heap better man than at any other time o' th' year. 'Pears like a big revival meetin' was goin' on in me. All the good in me wakes up and I feel sort a friendly to'rds ever'body and ever'thin', regardless. That's the nice



thing about Old Santy. He makes you fergit your little worries and yer orn-ryness. You fergit your own self an' begin to think about other folks and how to make 'em happy. A kind a warm feelin' seems to squeeze all through you an' you feel heaps better fer it.

Old Mr. Grouch—What! never heard o' him? Well, he's a cantankerous old party that's always hangin' around makin' folks disagreeable. Him an' Santy's bitter enemies—have been for a thousand years, I reckon. You betchy, when Santy comes along th' first thing he does is to chase old Mr. Grouch away, an' the old man keeps away as long as Santy's around the neighborhood, I tell ye. Santy's what they call a *an-ti-dote*, as the feller sez. How? Why don't Santy stay all th' time? Well, you see the fact is, Santy's got a heap o' office work to do up at his shop. He



has to keep the Book. He has t' put all th' names of the childern in a great big book, and that keeps him purty busy most all year. Ever' new baby has to be put in that book of his'n. He keeps gittin' reports all th' time—ever' day—ever' minute, almost. You see, the Stork tells him.

Yep, the Stork's another advance agent. I reckon he's the principal advance agent because he is a couple of years older'n Santy himself. I can't exactly explain it, but you can work it out by 'rithmetic some day when you git older. Jest add an' subtract an' then you have th' answer, slick as a whistle. Well, anyway, this Stork keeps track of all th' new babies an' he hustles back an' ree-ports to Santy—a *ver-bay-tim* ree-port, I reckon—not jest an ever'day kind o' ree-port. He notifies him about another stockin' to be loaded up with goodies, an' Santy puts it all down in his Book. Once in a while,

pore feller, he has t' scratch a little tad's name 'cause his mother has folded up the little stockin' an' laid it keerfully away in a trunk.

Then they hain't no use fer Santy to call there no more. Pore little tad's flew away again back to Never-Never Land. That's what they call the place the fairies live, you know. Lots o' wonderful people there—Sinbad th' Sailor, Jack an' the Beanstalk, Little Jack Horner—they all live there. My little gran'son, pore little boy—he's jest gone there, an' his mother's folded up his little stockin' an' laid it away.

.... High ho, where was I? Oh, yes, Santy Claus! Well, he's a little roly poly—what? Sure enough, I deescribed that, didn't I? How old? Let's see, I used to know—almost to a day. I reckon about a thousan' years, more or less. I first heerd o' him when I was 'bout three years old—that makes him at least sixty-nine years old. You heerd of him when you was three, an' you're six now. That's three years more, so atween us two he's seventy-two years at least. Your brother heerd o' him when he was three, an' he's ten now. So there's

seven years more. It's kinda hard to calcalate, offhand. You see, you got to 'low fer th' difference in time, as th' feller said. F'r instance, when it's ten o'clock out there in Chiny, it's yistiddy or to-morrow here.



All them things has got to be took in consideration when you figger out how old Santy is. I reckon I'm safe in sayin' he's purty well past middle age anyhow, ef the truth be known. But the funny part is he's got a heart like a little child, jest as young an' happy as a chipmunk. He's more fun'n box o' monkeys. He al'ays dresses in red clothes with a little red cap all trimmed with white wool. I reckon this wool was gathered by childern friends of his'n. Wool gatherers. Hi' jiminy, that's funny. I never thought o' *that* before.

Well, as I was sayin', Old Santy is a pretty busy man, in season an' out.



You might think that President Roos-velt was busy, but he hain't a patch alongside o' Santy. Why, I reckon he has to keep tab on nearly a hund'ed

million thousand childern, from one end of Chris'endom to the other. An' he has to take presents to all of them. Now, f'r instance, sposin' they was five hundred million thousand childern, an' sposin' each one of 'em lived a mile apart, there you have five hundred thousand million miles, all to be covered in one night. That's a right smart chore, I tell you what—a pretty big ja'nt, when you figger delays an' sech. So he ap'pints assistants—deppity Santys, so to speak, two or three to ever' fam'ly. These here deppity Santys do all th' work an' give Santy all th' credit, so's to cause no ill feelin'. These deppities keep track of all th' different childern. Ever' time a little

tad wishes
f'r any-
thing one
o' these
deppity
Santys
makes a
memoran-
dum of it
an' goes
out an'
gets it. F'r
instance,



ef a little kid, one of these little Stork-
ites, mumbles somethin' or other, the
lady deppity Santy translates it to mean
"doll," or somethin' o' that sort. Some-
times a little kid sez he wants a pony
or a train o' cars, an' if the house
is very small th' lady deppity has t'
translate it to mean "rubber ball"
or some little jimcrack o' that sort.

You c'n see these deppity Santys
downtown ever' day in December,
hustlin' around like a chicken with its
head off, totin' bundles and spendin'
money to beat th' Old Harry. Yer
ma's a deppity Santy. So's yer pa.
I used t' be but I hain't been workin'
much o' late years. Reckon I ain't

spry enough t' tackle them big stores an' the crowds o' folks. Kinda stiff in my j'int's an' my eyes seem to be goin' back on me. One o' these days I reckon I'll be startin' off to Never-Never Land, child. Take you? Why, bless your little heart, no! You want to stay here a long time with yer pa and ma, 'cause you ain't ready to go yet an' I am—an' you can't go till they call ye, you know. . . .

Course I can't vouch fer any o' these things I've been tellin' you 'bout Santy. Like as not they ain't true at all. Sometimes I jest say these things fer fun, you know. If they ain't true they don't count ag'in me, bein' jest in fun, you know.

Oh, yes, the toys. Well, old Santy has a wonderful workshop, leastways *they* say he has. I read it in a picture book. Well, anyway, *they* say that this here shop is quite wonderful—has three doors, one for Santy to go in, and one for him to come out so's to avoid runnin' into himself, and one t' keep burglars out. Kinda funny arrangement, ain't it? He's got a hired man t' make th' toys. This party makes all the toys an' hangs 'em out

