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December 2, 1944

Dearest Lee:-

I hope you have a chance to listen in to the Army-Navy game this afternoon. If you do and you hear any loud rooting for the Army you can imagine it is coming from your daddy, for he and Uncle Roger are leaving for Baltimore shortly. Uncle Marion called last night and said he was lucky enough to secure 3 tickets, so the three of them are going to take it in. It is a bitter cold day, the coldest we have had, and just a while ago it stopped snowing. I got daddy's old furlined coat down from the attic, so I guess he won't suffer; but I hate to think of some of the pretty young things who will be going dressed in their prettiest but none too warmly. Bernice, of course, would like to be going, but that is out of the question.

For daddy's birthday present I gave him a copy of D. Earl Marlott's new book "Lands Away". I have not read it all, but here is something very beautiful which I found in it the other night. It is part of Gen. MacArthur's cablegram thanking the University of Wisconsin for the honorary citation given to him at the commencement exercises. "I feel the warmth of a wanderer returning in the twilight of his days from scenes of struggle, agony, and death to the still cloistered halls of youth and peace.....And in the end, through the long ages of our quest for light, it will be found that truth is still mightier than the sword. For out of the welter of human carnage and human sorrow and human weal, the indestructible thing that will always live is a sound idea.....You have rededicated me to an imperishable ideal, and you have refreshed the battleworn spirit of an old soldier with the fragrance that clusters around the sacred memories of that magic word home."

There is much ado about the fact that after December 10 the Army is going to purchase virtually all chickens produced in Delaware. The order is expected to be in force at least until March, 1945. I note by this morning's paper that the first Christmas tree shipments are here. I fear, with Pilot around, we will have to have a table tree this year.

We are having Dr. & Mrs. Johns and Ben out for dinner tomorrow. Ben is still hanging around.

Walter Scott, our houseboy for several months, went in town on [this] past Thursday afternoon and never came back; so now we are breaking in another boy. Such is life at Ferris!

Daddy wrote you last night, so there isn't much news for me to tell this morning. All my love, as always.

Mother