

From Harry S. Truman to Bess W. Truman, January 4, 1936

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Washington, D.C.

Jan. 4, 1935. [1936]

Dear Bess:

Well I got a letter this morning and it had been mailed January 2, so I was exactly right. You had not written me at all although I called you Monday when I got here and have written you every day. No wonder I had a headache yesterday. Maybe you were too busy with Miss Margey or maybe you didn't have time or something. I do wish you'd let me hear at least every other day. I ought to call you and talk about seven or ten minutes and reverse the charges.

I wish you were both here. I am getting cranky and need some-

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one to put me back in a good mood. I accepted the Craig dinner. It had to be a written one. I sent it on one of these sheets, which I guess was out of line. Did the same thing for the Forbes Morgan dinner to the national committee. Hope I haven't made a real social error. You'd better get here and look after these things or I'll have us out in the back yard socially. I'll do my best however. I saw Guffey yesterday and he insisted that I come personally to his reception, and I guess I'll have to go. There are only two names on the card but I saw in the paper where Joe and Mrs. Robinson and two or three others were helping him. I guess, I'll make out some way. I don't even know

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which corner to turn up so I'll just put 'em in as is.

I am sure glad Miss Margey is so much better-maybe that will mean a day or so sooner. Nettie comes every morning and cleans up and fixes everything for breakfast. She's gotten dinner for me twice, but I'm going to the Hickman's tonight and Oscar's tomorrow and suspect I am going to have to go to the Shields' one day. If people would only let me alone, I could get along. It's like Lucy and Mize-they really do embarrass the mischief out of me. I don't do things for people for a reward, if I did I ought to be rich.

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I do it because I like to do it, but if they just keep harping on it I get sick of it. I'd almost rather they'd pull a Judge Barr stunt than to be forever thanking me or feeding me. Tell Old Nick he'd better send me some sausage. He told me he thought he'd kill hogs after I left so my wife and child would be sure and get it. Glad Fred got the case. I'll keep track of Nettie's bills.

Hope you will write regularly from now on.

Love to you both, Harry