

Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.



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Monday, Jan. 21st

Dearest Faith:

Such a good, long letter from you. But one question: Did you not get a check from me for Christmas? You speak of the birthday one but not the other. Please let me know right away if it didn't reach you. I'm glad that you were away for a change for your birthday. You just say you were on a farm in Sumter County. I've looked it up on map, but that doesn't say much. I'm sure you weren't in the lap of luxury, but I hope you were comfortable and well fed. By the way, I just sent off a package of goodies this morning, in the hope of giving your cuisine a slight lift. Nothing much except a fruit cake from Miss Douglas.

I am bewildered by all that you are doing, and full of admiration. I gather that you are in a "good" spot, in that the Justice Department seems to be paying special attention to that part of the state. Also, that the federal suits have given Negroes the confidence to register. All of this must be achieving a long step forward. But all that you do, from managing the budget to thoughts about the discipline of a group of high-spirited young men ...

My life has been active and dull. Lots of work to get done. And I've felt slightly substandard these last few months. A low fever that I ran for weeks was finally traced to my teeth. When a molar was extracted the fever disappeared; but I think several teeth are unsound, really, and I doubt that I've finished with my dental troubles.



My back also has bothered me. An osteopath fixed up a rib lesion in two sessions, but he's still working on the sacro-iliac, and it's not right yet. And now I'm trying to get rid of a cough that a cold left me with. It would be gone, I know, if I could stop smoking altogether, but that's easier said than done - though I have cut down to ten a day, which I think is quite remarkable.

New York is vile, now. Very cold, and extremely windy. We don't have any newspapers here now, you know, but I hear over the radio that Europe is having a fierce cold wave. Aunt Marg and Pat must just have got to Italy, and I hope it's not too bad there: Aunt Marg is now something like eighty-six, and has had intimations of mortality. And I wonder about you - this morning I heard of cyclones or something in Georgia, as well as extreme cold. I hope you are not miserable. I was surprised to hear that you like the South, geographically. I had always supposed it was rather dreary - except for the famous garden sections and mountains and so forth. (I'm not sure that "geographically" is the right word; I mean not as a cultural or ideological place.) I'm glad you do get something from it. And spring should be marvelous, with all the azaleas, etc. Also, it (spring) must come to Georgia several weeks sooner than it reaches us. Happy thought.

Now I must get going at my Desk. Take care of yourself.

Much love,

Daddy