

Sunday, March 15, 5:45 P. M.

Dearest mine:

It's late Sunday afternoon and in all the time you have been away I have not been so lonesome for you as I am now. So I will take it out in writing you a ver/long letter.

First, let me tell you that I have written Mrs. Forrestal the note as well as sent her some flowers. Also, on seeing that Dr. Beverly had gone to Marlin to recuperate I wrote him a little note and sent him a book. (I always felt bad because I didn't get by there Christmas as you asked me to.) Harry Benge Crozier was appointed to the Unemployment Compensation Commission by Coker Stevenson; I wrote Benge a brief, funny friendly note--no mush. Then I wrote Sam Houston and Albertine a long letter. I sent him four ties, two pairs pajamas, three shirts, one of your three summer cotton suits. I feel sure you want to send him another suit but hate to use my own judgment: I would suggest either the black-blue-gray tweed mixture that I call your "gambler suit" and that was one of the first of your really fine suits or else the hard bright blue that is light-weight and hard-finish and that you got about two Springs ago. Which one had you rather send? Also, love, would you like to send him the two pairs of shorts, natural color raw silk, from Saks Fifth Avenue, with your monogram I believe--they are lovely but you don't like to wear them? And I know you could spare a few pairs of socks, if you want. I did send him a brown slack suit, quite old.

✓
Will write Beverly myself

Send Tweed-
yes
yes
good

I am so happy about Sam Houston. To me, it brings happiness simply because you have worked so long and been so patient and I love to see it pay off for you. It must do something to your faith.

Abe Fortas was by the other day and said he wanted a picture of you in uniform. I told O. J. to keep a dozen of the pictures here and forward the rest ^{to you}. I thought you would be running around rather constantly from now on and I would like to give, with your approval of course, some of the pictures to people who write in and to friends here like Abe, autographed by Nellie or Norman. If you want them all sent, just tell me and they will be, pronto.

This good. I'll send you some good pictures soon

The first six lighters have come and I took them to the jewelers to be engraved. They are already apportioned out!! They go to Esther Mae Tarver, Catherine Nash, Bessie Bardwell, Malcolm Bardwell, Mary Calvert Keoun of Marshall and her young husband Hal Collins, Jr., and Bill Kittrell's daughter Louise

OK

and her husband.

*Lucia
sends Mother
check direct
to her*

Dearest, O. J. tells me that you did not instruct him about sending Mrs. Johnson a monthly check. I thought you wanted him to send her \$37.50 the first of each month. Is that correct? If so, let us know right away and he will rush it. I don't know how much money he has but I have the \$200 you sent me and would be very happy to send it out of that. I just want to get it settled straight, because I have a faint memory that it was to come from what Birge and Lucia owe you and they would send it direct to her but don't want the office to be remiss.

Darling, may I remind you to send Ruth a card, if you havn't already? She and Dad will be so pleased. I intend to send her some soft fold-up bedroom slippers tomorrow.

OK -

Now to finances. I was amazed when you told me the check for \$200 was for me, for what I've been doing. First, dear heart, I want to tell you that I am quite aware that my work does not begin to be worth it; I know very well that it is a sum far far beyond the value of my contribution here; second, I shall not for a moment let that set a precedent and if there isn't any check any other month any more I won't mind a bit, or expect it. But thank you with all my heart, my love! You know what the best thing about working up here is?? It makes me understand you so much better. I know why you can't get home any time you want to, and can readily see how you could become disheartened about the chances of our way of life to survive and how you could be so bitterly irritated at inefficiency. I wouldn't have missed the opportunity for anything! It gives me a lot more in common with you.

Fine

About our finances at 224 Woodley Park Towers. You and I and Otha Ree used to spend around \$310 a month for living expenses. If the arrangements as planned go through--Nellie, Aunt Effie, Mary, and I (and of course Otha Ree)--it will take \$325 a month if we are quite careful. It may take more, if we have much company. I expect to get \$100 from Nellie; \$100 from Mary (those were your figures); \$50 from Aunt Effie; \$100 as interest payment from Daddy. And that will be fine!

all sent home

Darling, if you see any changes looming up, that is if you and John might come back and stay with us and we would not therefore want Mary to move out of the Dodge, let us know when and if you can.

*Can't tell -
you know more
about this than I do*

Yes, I still see quite a bit of the delegation. We're going to the Poages for dinner tomorrow night. I saw Mrs. Luther Johnson down town and we chatted and she sent you her

*How about
the Lanham*

love.

I am certainly anxious to hear from you about whether it is alright for me to go see Aubrey and ask him how his plan is working out. On every hand I see a job I wish you were here to do! Also, I'd like to take back what I told Sam about I'd hate to see him go to the President and get you all called back --except it's not really Congress I want you back in but some place like Harry Hopkin's outfit or the Man Power agency. *sure*

Now I believe I will tell you about my vice. I call it a vice because it wastes time and accomplishes nothing. But I don't go to movies and I never never listen to the radio and I very rarely read women's magazines--so I guess it's alright to deliberately waste a little time! It's this--I look at houses! I know you are laughing! On Sunday afternoons I drive around and look at houses that are for sale. I have found one, a white-washed brick with a huge living room and a lovely fire-place, a master bed-room with four closets and a private bath and three exposures, two other nice bedrooms, and an enormous room above the double-car garage that could be a den or upstairs living-room or a fourth bedroom, and an attic big enough to put all Nellie's worldly goods in when she flits to Texas and mine and everybody else's. In the basement there is a so-called maid's room--not very nice really. And the front yard has eighteen dogwood trees in it! It is listed at \$15,750 and could be bought for \$15,000 I imagine. The only thing I don't like about it is that it is nine miles from the capitol. (Nellie and John are seven). You know, my love, if the Navy were to send you off to some distant shore and in the meantime I got paid off with a considerable amount of cash for my part of Uncle Claud's estate, and you got re-elected to Congress for another two years--well, you just might come home to find to find yourself a home-owner, with the lawn-mower waiting for you to push it and a barbecue pit in the back yard waiting for you to help fix some steaks for company!! Maybe we could raise one crop of roses before the Japs and Germans get us, and one is better than none. *2*

Well, my loved one, it is seven o'clock and rather lonesome here--no one but me has been here this afternoon, so I believe I'll stop and go home and get a good night's rest. We give the house a thorough cleaning on Sunday morning and that makes us ready for bed when night comes. *Thanks*

I love you more and more all the time. I have been very, very happy these last few months. No matter what the war or the future may bring life has been good.

Yours always,

Fritz

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