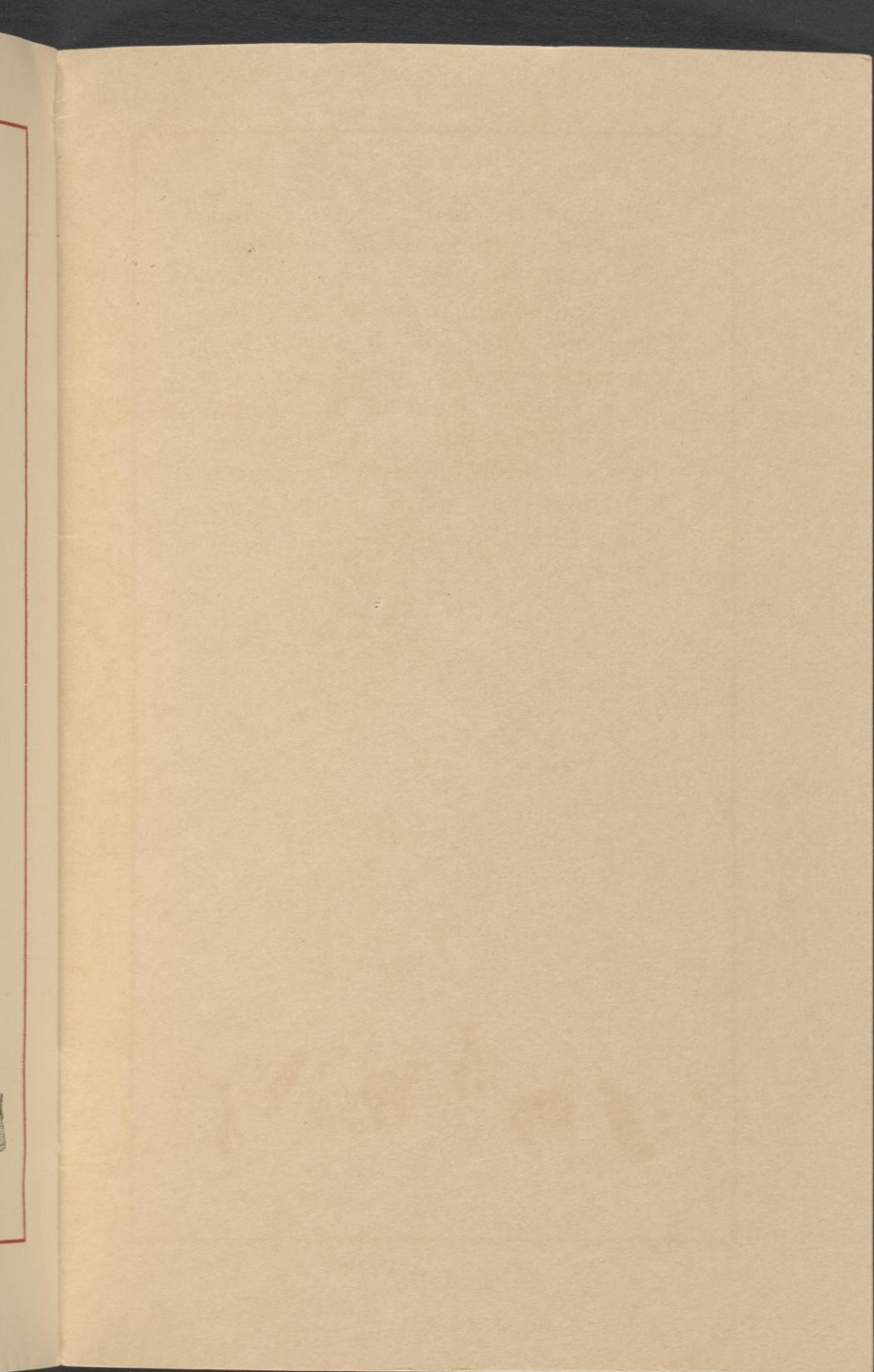


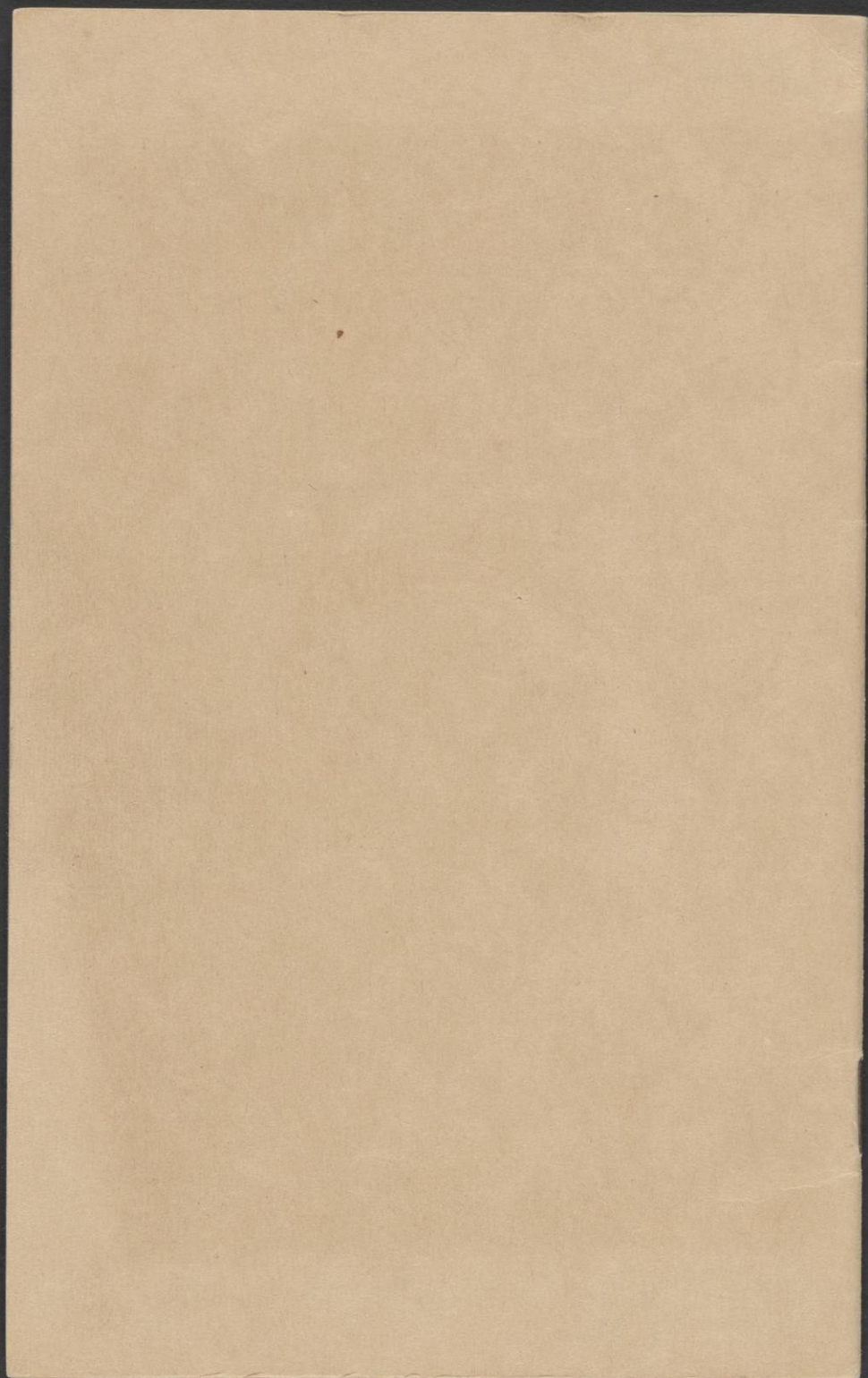
on the Ar'tic Circle to dry, an' along comes old Mr. Northwind and dries 'em. When they are all ready fer delivery, Santy hists 'em on his back an' goes kitin' away in his sleigh to fill up these stockin's I was speakin' of. Lots o' little detectives set up an' try to ketch him when he comes along, but none of 'em ever succeed. He's too sharp fer 'em. You see he sends along old Mr. Sand Man, who puts 'em all to sleep jest afore he comes, so he never gets ketched. Sometimes he can't get into a house on account of the Wolf. Lots of little houses have wolves at the door—not t' keep people away, but wolves that want to get inside, t' eat up everybody inside. Sometimes Santy gets scared away by a

wolf, and the little stockin's inside
don't get anything in 'em. . . .

Well, land's sake, four o'clock!
Who'd a thought it was so late? Run
along now, child, an'—don't tell your
ma what I've been tellin' you. Get
her t' tell you about th' little Chris'-
mas Boy that lived a long time ago.
That's a beautiful story fer you to
hear, lots nicer'n th' Santy story.
You get her t' tell it to you.

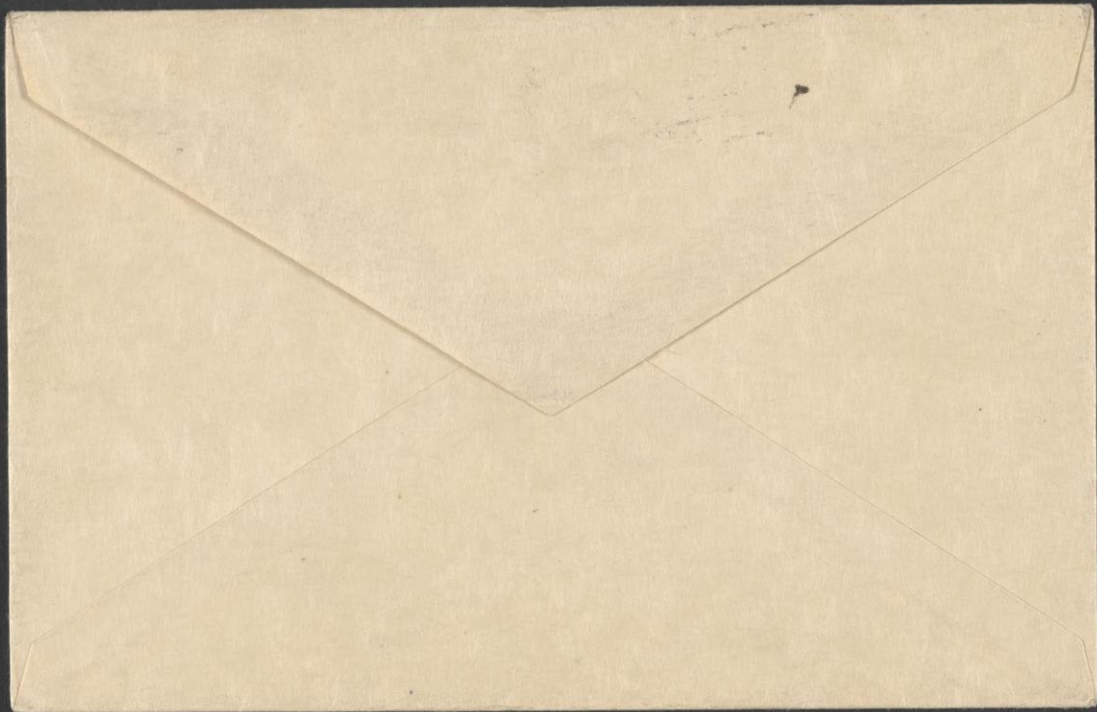








Mrs. Rosenthal
1 Audubon Street
Rochester
New York



3

Remembrance

In the garden of my heart there grows
A place called "Memory's Plot;"
It is sweet and fair with blossoms
Of the dear forget-me-not.

With a hundred little blue eyes
Gazing ever into mine,
You may know, dear friend, though distant,
That my thoughts are often thine.

Happy New Year — and peace
to us all. Love
J. L. A.





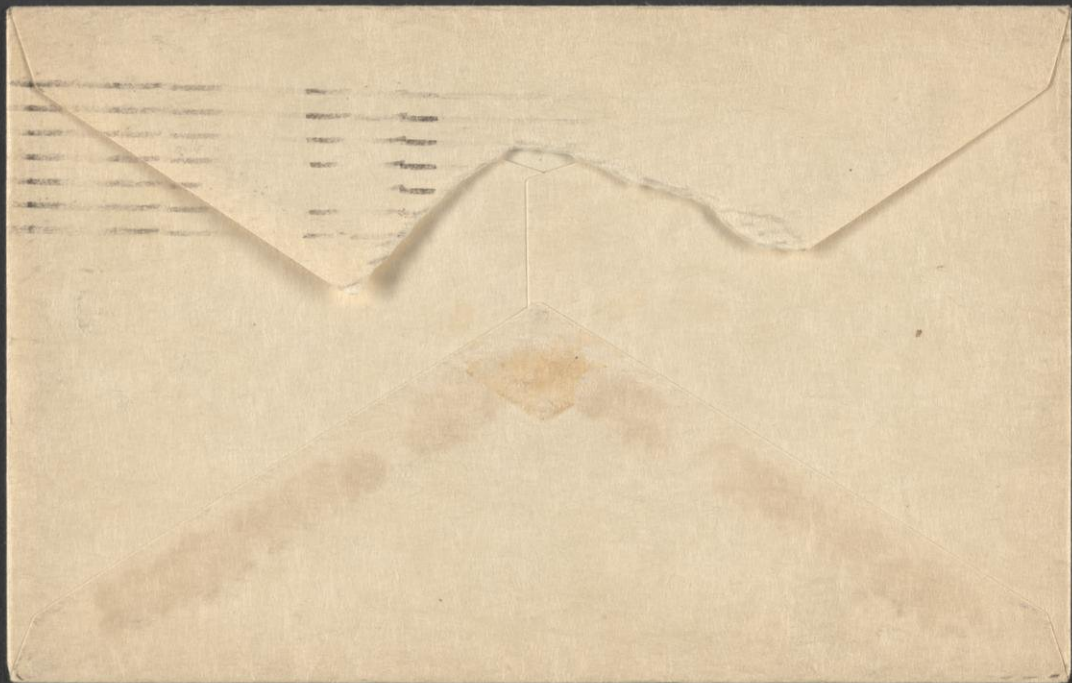
My dear: -

My photograph isn't a real true
present ever - and so does not
necessarily reach you on Christmas day.
But it will go with this, meant to take

Yours of love and thought for the
holiday time and for the new
year. - Whenever I think of you,
which is often, it is always with a
face bright - so that I send you
blessing, but I also take blessing
from the memories of my home in
your room. Affectionately Yours, Lora Gale
December 22 - 19



Mrs. Fanny Rosenthal
1 Audubon Street
Rochester New York



⑦

Dec 22, 1925

Dear Friend, this is to send
you loving wishes for a
great deal of happiness in
your Christmas and in your
new year. - In my window
is a poinsettia with three
flowers - and yesterday on our
White river bank appeared
a cardinal - a Kentucky

by the cold from the north, and
live on the box elder seeds on
the lawn - once mother counted
ninety-six there, at one time.

