

4 p.m.

Dearest:

I've had so much "congressional" business today there's been no time for radio.

Jewell Barber wants us to check once more with the War Department to find out the status of William Shearon Barber, 18,056,556. To refresh your--or Mary's--memory: they received a wire saying he was wounded in action about April 24, 1942--from the War Department. Then on June 17 they heard from the Adjutant General that they would consider Private Barber "missing in action" until further information reached them or until a period of 12 months had passed. "At the expiration of twelve months and in the absence of other information the War Department is authorized to make a final determination."

The twelve months are up. Have they, then, officially pronounced him dead? Jewell has heard nothing further. What is the policy about paying insurance or continuing dependency benefit payments after this twelve months has elapsed? Jewell does not even know whether he had any insurance or not. Is it possible to find that out? She is terribly anxious to send some concentrated foods and vitamin B tablets to him at the camp where she believes and hopes he is held prisoner--Camp O'Donnell about 15 miles north of Clark Field--but the Red Cross will not accept packages to send unless he is officially pronounced a prisoner by the War Department. A letter from Col. H. R. Andreas, U. S. Army retired, shipped out of the Philippines because of wounds sometime during the fighting made Jewell believe that Shearon was still alive and that if so he would be a prisoner at the above camp.

Please query the War Department again and get any fragment of information you can about it.

Another thing:

Marietta Brooks said Max put in his application in the ONOP in New Orleans 1st September for Lieutenant J. G., in any sort of construction work or in radar plot planning. He had a letter from New Orleans saying that they had no openings for men of his qualifications and that is the last they have heard of it. He and Marietta want you to ask the Navy to reconsider his application. Max has three years military training, three years civil engineering, and is 36 years old, has wife and one child. I would pull out the best ammunition on this, I believe, because he is certainly a qualified person and Marietta is one of the most capable and active women I know. I'd like to give her reason to continue to be so--or even more so. She took me to the Austin Woman's Club luncheon today and I met nine jillion women, Austin's best. I get so involved in that sort of thing it's a little difficult to put a stop to it and get on with the work.

Love

I want to point out three things I didn't know before--which you probably did.

First, they pay the heat, power, and lights for these premises --in other words, the bill we get is for lights and water and power used at the transmitter only.

Second, if we desire to remove the studios from this location we can do so by giving them ten days notice and allowing them "radio advertising in the amount of \$150 per month for a period of 5 years or so long as party of the ~~second~~ part occupies the second floor of the Wilmot Building as space for his school."!!! In other words, if we did move to the Brown Building we would still be obligated to allow them \$150 worth of advertising (not \$300) until their lease expires here, which I think is July 1944. I do not know about the possibilities of getting out of such an arrangement but that is what this contract says. Anyway, it is something to think about.

Third, nowhere in this lease agreement does it say how long it runs--no date is given for termination. It says a lease was entered into between Wilmot and Belman on June, 13, 1939, and I presume this one was entered into shortly thereafter. The only thing about termination is this, "and it is further agreed that this assignment is to run concurrent with the above lease from Mrs. Anna G. Wilmot to C. R. Belman". No date concerning that lease's termination is mentioned.

This morning I went to see Mr. Belman, who was out, and Mrs. Belman said their lease ran until July 1944, she thought.

Must run, dear, will write very much more tomorrow.

All my love,