

o. o. mcintyre

broadway populist

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Editors and publishers given to exploiting the nostalgia craze might consider resurrecting Odd (pronounced “Ud”) McIntyre, for his appeal would be broad. Many Americans under fifty would laugh at how his *kitsch* could enjoy the widespread acceptance it did; those over fifty would relish meeting an old acquaintance on a sentimental journey to yesteryear; and students of mass culture, regardless of age, would find clues in his enormous popularity to help explain a persistent naiveté in those citizens Mencken characterized as the “booboisie” and who today go as middle America or the “new majority.”

In the two decades between World Wars Oscar Odd McIntyre sustained a formula with his 800-word column “New York Day by Day” that made him the highest paid and the “most widely enjoyed newspaper feature writer of his time,” reaching (as a conservative estimate) over seven million readers daily and Sunday.¹ Additionally, his monthly piece for *Cosmopolitan* ran from 1922 to his death in 1938, and his “best” columns and essays were gathered into four books in the 1920’s and ’30’s. Warner Brothers even planned a movie based on his life, which his sudden death aborted.² Amid the turbulence of the Jazz Age human interest reporting seemed to most editors the surest bet for building circulation amid tough competition, and columnists became national institutions. Among the leaders—Arthur Brisbane (“Today”), Franklin P. Adams (“The Conning Tower”), Christopher Morley (“Bowling Green”), Heywood Broun (“It Seems To Me”)—McIntyre occupied a prominent if not wholly deserved place.

Picking up a collection of McIntyre’s “best” today, one begins to understand why many literati of his time bridled at mention of his name. Gaucheries of style and inanities of content are everywhere in evidence, e.g., “Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale has perhaps the only kiyoodle in the world with a charge account. Whenever Rufus, a

red Irish setter, feels a bit hungry, he walks into a New Haven counter lunch frequented by students, sniffs the delicacy he craves and gets it. Dr. Phelps stops at intervals and settles the chit.”³ Westbrook Pegler and Ring Lardner both had fun parodying his simplemindedness; in fact, “Odd’s Bodkins,” the last piece Lardner wrote before he died in 1933, satirized for the *New Yorker* the random observations McIntyre collected for his column labeled “Thingumabobs.”⁴ It does not take too long, either, to sense the carelessness with fact that brought him deserved sarcasm from Walter Winchell and reproof from John Farrar of the *Bookman*. Likewise, extensive perusal of the column discloses that whatever powers of observation he possessed were squandered on trivia. The success of his name dropping, an undiminished source of material, motivated this shy Midwesterner to become acquainted with the rich, the talented, the flamboyant, and famous throughout his magic kingdom of Manhattan—everyone from Joseph P. Kennedy to Opie Read, from Vincent Astor to Fannie Hurst, from Lucius Beebe to Gene Tunney. Yet he seldom said anything substantial about the objects of his hero worship. One now detects, too, an intellect befogged with sentimentality—“To Billy in Dog Heaven” (the McIntyres were childless) became his most acclaimed column. In creating an image of himself and his world which the “silent majority” of the Twenties and Thirties would support, he mostly avoided mention of sex, religion and politics—unless it was an opinion he knew his public would buy, e.g., “Personal nomination for the least popular figure among the New Dealers—Prof. R. G. Tugwell,” or “Whenever La Guardia talks I can’t see anything but his tongue.”⁵ And the usual lightness of his column could give way to sarcasm for an attack on New York intellectuals, whom he typically lumped together as “serious thinkers . . . expert in the art of the snicker.”⁶