What wonder Laura is
loving Carcassonne! So there
really is such a place. Had
you ever quite believed in it
before?

By putting to all your
family - my love and frequent
thought to you. Once you
said that you wished you
knew when I had magazines

²
cardinal - which just matched
it. It was wonderful to
have it come in time for
Christmas, and be the color of
a holly berry. They like to
stay along this Rhodan river
of late - and for three winters
we have had one. Very likely
too, but she is so modestly
fracked! - This week the
evening frost makes two new
here - are here now - four
pairs, green and yellow like
parrots. They are driven down

things about. I'll slip in that
information now - but I bind
you to feel no need of 'thanks'
or comment! - Thus - January
Yale Review. January Century.
January Woman's Home Companion.
December Bookman, Eli's world
and Good Housekeeping. -
If I were at West Point they
could make me rise and read
that aloud, three times, at
mess! - You see why I'm not
at West Point.

Affectionately Yours. Geo. Gale

62 This letter was written
the year Mrs. Rosenthal's
son had died (Dr.
Samuel Rosenthal died in
August 1926 - aged 46 -



Having come thro' the war, as surgeon at the
front lines in France - he
succumbed following
an operation
in N.Y.)

Mrs. Fanny Rosenthal
1 Audubon Street
Rochester
New York



(babe)

My dear friend - This is a
clasp of my hand on your
hand in this holiday time,
and in all the time. I
know the special poignancy
of this time for you - and
I want to be with you.
Laura has written to me -
and I wish that there

here in language, or in symbol of
any sort, something that one
might say. Since there is not this,
there must be more - let us draw
upon this more to know what is
in our hearts.

One thing is clear: That the
Christmas time has a significance
beyond anything that we know or
dream. That this time merely
shadows forth some intense
nearness of spirit to us, and
that in that nearness those whose
state is other - a little other - do
literally find us drawing near to
them. This is true in innumerable
ways - it seems merely a matter
of extending the direction, or the
dimension, to be full in this
presence. I am sure that love
is the measure, is the technique,

is the fulfilling of the law indeed —
the law which seems to separate
— and yet may make us one indeed
with those whom we love.

I said to Jinarajasa, there is
Rochester: "Are we not one with
them? Are the "dead" not we?" And
he said: "Precisely. The dew drop
does not slip into the ocean. But
the ocean enters the dew drop."

That I think holds something
which grows as one thinks
of it - and which sometimes
seems very clear, and
sometimes not so clear.
But at this season there is
something enchanted,
something charged in the
Air - and I believe that
only our lack of knowledge
prevents us ^{from} being able to
look and touch, in an inner

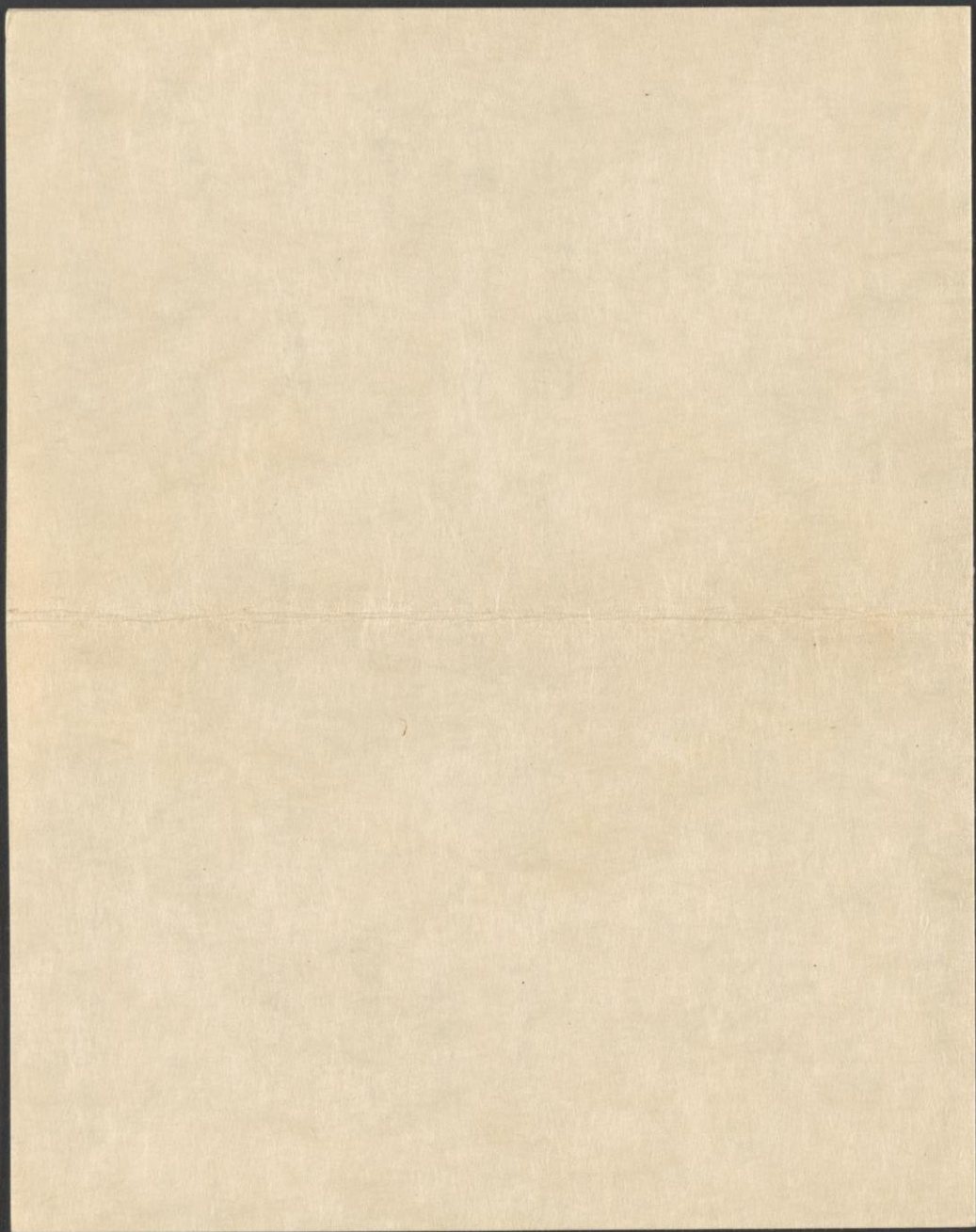
my - that which is really incredibly
close at hand. - In dream we
come near too - for there are,
many different modes of dream,
and some of them are a door
into another kind of awareness,
surely.

I think of you very often - I
hold you in my thought in your
essential power and freedom -
and always with love.

Affectionately yours,

Max Gale

Portage, Wisconsin
December 21-1926.



Return in 10 Days

76

Grove Park Inn
Sunset Mountain
Asheville, N. C.

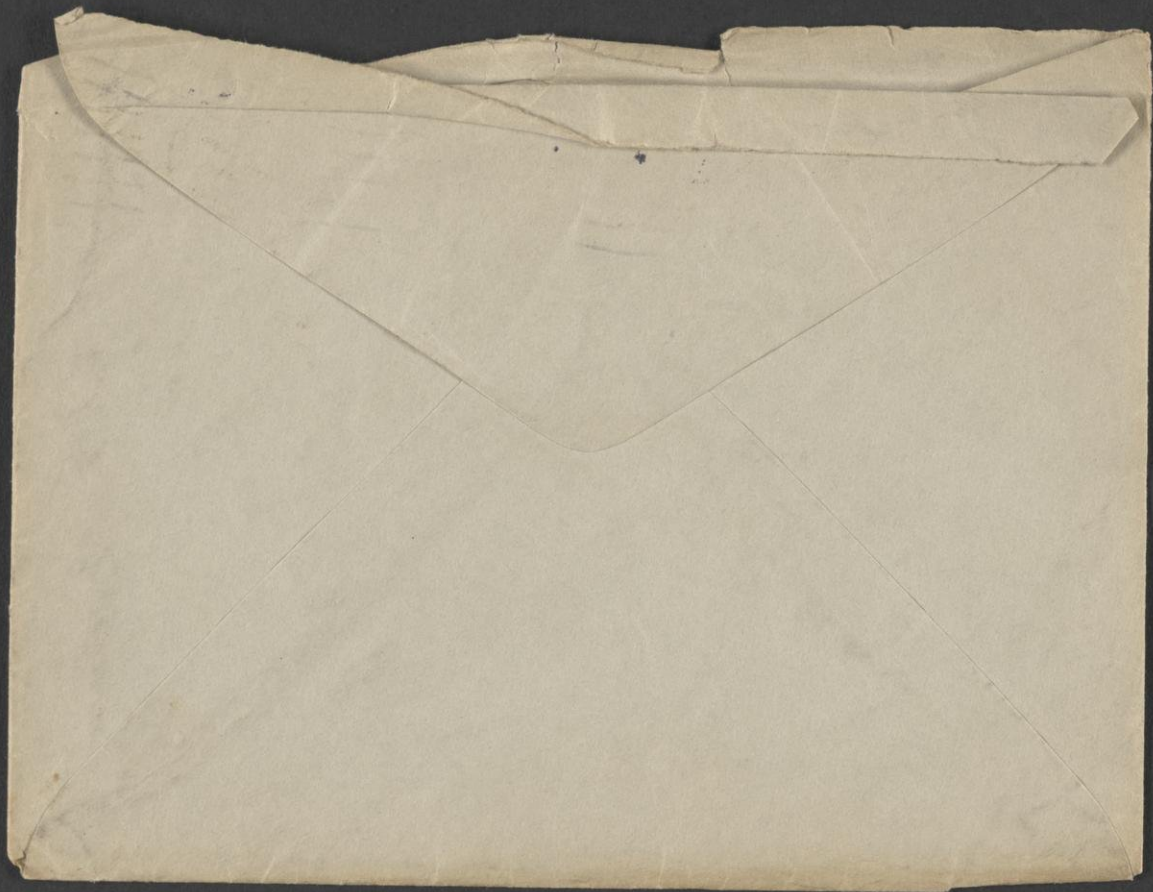


(after Miss
Gale's marriage—hence reference to
the name)

Mrs. Rosenthal

1 Audubon Road

Rochester
New York



Grove Park Inn, Asheville, N. C.

