

January 20, 1944

Dear Sumner:

Your now many letters deserve a long reply, not only to encourage you to continue this daily correspondence, which means so much to us, but also to compensate for my failure to write you these past few days. Tell me, however, where to find the time and I will be only too glad to devote it to writing to you. Let us begin with Saturday, the 15th, when I went to Boston and spent the entire train time talking business with an auditor who, fortunately, was also on his way to Boston. When I got to York Street (the train was an hour late) I had a bite to eat, called up some of the folks, chatted for awhile and then to bed. Sunday morning I woke early and went to Shul; then to Uncle Archie for a physical examination; then until 9:30 in the evening in exclusive attention to the work of Scouting, for which I had come down. We had a New England conference on the growth program which contemplates one thousand more units (troops or packs for 1944!); our quota for the State, of which I am Chairman, is 104.

Monday busy at the office, after going to Shul in the morning and returning after office hours for the late afternoon prayers. Monday night I was tied up with something that kept me until about ten o'clock when I went to bed. Tuesday, to Shul in the morning and then to Alfred all day for the trial of the case. Then again to Shul prayers and then to Montgomery Street where I was with Grandpa and Aunt Etta until we left for the station. You know the details of that parting which was happily carried off in dignified calmness and with gratitude for the smooth flowing manner in which everything went along. From the station I rushed to the Draft Board and worked until one o'clock in the morning. Yesterday, Wednesday, I spent the morning in the office, the afternoon at a conference of draft officials, the late afternoon in Shul, and most of the evening at an important meeting of the Federation. I got to bed a little after ten. This morning to Shul and then busy with work. I am not complaining; I am merely giving you my daily calendar. Incidentally, I am two or three weeks behind in my work.

I do, however, take time out to listen to Mother reading your letters to me over the 'phone. I just devour every word and I am so thankful that you write to us so freely and so frankly without any mental reservations or inhibitions. Most of the time I laugh happily at your comment. Today I shed a tear when I read of the dud you picked for your date. You deserve a better fate and if you cannot improve on your newly found friends, write me and perhaps I can do something for you along the pulchritudinous lines by photographs or television or direct introduction. Who knows? I hope your luck turns for the better and that you will next be introduced to a creature as gorgeous as that Greek beauty. Too bad you do not come from an Athenian family. Keep your chin up and maybe at 24 you will find some one that meets approval of the eye. Remember that regardless of rumors and solemn agreements you are still only 19. There is yet much time.



We are thankful for each day that you are still in this country and we hope that your assignment will be one that will satisfy not only you but your parents. We are good Americans. we do not whimper, we take things in stride and we will accept your assignment with good grace and in the spirit with which you take your work. And that is tops.

That is about all I have time for as I now leave for an appointment at another office. Tonight? At the Draft Board of course. If I get home at midnight I will be pleased. Friday night I shall retire not later than seven o'clock. Saturday afternoon and Sunday I shall devote to you and I hope that there will be enough time for you to receive what will then be my outpouring.

Affectionately,