McIntyre’s rise to the top of his profession is a lesson in perseverance. A school dropout, he sought fulfillment through newspaper work, and by twenty-three he was city editor of the old Cincinnati *Post*, a job requiring the kind of attention to detail that was not his *forte*. When his crusading boss Ray Long went to New York as editor of *Hampton’s Magazine*, McIntyre went along as his assistant, only to see the journal fold before his duties on it had been clearly defined. He then tried a stint as a drama editor, which failed, and eventually worked out the scheme that gained national recognition for “New York Day by Day.” Setting up a mimeograph machine in his apartment, he typed “letters” for the homefolks, interspersed with publicity for clients whom he had sought out. Sending the letters without charge to newspapers around the country, he began getting acceptances for the column on a regular schedule. When enough papers began paying for it, he needed it less and less for plugging hotels, song writers and people in show business. With success finally assured by syndication, he could cease depending for income on publicity accounts. As his fame mounted, so did his business

affairs, and for their handling he depended on his wife; it was she who went down to the syndicate office yearly to negotiate the contract. McIntyre, assailed by an inferiority complex that never let him think he “had it made,” wrote compulsively day after day, year after year, never varying his letter-to-the-homefolks approach.

The sources of McIntyre’s material were four: his memory, colored by nostalgia; his reading, confined mostly to newspapers; his observation, as man on the town; and his mail, the major source, averaging 3,000 letters a week mostly from readers trying to help him.⁷ Even when he was exposed as careless with his sources, molding facts to suit his unflinching sense of what his audience wanted, chastisement seldom brought reader revolt.⁸ Christopher Morley created hardly a ripple when in 1935 in the *Saturday Review* he accused McIntyre of stealing specific phraseology in *The Big Town* from Morley’s own writings.⁹ The real wonder was that the Great Depression in no wise affected his popularity, and his “large and affectionate following” was growing even larger at the time of his death.¹⁰

Analyzing the formula McIntyre used for filling his column does not seem as important as knowing the reasons behind his success, for although there is not much mystery to the contents of “New York Day by Day,” there is the puzzle of understanding the strong response of a large segment of the American newspaper reading public to the views of this eccentric little man. The writer of his obituary in the *New York Times* claimed that the rise of the small town boy to “the top of his profession” was tied closely to his being an eternal adolescent who viewed New York City with an “incarnate rapture” that impressed the folks back home.¹¹ Irvin S. Cobb, writing some years earlier, had also emphasized that his not having grown up gave him the ability “to depict New York not always precisely as what precisely it is, but more often as the semi-fictionalized New York which the folks out in Bear Wallow and Weeping Willow like to fancy it is.”¹² McIntyre himself confirmed these accounts when he said that the “original idea” for his column, which he never changed, was to “write from a country town angle of a city’s glamour.”¹³ But these explanations, even his own, do not satisfactorily account for the pressing need of the people who read him daily for his particular viewpoint. They place too much emphasis on his subject matter—glorifying the Big City—and not enough on the empathy he aroused in his readers—a shared outlook on life that made him a beloved national figure.

Fundamental to the regard of his readers for him was his never having grown up, but emotional and intellectual immaturity is such a common affliction that this characterization fails to explain his appeal. Moreover, immaturity in itself seldom inspires devotion. Innocence is a better term for the state of arrested development McIntyre projected in his writings: an innocence comprising fear of change, cracker-barrel

pragmatism, admiration for achievement, no matter how ill-gained or superficial, and a distrust of complexity—more specifically, an anti-intellectualism, a willing credulity and simple tastes. These qualities make up a kind of innocence usually associated with rural guilelessness. It is the innocence of Arcadia, where Nature, setting the rhythm of existence, fosters simplicity, virtue and independence. It is, in political contexts, the naiveté that has motivated Populist “reformers” to hold that the fundamental values of this country are agrarian and that urban values, represented by opulence, refinement and intellect, are somehow un-American. Besides McIntyre, successful practitioners in this century of such “grass-roots” innocence have been Will Rogers, Governor George Wallace and Billy Graham, to name a few.

