

Confidential

DON MARQUIS

#125 East 62nd Street,
New York City,
December 16th, 1933.

Dear Miss Tarbell:

Please pardon my neglect in not answering your letter sooner. I thought I had done so, and this morning my secretary dug it out from among my unanswered mail and confronted me with it. I am all the more remorseful about this as my sister often speaks of you and asks me if I have seen anything of you. She has been in bed ill, for about eighteen months, and to hear from you would buck her up wonderfully, I know.

Her address is #51 Wendover Road, Forrest Hills, Long Island, and her telephone is Boulevard 8-4097.

It is kind of you to say that I am one of your consolations in a confused world-- well, I am not much consolation to myself; I am one of my own confusions in a confusing world. If anyone can figure the way out of the present confusion, I will give him a fur-lined cocktail shaker for a Christmas present, just on my own and without reference to the Government.

Yours cordially and sincerely,

Don Marquis

Miss Ida Tarbell,
#120 East Nineteenth St.,
New York City.