

My basketball practice will come at night. In fact, it is going on now. I get up in the morning and teach a class at 9:30 every day, am busy throughout the day and then come back at 7 and am busy until about 10 coaching basketball. This is rather a strenuous program, when I combine it with two or three academic classes and the administrative load which during war times is especially heavy. But why elaborate on that? That is just what everybody has to do during the war - more work, and we are tickled to death to do it because if we can lend any effort in any way toward whipping those squareheads, those spaghetti benders and those slit-eyes, then I want to do all that I can to get the job over with as soon as possible.

I have a faculty meeting at 4:30 in the College of Liberal Arts, so I am trying to write a letter to you and Hoot, one to Bobby, one to Eleanor, and one to Mary. I haven't written any of them before, so you see I am treating all you children alike. I wouldn't write one until I could write all of you. Do not have a stroke of apoplexy or cardiac failure because you happen to receive a letter from me. I read each one of your letters with keen delight and am very proud of both of you. I like the fight that you show, Jane, and I am sure that with your fine attitude Hoot will feel very proud of you. Mother and I are very proud of both you and Hoot, and I know that when you are called on for service you will as you have before respond one hundred per cent. You did a swell job as Nurses Aide and in your other work in Chicago, and Hoot did the fine thing of going to Pensacola rather than to serve in less active lines.

With love to you both, I am

Affectionately,

FCA:AH

P.S. Congratulations to you on your birthday tomorrow. It is mine, also, so we will both celebrate and be happy in that we are both well and have many blessings to be thankful for. Would it be proper to suggest that you kiss Stormy once for me?