

October 22nd 1930.

Mr. Paul R. Meyers,
102 East Melrose Street,
Chevy Chase, Md.

Dear Paul,

Helen and I were simply delighted to receive your letter written on the train.

If Bill is really keen to have a place at Memphramagog and if you are in for it, it seems to me quite obvious that Frances would not dare stay out, for where three of us are gathered together, there the fourth will not be found missing, until death do us part.

I have put Dr. Lewis off and can swing the farm this year so do not worry about my immediate arrangements. Nevertheless, we cannot help but wait for your ultimatum. We will be willing to make any arrangements from sale to the formation of a country club, with the sideline of bootlegging along the lake into United States. A good honest name to serve as a camouflage would be the Johnson Club of Lake Memphramagog, or, preferably the Memphramagogian Johnson Club.

Helen and I send our love to Mag, and yourself, and the children and the twins.

Ever yours,

WGP/MD

P.S. I note that you begin your last letter with a statement that you are quite sober. I have made it a rule in life never to believe that a man is sober when he starts his conversation with a statement that he is so. Therefore, perhaps your recent letter meant absolutely nothing. Perhaps further, you have completely forgotten it. No one would ever recognize your signature at the end of it. Lawyers would be powerless to produce it in a court of law. If you come upon a sober moment, you might write me again and let me know what your present attitude toward the proposition is.