

August 13, 1943.

Dear Jane and Hoot:

I read your letter, Jane, last evening, and noted that Hoot's strap watch was broken. You mail it to me here at the University and as soon as I receive it I will immediately take it down to Julius Marks and I am sure that he will replace it. I am so sorry that this happened because Julius sells first class stuff and I can not understand why it would not hold up.

Also, write me the history of how it happened so that if Julius sends it back to the jobbers for replacement I want a story to go along with the return.

I am sorry that Hoot is still in the dog house, and I know how vindictive you people feel. But that is all a part of life. Someone is punished for some infringement of some law that they considered trivial and not worth while. There are many injustices in life, but that broadens one, and in later years your philosophy will be much deeper and much more worth while even though you suffered a terrible injustice. Remember Kipling's lines -- I will not repeat them -- you know them.

It is useless for me to say anything now because I know you will say, "Well, Dad just doesn't understand the whole thing, or he wouldn't even see any benefit in such injustice." Well, I do know, Jane, what you and Hoot have suffered, but to let it keep on hitting you hard just punishes you the more. If you can just see that, and grin and bear it even though it almost kills you, you are a better man for doing it.

It seems that life never lets us ease up on any score. I imagine you think Eleanor hasn't any worries now, and can just sit and dream. Well, she is mortally afraid of infantile paralysis. We had one woman here in Lawrence die yesterday of infantile paralysis of the bulbar type. It affected the medulla oblongata which caused a cessation of the respiratory apparatus. She had been ill but one day. She was 27 years of age. Eleanor just misses her two years. You can't get Tuck to a show - she stays in the house away from flies, and she is miserable. I kid her a lot and carry on, but it doesn't help her a bit. Just think of a young bride with infantile paralysis!

You may smile when I laugh about it, but she can't see anything funny in it at all. Remember when we were at Estes Park she had a phobia regarding appendicitis and every time she moved and some pain was caused by the move she was sure it was appendicitis. She was sure the surgeon's scalpel would be working on her equatorial diameter.