Saturday eve – May first

Dear Lee:

I have just stumbled upstairs under the heavy load of one of mother’s famous Saturday evening dinners – steak, sweet potatoes rolled in bread crumbs and fried a la Minker, purple cabbage, fruit salad, milk and pie. I have to account for your portion of meat as well as my own – and it does weigh me down now and then. I had some help on Easter Sunday. Ben and Walter were here as I wrote you. Walter is a pretty good eater, and did he put away those chicken legs?

I am so glad you had a pleasant day at the Chancellor’s home. I liked him as a fellow student and he has developed himself splendidly. How does he do on the platform? He knows Dr. Marlatt and Mr. Fouke and a host of others, friends of mine whom you have met. There are not many spots on the globe where there is no representative
of Boston University School of Theology. I imagine he was interested in Dickinson, and I hope you stood up for our great little college. I have found that my foundation laid there has been the equal of any anywhere, and that I could match minds with any of them. And the same holds for you.

You will be interested a copy of a letter sent Mrs. Hering by Don Yost, d-m-m-o-r. credited with a number of Jap planes. Send this back to me by return mail as I need it for a speech. It's a fine spirit.

We're going to Montgomery for a couple of hours this evening.

We are pulling for you every minute. Keep your feet on the ground and keep yourself in shape.

As ever,

Dad