

February 17, 1944

Mrs. O. W. Maloney  
2712 East 31st Street  
Tulsa 5, Oklahoma

Dear Blanche:

We long for the good old days when we could get into our jallopies and gallop across the country, and I don't believe "them days are gone forever".

Even if the war should end soon, it will take quite a little while to get things readjusted. In the old days when everyone assumed the responsibility of adjusting things for himself, it wasn't so hard a matter, but with a government bent on telling us when to go to bed and when to get up, and what to do between times, it makes recovery a more serious proposition.

Maybe when everything blows up, we can trade a thousand dollars worth of bonds for a back seat in somebody's car and come down to see you, or perhaps the railroads will still be running. What the nation needs now is a Republican president although between us, one of the candidates seeking the Republican nomination for president, I consider a great deal like a tag-along representative of the New Deal. I am trying hard to keep myself open minded so that I won't have to put a clothespin on my nose when I enter the polling booth in November.

It was too bad that Saturday Night Club had to be at my house this week--otherwise I am quite sure Dolph and Marie would have gone down to spend Sunday with you. They observed their 15th wedding anniversary yesterday by going to Kansas City, but by the looks and actions of Dolph today, he must have refrained from visiting the "hot spots". Their two boys kept house and remembered them with very nice and fitting presents.

We saw Marilyn momentarily last night in the lobby of the Jayhawker as we left after having seen "Madame Curie". She hadn't told us about Don being in town, and we didn't mention it to her last night.

If you have an extra picture of your home, send it to me for my pocket case. Gertie may have some, but she has been stingy with them. All I have is a picture of the Drake home.

Lots of love to all,

WCS:df

Dad