

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
NATIONAL RESOURCES PLANNING BOARD

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS



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WAR SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS



Miss Ellen K. Thomson
Brushwood Farm
New Canaan
Connecticut.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
NATIONAL RESOURCES PLANNING BOARD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Monday, June 7.

Dear The Society,

You are all to preserve this letter as a more or less historic sheet- at least it is a copy of the letter-head of that now nearly defunct bird- the National Resources Planning Board, laid to rest with the CCC, the NYA, the NRA, the doco-bird and the rest of the gallant flock. In other words, we was abolished- to all extents and purposes. The Senate felt we were worth \$200,000 (and the same day passed 29 billion for the War Department) not that I don't want the war to get over as quickly as any one else but I do think a little money on the future always was a good investment.

Which is a digression from the main point of the letter which is to discuss the subject of privates Breed and Thomsen. I must say out letter writing is getting bad. I don't even know where Lou is (haven't for months) and I have half a suspicion she never even got the letter telling her that it's all public, in the papers and all that sort of thing and I'm walking around with a ring on my engagement finger but not my engagement ring. Don is being awfully fussy about the latter- he apparently bounces from the hospital to all the jewelers in Baltimore and then tears back to the patients. The only report I have is that it is not to be a diamond over which I breathed a sigh of relief since I would prefer not to have one on either hand. As for the rest of you (I seem to have wandered off again) I don't know whether you are at Fort Des Moines or already on Guadalcanal. I would like brief answers to a few simple questions- When are you going in, Are you going in together, Where. My opinion of it is that it's swell as long as its what you want and PROVIDED that you do not let yourselves get stationed in Washington. I see quite a few of the women's branches here- we have a wave living at the house - and the work you get is terribly routine and dull. I don't imagine this is so on an army post or in the places where they are more or less understaffed. I have considered the women's organizations myself now that I am on the brink of changing positions. I decided against it because I am convinced I can more help in my own line of work where there is a definite lack of personnel and that I should stick by it- particularly at this critical stage when we are being attacked for political reasons.

Don and I have really had a most perfect month together. In the first place his appointment at Hopkins was just what he wanted and he has been doing awfully interesting work but for the first time in a year he has some time to himself and he is not on twenty four hour duty. We manage very nicely. We have every weekend together and then he comes down once during the week and I go up once which barely gives me time to get my overtime work done and my hair washed in between. Without sounding completely sloppy I wish I could convey to you some how how damned happy I am. I never realized that I could lose all that tension I have always felt with people except the society and just be completely relaxed and happy. We have had what seems a most exciting time and in reality we do nothing. We are trying to catch up on all the gaps in our reading- I've introduced him to Pook and my Chinese and Sanskrit stuff and Robert P Tristram Coffin and he has been retaliating with Lewis Carroll,

some negro prose writers and marvelous Irish folk tales. We feel very old and settled on Saturday night as the rest of the Gayety goes out and we are left on the floor with a pile of books, two bottles of beer and the records. I am also receiving instruction in pathology and elementary biology and find it completely fascinating (surprise). We had one swell week-end hiking in the Blue Ridge. We did thirty five miles in two days and neither of us could go to work on Monday we were so stiff! But the mountains were marvelous—the wild azalea was at its height and the trails were vivid with scarlet and pink and then there were wild orchids and mountain flowers quite different from our New England variety.

My plans at the moment are for tomorrow—and at that I can't decide what I am going to wear. Which is good for the planning type. However, for the sake of you all, we are definitely not going to get married until after the war. Our plans are quite definite for the occasion and include the Harvard chapel, you three and no Lohengrin. The reason for waiting is that we have no idea where Don will be stationed after he goes on active duty (in July). He may be put directly on a ship, he may be on a base for two weeks, or for two months. What we want is the chance to settle down at least as semi-permanently as Lou and Tommy and we can't have it so we think it's better not. I don't consider two weeks in a furnished apartment marriage and neither does Don. I will probably go out to Missouri to meet his family at the end of this month. Then I think I will take me a little vacation in July. If, Lou, you are anywhere near accessible en route East from Missouri for God's sake let me know. I will go up to Cambridge and—if— for my vacation (Daddy's vacation is now ^{early} so that I'll be too late to make Castine) but if you are going into training ^{early} in the month of July, EH, I will stop off en route up to see you. I ought to take a day or so in NY to see Mommy and Whit and Edie B and then I could come out to Brushwood for a couple of days. Nothing like the uninvited guest I always spy. Then, up to Cambridge and Cub. You can all see at a glance that with a little cooperation I will try to see all of you. Now for goodness sake start cooperating. After the vacation I hope I'll have a job. I am looking for a position with a state or city planning commission or a job out of Washington involving field work. I have definitely gotten to the place where I need the stimulus of working with people instead of paper. Also my field is still local government and I have some ideas I'd like to work out.

I hope you realize I have stayed late at the office to make this contribution to the cause of English letters. Don wants to be remembered to all of you. Oh, I forgot—we are going to settle in California.

Much love

Bullm.