To what extent McIntyre’s innocence was assumed or indispensable to his makeup is disputable. But there is no disputing his aversion to sophisticates such as Christopher Morley and Alexander Woollcott, nor his liking for Sinclair Lewis, who, even though a “highbrow,” shared his small town background and personal idiosyncracies. Journalistically, he nurtured his innocence by letting the world know that he was from Gallipolis, Ohio (1930 population, 7,106), and that he hoped to go back there someday. Even though he had left home in his late teens, he never tired of recalling his childhood experiences there. His need to create an image of himself as a country boy was very strong, but an inner need was there too; and nostalgia for a vanished boyhood called forth his most unaffected writing:

Old scenes, old faces, old friends tumble pell-mell about him. He wonders if Bud Thompson ever achieved his ambition to become a circus acrobat. If One-Eyed Cooper ever caught the ghost that haunted the ice pier. If Eli Evans Klinger still drives the big furniture wagon. If Captain Barrows pilots the Neva to the mouth of the Kanawha. If the drummers still sit out along the curb in front of the Park Central at dusk. If the mysterious old lady on Grape Street lives upstairs over the ice-house and if the rusty tin cup hangs to the same old brass chain at the pump in the public square.¹⁴

From his Gallipolis background McIntyre gathered the same kind of raw material that two other Midwestern youths of his generation, Edgar Lee Masters and Sherwood Anderson, would refine into classic portrayals of small town life. But he never did, and never intended to, achieve artistry with his sketches. Lacking either capacity or motivation to peer deeply into the lives of the eccentrics inhabiting end-of-century Gallipolis, he was content with local color, as in a series of characters depicting, among such unlikely folk as Ormsby McTavish and André Leclercq, one Dunc Devac:

Sam Duncan Devac was the town drunkard. Every night, winter and summer, Aunt Mary Huntsinpillar sat at her

parlor window and knitted. She would pat her foot as she knitted. She knew more about people than Eliza Whittleby, who worked at the post office. Aunt Mary used to say that she could never remember a night that Dunc Devac did not go past her window, on his way home for supper, drunk. He lived in Strawberry Row, south of the spoke factory. Dunc Devac was small and wiry and smiled, drunk or sober. He could name all the Presidents in their order and quote Scripture. He had two fingers off his right hand. He lost them the year he went to work in the Mullineaux planing mill. He never worked after that. His wife, Sallie Devac, clerked in Mose Straus's Bon Ton store. She was a dignified woman, one of the Yates sisters from Rio Grande, neat in dress and active in church work. Nobody could understand why she kept on living with Dunc Devac. Everybody felt so sorry for her the day she was walking home with the wife of the new Methodist preacher. It was the week of the trotting meet and on the opposite side of the street some young men from the fair grounds were carrying Dunc Devac home on a shutter. . . . General George House, who ran the Old Reliable Insurance Agency, once offered Dunc Devac a pair of double-seated, corduroy trousers if he would stay sober on election day. Dunc wouldn't promise. But he took his wife to see the Swiss Bell Ringers at Odd Fellows Hall and wore his cut-away coat. Afterward they went to Mr. Jenny's icecream parlor and straight home. "A good soul when he's himself," is what they say back home.¹⁵

Undoubtedly McIntyre was forced out of Gallipolis by the same driving need to succeed on his own terms that led other sensitive youths during the period of rapid growth of big cities at the turn of the century to revolt against the small town and the farm and to seek in the cities "life piled on life" in the spirit of Tennyson's restless Ulysses. His statement about the stultification of village life in his essay "Why Boys Leave Home" could as easily have been written by Sherwood Anderson, another small town Ohio boy, about his alter ego George Willard in the *Winesburg* stories: "Too often the bright boy with the spark of genius is completely out of luck in the village. He is looked upon as a bit queer, a visionary woolgatherer. The better he is known to his neighbors, the more difficult for him to find expression. He is trying to build a skyscraper in a one-storied town."¹⁶

