

Mar. 13

Darling:

I am sending this Airmail Special in an effort to beat Secret Operative No. 8678 to you....Colonel Estes has come and gone. Yesterday afternoon, just as I was getting ready to go to my exercises for the first time in ten days, he called and suggested that we have cocktails or dinner or meet somewhere, which was impossible. I told him he could drop by the office if he liked and he arrived--right over from Senator Connally's office--wearing a full length suede over-coat, in a beautiful russet color, with a deep Florida tan and full of the most extraordinary tales.

First, we settled the question of us, which was easy, because he told him goodbye, which he quite understood and is fastidious enough to accept: that I would not be going to dinner or meeting him anywhere or certainly not going to New York this week-end and that I did not want him to call me with any plans to arrange a meeting. I think he knew it all ahead of time and was not surprised and was very full of charming compliments, which roll off his tongue like papers off a press. Some of them I shall tell you when I see you if you are interested. We ended that part of the conversation, in perfect understanding and amiability, on the suggestion by him that the only thing for him to do would be to go back to East Texas, defeat Lindley Bessworth for Congress, and get the office across the hall, so he could watch me come in and out!

Then we got down to some really interesting conversation --I don't know how much true and how much imagination. He had an appointment with Jimmy Forestal this morning, something I believe about the possibility of his writing morale stuff for the Navy. He had just come back from a strange mission to Mexico for the government--for Robert Patterson in particular. He is leaving Pennsylvania for good within the next few months, has had Friendly Pines remodeled and is thinking of building a barracks there and turning it into a convalescent home for sick soldiers. Then he said something that was perfectly sickening to me--he said "his crowd" had loosed a sackful of money against "your" REA....I guess it's true then, what Bob Poage insists. (He meant REA on a national scale, no special reference to our portion.) He said there was a rising tide of unrest and sabotaging-of-this-administration in this country such as he had never seen and that it looked like the fascists might take us over...that he had watched their technique in operation and knew it so well and saw it on every hand.

He knows how rotten I think his participation in the Pennsylvania business is and we both had much to say about

his leaving there and what he would do with the balance of his mad career. But when he told me that his income tax this year was \$25,000 I knew he was bound to that side and the sixty-suits way of life had him seduced and tied up for the rest of time. It is rather a shame. He left at about six, ~~and~~ having talked steadily for an hour, and then I had to sign mail madly until seven-thirty, then go by and pick up Roy Hofheinz and take him out to our house for dinner. (I wanted to write you the minute he left but it would have meant either not signing the mail or not taking Roy out.)

Roy had been to see Cliff that morning, had apparently sold himself to him completely. Cliff had told him on parting that "he agreed with all his conclusions", and would help him if they could possibly get around the rules. Roy was very kind about saying "how well the way had been paved" but I know it was simply that he told his story so convincingly that Cliff believed in its justice. Roy helped us cook dinner and was so cute and funny. He said that Mr. Allred did not come to Washington, upon his suggestion, because he did not want to appear to be courting the White House--especially since it might not be successful. Roy is hot for someone to take out after O'Daniel and soon. He had been to see Charles that afternoon. Charles still seemed to think that there was a chance of you doing it.

Your letters make me want to work until far in the night and do everything I can that might be of some minute use in furthering your career, in which I so earnestly believe,--and remind me how ~~far~~ more worthwhile you are than any other man I have ever known.

The latest from Senator (this morning) says he will let me know in just a day or two when he can meet me in Montgomery. How lovely it would be to meet you in New Orleans!!! When I go to Alabama it may be on a day's notice, and I will be gone a minimum of four days and maybe a week. I think O. J. should sign the mail--as assistant secretary, I suppose, if you want me to really have the title.

All my love, always,