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ARLINGTON, VERMONT

Thursday November 13 1952

My dear President Burkhardt:

I am immensely pleased(and relieved) by your letter of yesterday, which by some strange freak of mail-promptness, reaches me in a day's time. It couldn't be too prompt for me.

Yet your having taken time for it---or rather your having been away from Bennington so that you couldn't read it, didn't make a bit of difference to me. This book on "Vermont Tradition" on which I have been laboring so long, is still in the fluid and plastic state of tentative versions. It goes forward so slowly, because it is material, much of it, unfamiliar to me, that I begin to think I'll never survive getting it ready for the printer. My publishers (Little Brown and Company) must be thinking that I'm dead or something.

You can't imagine how pleased I am to have you say that the side of Dewey which I treat, which is suitable material for a book about Vermont, is "sound." Hurrah! I don't need any more go-ahead signal than that from you.

As to your two suggestions---I had already become infuriated with Dr Kandell's comment, had already thought that I don't need to get into that acrid controversy at all, and had already taken out the quotation from Dr Kandell. I'm so glad to have you confirm me in so doing.

As to the second, yes, I agree with you, it would be well to

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go into a little more detail about the Communists' destestation of John Dewey. I am trying rather desperately to compress the great heap of material I am trying to get into this book, and had left out Dewey's "joining" career. But you are right, it is vital to the picture of him. I'll take a couple of pages and do it more justice.

You couldn't have been more helpful. Thank you so much. And I don't feel too much abashed at having asked you to take time off to look at this chapter, because I think maybe, although it may have seemed impossible to take your eye off the really horrid necessity and trying to raise money which has been pushed on you by the needs of Bennington, still I hope it may have given you a change of color and pace.

John Nason and his wife were here for dinner with us the other evening---he was giving lectures around in New England, and he spoke feelingly(he is a very old friend of ours) about the trials of a man who would like to be a professor of philosophy who has to raise large sums of money. I told him I just had no sympathy to spare for him, because I poured it all out on you, in exactly a similar situation.

Some more thanks. I feel so much encouraged and heartened, and shall set to work happily on the revisions of this chapter. You give me joy when you say you felt "warmth" in reading this strictly amateur(as to philosophy) novelist's affectionate tribute to our Vermont great man.

Cordially always

Dorothy Sanford Fisher