

My dear Lin:

I very ~~much~~ much regret that I am by nature entirely unfitted for such a trip. I would just as soon be in a menagerie, ~~would~~ almost as soon be shot out of a mortar as ^{try} to see a country by flying through it; ^{and} know that the man who has merely "been there" is the greatest liar on earth. I have to see the world slowly absorb its life, study its relations, and then if I write about it, tell the truth.

I have thought sometimes of going over to stay six or twelve months and write the real truth; just as a "fool" will, neither gush nor find nit about that land and its associations. I am well aware that it would sell like the Dickens but my hair is getting thin already and I couldn't bear to have a half million or so of pious Jordan = dippers or adoring

Stone-ligger and enthusiastic sigh:
heaven, making my last days miserable
by their attacks.