

October 11, 1941.

Dear Jane and Elwood:

Frankly I have planned, it seems, for months to sit down and write you a long letter in longhand. But this is Saturday morning, it is 9:58 a.m., and I have not succeeded in doing the thing that I had hoped to do. However, I did pass up the Nebraska-Kansas game at Lincoln today to come back to the office and do some work.

Hilton and Isabel, along with Tom Van Cleave, Jr., and Mrs. Tom, drove to Lincoln today. They are going on to Omaha to spend the night with the Newcomers there. Mother did not care to make the trip to Lincoln, as she is not that enthusiastic about the game. She said that she would rather stay at home and spend her money on things for the children. I had arranged to come back on the bus after the game, but I figured that I was so far behind in some of the necessary things to do here at home, so I better stay here. The dope does not favor Kansas, and I doubt if they will win, but I rather wanted to get away for a day just to look at things from a distant viewpoint.

We greatly appreciated your calling the other night. I know of nothing that pepped Mother up quite as much as your calling. She is lonesome and homesick for you youngsters as well as for Bob and Eleanor, and although she doesn't say much about it I can tell by her conversation that she is pretty lonesome. She is baking a cake for Eleanor for her birthday Monday. Eleanor will be twenty years of age. Mother said this morning when we were at breakfast that it hardly seems twenty years since she had the first pain for Eleanor. She said she remembered it so well and how tired she was, and she wondered whether she could go through with it.

I remember the occasion very well because the stadium was not finished and the field was not in shape so we played at Haskell. We were playing Drake University, and Drake beat us that day -- I remember that, too.

And then, you remember, little old tow-headed Tuck, and then Tucket, and she went as Tuck, for short. Eleanor says that they call her Tuck at Penn, so I guess she likes the name. I always liked it because she was so quiet and demure that Tuck just fit her. She is having the time of her life, and tonight Bob and Eleanor are going to the Junior Prom. Seems queer, doesn't it, to have a junior prom in the fall? But I have always heard those Pennsylvania Dutch were folks who had back-end parties anyhow, so that just fits them. Maybe it is the wild and woolly westerners who have the junior prom at the wrong time of the year.