

December 13, 1943

Dear Lee:

I don't know whether you have ever read the following poem or not. It was written about two years ago by an American boy, John G. Magee, Jr., - a Methodist, by the way, and is called "High Flight". I suppose it expresses what you have experienced many, many times.

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed- and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds- and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence, hov'ring there,  
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up, the long delirious, burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace  
Where never lark or even eagle flew-  
And while with silent lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

Tuesday

Your very nice letter came this morning. Yes, it was alright to open the box containing the underwear, socks, etc. Those were things which you had on hand. You still have some underwear which was gotten new before you went back to Dickinson and has never been worn. Your Christmas box was sent last week and was marked not to be opened.

We are having very cold weather, also, but no snow so far. I'll let you know about calling us, after checking with daddy and the rest of the family. Daddy's cold is much better, - he has no temperature but still a cough, so he is not back in the office ~~just~~ yet. So with trying to keep him straight, take care of the office and house and get ready for Christmas I am a little bit busy. Also, I am trying to make an evening dress for Bernice, for she is invited to a formal dance at Tower Hill December 23rd.

The duPont Echo is supposed to be in the mails so that the boys in the service will receive it for Christmas, but Bernice says it is not ready yet. We are trying to get out an issue of The Ferris Wheel this week, and I'll have a copy of that sent to you. Enclosed is a copy of The Dickinsonian, which we were informed would be sent for you to us each time and then we could forward it to you.

Excuse me if this letter is short. I'll write more later.

Lots of love.

Mother