

November 14, 1944

Dear Summer:

My very deep thanks for your beautiful expressed congratulatory sentiments on my forthcoming birthday. The ties that bind us together are ties and not reins. It is our constant boast that Mother and I have given you and Helen your heads. We have not attempted to have you walk in our steps or in our shoes. Your thinking is your own and if we clash in our opinions and our philosophies it is because each of us is an individual personality with the right to his own mind. When you chose Harvard, it was of your own choice and not because of an insistence that you keep up the Harvard tradition in the family. That is why it was all the more heartening when you became a Harvard man. Now if you select the law as your profession, again I hope it is because you aim for it yourself and not because you think that it will please us. After all the give and take between us on matters political and economic and governmental, I see no reason why you should have any squeamishness about offending my sensibilities or Mother's. All we aim for and hope for is your happiness and Helen's. We believe we have laid sound foundations and have given you good guidance. Beyond that you make your own career. On the eve of my anniversary I believe I honestly can say that in respect to the rearing of my children I have been a success; but I hasten to add that I never could have done it without Mother's superior wisdom and assistance.

My trip to New York was a delightful one. I went down with Billy Goodman and we had sleeping accommodations on the train. Uncle Louie met us at the station and we went directly to his room where I received a telephone call from Tom McCall that he would see me after the game at the Harvard Club. Since Colonel Liggett is flat on his back with a heart attack, Uncle Louie used his two tickets and took Mrs. Liggett with him. Two other tickets he obtained from a Bowdoin classmate and these we used. They were seemingly lousy seats on the Army side but it turned out that the entire first quarter was played right in front of our eyes and we really had the choicest of seats. For the remaining three quarters we saw more than our share of the plays. The score was magnificent and though large did not satisfy the crowd on our side which kept yelling for "one more touchdown". Nobody could have stopped that Army team Saturday. The speed and strength were terrific. The blocking was so hard that many a Notre Dame player lay flat on the ground for a minute or two before he was able to get up. The passing was excellent and the interception was even better. Don't belittle the Notre Dame team. It was an ordinary, good team; but against Army it looked woefully weak. Imagine any Notre Dame team that could not carry the ball back after the kick-off beyond its own 18 or 19 yard line. Ordinarily even the weakest team could return a punt 15 or 20 yards, but not against the Army on Saturday. If the President relaxes the rules and permits Army and Navy to play in Philadelphia, I will try to go, because that will be the game of the decade. I am sure that you will enjoy the full clipping from Sunday's Times.

After the game I took Mrs. Liggett to the Harvard Club where we met McCall, and were his guests for dinner. There luck was again with us, for just as we were to leave the Club to go elsewhere for dinner because the reservations were full, the head waiter whispered into McCall's ear that one of his parties would be an hour late and we could have that table. The food was good, the environment most attractive, and the company very pleasant. By arrangement Mrs. Liggett was to spend the evening with Louie. So Tom and I wanted to go to the theatre. Once again luck smiled upon us. At the Club we were able to get two seats for One Touch of Venus, a musical comedy starring Mary Martin and John Boles. It was superb. The theme was unusual and excellent; Mary Martin was chock-full of charm, the songs were tuneful and catchy, and the dancing beggared description.

From the theatre we walked down to the Pennsylvania Hotel where I left Tom and went up to the ninth floor. There I found Uncle Louie and Goodman, who had just come in. Uncle Louie had succeeded in getting a room with two beds for Goodman and myself. We slept well,



showered late in the morning and left for Brooklyn where a combination breakfast and lunch was waiting for us. Grandpa looks unusually well and we are deeply grateful to Uncle Harris and Aunt Ida for the care they are giving him. I spent the whole afternoon, while Uncle Louie and Goodman went to the professional football game to see the Redskins defeat Brooklyn ten to nothing in a most uninteresting game. Uncle Heinie and Aunt Rose, Aunt Etta, Herbie and Bobbie came over. We had dinner with Aunt Ida and then went back to the hotel to pick up Bill Goodman and go to the station where, by considerable effort, we finally succeeded in getting two uppers. Early Monday morning back to home and hearth.

Mr. James C. Petrillo defied the WLB and politely told the President to stick his nose out of the fight with the two great recording companies; the President yielded to Petrillo as he had yielded to John L. Lewis; and Saturday the two companies, having no other choice, unless they wanted to go out of business, had to yield to Petrillo and sign an agreement in violation of the orders of WLB. I forgot to mention that the C in Petrillo's name stands for Caesar. Now in the Montgomery-Ward case the President called out the United States Army to compel that Company to obey the orders of the WLB.

Now watch for the breaking of the Little Steel Formula. The resignations of three of the four public members of the War Labor Board, while superficially based on the desire to return to private pursuits, is obviously an indication of opposition to the President's knuckling to labor. But of course he has got to pay for that support even as he paid John L. Lewis for the half million dollars the miners contributed to one of his campaigns. I never did approve of personalized government and I certainly don't approve of 16 years of such paternalistic philosophy. For myself I would much prefer to have Russia, Great Britain and the United States sit at the peace table and not Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt.

I would like to comment on the other clippings but time must be rationed in the office. More later.

Affectionately,