

From Harry S. Truman to Bess W. Truman, February 10, 1937

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Washington, D.C.

Feb 10, 1937

Dear Bess:

I didn't accept the Lucky offer. Wouldn't my friends, who know my love for cigarettes, have a grand time wondering how much it takes to buy me. I'm glad you are all well, so am I and I expect to stay that way. I'm going to Oscar and Elsie's for dinner tonight. There has been considerable flu here but it doesn't seem to be the fatal kind. You'll get a small package from Mr. Julius Garfinckel's along about Saturday, your seventy-second birthday or maybe it's your thirty-second-I haven't kept very close count on it.

It would make no difference if

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it were your one hundred and fifty second-to me you'd still be the prettiest, sweetest, best, and all the other adjectives girl on earth-in heaven or in the waters under the earth. You were not only Juno, Venus, Minerva all in one but perhaps Proserpina too. (You'd better look that one up.)

Anyway I never had but one from the time I was six and a half to date-and maybe that's more foolishness according to modern standards, but I'm crazy enough to stay with it through all eternity.

Kiss Margie, love to you,

Harry