

Aug. 28, 1925.

Dear Marjorie Stillman Douglass:

Won't you do something for me, quick. I enclose a clipping and will be so glad to have you fling it, as I know you can do. I expected a bigger article, but I was ill and have not been able to see the reporters on other big papers, so I am sending you this just to get the thing started. My scheme is this: it had reached a high peak five years ago. Since then my illness has kept it quiescent. I am ready now to go on with it, if I can get co-operation from the press. I want to have at least 100,000 acres set aside as per this little notice,-which is not altogether as I gave it,-in the Everglades. Won't you have this reproduced, with anything you want to say as a headliner; then we will start business. I have had a line on the Everglades, absolutely true, but it is so tragic, so staggering in its almost criminality; but it gives me a firm base for broadcasting, and you know, dear, New York is ready for anything. It is pathetic to know absolutely that our wonderful scenic wilderness, the Everglades, is absolutely ruined for all time, both as to a commercial value and natural beauty; but before it is too late we may yet save a portion of it. This is up to us. You with your influence and talent and friends, and me with my heartiness and knowledge of conditions. Won't you let me hear from you, and whatever you have in your paper, won't you personally see that I have a copy.

Thanking you so much, I am

Sincerely your friend,