Finest Resort Hotel in the World

Absolutely Fireproof

Open all the Year

(7ab)

Dear Mrs. Rosenthal:
Your charming word
of greeting, by that dear
daughter's hand, reached
me in this lovely place
of mountains green and
blue. I appreciate and
love this word from



you & whom I so often think -

I wonder if you both know Asheville? - I did not. We motored here from Wisconsin - a beautiful drive - and on Wednesday we go on, in the same fashion, to Virginia - all unknown to me too. I am

enclosing some post cards of these surroundings - but no picture says the real word concerning them.

I have not heard from Laura in a long time - is she ever coming home? -

And if you have not read Thornton Wilder's Cabala, you will love that. (Did you love Mr. Fortane's

Happy 57, "Some months ago? So
delicious a conceit - literally delicious,
literally conceit.)

My love to you both, and every
happy remembrance.

Affectionately yours

The Gale

The name doesn't change - love them &
harrow the new one sometimes!

813

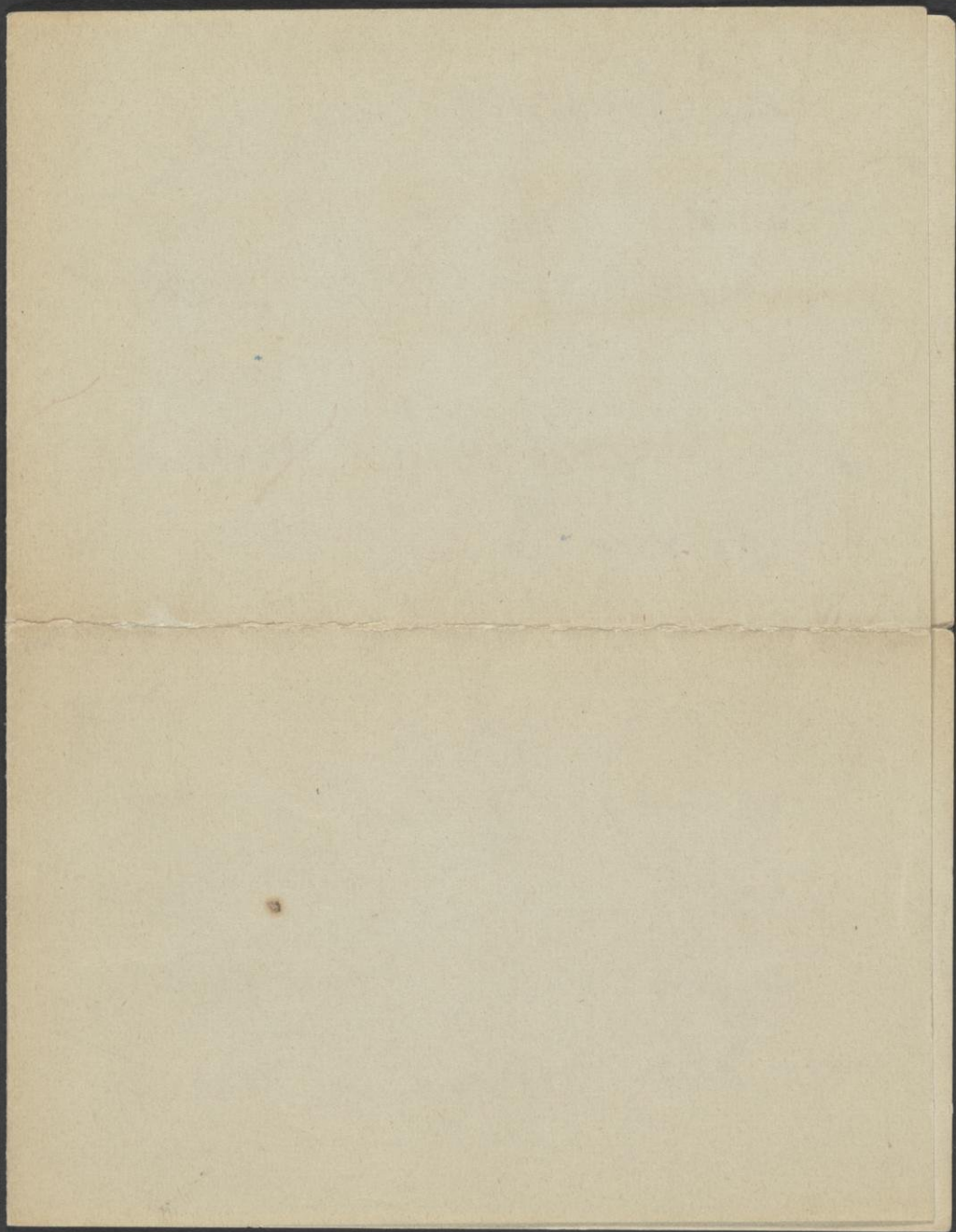


Dear Mrs. Rosenthal:-

Thank you, dear friend,
for the Christmas greeting and
the new year wish. I hope
that your day is filled with
good things - how nice to
hear of a certainty! -
We are looking forward to Laura's

arrival on Monday, and when
she returns I wish that
could come up with her into
your snug and cosy room
and talk it over with you.
Please know how often my
thoughts go there, and always
with warm appreciation, and
with love.

With affectionate greeting and
best wishes to you and your
family, I am, Very truly Yours,
Christmas night! Edna Gale





Mrs. Fannie Rosenthal
1 Audubon Road
Rochester New York

Y^r
Fan

(9ab)

My dear Friend, This year
I stayed so long in New
York - some five weeks -
shortly before Christmas, that
I sent out no cards, and
only my thought and
loving greeting went to you
across the snow - such
snow as there was!

not understand. I had -
and some of them from
those whom you know, or
who are real to you - some
charming cards. And a
few of the most charming
I am putting in a large
envelope and mailing on
to you to look at if you
care to do so. Some way
these, which I have selected
for some reason, some

²
Your lovely card to me
is a joy - an exquisite
Christmas gift - and I thank
you for it, with my love.
I feel sure that
Christmas cards seem to
you as living and as
personal presences as they
do to me. And for that
reason I am doing some-
thing which another might

Specialty living quality. &
Believe will not tire you.

In any case. They
carry to you by loving
wishes for this new year,
and to your daughter
my warm greeting.

