

February 19, 1942

Dearest:

Of all the letters I've ever had from you the one you wrote last Sunday night was the dearest.

I'm just back from a very pleasant visit with the Speaker, in his office in the Capitol, behind Statuary Hall. He said "You can call on me anytime you need anything and if you don't I won't like it. I've got a lot of folks around here and I could make telephone calls, etc." Then he said, "Tell me something." I said, "I'll tell you anything." And he said, "Do you think it would hurt anything if those boys were to be ordered back here about the last of Spring?" I said, "Yes, sir, I think it would." Why, do you have any idea of ordering them back?" He answered, "Well, its like this. The secretary of War has already said he wasn't going to call up any more of these young reserves to active duty. And there are a lot of other young fellows, not reserves, like Sykes and Lindley Beckworth, who get a letter every now and then fussing at them for not getting in the army or Navy." Just at that moment one of the secretaries came in to tell him that he was late to make a transcription at the Radio Room. So we started walking over there together, but were joined at the door by Mr. McNaughton of Time Magazine, who asked if he could walk with us, and we never did have an opportunity to finish the conversation.

At any rate, he began his remarks by saying that he believed he'd talked with you about this before you left, so no doubt you know more about this than this mere fragment of a conversation.

Mr. McNaughton beamed when Sam introduced us and said that you were one of his favorite congressman and you "certainly didn't waste much time in getting in."

Yesterday I went to see Wicky in the hospital and took her some pretty flowers. Both she and the baby are fine, and they are going home Monday. The hospital was so crowded that she is in a ward and lucky to be there, but she considers it quite a lark.



Also, yesterday afternoon I called on Mrs. Louis Lipscomb of Texas, whom one of my good University friends that helped us out in the campaign had written me about and asked me to keep her from being so lonesome. (Mrs. Lipscomb is also Reese Lockett's neice!) She wasn't in, so I left her a note, and am going to take her to the very next Texas Ladies Luncheon.

Malcolm and his wife are coming out to dinner tonight. It is nearly six o'clock and I must stop and go home and fry the chicken and make the biscuits.

Goodnight, my love, and thanks for the happiness you brought me with that very sweet letter.

Yours,

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