

8/13/56

My dear Brick:

Two wonderful letters have come from you since my last. Guess I am slipping, but there are extenuating circumstances. Just got back from a wonderful visit in St. Louis where I met Wim. We packed together & had some wonderful visits with Marie & Margaret. We had a car at our disposal so were able to get around & see many familiar places & faces, faces of old friends. It was a wonderful & rather unexpected visit. Brick, & I wish you could have been with us. I'll never forget one of our visits years ago, made memorable by

your drinking a snort while standing  
on your head. No mean achievement.

I also wish you could have been  
with me last night. I had devel-  
oped a mean sort of head-ache, or  
rather, neck-ache, along the base  
of my skull. Nothing will relieve  
it except a good snort, so I walked a  
block to the home of a good old Irish  
couple, settled down to hear the key-  
note speech of the Democratic Con-  
vention with a fifth (you are the  
clerk when it was a quart) of  
Cabin Still at my elbow. In  
passing I may say that Webster  
ought to define politics as the  
science of bull-shit. Anyway,  
I left this home with my head-