

1425 THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, N.W.

Monday Afternoon

Dear Mr. Chairman

This is one of the great anticlimaxes of my life - writing this in bed as my more fortunate colleagues are having a nice luncheon with you. I had hoped until the last minute to be able to make it, but my infernal doctor, who is a slave to the thermometer, wouldn't let me get up. I seem to have the usual grippe. Thanks so much for accepting our invitation, and with my apologies for not being there to welcome you, I am sincerely  
Harold Hinton

January 25, 1940.

Dear Harold:

Your note concerning your enforced absence under doctor's orders from the meeting of the Overseas Writers is very much appreciated.

I was very sorry that I could not have the pleasure of sitting beside you, and I hope you will have a speedy recovery, which should be facilitated by your absenting yourself from a session that might have given you a relapse because my talk was, I fear, below par.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Harold Hinton,  
1425 - 34th Street, Northwest,  
Washington, D. C.

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