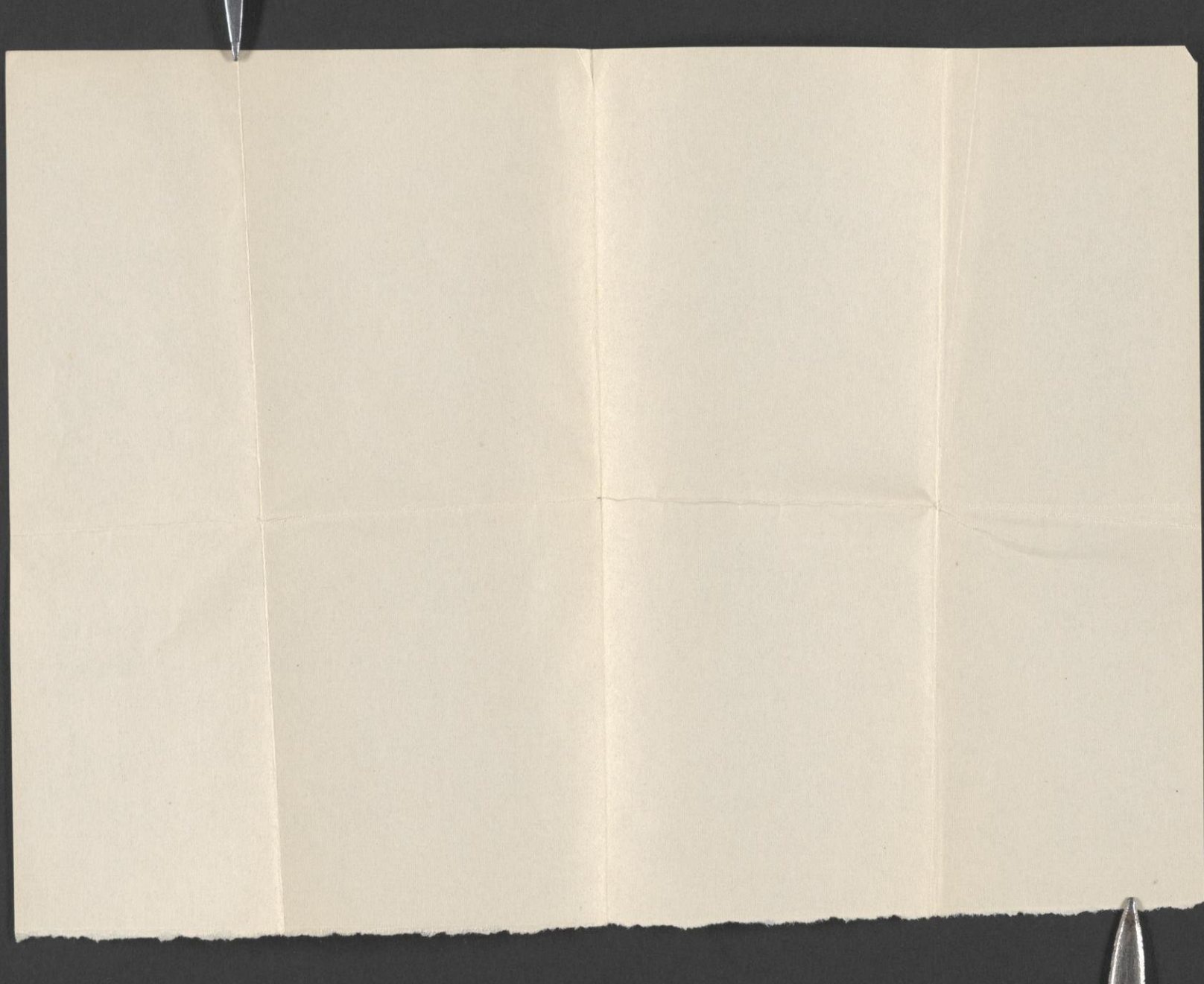
Affectionately yours

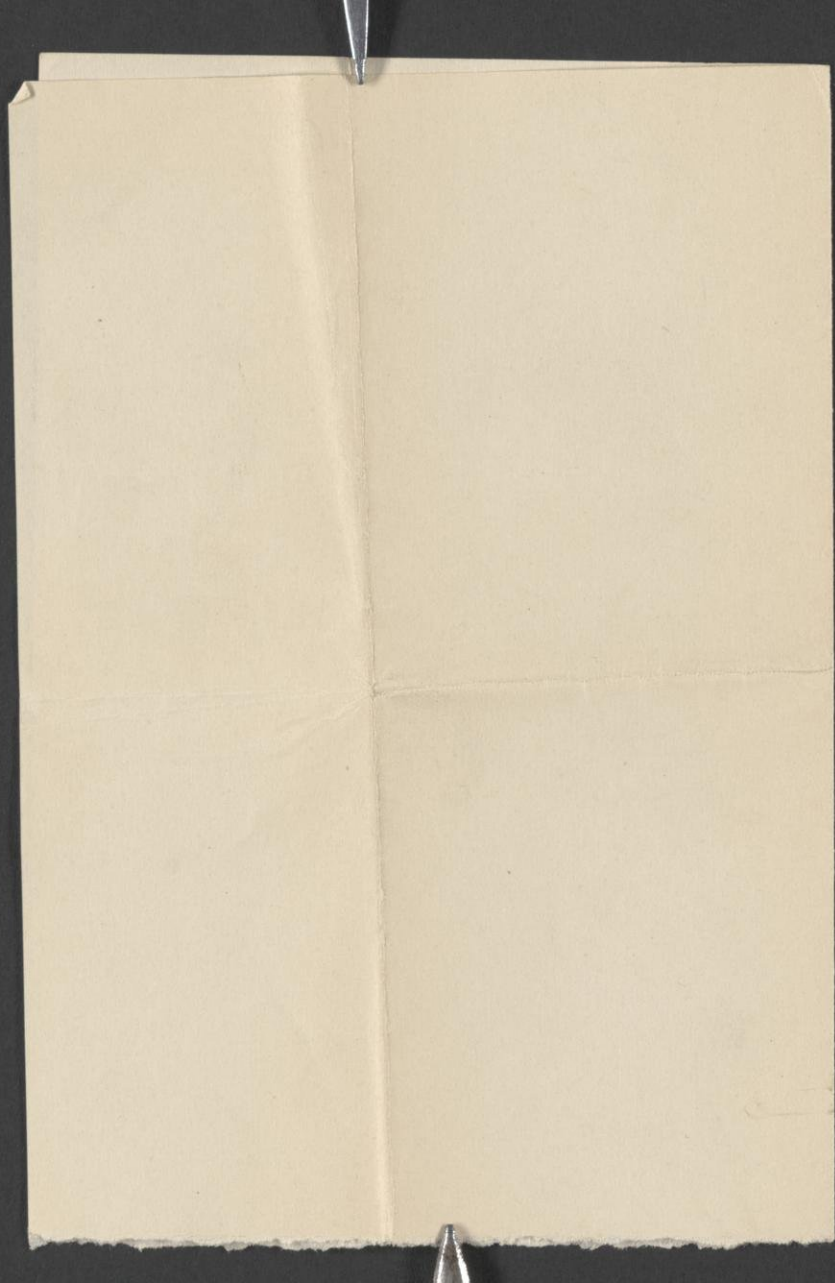
~~Anna Gale~~

Portage, Wisconsin
Jan 3, 1929.

(98)

Keep these as long as
they interest you - if
they do. - These clips
were in a box with
rubber bands - and
the rubber has
"faded" the metal -
so you'll feel! L.H.





My dear: -

One of the many times
in which thought of you
is in the air for me is
at Christmas time - and
then that thought breaks
into a little frothy crest,
like this. If only it
might catch all the
rainbows in the ripples
and send you those!

And for me the two murres in
return a pleasant room, full of bright
faces of which yours is the brightest,
and pink pillows and pretty things -
not forgetting a closet which yields
up delectable gingers and spiced
prunts. What a memory your room
is - is it that wonderful, to have
made it, for grown up or for child,
a center of lovely energy - no
less. The old and "sick-room"
has to disappear and instead

some pleasant part of either
electro-magnetic or spiritual energy
- are they the same? - takes its
place? How you see that
yesday says we shall certainly see
the people shortly whom we hear
by radio? The other night here I
heard Lulu Bell in Schrecksday
and the announcer sent greeting
to me whom he said they hoped
was listening it. (My friends here had
told them I would be doing so) And

it made everything seem just an inch
from one's nose - & only one had
the wit to look and know - or
perhaps it is to remember.

My love to you and to your
family - and the happiest wishes
for you from every where.

Affectionately Yours
Lore Gale

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.
300 Fourth Ave.,
New York

WEEKLY B

A NEW W. H. HUDSON IS

HENRY TRACY, SAYS ZONA GALE
"Towards the Open" and "English as Experience" She Regards as "Most Significant of Modern Books"

By ZONA GALE

ENGLISH AS EXPERIENCE

is Henry Chester Tracy's new book. Mr. Tracy is the author also of "Towards the Open," and "The Shadow Eros," both published last year. The present sketch by Zona Gale is taken from her brilliant biographical article. Copies furnished on request.

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

If it were known that one could look out from a routine world, with its mechanized attitudes and reactions, into "the open," upon the essence of person, thing, event, no one would fail of the privilege. For a flash of time that is the experience—or the illusion!—which Professor Henry Chester Tracy brings to his readers. And because of his blend of sound biology in both standardized and experimental schools, and because of an artistic perception and expression well beyond that of most scientific men, he is called one of the greatest revealers of life. I should call him also one of its great entertainers.

For what else is there to write about or to talk about than the wild, the standardized, the free, the bound plight in which we find ourselves, toward the year 2000? And when, in the welter of the hackneyed in which man lives his days, one arises and lays magnifying glasses over man, and invites man to look at his personality, his place and his path, and this with humor and with beauty, why then, there is a man whom mankind needs to read!

Such a writer, for me, is Henry Chester Tracy. His "Towards the Open," and "English as Experience" I regard as among the most significant of modern books. If he knows life and its meaning as well as he knows English and its adventure, we shall do well indeed to follow him.

The "straight facts" of his unusual history are these:

He is the second son of Charles Chapin Tracy, of East Smithfield, Pennsylvania, and Myra Park Tracy, of Athens, of the same county in Pennsylvania (Bradford), born August, 1876. The Tracys were pioneers and hewed their own home in Penn's Woods; were of the Norwich, Connecticut, branch, from English stock, the Parks of Huguenot descent.

At two he was taken from a Susquehanna side home and spent all of childhood in Marsovan, Turkey, where C. Tracy taught in a seminary which he afterwards developed as a college, becoming its architect and president, building it up with conspicuous success till the cataclysm of 1914, when it passed into the hands of the Turks.

At twelve, homeward bound, Henry Tracy wintered in Switzerland, toured Greece, Italy, England and Scotland with his parents and returned to Pennsylvania, to a private school for a year; then to Ohio, where he was established in the Oberlin (preparatory) Academy, while his parents returned to the Near East.

After graduation from Oberlin (Academy and College) he was employed there as a teacher for two years. He resigned

and adventured for three years in the west: was principal of a high school at Vernal, Utah; homesteaded there; cut trails in Glacier Park for the Great Northern Railway; kept bees in Idaho; was married there to Miriam Lee. He wrote to Berkeley, California, asking for a position as assistant in Zoology; received the position; studied also for his M.A. degree and received it the following year (1911).

While in Berkeley, on leave, he taught for a time in the Williams Institute, the subject of English, seeking an opportunity to try out experimental ways. During the later months of the Berkeley period he was invited by a Junior Supervisor of the University High School to demonstrate methods of interesting English classes in the sight and sound values of words. He determined, as a result of eighteen months of observation, to write something on English as a human experience. He found it needful, as a preliminary, to present a view of English differing from the commoner one, attempting a more vital approach. This expanded to the volume ENGLISH AS EXPERIENCE, which became in itself a manual of aesthetic such as a normally alert reader would wish to use as a guide to active appreciation, and not passive submission to a tradition of literary values handed down by experts. While reviewing, for this book, the literature of impression, he saw the need of a volume for the treatment of this new and special form of literature, and laid plans for it. AMERICAN NATURISTS will be a future book.

The story of his reaction to the formalism of present day education is told in "Towards the Open"—told with detachment sometimes, but with a kind of celestial zest always.

In varied ways he had tasted life: He had found birds, as an emotion, and had written of them. He had come to love and to know music, to paint, startlingly well in water colors and oils. Above all, to write as, to my mind, no one but Hudson writes—exquisite English, not only interpreting the essence of all that he touches but taking the reader to the very plane of the beauty which he interprets. And whether it is biology or English, man or education, everything that he touches yields up beauty. In a day when the sordid is modish, Mr. Tracy writes about beauty with imaginative delicacy and without a trace of sentimentality. He believes in beauty.

"Civilization," he says simply, "began when things began to be more beautiful than they need to be."

Such a man, writing about man as an organism, writing about the quest of "significant persons," or writing about English as literal experience, to be participated in, like life—such a man brings to everything that he touches a vitality that is electric. His books haunt one.

It is no wonder that Julian Huxley says in his appreciative introduction to "Towards the Open:"

"His book should be reassuring to those who think that the inevitable breakdown of the old systems of thought and belief must bring chaos and degradation."

And that William Allen White writes of it:

"As the centuries roll on, the truth that makes men free will come out of books like this."

But then there is the whole area of Mr. Tracy's sketches and snatches written in a mood to evoke pure beauty, and with a power of English to make the evocation both power and process. In "Shadow Eros" there is again proved Mr. Tracy's power of writing rhythmic prose in words long-used but now first employed as he employs them.

"An intimate light was upon them all, and upon the wide hollow of the ravine; not like the white whip of Day that drives through the busy hours, but diffused and softened. They breathed. He awoke near a needle-drape of pine . . ."

It might be absurd to call another man by another name than his own, but it is not absurd to call Henry Chester Tracy a new W. H. Hudson. A Hudson who to the biologist and to the student of English alike, speaks his own language. A Hudson who speaks and writes in some exquisite vernacular which every lover of beauty and of fine understandings and remembers.

His four books are varied, lit with many lights, as if the poet, the biologist, the educator of tomorrow and the lover of English wrote in one, together with the soul of the east—the Armenian, the Turk, the Kurd . . .

His first book, "An Island in Time," reflected the impression of the Armenian upland and its people in an unspoiled state, and in a serenity of old culture as he knew it, idealized only as such a thing must be, to be grasped as a spiritual whole.

His second, "Towards the Open" reflected his life-conflict with the stereotyping influence in schools, and was the protest of his entire spirit and mind against that dead hand on children's souls, and on populations, and on the life of adults—for he saw it all as one system of conformity and conventionalism in social life.

