

Jan. 3, 1937
Sunday Night.

Dear Dad and Mother:

I am a little late with my letter today as I came in at noon and am just now (8 P.M.) finishing up with helping our Annual Financial Review through the mill. This pleasant little clambake was, as usual, a nightmare, with nobody knowing whether we'd run 30, 32, 34 or 36 pages. The lack of planning and co-ordination for the thing amazed me last year but didn't surprise me this time. It happened to be my Sunday to work, so I wasn't put out much more than usual by the incidence of the Annual. Why they run it at all, I don't see. We figured on a 60% (news)-40% (adv.) paper and I think they finally came up with about a 75-25 or 80-20 section. At those figures there can't be much, if any, profit in the thing.

The past week was a pretty busy one getting up the 48 cols. or more of stuff needed to fill, but I did have New Year's Day off. Fish, our industrial reporter, resigned on short notice to join the Amer. Iron & Steel Institute and the re-division of his work will give me more to do. Instead of replacing him with an experienced man they are trying to break in one of the statisticians as a newsman and I doubt the success of the experiment although I like the experimenter.

I got Dad's wire, but it simply repeated what he had already written me in answer to an earlier inquiry. What I really asked in my last letter (to which the wire was sent) was what, if any, amount Bob Henry would be able to raise. Dad had indicated in the letter in which he itemized the expenses that collections might be good enough in December to cover some of the costs. I would still like to know what the probabilities are, and (1) why Dad should have to go to the expense of telegraphing when Bob Henry could--I presume---find time to write me and (2) why he so studiously avoids writing.

The time has come for plain speaking. If any of you think that I am insensible of his attitude or that I can be depended upon to keep on co-operating to the fullest extent of my resources despite that attitude, you'd better see an alienist. There is a good deal more that I might say which is just as well left unsaid. And I'm willing to leave it that way---for the time being. I just want it understood that I'm not a dope and that I can't be soft-soaped.

This will have to suffice for the present. Perhaps later in the week I can write in a more good-humored vein--but not tonight.

Wm