

March 8, 1942

*Really sorry
give me more on
reasons etc*

Dearest love:

This is Sunday afternoon and there are only Ed, Nellie, and I at the office. Mary is reading your speeches at her room at the Dodge for "prophecies" for Eordon. O. J. fainted this morning--so Mary told me; I expect he was tired from putting on the Little Congress banquet. I told Mary to tell him not to come to the office and to get a good rest.

Nellie and I slept until nine-thirty, read all the papers, then got up and cleaned the apartment from stem to stern and did our own washing and ironing, meantime chortling about how grand it would be to have Otha Ree, come next month. Then after a late, large breakfast at one, we came to the office. We are going to Virginia's at five to tea.

good

I just finished writing Mr. Perry. He spoke of how Max and Marietta Brooks were reaching the end of his architect business for private building. They are much on my mind and I do wish there were some place we could get him a job. He actually has the qualifications, so Mr. Perry and Jamie say and his education would indicate. Have you any ideas? What does Bert Giescke do for the government and does he have anything to do with choosing architects?

*Talk to Army
navy &
Housing -
Call Jim Rowe
and ask him
to get Blanford
to give Max
a job.*

Darling, I received the deposit slip for \$200 and am overwhelmed. Of course I shall not spend any of it until you tell me what it is earmarked for. Yesterday afternoon I had fun in Brentano's, buying "Defense Won't Win the War" for you and "Flight to Arras" for A. J. McKean, who is really quite ill with heart trouble and has been put to bed for six months. I wrote Elise as soon as I heard about it. His father, A. J., Sr., was recently operated at Temple--and it was said to be cancer and hopeless. Dear, I am so glad to see you are reading "Education for Death" and that other book. You have more ability to translate other folks ideas into action than anybody I know, so I love for you to lay yourself open to many new influences and ideas.

(his wife)

Excellent.

The Little Congress Banquet was fun. Tex and I sat at a table with Judge and Mrs. Hobbs of Alabama and some army people. Jim Barnes came over to inquire about you, as did everybody I saw nearly, including Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, the speaker of the evening. Mr. Rockefeller was perfectly charming! Tex was almost morbidly disheartened about the state of affairs at WPB and the REA-Faddis Committee-WPB-Private Power Company-Bob Poage fuss.

*Jim
hope
Nelson Rockefeller
from you*

McKean Senator writes that it would be the achievement of the year if we could get Mayor Miller's son, Tom Jr., admitted to an

*I know nothing
do*

officers training camp. He said "It is something you might want to talk to Jim Rowe or Tom about." I can't imagine what they would have to do with it and don't know how to proceed, or if we have any right to. Tell me your reactions.

Darling, may I make a suggestion about the post cards? I saw a list of Port Arthur people Mary sent you, none of whom I knew even vaguely. I think it is one of the friendliest, warmest gestures you could possibly make to write all your friends; who are legion, a post card in a casual way, but I certainly would avoid writing people I scarcely knew--anything that might be interpreted as campaigning. This is just for what it is worth.

I agree

Dear, I think it is time I bought some champagne glasses or a silver wine cooler for Alice and Charles. I have not taken them anything and it looks rather churlish of me--I did of course have an opportunity to felicitate Charles when he called me about getting in touch with you. Something about \$40, shall I?

NO

I shall write you about my future finances, as much as I can figure them out, tomorrow.

I'm waiting

The Washington picture is getting very distressing to me --bickering and jealousy and smallness and sloth. I wish we had several dozen of you. I think if there were some place the President could put you, where you could make things move, ships or tanks or planes or supplies, I would say for you to get out of your present status (which the people back home interpret to be one of combat or preparation-for-combat) and get behind a desk where you could make lots of people function--- and just let politics take care of itself. I am not at all short of faith with our country and our way of doing things but I am nearly out of patience. If one flyer would fly over Tokyo and drop one bomb millions of folks would feel so much better.

My sentiments
10070

Darling, I shall stop and go to Virginia's now and hope I find there somebody who feels hopeful.

All my love, always,

Bird

minutes
CAF

March 8, 1942

Dearest love:

This is Sunday afternoon and there are only Ed, Nellie, and I at the office. Mary is reading your speeches at her room at the Dodge for "prophecies" for Eordon. O. J. fainted this morning--so Mary told me; I expect he was tired from putting on the Little Congress banquet. I told Mary to tell him not to come to the office and to get a good rest.

Nellie and I slept until nine-thirty, read all the papers, then got up and cleaned the apartment from stem to stern and did our own washing and ironing, meantime chortling about how grand it would be to have Otha Ree, come next month. Then after a late, large breakfast at one, we came to the office. We are going to Virginia's at five to tea.

I just finished writing Mr. Perry. He spoke of how Max and Marietta Brooks were reaching the end of his architect business for private building. They are much on my mind and I do wish there were some place we could get him a job. He actually has the qualifications, so Mr. Perry and Jamie say and his education would indicate. Have you any ideas? What does Bert Giescke do for the government and does he have anything to do with choosing architects?

Darling, I received the deposit slip for \$200 and am overwhelmed. Of course I shall not spend any of it until you tell me what it is earmarked for. Yesterday afternoon I had fun in Brentano's, buying "Defense Won't Win the War" for you and "Flight to Arras" for A. J. McKean, who is really quite ill with heart trouble and has been put to bed for six months. I wrote Elise as soon as I heard about it. His father, A. J., Sr., was recently operated at Temple--and it was said to be cancer and hopeless. Dear, I am so glad to see you are reading "Education for Death" and that other book. You have more ability to translate other folks ideas into action than anybody I know, so I love for you to lay yourself open to many new influences and ideas.

The Little Congress Banquet was fun. Tex and I sat at a table with Judge and Mrs. Hobbs of Alabama and some army people. Jim Barnes came over to inquire about you, as did everybody I saw nearly, including Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, the speaker of the evening. Mr. Rockefeller was perfectly charming! Tex was almost morbidly disheartened about the state of affairs at WPB and the REA-Faddis Committee-WPB-Privat Power Company-Bob Poage fuss.

Senator writes that it would be the achievement of the year if we could get Mayor Miller's son, Tom Jr., admitted to an

officers training camp. He said "It is something you might want to talk to Jim Rowe or Tom about." I can't imagine what they would have to do with it and don't know how to proceed, or if we have any right to. Tell me your reactions.

Darling, may I make a suggestion about the post cards? I saw a list of Port Arthur people Mary sent you, none of whom I knew even vaguely. I think it is one of the friendliest, warmest gestures you could possibly make to write all your friends; who are legion, a post card in a casual way, but I certainly would avoid writing people I scarcely knew--anything that might be interpreted as campaigning. This is just for what it is worth.

Dear, I think it is time I bought some champagne glasses or a silver wine cooler for Alice and Charles. I have not taken them anything and it looks rather churlish of me--I did of course have an opportunity to felicitate Charles when he called me about getting in touch with you. Something about \$40, shall I?

I shall write you about my future finances, as much as I can figure them out, tomorrow.

The Washington picture is getting very distressing to me --bickering and jealousy and smallness and sloth. I wish we had several dozen of you. I think if there were some place the President could put you, where you could make things move, ships or tanks or planes or supplies, I would say for you to get out of your present status (~~which~~ the people back home interpret to be one of combat or preparation-for-combat) and get behind a desk where you could make lots of people function--- and just let politics take care of itself. I am not at all short of faith with our country and our way of doing things but I am nearly out of patience. If one flyer would fly over Tokyo and drop one bomb millions of folks would feel so much better.

Darling, I shall stop and go to Virginia's now and hope I find there somebody who feels hopeful.

All my love, always,