His third, "The Shadow Eros," grew out of exhaustion and self-spending; was a return to nature as to an allegorical Second World, in which the lost spirit of an early nature-love may live again, and a pre-erotic beauty be adored.

His fourth, "English as Experience," comes of another love, long latent but grown conscious through its own need to find words. For if the nature-world was one large continent of impression in his life, the word-world was another. But this last included other word-powers than those of symbol and image. It included sound, sense and something of the air of the numinous, which had come to him through the hearing of English read aloud.

To those who know him best, he bears the signs of the great and the simple—the reticence, the shyness, the precise knowledge of his subject withheld until it is asked for, then the quiet certainty; and withal the gentleness. The mother of a pupil in his biology class in a Los Angeles high school told me that her daughter counted her time from that class to that class. In the Williams Institute in Berkeley, where he taught for a time, the annual of his first year there bears this inscription: "To Henry Chester Tracy: He led us into paths of the imagination . . ." laurel enough for any man. From the office of The Adelphi in London, its editor, John Middleton Murry, Katherine Mansfield's husband, writes in effect to Mr. Tracy, his frequent contributor of poignant prose, that he is, in appreciation, American audience enough. Anne Douglas Sedgwick, who knows him well, writes of his power to make the English language new. Robert Nichols finds in him one of the American minds whom the rest of the race ought to pension to express itself. And the experimental education groups, the progressive educationists of this country, welcome Mr. Tracy as one who regards the experimental as the norm of human endeavor, who offers a program at once socialized, spiritualized and practical, and who writes with the detachment of an auditor, the evangelical fire of a seer and with the artist's approach.



POST CARD

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N O K O

Dear Friends,

Your letters have been gifts. As expressions of sorrow and sympathy, they have been companions. But also such letters do actually join with other forces of strength from unknown sources of energy. It is the inflow of that energy which variously sustains us now: In a new awareness of life and love which is, so strangely, love's gift through death. In the knowledge that wifehood and motherhood, as we know them now, are correspondences to some profound spiritual order, but faintly felt on earth. And then in the unsuspected knowledge that as God is love, and as life is love, so death is literally love. Thus the wonder of being is clarified by her again,

as she has always clarified it for us; and she is still under some divine provision to minister to us as she has always ministered.

You who know how she laid hold on the strength of love and how dynamic was her sense of righteousness, will know how that long consonance of hers deepens to us her reality now. Her intuition, her humor and her "merry tender knack" are seen to have been not merely her qualities but expressions of fundamental light and substance. Her name, Eliza Beers Gale, becomes a still deeper symbol of some mystery in which we share.

So do not think of us only as separated from her whom we love; but think of us as participating newly in her essence, permeated by her, identified with her and with those further projections of her whose dear semblance we so infinitely miss.

Portage, Wisconsin
August, 1923

B. F. Hale
Eliza Gale

as she has always cherished for us; and she is still under
some divine provision to minister to us as she has always
ministered.

You who know how she laid hold on the
strength of love, and how dynamic was her sense of
righteousness, will know how that long consonance of
her deepness to us has been now. Her intuition, her
heart and her "mystical touch" are seen to have
become a still deeper, and of more mystery in which
we stand.

So do not think of us only as separated from her
whom we love; but think of us as participating deeply in
her essence, permeated by her, identified with her and
with those further permeated by her whose dear sym-
blance we so infinitely miss.

107 Helen
Boyle, Wisconsin
August 1922



Photograph published in the University
of California at Santa Barbara yearbook.

Arthur Park Tracy presenting
Mr. Henry Luce with a copy of
"Unitive Spirituality" at a lecture
in Campbell Hall, UCSB.

SCOTT PETERSEN

AUTOGRAPHS, DOCUMENTS, RARE BOOKS, MAPS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND AMERICANA

P.O. BOX 384 • KENILWORTH, ILLINOIS 60043 • 847 251 4909

e-mail ScottWPetersen@cs.com

WISCONSIN HISTORY

ZONA GALE. Wisconsin author & poet. A nice collection of Gale's original letters. Includes the following:

ANS. A 3" x 5" card on which Zona Gale has penned a lengthy inscription to 10 year old George C. On the reverse she pens "Life is something . . . which we believe it to be." Signed in full. A mounting border on one side ow fine.

ANS which has been received by an editorial department "For Art's Sake - Zona Gale - Portage Wis. Will you please reply if this be not available?" VG

ALS. 2 pp. Oct. 15, 1933, to another author, Charles Gilbert, sending information on a literary agent andbook publishers. "It is. . usual. . to send to several publishers before you find the right one. Together with the original stamped envelope.

TLS. 1page. Nov. 15, 1933, to Mr. Gilbert re a book he has written which she is keenly interested in having published. ". . I had no idea that one who has spent many years in other work should be able to turn out such sustained entertainment." Together with a TLS of her brother, Wm. Breese (President of the City Bank of Portage) dated Nov. 16, 1933, also praising his book *The Hero*. Along with the stamped envelope. 7 items. Condition is generally very good+. This is a nice archive of Gale letters. The lot

On this 5th May I congratulate
George Vincent Campbell, on being
at ten years of age, in the fifth
grade; and on the hand-writing
in his signature; and give him
my hope that he may make some
degree of beauty for the world.

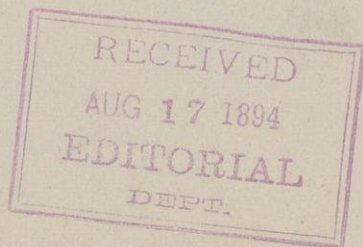
Life is something other than
that which we believe
it to be.

Louisa Gale

25
9
"For Art's Lake."

Jona Gale
Portage,
Wis.

Will you please reply if this
be not available?



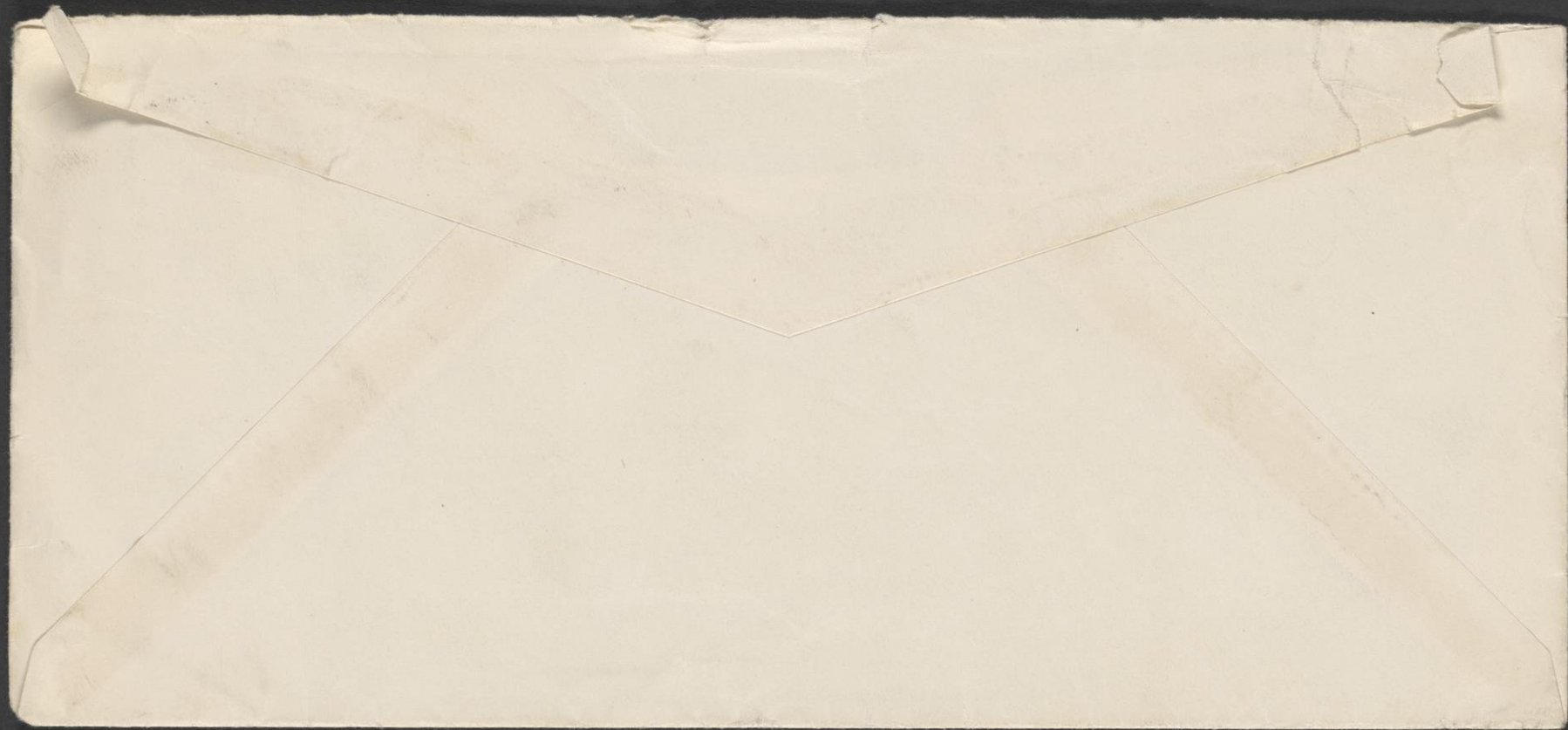
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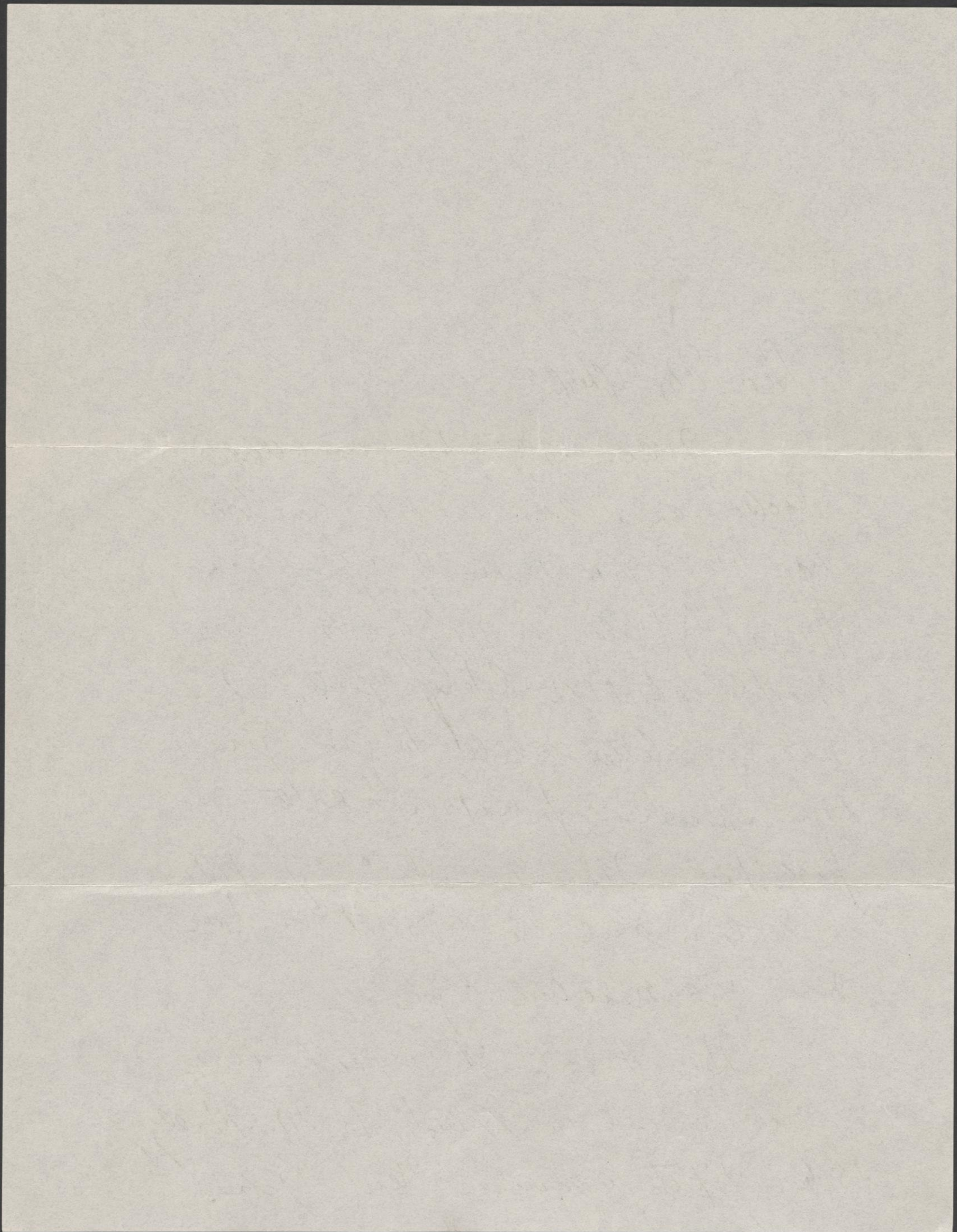
Mr. Charles Gilbert
Care, Babcock and Shannon
Albany New York



