

Monday February the 22nd
Dallas

Dear Sylvia:

Hope this note finds you okay. Carol Anne got back all right yesterday (9 a.m. flight from LaGuardia) and bubbled all afternoon about how much she enjoyed having spent most of Saturday with you.

We had dinner with her parents ~~and~~ and everyone is excited about your impending Christmas visit to Dallas. That's just great! I hope you're able to stay long enough that we can show you some of the truth of Dallas and not just a lot of Chamber of Commerce gloss.

Carol Anne may have told you that her mother has roped me in on writing a silly romance novel with her. It's not a total loss because the money will of course be welcome but also it's good practice for a real book. My self-discipline is bad and it helps in that regard too.

I won't go into a diatribe about Reagan. I've decided that he's but a symptom, not a cause. He's the champion of the Sun Belt in its effort to leap-frog backwards over both World Wars and the Industrial Revolution and open up a dry-goods store in a WASP township somewhere in Jeffersonian America. New York, in its attempt at assimilation and fair play, is quite naturally Public Enemy No. 1 down here. Reagan and Nixon could only be products of Southern California.

I get sick if I dwell on post-JFK politics very long. Carol Anne and I are going to 'Of Mice and Men' at the Dallas Theater Center (Frank Lloyd Wright) Friday and then to the Dallas symphony and Beethoven's Ninth Saturday.

Carol Anne said you had brought in a friend for Mimi but that she was remaining imperiously aloof. I see her on ~~the~~ top of the bookcase with a gaze that says We Are Not Amused.

Needless to say, I hope to get back up that way with Carol Anne in March but I may stay here and work. We'll keep you posted. Say hello and take care. Glad you enjoyed Miami.

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Wm
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