So despite his professed admiration for, in his words, "the simple, unaffected pleasures" of his home town, he was keenly aware, along with his contemporary small townner Thomas Wolfe, that you can't go home again. And even where he milked the nostalgia theme for all it can give, as in the column on his acquisition of the old home place ("Our House") in Gallipolis, he held claim to having no illusions: "I know my sentimental nexus to the small town would snap if I ever lived in one"; and, "No one loving his birthplace should return after leaving

permanently. One goes back to find the rainbowy idealism a mirage.”¹⁷ However, unlike Thomas Wolfe—and Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell and other intellectual rebels against small towns—he could not exist in the spiritual void produced by the truth about life in Gallipolis. He wanted to believe in its innocence—the innocence of people preserved from a frightening knowledge of themselves and the world—yet he could not; hence arises the inconsistency of his attitude.

McIntyre’s ever present need for signs of the worth of innocence led him to defend character types resembling Lewis’ Babbitt, whom he covertly admired partly in reaction to the praise the literati were giving Lewis’ novel (1922) and partly because Babbitt illustrated the practical worth of “naturalness.” To McIntyre, Babbitts, regardless of whether they live in the city or country, are hicks at heart, for they demonstrate the triumph of innocence over the complexities of civilization, represented *par excellence* by European culture:

Wherever you go the people you will remember are those who indulge the simplicity of being themselves. Once at a winter resort in Switzerland, the leading hotel, in the seasonal flush of popularity, was filled with British, French and American aristocracy and a sprinkling of dukes, duchesses and dowagers. There arrived one day a typical one-gallused American—a puddle jumper, it developed, from the Ozarks. With him were his dowdy wife and corn-fed daughter. Their entrance into the hotel was a signal for studied lorgnette lifting and behind-the-hand smiles. He was a glorified prototype of Sinclair Lewis’ Babbitt, wearing a Rotarian emblem in his coat lapel, white socks sans supporters and a dinner suit that fitted him entirely too soon. He and other members of his family were totally oblivious of the social barriers. He fretted because he could not be served pork chops and hot biscuits. Not one of them tried to make social contacts. They were blissfully happy—*en famille*. Climbers who had brought trunks of clothes from Paris *couturières* and pocket-bulging letters of credit made no dent whatever. Yet when I left, a week later, members of this yokel family were as much a part of social activities as though born to the purple. They had accomplished with utter naturalness, whereas elegant four-flushing had failed.¹⁸

McIntyre could repeat *ad nauseam* his message on the equivalence of simplicity, naturalness and innocence. The success of Will Rogers quite obviously pointed to the importance of “being yourself.” If you *are* a yokel, let your gaucheries be a natural asset, as Rogers did.¹⁹ And if you are a sophisticated city dweller, you will mourn what you’ve missed: Jimmy Walker, dapper and, as it turned out, dishonest mayor of New York, “has confessed to intimates he never realized the emptiness of his materialism until he drifted out of the chaos into the bucolic charm of England’s Surrey.”²⁰ Even those in show business—such as Bing Crosby

and Gary Cooper—are assenting to the basic need for the unsullied simplicity and purity of nature when they buy ranches.²¹ Harold Ross, editor of the “ultrasophisticated” *New Yorker*, hails from Aspen, Colorado, a fact presumably signifying that fame and a small town origin go hand in hand.²² McIntyre apparently saw no contradiction in one time tacitly praising Ross for his sophistication and another time implicitly criticizing Dorothy Parker for hers, in his observation that if she had had some connection with small-town America she would “have fewer barbs for stinging criticism.”²³ Calvin Coolidge’s essay in *Cosmopolitan*, “The Scenes of My Childhood,” brought forth effusive gratitude from McIntyre that so great a public figure would testify as to the power of Arcadian innocence:

