

Sunday, June 11, 1950



My darling - in fact, all my darlings!

As you perhaps know by now, I had a pleasant plane trip, arriving in N.Y. Thursday at about 11:30. A Mr. Jack and Lee + Billie + Mr. Henry Pratt Fairchild met me at the plane, along with the usual photographers and reporters, both hunting for angles. Went to Lee's, bathed, napped for a couple of hours, made a wire recording of an interview, recorded the poem, & back to Lee's again for dinner with Lee, Billie, Bill and Edrina. Then to Leila Nadley's - whose pictures I show you in look - for a farewell party. Saw Bart Crum there, who is just recovering from a nervous breakdown, occasioned, I am told, by his abrupt dismissal from F.D.R. Jr.'s law firm. Said F.D.R. Jr. - "I don't need you any more for Jewish business. I have my own influence with the Jews now." A number of other partnerships in the firm were also dissolved, leaving F.D.R. Jr. all the business his colleagues had amassed.

There were over a thousand people to see us off at Penn Station, and Jack and I had the rather grotesque



experience of being carried aloft through the crowd like a pair of startled, sacrificial bullocks on their way to the altar. There were speeches and FBI's and harried Pennsylvania officers, the latter as eager as me to have us downstairs in quieter surroundings. Slept the slumber of exhaustion, awakening in Washington. To the Raleigh hotel for a press conference and horrible pictures, then to Court, then to the District Jail, Washington D.C., where I presently reside, clean, well-fed, and getting lots of sleep. I expect a transfer by Wednesday, so I suggest you not write me until you know where I am going to be. I shall let you know the minute I am settled, and then you can tell me all about yourself, your fine children, mother, the ranch, the huge crop, the trees and the news.

Looking back over the years I find only a few things to regret. One of them is the money I pitched in to hire the Shrine for Truman when he was campaigning for the vice-presidency. Another, perhaps, is my financial carelessness - the thousands of dollars I gave



away, or contributed, or lent: with them, we would
 be much more comfortable economically. But per-
 haps they shined ^{when one considers} not be regretted, the stout
 friends who pitched in when the going got rough.
 The bread cast upon the waters came back — but of
 course it will take three years or less after I am
 out of here to repay what has been lent. All in all,
 from October in 1947 it will probably have taken
 seven long years even to begin to recover from
 the blow dealt by the black-list. But the dis-
 covery of friends who would rally round with
 such incredible generosity perhaps makes the
 whole experience worth while.

The weather here is warm, but not at all un-
 bearably so. Late yesterday afternoon there was
 a wonderful thunder storm. I could smell the
 rain in the air, and wished you had it at the
 ranch, and that I were with you in it, which,
 of course, I shall be in not too long a time. I think
 of men I met in the Pacific who had been separated
 from their families for four years, and realize how lucky I am.
 I send you all kisses — Dalton Trumbo DCE# 85297