Dear Mr. Gilbert:

I am not, I hope, as utterly
lacking as I know - but you will
have to forgive much of your own
forgive my delay in replying to your
question about the literary agent. I
put your letter aside to give you
some special information about
publishers - then I went away for
a while - and the information has
never yet reached you.

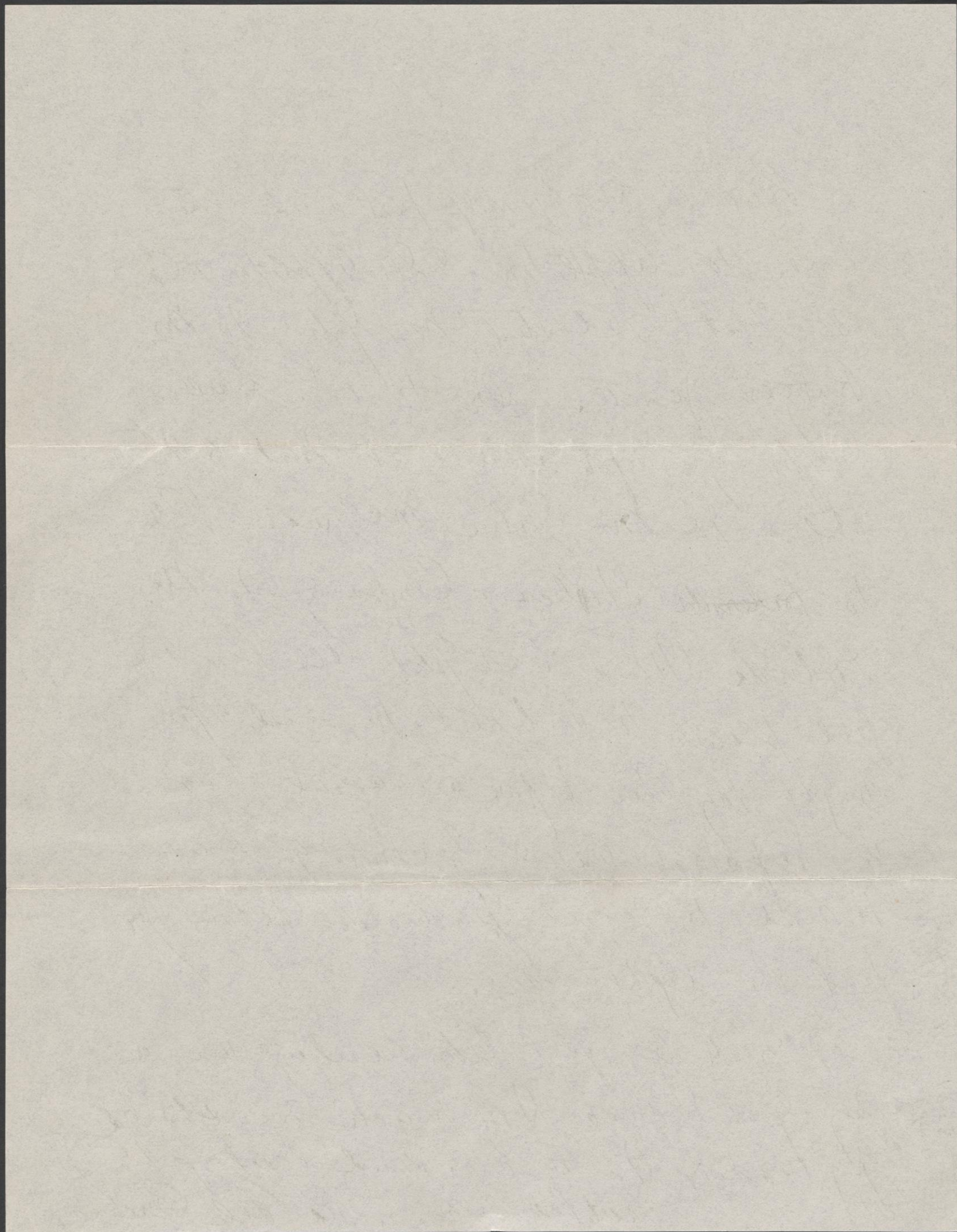
Here it is: The agent whom
I recommend is Miss F. M. Holly,
156 Fifth Avenue, New York.



But why not yourself first send the
ms. to Appleton - D. Appleton & Co.
35 West 32d street, New York - to Mr.
Rutger Jewett. Or to E. P. Dutton
Company, 27th avenue at West 54th
street - to Mr. John McCrea. Or
to Fredericks Stokes & Company - to Mr.
Fredericks Stokes - (New York) All these are
good places to submit to, and you
might try these before an agent. It
is perfectly usual, of course you know
to send to several publishers before you
find the right one.

Copy to
Dutton -
Oct 15 - 1933 -

I wish you felt like sending us a
copy of the ms. How much we should
enjoy reading it. In both send greeting to Jim
too! - Faithfully yours, Louella Brewster

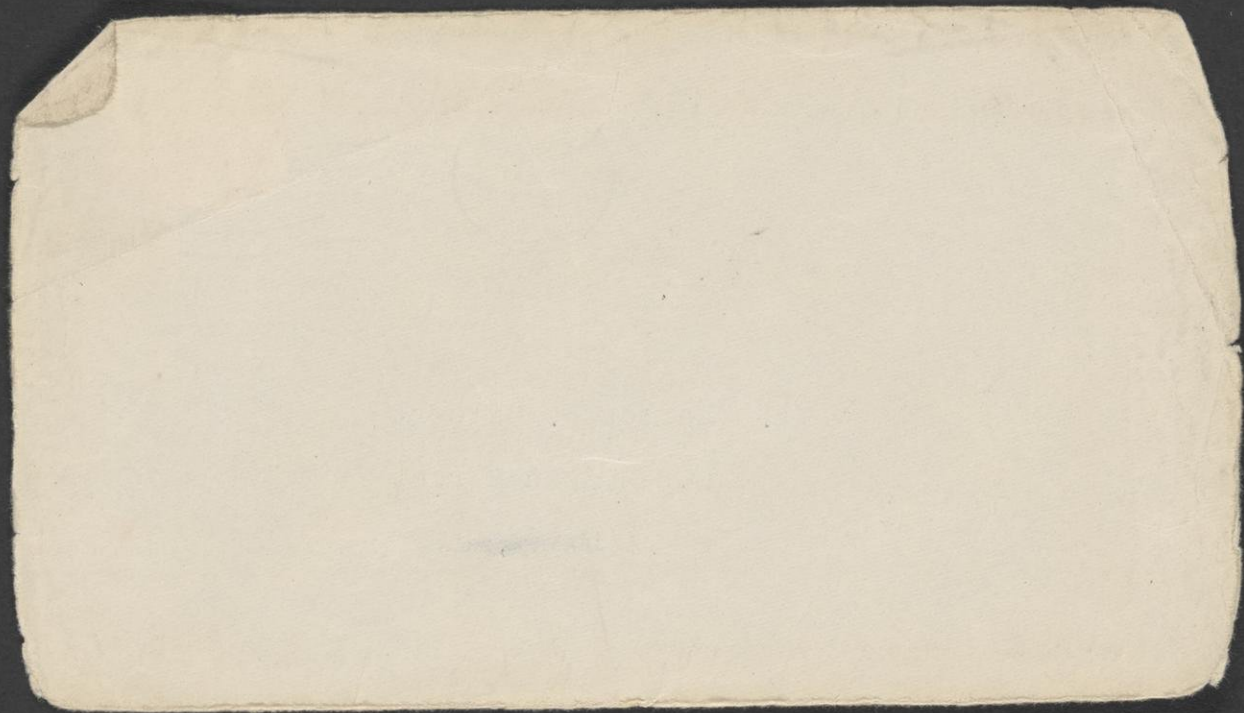




Mr. Charles N. Gilbert

668 Hudson Street

Albany, New York



Dear Mr. Gilbert:

The book came and I wish that I could tell you properly what pleasure we have had in it. It seems to me a delightful narrative, charmingly told. I can see no reason in the world why it should not have a publisher. I have wondered if you will let me send it somewhere. Did you try Appleton or Bobbs Merrill-- the latter at Indianapolis so keen about folk material? I should like so much to send it if you are willing.

