

June 28, 1944

Dear Summer:

Just as the taxi drove up to the door to take Mother to the station, the mailman came with those four letters, to which I referred yesterday, and Mother took three of them with her, leaving with Helen the one on her birthday. This morning they were all in my mail. Mother had read them on the train and had mailed them back from Uncle Harold's office. Because I am anxious to go to Menikoe to see Grandpa I will have time to comment on only one of these letters and logically I have picked the first one, the one that brought crimson tears to my eyes as I read your nostalgic reminiscences of the several football games that had remained with you all these years. Old age has dulled my mnemonic powers to the point that even your graphic description could not recall those tense moments. I do, however, remember, oh so well, the first football game at the stadium which you attended as my guest. I do not recall the game, no doubt you do. You were either six or seven years old and, I think you were wearing or carrying that smart yellow raincoat which I bought when you were just two for just such an occasion as this. What I do remember about that football game is that I bought you everything related to football and Harvard. When you came home you had a Harvard arm band, a miniature football with a crimson H, a small football figure with the H on the sweater, a red feather with a white H, a cane with the crimson pennant, and the H. A. A. News, the Football edition for the day. That was the day when you first imbibed the crimson spirit. From then on you saw many a game and, I imagine, each one was just one more drag towards matriculation at Daddy's college. Well, you got there and spent altogether too few years in a most happy environment. But you will return there, God willing, and finish your education, both undergraduate and postgraduate in a more relaxing mood but with a spirit of Harvard flowing as freely through your veins. Many is the football game that I look forward to attending with you in the future. May that future be near.

Last night when I got home from the session of the Draft Board (we are meeting only once a week now since the work has slowed up appreciably) and I tuned in on the Convention. I heard both Hoover and Mrs. Luce. Both were good. I shall try to obtain a copy of the New York Times, which undoubtedly will contain both their speeches in full, and mail it to you; if I do not, then I will comment from memory. In the meantime I am sending you the full text of the platform. I know you will read it very carefully and I want to make sure that you pay some attention to the wording of the resolution on Palestine.

More later.

Affectionately,

P. S.

I just called Uncle Herbert to have him pick me up at the corner and he told me that Governor Bricker was on the air and was nominating Dewey. That smells to me. Bricker definitely belongs to the old guard and his alliance with Dewey is not going to help Dewey any with the more enlightened and more forward looking E Republicans.