

April 18th 1944

Dear Sumner:

You missed a literary master piece by a letter's breadth. It was to have dealt with the wiles, ways, ^{and} woes of woman, occasioned by your reference to having been slighted by "a certain party in Youngstown". That's the trouble in getting letters in bunches. (Three of yours came this morning, and mother just brought them in). No sooner did that gem of literary art take shape in my mind when the reading of your next letter (I read them in chronological order) dissipated the entire thought. I don't know which is the lesser of the two evils: to have missed my embryonic essay or to have missed her letters.

I am tremendously pleased that you are keeping up your correspondence with the boys whom you knew so well. I hope that all thru life you carry on a more or less steady correspondence with your friends of yesterday who should be your friends of today and of tomorrow. What with the typewriter, the telegram, the telegraph, and the other quick steps of communication, correspondence is gradually fading out as an attribute of friendship. I don't want you to lose that fine touch of friendship. The ability to write letters is yours in good measure and it's an art to project one's personality into the written word. Moreover, a well written letter is the mark of a cultured gentleman; and Harvard, you know, produces only gentlemen.

To my gentleman son, I am

Affectionately,