

Washington, D.C.

Aug. 10, 1940.

Dear Bess:-

Well I thought maybe I'd get a letter today but Uncle Sam on the transportation system must be out of joint, because none has come as yet. I'm still hoping. Letters of congratulation are still pouring in. I thought it was propoganda on the Burke-Wadsworth Bill but it wasn't.

You should have been in the Senate yesterday when I slipped in at the back door. Hiram Johnson was making a speech and he had to call for order. Both floor leaders and all the Democrats made a grand rush. Biffle had lunch for twelve of us and if you don't think we had a grand time. I thought Wheeler and Jim Byrnes were going to kiss me.

Barkley and Pat Harrison were almost
as effusive. Swellentach, Hatch, Lister
Hill and Tom Stewart and Harry Swack
almost beat me to death. Dennis Chasey
hadn't taken a drink since the Chicago
Convention but he said he'd get off the
wagon on such an auspicious occa-
sion and he did with a bang. Minton
hugged me and asked him why he
didn't do that to Rush Holt and he'd
love to cuss him any more. Well as
you can see it was a grand party.

Jaydee & I had dinner together again
at the Army & Navy Club upon the roof.
It turned cold here last night and I
had to pull up the bed spread.

Hope the margin is getting better.
Remember me to all the family.

Kiss Margie. Love to you
Harry.