



The Waldorf-Astoria

New York

Jan. 19. 1923.

My dearest Ruth, I was rather rushed

after arriving here as you will have seen from the end of my first letter. Keedick met me all right & brought me along here. So far as I can make out he has few engagements at present - he is waiting to see how it catches on; but he told me of Montreal & Toronto & I hope to have the list which he has promised. He is an agreeable man & he also a press agent who works with him. The close attention given to advertisement is what one would expect. At the Broadhurst Theatre last night, where I was taken to see a melodrama - where I am to lecture on Feb 4 & 11, I found the enclosed document folded in every programme - also figuring largely in the smoking room. On Wednesday afternoon I had four pressmen in here - Keedick's agent, Mr. Deane, had previously rehearsed with me what I would say, but I don't know that that made much difference - I sent them away happy & the puff duly appeared next morning. But that is not all - the first puffs have to be backed up by subsequent paragraphs & with that object I had a long talk with a young fellow who circulates to the press information about this hotel's distinguished visitors; he

wanted to get a 'contrast' value' & as an illustration of this sort of thing
told me a story of some midwestern magnate who had been asked for
subscriptions to an educational institution - replied that he was a self-made
man & believed education was a waste of time; the press got hold of
this to set up an animated discussion. The jury wanted me to say
that the great mountaineers of the expedition were all men of scientific
training & that mental training had more to do with the matter
than physique. Can you imagine anything more childish - but I expect
that is just what Americans are - byish. New York itself after gives
the impression of a splendid gesture against a background of emptiness.
Each individual skyscraper is making its own gesture rather than being
part of a whole street & as you see their immense silhouettes against
the sky they are all playing - part in a grotesque world of toy giants.
The important streets give me an utterly different feeling from those in
an English town chiefly because the buildings, have such very different
heights & don't appear closely ranged side to side but stand up separately
(though of course the bases of them are side by side) with dark shadows
between. The spear-head of skyscrapers by the river is much more of an architectural whole
& is one of the most wonderful effects of piled up mass I have ever seen.
They can build sometimes - the Public Library - & Avenue a comparatively
low building is very good indeed; and the absence of Gothic & its
derivatives is such a relief! At night the streets are amazing
& I think wonderfully gay & jolly - again in a quite unusual world, as
the White City is unusual - with a blaze of light from advertisements
scintillating on every building, in Broadway for instance.
It was amusing to be in the Theatre where I am to lecture - a good
place to speak in I think - rather too broad, but mercifully with only



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one gallery. The audience last night was very simple, unimpressed & uncritical & the acting was very slow. I can see I shall have to alter my style of lecturing - good deal, but I've a sort of feeling I shall be able to get hold of them.

Dearest one, I often wonder what parts of this we should enjoy together & imagine us laughing together over this & that. The social engagements are not altogether satisfactory yet - it takes a little time to get into touch - I haven't in any case many introductions in New York & I wonder whether all those have written who said they would write to their friends. However I'm the guest of two clubs for a fortnight - free to use them as I like - & don't expect to feel a solitude very often at home - dinner. I don't like feeding here & should rather go out to restaurants. The prices here are astonishing - e.g. 70¢ for a bit of trout at breakfast, 9¢ for a slice of roast beef, very coarse at that; 1¢ for marmalade at breakfast. This morning I paid 1¢ for an orange at breakfast - but

I must say it was as good as it could be. But you know how I hate
being done!

I must get to work now finishing my work for Mr Arnold. But
there's - thing I want you to do - find out John Murray's address
- Oh! its all right I've found it - look - I want to get
my Bowell published in America.

Good bye - great love to you always dear.

Your loving,

George.

Oh! I'm very well, thank you.

I enclose also a sample of American advertisement.

General view of G.M. - sitting at open window on tenth floor
looking down into Vth Avenue. In my room a double bed, a writing
table at which I write now, a broad low chest of drawers - mirror
behind. A table at the end of bed & another at the side on which
stand the telephone & lamp. A door to one side for hanging cupboard
- on the other for a luxurious bath room. Also - deep arm-chair -
Comfortable enough - all. Very noisy - electric trams etc.

Keep this letter.

You'll be sending news of Arie I hope.

I go to the Cotton exchange this morning & lunch with ^{some of} the gambler.