

February 13, 1942

Dearest:

That was a dear, lovely Valentine present, to hear your voice last night. Thanks, very, very much.

I just talked to Tex and he is at the hospital waiting for their offspring to be born. He's promised to call me as soon as there's anything to report--and he gets his feet on the ground. It'll be a Valentine prayer!

Today I went to Mrs. Lawrence Westbrook's luncheon. Abby and Mrs. Luther Johnson and Mrs. Lanham and Mrs. Leon Henderson and Mrs. Myron Blacklock and a bevy of Army wives were there. Mrs. Westbrook is just right in between the women-who-do-things, like Virginia and Tharon Perkins, and the Congressional ladies. I like her quite a lot. I sat next to an Army wife who had spent twenty years in Shanghai and Singapore and India and busily told us all the background of Oriental life and the whys of the war, which I loved hearing. Mrs. Lanham said she wanted me to "have a date" with her son when he gets here next week and go out to dinner with the three of them. Of course I'd be delighted to, if she remembers. Mrs. Luther Johnson said "We all think Lyndon is mighty fine to go, you know, and you're mighty brave to let him."

It is nearly nine and I am still at the office not having got here until almost five, and having a deal of personal letters to write. I've learned the dictograph system and all the telephone switches, have ensconced myself at your desk, and am using your lower right-hand drawer that has the three compartments to file my personal letters. I have a typewriter on a small table in here, and that's where I do my work.

Tomorrow is Saturday, that luscious day, and after sleeping until about eight, I shall come to the office and spend the whole day. Senator is coming up for a long talk tomorrow afternoon.

Goodnight, dearest, and all my love,