

SAN MARCOS
HOTEL AND APARTMENTS

242 NORTH WESTERN AVE.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

March 5, 1940.

Dear Dolph,

If you can imagine the thrill of rideing a skyrocket and then the gravity of it's descent, then you know how I felt when Mary Pickford decided to quit the cosmetic business.

Bing and I rated "tops" in sales but apparently the New York office never could find the way to creat sales demand. Anyway we both have the emty consolation of knowing that we "sucessfully failed".

I left Olathe almost immediately after I talked over the phone with you. My knew job was to be the Western Manager at a hundred per week and ten percent of the gross in the eleven western states. Naturally I was jubilant but when I got here I had to rest on my oars for further development which never materialized. Soooo the old boy fells very much like an over-worked Arkansan would feel after a big days work --- rather "shewed up and spit out".

Mary feels plenty bad about the whole affair but I guess there wasn't much she could do about it. However that still leaves me "on the spot" as well as all the rest in the company. Damn shame, too, for with the right kind of promotional effort it could have been a "natural".

Well, Dolph, just thought I would write the news if only for old times sake. You have always had a warm spot in my heart from you minute I met you when a pledge -- remember that far back?

My best to you and the family. Incidentally. if you ever hear of Secretary Wallace plowing under ever third democrat, I'll come back East on a campaign.

Sincerely yours

address % above hotel.

Don Boggs