Nothing in a life of prolific reading has ever moved me so profoundly. I doubt if the world will ever again be privileged to behold such an astounding illustration of how colorful a colorless idea can become through sheer simplicity. I know that as I sat in the very heartbeat of the greatest city in the world, the years rolled suddenly back and I was a boy again in my home town. I was particularly amazed that life in the sleepy little village in Vermont could be such a striking counterpart of life in my home town and yours. . . . And out of this beautiful pastel in pastoral prose, it seems to me we salvage one of the big reasons for Calvin Coolidge’s humanity and greatness. In speaking of his little village, he says: “It was all a fine atmosphere in which to raise a boy. As I look back on it I constantly think how clean it was. There was little about it that was artificial. . . .” Laying the manuscript down . . . , I gazed into the busy street boil that is peculiarly New York’s. I love the city but I could not help contrasting its ruthless rush and two-minute enthusiasms with the peace that is of the countryside alone.²⁴

When he was not busy touching the chords of nostalgia for small town and rural life, McIntyre was trumpeting what he conceived to be the romance of the “white light nights” of Manhattan or exotic foreign cities, and to his writings as man about town he brought his incorruptible innocence. His readers accepted his split personality—guileless bumpkin vs. sophisticated cosmopolite—because they believed that the latter was a role he assumed and the former was his real self. The “real” McIntyre taught them that the only lasting pleasures are the simple ones and that even if they were given the opportunity to spend lavishly like him (who made up to \$150,000 yearly from the syndicate) they would still prefer the simple life; hence they could rationalize the meanness of their existence. When Odd paraded before his readers his tastes in food, the duality becomes apparent; his method was to follow a catalogue of expensive and exotic fare with a disclaimer as to its worth, usually a confession that his tastes are more humble than his eating would suggest:

The *canapé astracan* at Voisin's, the *escalope de veau milanaise* at Lapérouse and the crayfish soup at l'Ecrevisse are divine, but most of the sauced-up atrocities of Brillat-Savarin and his fellows remind me of strips from the south-eastern section of an old gum boot sprinkled with bug power. And most fish in Paris are deservedly dubbed "*poisson*." Indeed, after a week of following the culinary trails in the French metropolis, from the *hors d'oeuvres* at Ciro's in Rue Daunou to the *petite marmite* at Mère Catherine's in the venerable Place du Tertre atop Montmartre hill, I find myself making haste toward the hot-biscuit and pork-chop palace of the American dorky, Willis Morgan, near the Eiffel Tower. . . . Unhappily I brought to New York a pronounced midwestern taste for food and my appetite is never quite satisfied. Midwestern cooking, I believe, is largely of southern origin. It is, I suppose, to those trained to caviar and soufflé a rather decadent state of gastronomy. No dish appeals to me more than pig jowls and turnip greens. . . . That delicacy I have never been able to find in New York. Neither can I find real corn bread—I mean corn bread made of water-ground meal obtained only from a miller as white as the moth named for him. I, too, have a perverted taste for pot liquor, country sausage with lye hominy, cracklings and sweet-potato pie. These also are denied me in my prowls through Manhattan's cliffs.²⁵

His readers were delighted to discover that McIntyre had not betrayed them. "You see, I told you so," they seemed to say; "them foreigners can't fool him: old Odd knows good food."²⁶ The same technique worked for travel. McIntyre, not denying that he is a seasoned traveller, simply lets his readers know that even those who have been everywhere and seen everything prefer the simple life:

Vacations among the very rich today are not so much for pleasure as to impress people who don't give a hoot anyway. Mr. Mervyn Martyn goes to Scotland to open his shooting place. Mr. Mervyn Martyn—formerly Mel Martin of Deep Gap, Pennsylvania—cares just as much about shooting grouse as Paderewski would enjoy exchanging punches with Jack Dempsey. Mr. Martyn would rather follow a winding brook with an old-fashioned pole and line back home. He is paying one of the penalties of great wealth. He must follow the trail of the show-offs. His shooting lodge is something elegant to which to refer at his club. Perhaps a trip on the Iron Queen to Cincinnati would bore me to extinction today, but I do not believe it would. As we grow older we discover that the memories standing out like clear-cut cameos are the simple, unaffected pleasures. Most of us remember the pyramids and the bazaars of Constantinople in a blurry way. The peaceful picnic grove back home is etched in steel. That is not a plea for the simple life. It is a silent tear for more of the imperishable dreams youth gave us.²⁷

