

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
NATIONAL RESOURCES PLANNING BOARD

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICIAL-BUSINESS

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE
PAYMENT OF POST



Miss Ellen H. Thomson
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Northampton
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Friday night

Dear Gub and EH,

I have been trying to write this all week and this is the first time I have had in which I could occupy myself with other than work except for last night. On top of which this was the only available typewriter and it is one of those awful professional kind with things pasted over the keys, particularly made to confuse and render miserable the poor, unskilled worker such as myself is it II? I will leave it so Gub can make corrections.)

In the first place I have never worked so hard in all my life. Mr. Miller called me back from Denver for a special job and so far I have had a chance to do about two days work on it and then I get pulled on to something else—such as a report for a Special Committee, so I am working about ten hours a day. At the present moment the atmosphere around the Board is perpetually funereal—we don't even need lilies, the halls smell that way of their own valition. Supposedly we should know something by Monday and probably as of the first of July I will be unemployed. It's all rather depressing in that I was just getting to the point where I really felt I was doing good work—also of course there is the fact that if we fold I will have to start all over again at the bottom before I can get out into the field.

All of which is preliminary to the big news which is, of course, that Don arrived last Saturday. I was going to drag him off to Philly with me and stack him in a corner while we talked but he was so tired I didn't have the heart to suggest it. Every time he sat down he went to sleep. I was bitterly disappointed not to talk to you when I called.

I waited until then to call because I thought you would be atound before chutch. In a way I was almost sorry he arrived when he did but on the other hand six weeks is a short time. What I am hoping now is that if we get abolished I will take a fairly long vacation and we can get together then. My immediate plans are to stay in Washington until June the fifteenth (Don gets weekends off so I take Saturday afternoon) and then I will probably go out to Missouri for a while to meet his family and see the farm usw. *Then, if no Brazil; 17th take July.*

This isn't really a letter-its more or less of an explanation and an apology. I seem to be rather groggy

Much love

Usher (Bullon) —