

From Harry S. Truman to Bess W. Truman, November 15, 1926

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Hotel Gibbons
Dayton, Ohio
Nov. 15, 1926.

Dear Bess:

We arrived here at 8:10 P.M. after an all day's drive, and I find it a rotten town. I thought I'd get a letter as soon as I arrived and I found none. I was so disappointed that I went off to a show before I wrote this. Then I got to thinking that maybe you had so much to do Saturday that you couldn't write and maybe after you wrote Sunday it didn't get off until Monday, in which case that's today and I

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won't get it until morning. But I sure did want it.

We left Greenville, Illinois, this morning at 7:00 A.M. Old man Thomas, who is the proprietor of the Thomas Hotel, proved to be a right interesting old man. He told me about a former saloonkeeper of his town who was such a good citizen and ran such a clean place that all the high collars and "the ribbon ladies" (Thomas called them that) looked on him with favor. He told me all that to impress upon me how nice it is to leave your widow

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money, no matter how you get it. The good saloonkeeper died and left his wife rich. In due course of events she married a Baptist preacher and the money personally went to a good purpose.

Davis has just read in a Terre Haute paper that President Coolidge dedicated a \$2 million memorial for K.C. and that Will Rogers says it looks like a silo. Other people have the right slant on R.A. Long's monument to himself as well as us perverted people who only fought the war behind a gun.

We passed through a whole

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string of Ill. towns. Evidently they were all good ones too. We stopped awhile in Greenup to see a former supporter of the Old Trails and also stopped in Casey, another nice little town, to see quite a number of former supporters of the movement. They all seemed to be still enthusiastic.

We ate our noon meal at Brazil, Indiana, at the Hotel Davis. Had a grand lunch for fifty cents. Then we headed for the Hoosier State capitol. Got there about 2:30 and drove around and round the town for 30 minutes trying to find a place

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to park. They have a fine town, a good-looking state capitol, a federal building, and a courthouse equal to any. The Old Trail runs straight through the town from one side to the other on a big, wide street called Washington. Down in the center of town and a block north of this street is the Soldiers and Sailors monument erected to the men who fought in the Civil War. It is a beautiful thing and is in the center of a large circle into which run four streets, one from

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each cardinal point. Around the circle are fine hotels, theaters, and clubs. We wanted to see the secretary of the Hoosier Auto Club, whose office is in the English Hotel. It is on this circle. After driving around about a dozen times and out each cross street and around the block trying to find a place to park, Davis finally got out and I kept going around the circle. Finally I stopped double in front of the hotel and the secretary came out to see me. I told him I'd been around that circle so often I didn't know south from

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straight up. He set me right and we headed for here. Stopped in Richmond, Indiana, at 6:00 P.M. and had as fine a meal as I ever ate and safely arrived here for a woeful disappointment. No letter.

This is a fine town, however, from a civic standpoint[:] good hotels, fine buildings, and apparently lots of business. I hope we have good luck tomorrow, and I hope that letter comes.

Kiss my baby and lots of love to you from,

Your Harry