

February 9, 1942

Dearest:

I no sooner finish writing you than I think of something else I want to say!

I unearthed the dark blue suit with the pin stripes, from Thomas Saltz, and am mailing it today to Sam Houston.

This is what happened on Roy's business after I finished writing you yesterday: Cliff answered my call and said they were shut down for the present and were not going to issue any more licenses, on order of the Defense Communications Commission, which consists of representative each from Navy, Army, State Department, Federal Communications Commission, etc., and which works in close touch with the War Production Board. He said that this decision was reached while he was home in bed with the flu--that he himself would have been inclined to go on and issue licenses to those applicants who were as far along in the process as the Houston applicants were and then let them just take their chances on getting their materials from priorities and if they could not get them in six months then the grant would lapse.

Cliff said that everything was on a "day to day" basis these days and he didn't know how long the shut-down order would be in effect, and I asked him to let me know if there was any likelihood of lifting it. I thanked him for getting me the information, and then phoned Roy right away, feeling very gloomy to have to report no success.

Darling, I just ascertained that nobody wrote a little thank-you note to the Ed Schmidts, though I wrote a couple of people in the office to do so. The circumstances are these: when I visited in Eagle Pass about November 24, my hostess' father-in-law, Mr. Ed Schmidt, Sr., insisted on buying a box of "special" Mexican cigars and sending them to you by me. (They are stored at #4 in Austin.) Would you mind, dearest, taking the enclosed stamped post card and writing him a word or two of thanks on it--because, in the first place, its rude not to thank people for a gift even if its something you don't want, and, in the second place, if THE DAY ever comes again they are about the most important people in that town.

Mr. Butler said he would very much like a picture of



you in your Navy uniform (he is B. C. Butler of Yorktown, Texas, who worked for you last summer in the campaign and is up here now with Denver Chesnut trying to get a commission.) I told him I'd sure try to get him one if there were any made. As a matter of fact, you have two of the standing pose left, here in my brief case, and I thought if you don't mind I'll have Nellie, who can imitate your signature beautifully, write on one of them "To my friend B. C. Butler, from Lyndon Johnson", or some such innocuous and cordial message, and send it to him. (Of course I'll write him a note that I found one picture left and sent it out to you in some things and then you forwarded it back to me--so he will know it's your signature, tho' not sent from the West Coast). If you prefer not to do this, say so; otherwise I'll go on and send it in about a week.

Dear, I wrote you a day or two after you left to the Empire Hotel, San Francisco, and then a volume last Thursday, February 5, airmail, to Corpus Christi. Since you did not get them I must repeat a little: what should we do about answering letters from people giving you their views on legislation? There is no one here who can vote and yet we hardly want to point that out to them and yet it is rather stupid to encourage them to encourage them to continue giving us their opinions when nothing can come of them. Kindly "give us the benefit of your advice" on this matter.

The Navy reports that Dale shirts are not to be had, in answer to Ensign's request of January 25; so I ordered the same number (four I believe it was) of Darts. Meanwhile I am sending you today, Tom Clark, three collarless shirts, some collars to go with them, a few handkerchiefs, and your other flashlight (I am flattered that you want it.)

Dear, I am signing a majority of the mail "Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson"; but, since etiquette says to sign "Claudia Johnson" (with Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson in parentheses below) to everybody except tradespeople and servants, I do sign Claudia Johnson when I come across somebody who by his stationery and wording indicates that he is sophisticated enough to notice the difference. It's a small matter, anyway, but I might as well try to do it right. I follow your custom of addressing everybody with whom I'm reasonably familiar by their first name and of putting on abundant pen and ink postscripts giving sending regards to their families when I know them.

I have not seen the Speaker since the night you left. Nothing has come up that I really needed his help on and I don't want to "overdraw my account" with him until I really need him. Mrs. Palmer was so cordial in her insistence that



I drop by some afternoon for cocktails that I might do that.

I really must clarify to myself whether I can still spend any time on social stuff. Mrs. Jack Beall asked me to luncheon on Wednesday and Mrs. Westbrook on Friday...Mrs. Beall is what the President meant when he said parasite--she is the widow of one-time Congressman Beall from Dallas and she just divides her between here and Dallas, going to parties and giving them--she always has Texas ladies like Mrs. Sheppard, Mrs. Lanham, Mrs. Kleberg, Mrs. Thomason, and Mrs. Dies to her luncheons and I do like to keep up with the delegation a little. (Can't imagine why she asks me.)

In letters to department heads here in Washington we do not use the phrase "working without pay", though we do explain ~~my position~~ that I am writing them a letter in some such paragraph as, "During Mr. Johnson's absence active duty with the Navy, I am helping out here in the office". I do not believe they give a darn whether I am getting pay or standing on my head and they would probably be sophisticated enough to snicker about it. Okay, or not?

Since you did not get the letter sent to Corpus, I have dug up a copy and shall enclose in this one.

And now, my dear, goodbye and all my love,