

8 Beekman Place,
New York,
May 11, 1930.

Dear Mrs. Hart--

I'm always bad about writing, but I think this is my worst offense. You've been on my mind and conscience ever since I got back--and received your lovely letter, but not until now am I "doing anything" about it.

Believe it or not, as Mr. Ripley would say, it was the poem that got me started on this procrastination. I kept thinking I would write when I had something to tell you about that-- and it looked as if I would never have anything!

Soon after I got back to New York-- from Texas-- I started in to find the Secretary of the Gold Star Organization whose address you gave me. After phoning around and making a long subway trip, I found that she had moved, and the organization had disbanded!

The Secretary told me, however, that there were other Gold Star organizations hereabouts, so I began trying to run them down. By dint of phoning some newspaper offices and getting hold of the World Almanac, I found that there was a large one in the Bronx, but could not learn any of the officers names.

You would have laughed to have seen me following out these clues.

My next step was to wait and watch the newspapers-- to see if I could get the name of a Bronx officer. One day I saw a mention of Mrs. A. Johnson, as President of the Bronx order. So I wrote a letter (couldn't find her address in any directory) to Mrs. A. Johnson, President Bronx Gold Star Mothers, New York. After a few weeks had passed, a letter came from her. She said it had "traveled some." She wanted the poem, and said they would have it read at their next meeting. I sent it to her, and told her if she saw a way to make any wider use of it, to do so and let me know. Haven't heard from her yet.

It all looked so simple in the beginning, and grew so complicated as time passed! It seems that there is no centralized agency to work through now. Each chapter apparently makes its own arrangements about the trip overseas, etc.

Of course, I should have written you about it-- but it was so easy to put it off until, as I say, there was something to tell.

I also had a letter from your friend at the Sheldon, but have not yet looked her up. I had to hunt an apartment-- get moved and settled, etc. and have had my hands full at the office. What a difference there is between the strenuous life here and the placid one you can live there!

Just this week, things have been whirling about me a little more than usual. I think I told you about my friend Jeanette, who has been holding "Charm Schools" over the country for about three years. Well, she hove in sight this week. Had a school in Patterson, New Jersey, which is within commuting distance of N. Y. I've spent as much time with her as possible, taken her to the theatre, etc. It had been six years since we'd met. I saw her mother and little five-year old son while I was in Ft. Worth.

You were so sweet to mention the "Making the Grade in Gotham" series in connection with me. I feel that there is so far to go, I have scarcely begun to "make the grade". But if you really mean that you'd like to have something about me, I have some clippings which I'll look up and send along. As I say, I feel awfully shy about this "success" business, because there is ^{so} great and ominous uncertainty always connected with business. And the bigger the business, the greater the uncertainty-- it seems.

I sent Ilee a telegram today. She has been a second Mother to me, and I always do some little thing for Mother's Day. She wanted a pearl necklace, so I sent her a very pretty one of three short strands.

Lucille sent me a newspaper recently, practically all of which was devoted to the opening of Burl's new store (that's the boy friend, you know.) Apparently, it was the event of the season. Of course it was the opening of the whole new building that made it such big news.

We are having some real spring, now. A few days have been heat record breakers for this time of year. Fraid it augurs bad for summer. I imagine you've had spring there so long it's an old story. It's probably like the middle of summer in Corpus Christi.

I haven't made any definite vacation plans yet. Usually try to make some kind of trip. Went to Bermuda one summer. One of my most pleasant trips was two years ago when I went to Cape Cod. The place is as quaint and different as another civilization. The Pilgrims landed there, you know, before they made their permanent landing at Plymouthrock. If you are ever in this part of the world, you'd enjoy the oldness and mellowness of it all as much as I did.

Can't you make it, sometime? Ilee declared that she and Sam were coming. When, of course, is the big question. But maybe you could come too? It really would be a great trip-- and we'd have a chance to talk a little psychology between hops!

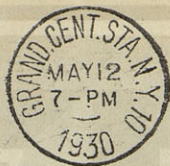
I'll never forget my pleasant stay there, and how much I enjoyed our conversations. Wish we might be near enough to have them often. Most people have interests so divergent from that, that it's a treat to meet a kindred spirit.

Am going to say goodnight to my new-and-old friend in one, for that is what you mean to me. Do forgive me for my long silence. The heart was right every minute of the time!

Much love and all good wishes,

Beatrice -

Keep read after

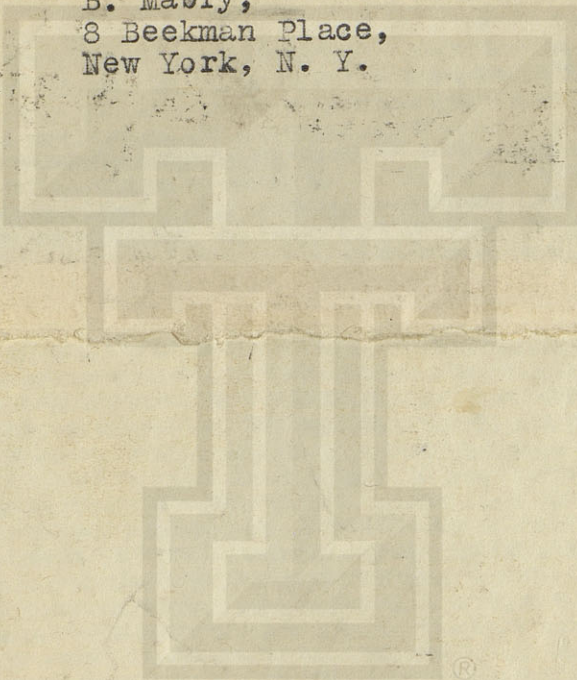


ADDRESS
YOUR MAIL
TO
STREET AND
NUMBER



Mrs. Julia C. Hart,
904 West 9th Street,
Oak Cliff,
Dallas, Texas.

B. Mabry,
8 Beekman Place,
New York, N. Y.



®