Sunday, February 15

Dearest:

I'm enclosing copies of some more "letters to key friends", which I wish you'd read and criticise and return with any changes you want made. Bryan's letter has already been mailed, because all other San Marcos letters had gone out, but I shall hold the others for six days, so if you wish to write back any alterations it can be done. Senator read them all and approved. He added several names: Dr. Ross, Paul Page, Grover Shade. I was doubtful about your likeng the paragraph with reference to hearing from you, but remember this, dearest: with people who love you dearly, like old Mrs. Birdwell and Johnson City folk, it is you they want to hear about and that gives the letter substance and value—me they're just mildly interested in hearing about anyway. Of course, any changes you want will be made with celerity.

I wrote Dorothy Reichardt a long, chatty personal letter, by hand, because I remember the little coolness of last Spring and considered that more fitting, since our friendship is really more personal than political.

Wednesday night I'm going to dinner at the Rowes, long dress and everything: I don't know whether I have a date or not. Elizabeth thought you were a dear to send her the brandy.

Senator and I had a long talk about the ways and means and possibilities of getting Uncle Harry to cancel the \$32,000 debt owed by Aunt Effic to Uncle Claud's estate (that's what his books show) and recognize Uncle Claud's indebtedness to her for some \$50,000. He said that, if possible, he would return to Texas by way of Alabama the last of this week, and I would of course go with him and wire Tony, Tommy, and all other heirs to meet there for a conclave. If he can't go this week, he says he can go within the next few weeks. The inventory is not ready yet, but Uncle Harry gave Tommy a rough estimate of it that will be something to go on. It is going to be some larger than we expected. I'll give you all the details within a week or so.

Thanks, dearest, for your sweet wire. Things like that are what I'm living for these days.