

Late February
1943

My dear...

I have to hump to write even one letter to you four or five. And yours are such gorgeous things; your father once said you had a marvelous ability to think with ease on paper. I have many of the same feelings but I have to go word hunting, and even then they don't come out ringing true. Example - skiing. The ideas I try to link up are: ⁽¹⁾ cleanest, purest world known to man, ⁽²⁾ unmodified nature, ⁽³⁾ exhilaration as sensation of flying, ⁽⁴⁾ delight in speed and the control of speed. Things of that sort, flit by as I try to put salt on their tails. And some person who has asked me why I ski (that silly dangerous sport) says humpf and goes back to her croquet game.

I like this Mr. Miller. I think he's a swell guy. Of course, I have never met him, but still? - Why do we eat 3 meals a day? Why do people in a company have to work so many years before they get promoted? - just custom. They both have reasons of course, behind the custom - 3 meals a day interfered less with working hours in the early days of industry, thereby leading to countless stomach ills. On the other problem, granted that intelligence of the young group was as great as that of the older group, experience became a factor. But the war sweeps the board clean. No precedents; need for agile opportunism; no one has had experience in it, experience and age mean nothing, intelligence & ability stand out in whoever has it; Youth can handle things as well

and probably better. And Mr. Miller, bless him,
has got the permission to see it. How soon
shall I address you at the White House?

I want your comment on an article I
have just read in the Saturday Evening Post
by Sam Jones, governor of Louisiana, on the
economic wail of the south over the bill of goods
sold it by the New Deal. Incidentally, who does
everyone "accuse" left wing elements close to the
President" for measures which don't work out
and aren't popular? Are we deifying Franklin?
This power over profits ride is a case in point.
Dallas should be plenty interesting - a beautiful
city, well planned, clean, modern & sufficient,
and the exact opposite in every way of the town
11 miles west, Fort (the eyes of Texas are upon you) Worth,
Truly amazing. There they sit, one facing east, the other,
west. If you ask me where the west begins,
I draw my line half way between Dallas &
St. North and between St. Louis and Kansas City.
Which makesabella Gardner and Mrs. Potter
Palmer blood sisters.

Sam
1943

The desert needs some time spent on
it, its elusive beauties studied & sought after.
A train trip thru the desert is just damn forgettable.
Better take along a good book.

I've let this lay around for nearly a week so I'll
mail it + start another.
Yours
Don