

Letter from Harry S. Truman to Bess Wallace, September 23, 1912. Family, Business, and Personal Affairs Papers. Truman Papers

[The American Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.] September 23, 1912

Dear Bess:

You see, I've followed Frank's advice and hung up at The American. It looks as imposing from the sidewalk as it does in the illustration, too, which isn't usual. The dummy that brought me here was exactly on the tick but it ran so fast I didn't get much sleep. I've already been stung on a vaudeville show at the Columbia. It was either that or Mr. Shea in A Man and His Wife, which seemed from comments and pictures to be an ultra highbrow "drammer." I took the punk vaudeville. Also, I saw the divine Sarah in a movie. It was also necessary to suffer some extra acts to see her at the Hippodrome. She was worth it, though, even if she did play Queen Elizabeth as a very emotional person. Imagine a woman like that great Queen making love as Sarah can and does. Still, I hoped against my convictions that Elizabeth was like that. I also hope that she is.

This evening I attended the session of the Tuscan Lodge out on Kings Highway. They have the finest individual building in the state. All of the big guns were present and performed to the best of their ability in the limelight. Some fine highbrow time was had. I came downtown with Judge C. A. Mossman of St. Joe, who is Junior Grand Warden for this state. He is just a nice old man and not one bit stuck up.

Every time I come to this sleepy old town I am more thoroughly convinced that K.C. is a live one. It may not contain square miles or so many Jew jewelers, but it's far and away ahead of this place for things doing. Louisiana Lou is the leading show at the high-class theaters, and I wouldn't go see it because it's already been to K.C. The Shubert is putting on some other musical comedy, and every other show house in town has moving pictures! Except the Gayety, and Gayety shows are not always good. Real business begins in the morning. Tomorrow afternoon I can go on a two-mile parade if I want to and help dedicate the new Home Building. Little Harry thinks he'll skip the parade and go to the St. Louis Fair. I can do that and get back for the dedication. I guess I'll have to turn this sheet or ring for more. It is forty minutes after 12:00 p.m., and as I'm on the twelfth floor I'll not ring this time.

I am wondering if you'll consider this worth anything. I hope you will. I had a bad dream this morning. I thought I went back home from here immediately on arriving to get something I'd forgot and the folks wouldn't let me come back. I was almost ready to do some desperate trick when I woke up. I've been wondering all day if something's gone wrong at home. I never did have a more vivid dream and really thought I was home when

I woke up. I am hoping to see you sometime Thursday if I can. Please send me a letter for this.

Most sincerely, Harry