

From Harry S. Truman to Bess W. Truman, April 15, 1933

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[Grandview]

Saturday before Easter, April 15, 1933

My Dear Sweetheart:

This day will go down as a good one. I got a letter. Even if it was short, I got one. You said I write letters that are no good, well you don't say much in yours. But I'm glad to get them even if there were only an envelope with an address to me, written by you. I am in bed in my old room at the farm, and I can remember how I used to lie up here and wait for a letter from you, and then read the old one. Those were the days--why didn't you marry me when I first asked you? I don't know, do you?

Mr. Bill Southern is my friend all right but he'd like to make me quit politics in a blaze of fire and brimstone. I don't want to quit that way. Governor Park made a speech

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in which he told McElroy--not me--that his, Park's, budget bill for counties would cure Jackson County's going in the red. The dear governor's county budget bill is an extract from my county reorganization bill--just one of the features of it. McElroy has evidently told Park that I am a very extravagant official and need checking. Well anyway, the budget bill is half what I want, and I'm not a partner to any rackets. The Star is making a goat of me--not a Pendergast goat either but a tax goat. I'll lick the whole gang yet and make 'em like it.

Went to the Equalization Board and saw Judge McCardle. He said if he'd known we were going to Jackson he'd have given us letters to the finest people in town. I subscribed to the Star for you today and the Examiner. Told your Mother that you'd write what you wanted shipped to her

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and I would ship it. She's looking for the letter from you to tell her. I'll send you the cot Monday.

It cleared up today and looks as if we'd have a fine Easter, but its cold as can be--winds in the north and whistling into my north window like January. Hope you are all happy and doing fine. I'm glad the brakes were easily fixt. I've worried about that considerably.

Tell Kicky and Margaret to be good little girls and I'll bring them something nice when I come for them. Be nice and write me as often as you feel inclined.

Your lonesome Harry.