Will is writing to you himself about it. I wish you knew how many times he has re-counted to friends the delicious bits in the book. I do congratulate you on it. Do you mind my confessing that I had no idea that one who has spent many years in other work should be able to turn out such sustained entertainment. I am eager to have a copy of it, and I am keeping your letter to make it an autographed edition when it is published!

With every good wish for the book and you I am

Faithfully yours,

Finished

Wm. Gale Bruce

Portage, Wisconsin
November 15, 1933

Dear Mr. Gilbert:

The book came and I wish that I could tell you properly what pleasure we have had in it. It seems to me a delightful narrative, charmingly told. I can see no reason in the world why it should not have a publisher. I have considered it for some time and it seems to me that it is a book of the highest quality. I should like to send it to you as much as I can.

Will be writing to you about it. I wish to know how many times he has counted to three the delicious bits in the book. I do congratulate you on it. Do you mind my congratulating you? I had no doubt that you would be able to do so.

I am sure to have a copy of it and I am sure that it is a book of the highest quality. I am sure that it is a book of the highest quality. I am sure that it is a book of the highest quality.

With every good wish for the book and you I am

Very truly yours,

Portland, Oregon
January 13, 1933

The Old Book Store
17 So. Howard Street
Akron, Ohio

July 8, 1939 (postmark)

The Librarian
University of Wisconsin Library
Madison, Wis.

Dear Sir:

Zona Gale Material

You probably recall that you obtained from us recently a pretty early Zona Gale story in an obscure magazine--The Four O'Clock--1897. Glad you got it and I think you'll agree that our price was very reasonable. It must have been one of her very earliest things.

I have some more Zona Gale for you, viz.:

The Smart Set-Vol. XI No 3. November 1903
Ballad of the Deep White Wood-3½ pages

Same- Vol. 18, No. 2 February 1906

The Interest--short story--pages 119 to 125 incl.

Same- Vol. 16, No. 1 May 1905

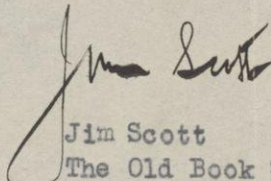
The Motor Adventures of Lady Sybil -short story-
pages 101 to 113 inclusive.

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Not having any bibliography to consult, I naturally do not know whether or not these pieces were later published in book form, but they certainly antedate her first published book. You may have the Smart Set in bound volumes but even in that case I imagine you keep your Gale collection separate. I quote you for the three items---\$2.00 post paid and believe them to be worth acquiring.

Thanking you for past courtesies, I am

Yours very truly


Jim Scott
The Old Book Store

P.S. Condition is good--a little dust-soiled

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
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NEW YORK 19

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NEW YORK 19

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THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Mrs. Frank W. Stout
60 Sutton Place South
New York, N. Y. 10022

March 15, 1943

Library of the University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wisconsin.

Dear Sirs:

I have several letters written by Zona Gale (roughly from 1913 to 1929) to my mother (who was an invalid - a Mrs. Joseph Rosenthal of Rochester N.Y.) Although rendered immobile by arthritis, our mother retained immense spiritual vitality and interest in life, and Miss Gale sensed and expressed her appreciation of this in her letters.

At a dinner a few months ago I met Howard Teichman and his wife, and, during the evening, learned they were both graduates of Wisconsin. I told them of Miss Gale's letters, and of my desire to give them where they might be of interest - to those who cherish remembrances of her. They urged me to offer them to your collection. I'm writing to inquire whether the University would welcome them.

Aside from the letters I have a photograph of

Mrs. Frank W. Stout
60 Sutton Place South
New York, N. Y. 10022

Miss Gals, a little book of her poems (that she sent
Mother in 1921) "The Secret Way", and the
"New York Times" obituary with full details of her
life and writings-

If you care for all or any of these, let
me know, and I shall forward them at once-

Yours very truly,

Helen R. Stout-

(Mrs. Frank Stout)

March 19, 1973

Mrs. Frank W. Stout
60 Sutton Place South
New York, New York 10022

Dear Mrs. Stout:

Thank you for your letter of March 15, which has just come to my desk. We should indeed appreciate receiving for the Library your mother's letters from Zona Gale as well as the other Gale materials you mention. It was kind of the Teichmanns to put in a good word for Wisconsin and the Memorial Library, and we are most grateful to them and especially to you for your thoughtfulness and generosity.

Sincerely yours,

Lloyd W. Griffin
Chief, Division of Reference Services

LWG/ht

March 19, 1973

Mrs. William W. Stone
50 Sutton Place South
New York, New York 10002

Dear Mrs. Stone:

Thank you for your letter of March 15, which has just come to my desk. We should indeed appreciate receiving for the history your mother's letters from home as well as the other data materials you mention. It was kind of the telephone to put in a good word for Wisconsin and the Memorial history and we are most grateful to you and especially to you for your kindness and generosity.

Sincerely yours,

Walter A. Griffin
Chief, Division of Reference Services

WAG/nc

①

Mrs. Frank W. Stout
60 Sutton Place South
New York, N. Y. 10022

March 29, 1973

Mr. Lloyd W. Griffin,

Memorial Library, University of Wisconsin
728 State Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53706

Dear Mr. Griffin:

Herewith are the letters from Zona Gale written to my mother, Mrs. Joseph W. Rosenthal. I can't recall whether in my last letter I explained that my mother was completely invalided (by severe rheumatoid arthritis) but despite her inability to move was vibrant, and in touch with the many facets of life from which she seemed isolated. This explains, perhaps, Miss Gale's attachment to her, for although their meetings were few, the spiritual link was there.

I'm sending by other cover a book of Miss Gale's poems, which your library doubtless has, but if so perhaps another copy may be useful. I'm reaching an age where I feel challenged to make sure

that things touching the arts aren't lost. This afternoon
I went to the Metropolitan Art Museum with letters
written by my husband in 1894-5-6 when he was a very
young boy from Brooklyn transported to Paris to study art
at the Academy Julian. I went hesitantly - and
found that the library there has a collection of letters
by artists (of that period particularly) and also
welcomed one from Gertrude Käsebier, the gifted
photographer who was studying painting in Paris and
was a great friend of my husband's. The Met had
just held an exhibit "The Paintery Photograph
1890-1914" including her work. So every drop
counts, doesn't it - where talent is involved.

Yours sincerely -

Helen Stout

(Mrs. Frank Stout)

May 3, 1973

INVENTORY APPRAISAL

The library has received one inscribed and signed copy of a first edition of a book of poems by Zona Gale, plus a package of letters and clippings written by her or pertaining to Miss Gale and a photograph of her. The donor is Mrs. Frank Stout, who took this material from the estate of her mother to present it to our library. This gift has been acknowledged and is being added to the Zona Gale materials in the Rare Book Department. I have appraised this material for inventory purposes and arrived at a sum of \$275.

Felix Pollak
Curator of Rare Books

Gifts

Goudy sent us facsimiles of Zona Gale letters (kept in Zona Gale box) + of William Ellery Leonard letters (given to Archives)

ELIOT FITCH BARTLETT
261 HEATH'S BRIDGE ROAD
CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS 01742

July 9, 1973

Curator, Rare Books and Manuscripts
The Library
The University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wisconsin 53706

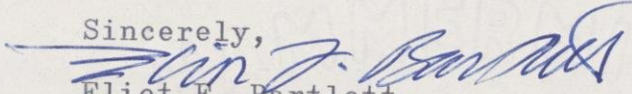
Dear Sir:

In the Ruth Fitch Mason Collection at Vassar College are copies of poems Mother wrote while attending graduate school at Wisconsin, 1912 - 1914. Mother received her BA from Vassar in 1912 and her MA (Econ) from Wisconsin in 1914. Mother knew many of the Wisconsin poets attending graduate school or living in Madison during her years there. The most prominent poet, whose letters are in the Mason Collection, was William Ellery Leonard. But there are poems in holograph script by other poets. There are also a number of Zona Gale letters. (I have in my personal collection a letter Miss Gale wrote Mother at the time of my birth in 1918). Many of Mother's ^{POEMS} written during her Wisconsin period, 1910 - 1923, were re-printed in the Milwaukee Journal and the Sentinel. A. Derleth's book on Wisconsin poets includes her verse.

Should you desire photocopies of Ruth Fitch Bartlett's poems (after her marriage to my father in 1917 she used his patronymic) the person to write to is

Frances Goudy, Librarian Special Collection
The Library, Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, New York 12601

Sincerely,


Eliot F. Bartlett

N.B. The Guidance Department at our High School has promised to write the University for a catalogue, but would you please see that the Registrar sends a copy to The Concord Free Public Library, Concord, Ma. 01742 as the Reference Librarian has asked me to request this assistance. Many Concord Academy and Middlesex School students use the Concord Library, so who knows you may get some admissions. Ten members of my immediate family have Wisconsin degrees.

UNITED STATES MARSHALS

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

COMMERCIAL, MASSACHUSETTS (100-100000)

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Rare Book Department

July 11, 1973

Mr. Eliot F. Bartlett
261 Heath's Bridge Road
Concord, Massachusetts 01742

Dear Mr. Bartlett,

I've asked our Registrar to send our present catalogues to the Concord Free Public Library, as you requested.

Thank you for your permission to let us obtain photocopies of your mother's poems and, we presume, correspondence and other materials in the Vassar College Library collection. Whenever we have money for photo-duplication of Wisconsin-related materials, we shall avail ourselves of your offer and contact Frances Goudy.

We do have a small Zona Gale collection here, consisting almost exclusively of original materials, and if you ever feel inclined to part with Miss Gale's letter to your mother, we would appreciate adding it to our holdings. Our Historical Society Library has a larger manuscript collection than we have, particularly Wisconsiniana, and you may want to get in touch with them regarding other materials you may have.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Felix Pollak
Curator of Rare Books

FP/ad

