

November 17, 1937.

Mr. Eldon Ardrey,
Arizona State Teachers College,
Flagstaff, Arizona.

Dear Eldon:

Fred Ellsworth wrote me on November first quoting a paragraph of your letter regarding your brother, Robert. When I read this paragraph and noted that Bob had Hodgkins disease, I knew of course that it would not be long.

Words of mine or anyone are entirely inadequate to you at this time. Only those who have traveled the Golgotha Road can really know and feel the reaction that is in an individual's mind who has lost a brother. I assure you that I have had that experience. Five years ago my brother, who was an inspector for the Department of Commerce, was flying his ship on his way home to the airport at Haddenfield, New Jersey. Something went wrong - nobody knows what. But he bailed out above the Military Academy at West Point when his ship went into a tailspin. The parachute failed to open in time and of course he was crushed to death.

It happened that he was flying home to his wife and young son for his birthday dinner. Those things are tragedies that no one can explain.

Whether we read "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" or whether we have a philosophy equal to the occasion to buoy us up at certain times, it seems that there is still something that is inadequate to assuage our feelings.

Bob was a fine boy and I knew him well because I would take the trips with the track team when they would go either to the conference or the dual meets.

May I merely say to you that I do understand, and trust that your philosophy will be equal to all the things that come to you.