

2136 - R - Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.
May 18, 1942

Dear Lyndon:

Pat Boland died early this morning very unexpectedly. There is not much detail in the papers yet, and I guess not apt to be much you would not already know.

We had a very large weekend. I got a mild kind of sunstroke by playing bridge in the sun on the terrace until I almost passed out. But I shall recover. Just feel as though I had baked my brains, if any. Wolff and Ethel were there, Claudia, Harold, Erich and Anne, and Zadel. The dinner table developed into a brawl on labor. But Charles came through one whole weekend with a complete blue ribbon. I never knew him to behave so well. Wolff and Harold were the problem children. But it was fun.

Took the Buick out for the last time for the duration of the shortage--which I believe O'Daniel takes personal credit for having brought about. I'm not asking a special card, unless it develops that agriculture really suffers by my lack of attention, and this does not seem likely. I've rented all my pasture land for the season, so Innisfree--my farm--will help a bit in making some beef for some one to eat. I'm also going to have a crop of apples and potatoes.

George Brown's friend's pups have been weaned, and my little Betsy turned out to be the smartest and prettiest of the lot. I have not quite solved the problem of how to keep her through her crying days, which I'm told will be four or five. I managed last night by letting her nibble my fingers over the side of the bed whenever she began to wail, but that can't last too many nights. When she is a little bit bigger Rudolph will keep her for me.

Diana had her birthday party yesterday, and had so much fun that she could scarcely keep her eyes open through the dinner. All the children practically went to sleep at the table. She got so many presents that she did not know how to play with them all, or who gave her what. But she was as beautiful as she ever is, and all the children were sweet enough to eat.

The roses are in full bloom in the country, and Alice's place is at it's top from the rose garden right on down the hill to the new strawberries and the young lettuce.

We were all in Texas this time last year. And you were in Temple and Charles and I telephoned Diana from Austin--as I remember it--on this particular day a year ago.

Buck Hood has been up for a couple of days, and John Connally is just back from Texas. I talked to him this morning, and he is coming out to talk to us tomorrow about what he saw and heard down there. Moody is working--it seems--his head off and is stealing Allred's thunder all down the line. He managed to get in his announcement just as soon as Allred's was on the wire so that almost all the stories were, "Moody and Allred Announce." He heard that Allred would make his opening speech on Friday, so announced his own for Thursday. They both spoke from studios. Moody's was not very good, John said, being particularly interesting only in that he came out for abolition of the 40 hour week. Allred's was a good fighting speech, but he has not a very good radio voice, according to John. Buck is going to send me the papers so that I can sort of keep up with what is going on and give Charles a little outline of it from time to time, but the papers have not started coming in yet.

Talked to Lady once or twice, and she tells me that your name has been filed for Congress. Buck says that no one can beat you down there, and no one is apt to try. Buck is foaming at the mouth to get into something.

Harold had a long letter from Phil Fox wanting to know if he should hold himself in reserve for a campaign for you, and if not, how the Administration would want him to spend his time during the campaigns. He says George Purl has a good chance to be elected County Judge, or something local he is running for down there.

Sid Richardson got to town this morning, but we have not seen him, for Charles is spending an extra day in the country. He has been gnashing his teeth to get back up here ever since he went down to Texas from the last trip. The place has a fascination for a lot of people, and no one ~~more~~ enjoys buzzing around and feeling "in the know" more than Sid. I'm interested to see what sort of things he will come in with. He always gets at least one hair-raising tale a day when he is on location.

Harry Crozier was up, but I did not see him. He was telling a tall tale around town about my uncle, who is a doctor in Marlin, and who is supposed to examine Tom Connally twice yearly. Crozier says Tom says that most 25 year old men should be jealous of the Senator. I am cynical.

Underwood and Underwood have a beautiful picture of Mrs. Corcoran and new son, who is easily the most charming little baby I ever saw a picture of. His hair is as straight as wire, and sticking out from his head like a porcupine's quills, but one would know right off who his pappy was--very, very cute.

Harold had an interesting talk with T.C. one day last week, and came in full of praise for him and full of indignation that he is not better used.

Claudia Haines is down, and I believe is going to prove a permanent worker. I was dubious about her working, although I've always liked her very much, but she is swell, and we make a very good team, I think. I'd be happy about it if she stayed. We will know more about it by tomorrow. She stayed in the country with Charles today, and I gather from the telephone conversation I had with him a little while ago that he has given her some dictation for the first time. ~~It was~~ he didn't go too fast, she is a cinch, for she is very neat and careful and intelligent, but needs some practice on her speed. I'm hoping for the best. She is wonderful for Alice. They enjoy each other very much, and it would fill a need for Alice which you spoke of when you were last here. They talk at much length and Alice thinks she is superfine. I've got my fingers crossed.

The aftermath of the V.P.'s speech has been very good. Lot's of nice things being said about it even in this last Sunday's papers by very nice people, and even some of the saps have taken up the idea that it is the greatest thing since Lincoln--which, of course, it is not. But it was very good.

Erich fell in love with my puppy, so I'm about half a mind to give her to him if she eats up my hands again tonight. Meanwhile she is fast asleep in a large shipping box in the closet of my office. I've got to think of something else to do with her before C. gets back tomorrow. I don't think he would particularly relish pups running in and out between his feet while he is in the middle of one of ~~the~~ "flights."

Charles Marsh and Charles Wolff and Harold have all been working on DeLozada to take over Violet Eyes. But he refuses. I'm afraid he is accurate when he says, "That is a bigger dish than I could eat." But Zadel is ambitious to have a try. She likes music, but even so, I'm afraid he is ambitious beyond a reasonable point.

No news from George Brown, but guess he will be getting back up to use his house a bit before long. I thought it would be very troublesome to keep it running, but it is not. Gladys is very capable, and Wolff's being in there every night sort of keeps them in line over there. I rather enjoy handling the little business there is to it, for the B. & R. Company is just as systematic as most of the Marsh operations are unsystematic. It keeps me from forgetting all I knew about orderly operation. Very good for me.

Well, enough of this. Have fun, and let us hear from you.

Sincerely yours,

M. L.