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July 10, 1939.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Harris,
The Johnson Hospital,
320 No. Garfield Street,
Chanute, Kansas.

Dear Fred and Jo:

Dean Nesmith just returned from Chanute with the most alluring bedside seat ticket to Dr. Stork's theatre, and described the play, "It Happened One Night." I know it must have been a great attraction, and I want to compliment Mr. and Mrs. George M. Cohan on this colossal, stupendous and personable young red head.

Confidentially, I'll tell you what he said, but I do not want you to let it go any further because the gossipers might not understand. Dean said, "Doc, there is something wrong with that little baby. I couldn't tell exactly what it was, but as near as I can describe it the child was affected with a temporary erythema and a calorific effulgence of the physiognomy etiologized by one's perceptiveness of the sensorium when in a predicament of shame (not much of this!), anger (not so sure!), or other causes (certain of this!), the vasomotor filaments were divested of their elasticity and thereby suffused with a radiance emanating from an intimidated precordia.

Now what do you think of a guy that would bring a report back like this on a Harris eight-pounder, Frederick Milo The Third? I told Dean, "Just wait until that kid grows up and you will find out what the temporary erythema is caused from.

Jo, I want to compliment you and Fred on the arrival of this little youngster. When those little fellows arrive it does something to the man that is indescribable. The father thought he was a man before and thought that he had about the right slant on life, but after this happens the metamorphosis is so sudden that the dad really wonders why he never thought of the more durable things of life before. Now, Jo, don't misunderstand me. Don't think that I haven't known of the Golgotha Road the mother has traveled all this time. The mother of necessity has dreamed of every minute and every hour and every day of the things that were to come to pass, but it bursts upon a man with the suddenness of a meteor. It's a great life, isn't it?