

From Harry S. Truman to Bess W. Truman, August 9, 1940

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Washington, D.C.

Aug. 9, 1940.

Dear Bess:-

It was nice to talk with you last evening. John and I were discussing 'cabbages and Kings and sealing wax and things.' Plenty of sealing wax. Had dinner at the Carroll Arms and I went to bed at nine, slept until seven, and have been answering the phone most ever since.

It certainly is gratifying (to put it mildly) when every employee in the building-elevator boys, policemen, waiters, cooks, negro cleanup women, and all-were interested in what would happen to me. Biffle told me last night over the phone that no race in his stay here had created such universal interest in the Senate. He's having lunch for me today. I guess it will be a dandy. It almost gives me the swell head-but I mustn't get that disease at this late date.

I'll never forget Tuesday night if I

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live to be a thousand-which I won't. My sweet daughter and my sweetheart were in such misery it was torture to me. I wished then I'd never made the fight. But it was a good fight: state employees-five or six thousand of them-the police departments of St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, and every election board in the state where there is one, all the big papers except the Journal, and those papers using every lie told on me as the truth. I hope some good fact-finder will make a record of that campaign. It will be history someday.

Anyway we found out who are our friends, and it was worth it for that. Love and lots of it. When do you want to come on here? It's going to be mighty lonesome. Kiss Margie. Tell all the family hello.

Harry