

From Harry S. Truman to Bess W. Truman, January 2, 1934

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Willard Hotel, Washington, D.C. Jan. 2, 1934

Dear Bess and Margaret:

Well here I am back in Washington at 8:30 P.M. After mailing your letter this morning I walked from the Governor Clinton Hotel at 31<sup>st</sup> and Seventh Avenue to 40 West 10<sup>th</sup> Street, where Mr. Keck has his studio and also where he lives. It was a long walk but interesting even if it was cold as it could be, almost. I went over to Broadway and walked down Broadway to 23<sup>rd</sup>, where the Flatiron Building is and then walked down 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue to 10<sup>th</sup>. People were rushing this way and that and jaywalking against lights and everything else so that the worst hick town can have nothing on

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New York-at least not this morning from ten minutes to nine until nine-forty on two of their busiest streets.

Mr. Keck had four Andrew Jacksons and the castings of the friezes of Law and Justice. We are going to be proud of them I tell you. He says that the Law, which is Moses, will be better than Mohamet and I believe him. We took Andy all apart and put one man on one horse and then tried him on another until there was a combination that will be unbeatable. Mr. Keene and Mr. Wight were both there and we spent a most en-

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joyable morning after which Mr. Keck took us around on Sixth Avenue to a fine eating place, gave us a real martini, oysters, roast beef and everything. Then I caught a taxi and my train and here I am back in politics. From the height of the esthetic to the basement of the practical, and I confess I like them both.

Tomorrow I'm to see Senator Clark and Mr. Burr and the rest and really make up my

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mind on what I'm to do.

I wish you and Margy were here to share this immense room. They are treating me as if they thought I amounted to something at the hotel anyway, even if they will skin me to death on the cost, it makes a difference. When Neal and Lewis come I'll make them take over a share of it anyway. When I get things as I want them you'll always be with me. No matter what comes or goes you're always my sweetheart with the prettiest blue eyes in the world and all that goes with

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blue eyes. The most of the men I meet and go around with wonder why I have only one sweetheart. I'll tell you why. When I was young I set a certain young lady up as my ideal and she's still it, and will always be whether she wants to or not, and you know who she was, is, and eternally will be. Now I'm lonesome and thinking of you and writing you instead of going to a show. I got disgusted last night because I didn't have your hand to hold (that's all I go to shows for anyway) and left, so I didn't try any

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tonight. You'd better put this in the fire and not let your sweet little daughter read it because she might get the impression that her dad is only a sap, and if I can be great to anyone I want to be to her.

Kiss her for me and all the love in the world to you.

Harry