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DEMOCRATIC WHIP

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SECRETARY

**United States Senate**  
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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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EDUCATION AND LABOR

November 30, 1943

Hon. R. H. Walker  
The Limestone Democrat  
Athens, Alabama

My dear Mr. Harry:

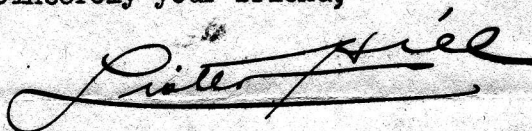
My return to Washington was delayed on account of the unexpected death of Congressman Steagall and my attendance at his funeral, or I would have written you sooner to thank you for your letter of the 20th with the enclosure of copy of the letter from H. B. to Bob Henry.

Please tell Bob that I have chuckled quite a bit over his answer to Hubert. I can see Hubert choking over it now.

I am writing Mayor Richardson today.

All my thanks to you and Bob Henry for everything.

Sincerely your friend,



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A L A B A M A

Birmingham, Ala. Nov. 16, 1943.

Bob Henry Walker, Esq.,  
Limestone Democrat,  
Athens, Alabama

Dear Sonny Boy:

I didn't know you had it in you until I read your tail-twister in last week's issue of Limestone's Lusty New Deal journal. If Papa ever so far forgets himself as to fire your little setee, come on down to this stronghold of the terrible intrusts and I'll offer you a good job.

I must warn you, though, Sonny Boy--and Pop, too-- not to treat this fellow Simpson lightly. Running against him isn't gonna be like stomping hell out of poor old Tom Heflin when he was down with pneumonia. And I ask you: who else has Listerine ever toppled over in a state-wide race? The tall by from Montgomery is in trouble this time, right up to his ears-- and you'll find it out before long. Listerine already knows and so does Eddie Reid. By the way, the League of Municipalities meets here this week, and I am happy to report that Secretary Eddie is taking enough time out from his Hill activities to attend.

Remember also: Listerine's coat-tail is now in tatters. He and our old friend Eddie are ~~at~~ AT SEA, and the hell of it is--for them--that life preservers are frozen for the duration!

All joking aside, we are expecting to see one ripping-snorting race. Before next May it will be extremely close. Mark that down.

Best regards to Pop--and both of you come to see me. I ain't mad with you. I'm fer you--as old man Bibb used to say.

Sincerely,

H. B.