

February 25, 1942

Dearest:

I could spend half the day writing you--I think of so much I want to say!

Yesterday was my first full day in the office. I went over to the school and told them I must quit for a couple of months, but I knew I hadn't learned enough and would be back.

I wrote Mayor Miller and shall enclose a copy. I wrote Sid Richardson a note because someone handed me a picture of you in Navy uniform cut out of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram of Sunday, and I told Sid I felt sure I saw his handiwork and thanks and to make our office headquarters when he was in town. In line with Malcolm's suggestion about weddings, deaths, etc. I wrote Marie Crider a brief note wishing her well on her marriage. I also wrote Frank Scofield a personal note by hand on my own stationary, just a couple sentences, thanking him for giving me a mighty good day on my "breaking in" day at the office by enabling me to write three "Yes" letters to three people whom he was giving jobs on our recommendation. Of course I wrote Sherman your very nice message and asking him to keep me up on the news.

Mayor Walker of Ranger (one of the Seven-Mayors-for -Johnson last summer) came by the office and asked me to call Tex Norman and give him a sort of introduction, since he had to go by and talk over a power matter with Mr. Norman and he felt he'd have a friendlier audience if Mr. Norman just walk in cold. I phoned Tex and gave him the background.

Dear, I shall write as many of those personal "introductory" notes as I can and report to you in about a week as to how many. But remember, your wife is slow to compose and very slow on the typewriter--(though I did get as much as 40 words per minute before I left school.)

Last night Mary and I went to dinner with Bill Clark. We went to O'Donnell's and had a planked steak which was a thing of beauty. Bill wanted to phone you to get your advice about an REA matter that is somewhat intricately involved with Dallas Power and Light, Texas Power and Light, and the little town of Garland, Texas. We didn't know where to reach you but told him we'd send several wires and



try to locate you and that Tom Clark knew more about your whereabouts than we did. (We told him about the bale of mail that was returned to us from Corpus--did you ever get it?) He asked me what was this about Jimmy Allred running for the Senate, and I didn't know. After much talk, his thoughts on the subject could be summarized to these two things: Jimmy Allred can't beat O'Daniel; Lyndon should not, in fact must not, dissipate his strength by trying to throw it to some one else--Allred would be defeated and your prestige would suffer.

Yesterday I was invited to Madame Najera's reception (she is the wife of the Mexican ambassador), but after calling Lera, Abby, and one or two more and not finding anyone with an invitation I gave up going. About five o'clock Gladys Dempsey (Mrs. Jack Dempsey) called and said she'd heard I was going and let's go together. I was delighted because going to an embassy is my idea of something glamorous to do! We went and were well rewarded by seeing all sorts of amazing people. The Russian ambassador, Mr. Litvinov (?) and his wife were there. I saw the Aubrey Williams, Hope Ridings Miller, bevy of Spanish-speaking smartly dressed South American women, and of all unexpected people--Lindley Beckworth, unsconced beside the caviar!!! Mrs. Dempsey knows the sleekest, most sophisticated people and is one of the best dressed women in Washington herself.

The Eddie Jamiesons are coming out to dinner tonight and I'll report to you about it tomorrow.

By the way, after the reception yesterday I came back to the office and stayed until eight o'clock, so I really did not short-change the office by going.

We are trying to get someone in the war department who has authority to look at Willard's file and decide whether or not he is worth a commission and give us a yes or no answer. I read all his material from cover to cover and it is splendid. Willard may leave something to be desired in many ways but not in the line of his work--in all his letters of recommendation there is not a shadow of perfunctoriness and judging from his training and experience it looks like he me the army needs him more than he needs the army. He has two children, you know, and is 39, and I'm really convinced that he just wants to get in there and fight--putting his skills to the most effective use of course, which they wouldn't be if he just enlisted as a private.

Darling, I must get to work. I love you with all my heart.