

Friday, March 26, 1943

Dear Lee:-

I have found it hard the last few days to make myself believe the saying "No news is good news". Daddy tells me that he wrote you air mail yesterday and asked that you reply by wire letting us know just how you are.

This is a lovely spring day, and if you were here we would be working in the garden together. Mr. Briggs just trimmed the rosebushes and I am going out to clear the beds of old foliage, etc., as soon as I finish this. The crocuses are in bloom today. All the boys who are worth anything at all are being used by folks on nearby farms so that these left here at the school are not the good workers. How everything is going to be done here on the farm I don't know. Whatever is done in the garden I guess I'll have to manage somehow myself.

There is very little news since I wrote on Wednesday. You wrote that you have sent Prof. Thompson a letter. Has he had time to reply? The last time we were up, to bring you home, he remarked that all the time you had been in Dickinson he had never heard anyone say an unkind thing about you. He also said that the whole faculty felt that Craver was in the wrong that time when you and he had the trouble about the exam. I thought you might like to know that.

Wherever you are and whatever you are going thru remember that we are all thinking of you and wishing we might

be there to do something. Maybe I have never told you very often in so many words, but you are very dear to your daddy and me.

Lots of love.

Mother