

I believe Mother has given up the idea of going to New York with us and visiting with Eleanor and Bobby during Christmas vacation. I hoped that she would go, and then for next spring when Eleanor graduates I had the notion that Rotary would send us there for the International Convention. But I have just learned that this convention is to be held in St. Louis, so that is out.

We always read Joan's and Libby's letters with much delight, and once in a while we get a letter from Sonny. Please ask that old historian why he doesn't write a lengthy epistle to his grandparents in Lawrence, Kansas. We would like to know how he is progressing. I had a nice telephone conversation with Pete and enjoyed the same. Mimi always gets a big thrill out of Pete's calling her up.

Mother is terribly depressed over the war. She worries about Clint Kanaga, Bobby Haynes, and the young boys who have gone into the service. She can visualize them facing the enemy's fire. Of course this is a big world and a big war, and many of these boys will come back unscathed. When you figure the millions that are in it and the losses that we suffer, the casualties from our own loved ones is not as heavy as we sometimes feel, but even one is a terrible loss. I believe this has much to do with her physical condition. I do not believe that her ulcer is so bad because last night she was the healthiest looking person on the Kansas ballroom floor. We had a fine turkey dinner at the Union Building when the Rotarians entertained the Rotary Anns. She did full justice to a very fine meal. Then they had speaking and I had to slip over and coach the basketball team, but I got back about 10 o'clock, and we all danced until 11 o'clock. Mother had a sprained knee and was hardly able to walk from the car into the Union Building, but after that music started she shook her Methodist foot so fast that you would have thought she was a young girl. This morning she was feeling tip top.

She has those periods of depression, and I imagine she will always be affected by them. War to me is just another sign that we have got to win it. There isn't any way of stopping half-way or short of a possible incarceration of the mad-dogs of Europe. And while the rehabilitationists may say that we have got to treat the squareheads, the spaghetti-benders and the slit-eyes with consideration, I say the only way to take care of the German war machine and the slit-eyes war machine is to put them in such condition that they will not have anything to fight with for quite some time. Annihilation may not be the answer but certainly we will have to have a world police strong enough not to allow these guys even to drill with wooden guns or with spades. The minute they start the stuff that Hitler started in the Ruhr, then that is the time for the world police to step in and tell them to dig with the spades pointed in the ground and not carry them up in the air as they did before. But I will leave that to the constructionists. I am still pretty much of a destructionist when I think of all the havoc they have wrought, and I am pretty much convinced that Joseph Stalin is going to be a tough fellow to dissuade from getting his share of Adolph Hitler, et al.

As far as those Japs are concerned, when they begin blasting those islands where the munitions are made, I hope that the pits they dig are deep enough to bury that war machine all around Tokyo.