



ABSOLUTELY FIRE PROOF



Hotel Benson

S. BENSON, MANAGER

Portland, Oregon

April 15: 1915.

My dear Brother North:

I am afraid I can't help assuage that thirst for my presence at Summit this season. I am everlastingly busy out here, after three gloriously active weeks from San Diego up, and on my return to the East I am booked up as solidly as I dare to be, and unfortunately too far away from the Metrollopus to be available in that vicinity. It is nice to know that you want me back, and I am sorry that that yearning must for this year anyhow go unsatisfied.

Mrs Bangs and I have completely succumbed to the lure of this western coast, and it wouldn't surprise me at all if like most Sons that rise in the East I finally decided to "set" in the West. If I can land any old kind of a paying job as a driver of a jitney bus, or hired valet to an orange ranche in California I think I'll desert you frantic Atlantic hustlers, and join the pacifists of the Pacific.

With cordial regards to you and yours, believe me always

Faithfully yours,

John Kendrick Bangs

—