

June 3, 1944.

Dear Jane and Hoot:

I imagine you thought when you received the second note regarding Ann Horton that Pappy had gone Goofy. Well, perhaps he had. But somewhere in the back of my mind, in the busy night riding that I have been doing after commencement dates, I was a little Phoggie regarding that first note that Mother took to you.

When I went to western Kansas (Hays) I was not able to get a pullman so sat up all night. Coming back the train was late, and after the Jeters had entertained me until about train time I caught a one o'clock train out of Hays (no pullman) and the chair cars were so congested with boys coming from Bougainville that it was not possible to put your grip any place but on the floor and you had to move it about every three minutes because there were over a hundred boys in the aisles and the seats were dripping with humanity.

I stood up until we got to Salina at four o'clock then the U. P. put on some more cars and I got a seat and dozed until we got into Lawrence at 6:55. Then of course the day's work was to do and the next night there was commencement or some speaking date, so I felt rather hazy regarding some of my correspondence that I did in long hand now and then. Of course I can keep track of the letters that I dictate here at the office, but for the personalizing of our loved ones we like to write notes in long hand, but I don't get much of that done.

I had a speaking engagement at Salina, Kansas, on June 6, but yesterday they called and cancelled it, and was I happy. I am practically through now with most of my speaking dates and feel a great relief. When Mother and Eleanor went with me to Slater, Missouri, we drove back that night and got in about 2:30. It has been that way on almost all of the automobile trips.

This is just a short note to let you know that I did recall the first note after I had mailed the second one. Hope you are all well and happy. And of course we must include Stormy because Mother tells me that he is one of the prize possessions of the Mons household. I also read your letter about the friend of yours that shot himself. I was so sorry to learn of the unhappy incident.

With love,

Affectionately,