

March 17, 1922

Dear Doctor,

Have yours 15th. Sent bunch clippings today to Miss Huey. Things seem to be shaping up good in spite of general depression, generally complained of, and a race meet here, transferred from New Orleans, with people sleeping on roofs, in cellars, and everybody betting trying to get back what they lost. It's hell!

Do not expect, of course, to get a decision in favor of bridge at this meeting. Project too big for such hasty decision. But all this gulf coast section is lined up behind our program, and this section will now rapidly work itself out.

McKenna did not last with us over 10 days. Did all right until he got drunk. Just found out about his drunk. I have written the Panama Hotel. He was guilty of forgery of course in indorsing and cashing one of our checks. He is well connected. But it is the same old story of these fellows out on the road.

Your word "peeved" is hardly correct. Ask Percy Tyrrell or Yandall what they would say or do if, when away on business, their president made their stenographer "Secretary to the President" and resorted to other changes in their organization, and then put these employees names on printed matter at the head of duly elected officers, vice presidents and directors of the ~~same~~ organization.

Very truly,