

From Harry S. Truman to Bess W. Truman, January 1, 1934

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Hotel Governor Clinton, New York City

Jan 1, 1934

Dear Bess:

I am starting 1934 right you see by writing you the first letter of the year. I arrived about one o'clock. The Baltimore & Ohio stops in Jersey City and hauls the passengers over on buses. We crossed on a ferry and I wished for you and Margaret and thought of New Orleans. The Hudson is just about as wide as the "old Missip" at its mouth.

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I am on the twenty-fifth floor and my window overlooks all southern Manhattan-the Empire State Building is three blocks away and I can see the Chrysler and Manhattan Life Towers too. The sun is shining this morning-I got so sleepy I didn't get your letter done on the first. I went out at six-thirty and walked up Fifth Avenue to Forty-second and then over to Broadway. Went to a picture show and got so

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sleepy I left. It wasn't any good anyway. All about two men and one girl and then Mary McCormack sang. If she's an opera star our country's in a bad way for talent. I had intended being really very decent and going to the Metropolitan Opera, they were giving Traviata, but decided I'd better save my money.

I am on my way to look at Andy and the friezes and

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then I'll go back to Washington, leaving here at 2:00 P.M.

I'm not so sure I care as much for this proposed job as I thought I was going to. There'll be almost as many rocks heaved at me as there are now. But I'll look into it.

You don't know how I wish you were here. We'd have a time. We'll do it yet before the year is out. Kiss my good little girl and think always of your Dad