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Davenport State Infirmary

Mar. 18, 1951

Dear Bob:

I still exist, probably in keeping with the findings of social research, that the most worthless people breed faster & live longer than the estimable element.

It is five or six months since last I wrote you. No need to go into details. Perhaps in my hoary sixties I will compile the "Drunkard's Odyssey" of an impossible person in an incomprehensible world.

It is too early for such a script (would lack objectivity). Must rid myself, first, of that amazement of my own perfidy & nobility.

Come to think of it, when I write you, it usually happens that I am trying to wangle my way out of some "psychotic sanctuary." Not so at the present time. Each licking is harder to take. Who knows but this may be ^{the} time that I bow gracefully to the Fates?

The particular "ants in the pants" at this time is: I have expended much time, (I had that time to expend), on copying short-hand forms. Not dictation, but different types of matter copied from books (what I hoped was ~~w~~roth copying). I have completed the "Gregg Manual" & "Advanced Speed Studies."

However, there is a monthly magazine called the "Gregg Writer" on sale at leading news dealers. It is not my wish that you purchase such copies for me.

But there is a possibility that out of that bevy of swival chair beauties, that makes a professor's life interesting, exists some goddess who will send me any back numbers of that magazine. I don't care how old they are (I mean the magazines).