

From Harry S. Truman to Bess W. Truman, October 9, 1939

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Washington D.C.

Oct. 9, 1939.

Dear Bess:- Well I arrived on time. Had a Pullman berth on the plane. It was more comfortable after I became accustomed to the engine noise. I dreamed the plane fell, but it didn't as you can see. There were 20,100 paid admissions to the fair Sunday afternoon, and I shook hands with at least a third of 'em. Gave away another prize and crowned a jittery race horse with a floral horseshoe before a grandstand full of people. My speech went over big apparently. At least a hundred people remarked about it.

The preacher's dinner was a dandy. He preached a good sermon, invited me into the church office, and nearly all the congregation came in to see me. Old Judge McCarthy was along with me and he

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seemed to have a grand time too. The preacher's two sons and their wives were there for dinner - two grand young men - and Mrs. Foster's mother was also present. One of the boys had a four-year-old daughter who was almost as pretty and cute as our baby used to be at that age. Reverend Foster is the most influential preacher in southeast Missouri and he spent the whole time getting all the facts on Pendergast and Stark. I made lots of hay I'll tell you. But it was hard work. They nearly pulled me to pieces. The Memphis crown finally rescued me, and we had dinner in the Peabody Hotel at 10:00 P.M. Rather stylish hour, what?

The was four lovely letters - three from you, one from Margaret. Nice note of Mary McElroy's. I'll thank the Brazilian. Yes, the laundry came on time. I should have told you. Now I haven't missed a day writing - even on the funeral party I took time out to write. Glad you roofed the barn. Hope Frank didn't take it too hard. I don't know about writing Gates. I'd better wait and talk to him. I'd be pretty mad if someone took up my private affairs with my brother. Hope I didn't leave out answers to any questions. Love to you, kiss the baby, Harry