

November 16, 1942

Owen Maloney Jr.
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Chicago, Illinois

Dear Owen:

Your mama left last night to spend the week in Tulsa, Marilyn and friend having driven her to Ottawa to make the train. She was greatly disappointed in not getting a letter from you yesterday, and in fact had not heard from you since about the first day you arrived in Chicago.

There is not much in the way of news and as we are sending you the Journal-World, you probably know what is going on.

Dolph wrote a "Heard in Lawrence" today about two of our boys being in the air corps. One was McNown, formerly on the mail, who is now a Major and is in command of an air squadron. Ed Stout, your childhood playmate, is a Second Lieutenant in the same squadron.

I presume you had classes under Professor Taft. Saturday afternoon he was found collapsed in his office chair in his laboratory and was taken to Lawrence Memorial Hospital. A call to the house today said that he had spent a good night. W. J. Baumgartner, who is in the same department, attributes it to exhaustion, partly the result of Taft never taking any recreation.

We are all interested in you and realize that it is going to take hard work and close application on your part to make the grade. It can be done and therefore you can do it. I have always figured that what anyone else could do well, I could at least do fairly well. I might have to take a back seat, however, when it comes to music, either vocal or instrumental.