

Ambassador Hotel
Washington, D. C.
January 18, 1937.

Judge Ewing C. Bland
Kansas City Court of Appeals
Kansas City, Missouri.

Dear Ewing:

Another thought has occurred to me.

Your father had a long, honorable public career. No finger of scorn was ever pointed at him. But for an honored name and a faultless record of devotion to honorable, high-minded, self-respecting standards of conduct which he left behind him, you would have had no chance whatever to have been nominated for Judge in 1912. If your name had been Smith, Jones, Brown, Marshall, Johnson or Mitchell, neither you nor I would ever have conceived the idea that you might have secured the nomination at that time.

The question now is, is the memory of your father's honorable career and stalwart character of any moment to you? Is your own reputation and self-respect of any importance to you? If so, I ask you, now you can continue in the Court of Appeals when you know that it is dominated by a corrupt boss whose only power is derived from murder, blood-shed, ballot box stuffing, repeating and all other election crimes known to man, and whose take-off comes from rackets, gambling, crooked municipal and county contracts, the coerced sale of concrete, golden mist, and other products to citizens who are not able to resist his gangs and who might jeopardize their lives if they did so?

Are you going to have man-hood enough to tell your associates on the Bench that when you find that the Court is being run by the boss or his minions that you will resign and report the facts to the people or are you, the son of Richard P. Bland, going to sell

your birthright, your manhood and your self-respect for a mess of pottage?

Yours truly,