McIntyre's confusion about the extent to which one should actually commit himself to a life style that fosters Arcadian innocence is apparent in the condemnation of Mr. Martyn's values without any suggestion that he act to modify them. Odd tells us of the ennui, artifice and snobbery associated with the lives of the very rich, but he ever fails to recommend that they do anything about their plight or that society act to control "great wealth." Odd so respects the Protestant work ethic—that a man's success is sanctified by the effort and ability he put forth in acquiring it—that he often seems a toady to high status and its accompanying trappings. He is satisfied if the rich merely make a gesture of renunciation, such as pining for the simple life, adopting it as an avocation or recognizing its existence. Anecdotes from his essay "The Simple Rich" show each of these conditions being met.

As a reporter I sat one night in a very successful man's drawing-room. . . . My world was young, and on the eve of a vacation I told him with enthusiasm of a visit I was to make to my home town. When . . . I stopped talking I saw a suspicious mist in the rich man's eyes. "Young man," he said, "if you want genuine friendship, never achieve great wealth." It was a sudden gush from the well-springs of a lonely heart and it was a moment I shall never forget. . . .²⁸

In the kid glove district of upper Fifth Avenue is a mansion whose occupant is many times a millionaire. In the basement is a complete cobbler's outfit. Reporters descended upon him one evening regarding some first-page business deal. He was pegging away at an old pair of shoes. This was his method of recreation. . . .²⁹

Back of all success hides mankind's oldest truth. And this is the ephemeral joy of material things. The trappings of wealth and their value is best illustrated by a New York millionaire who, upon sailing for Europe, was asked by a reporter what moment of his life was the happiest. He said: "One day when a turn in the market made it appear that I would be financially ruined by night. . . ."³⁰

That McIntyre never went back to Gallipolis, except in death, is proof enough that he knew the dream of innocence was, after all, a dream; but this is not to say it had no meaningful influence on his life and values. At its best the guilelessness in his writings justified his friend Irvin S. Cobb's words: "And in all that mountainous mass of material, I defy you to find one place where he wrote anything smutty or suggestive or nasty or vicious; any bit of malicious scandal; any line that would hurt somebody's feelings. . . ."³¹ At its worst it made him a bigot: "Time to give a few of these eastern radical college professors the bum's rush."³² Mainly, his innocence gave him his capital as a successful commercial writer; it did not, however, provide the capital for personal happiness. Instead of imperturbability, an attitude which Arcadian innocence, simplicity and naturalness are supposed to foster,

McIntyre had trouble just coping. Most of his life was a fight against fears: of dropping dead in the street, of open spaces, of the telephone, of debt, of being slapped on the back, of someone picking lint from his coat. Besides his phobias, he endured an often debilitating inferiority complex, persistent insomnia and a chronic hypochondria that had turned him against doctors at an early age.³³ McIntyre was profoundly lonely and unhappy, despite his chauffeur, an attractive wife and a wardrobe of several hundred shirts and accessories. But because a tenet of the Arcadian faith is emphasis on the smiling aspects of life, little outright unhappiness or dissatisfaction crept into his column.³⁴ Melancholy pervaded it just enough to motivate responses in other lonely people, such as convicts, who sent him a relatively large volume of mail and whom he sometimes befriended.

McIntyre's unhappiness sprang partly from his need for Arcadian innocence in conflict with the demands of a complex technological civilization. Like his readers, he was oppressed and puzzled by changes occurring in every phase of American culture in the twentieth century, and his reaction was to hold fast to the grass-roots values of nineteenth-century rural America. Concurrently, however, he readily accepted the material benefits that this same technological civilization would give to one with the gumption to seize them—in his case by leaving the small town for the big city. Filling the role of an innocent on Broadway made him wealthy, but clinging to that innocence kept him from developing an intellectual maturity that would have given his writings a depth so obviously lacking and that would have enabled him to cope better with his neuroses, which strongly contributed to his untimely death in 1938 at fifty-three.

No one ever really replaced McIntyre. Ernie Pyle came closest: born on a farm near Dana, Indiana, he not only looked like McIntyre, but above all shared his simplemindedness, a trait of the Populist mentality that enabled them to sense what middle America wanted from a columnist. However, the great War that climaxed and ended Pyle's career perhaps finally marked an end of American innocence on the level of popular culture just as World War I had done for elitist culture. Such an explanation could be wishful thinking; of more moment might be that the enormous growth in ease of travel and communications has taken the remoteness out of the Big Town, robbing the column of its "magic carpet" effect. Further dampening audience interest in Broadway chitchat would be fear of middle America about big city life in general, induced by reports of crime, violence in the streets and ghetto unrest. Earl Wilson, native of Rockford, Ohio, still tries to follow in the innocent-on-Broadway tradition, but the "Midnight Earl" that he fitfully burns no longer has much brilliance.

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footnotes

1. Irving Dilliard, "McIntyre, Oscar Odd," *Dictionary of American Biography, Supplement 2*, 415. Charles B. Driscoll, *The Life of O. O. McIntyre* (New York, 1938), 20. Driscoll's biography, which claimed at least 52,000,000 readers, is being reprinted by Beckman Press in the American Newspapermen collection.
2. J. Bryan III, "Gallipolis Boy Makes Good," in *Post Biographies of Famous Journalists* (Athens, Ga., 1942), 291-292; 314.
3. *The Big Town* (New York, 1935), 183-184. Hereafter cited *BT*.
4. Bryan, 297-99.
5. *BT*, 164, 130.
6. *Twenty-Five Selected Stories* (New York, 1929), 3. Hereafter cited *TFSS*.
7. Bryan, 292.
8. "Much of the material he claimed was factual or biographical turned out to be pure fiction." See obituary in *Editor and Publisher* (February 19, 1938), 44.
9. *Saturday Review of Literature*, June 27, 1931, 13-14.
10. F. L. Mott, *American Journalism: A History of Newspapers in the United States Through 250 Years* (New York, 1941), 693.
11. "Mr. McIntyre never completely grew up. . . . To him the towers of Manhattan were studded with minarets and the neon lights of Broadway flickered like jewels." *New York Times*, February 15, 1938, 25.
12. "O! O! McIntyre," *Delineator*, 124 (March, 1934), 4.
13. *TFSS*, xi.
14. *Ibid.*, 76. Paragraphing in the source has not been followed.
15. *TFSS*, 178-180.
16. *Another "Odd" Book: Twenty-Five Selected Stories of O. O. McIntyre* (New York, 1932), 99. Hereafter cited *AOB*.
17. *BT*, 50, 52.
18. *AOB*, 46-47.
19. *Ibid.*, 44.
20. *BT*, 80.
21. *Ibid.*
22. *AOB*, 47.
23. *BT*, 80.
24. *AOB*, 26-28.
25. *Ibid.*, 123-125.
26. Both Bryan, 300-301, and Driscoll, 285, stress the intense loyalty of McIntyre's readers.
27. *TFSS*, 59-60.
28. *Ibid.*, 18.
29. *Ibid.*, 19.
30. *Ibid.*, 20.
31. *Delineator*, 124 (March, 1934), 4.
32. *BT*, 106.
33. *Driscoll*, 19, 72-73, 178-183.
34. Odd typically wrote about "the value of the smile" and "the ability to make people laugh." See "Smiles Pay" in *TFSS*, 95-98.