

September 30, 1942]

Tuesday evening:

Dear Emmett:

Am sending you three more travellers cheques. This ought to hold you awhile. I wish you would quit writing home the things you know "gripe" me. I meant to tell you not to before you left. For instance, not having paid your board--I can see no excuse for not having done it during the week. And I wish you had taken my advice and made ~~some~~ some real effort to get a slide rule before you went away. Also think you could have checked up on what you would have to have in the way of supplies--so I could have gotten as many as possible at the office and saved some money for you. I think it is foolish for you to get NEW books--at about twice the price you might get used ones for--if used ones could be had. Emmett, you don't seem to realize that you will fritter away a dollar here and a dollar there that will run into real money--that can be used to make less work for you in getting through school--if you do get through, what with the draft, etc. I know--its the same old thing. And it will be as long as you persist in the course you now follow. I didn't tell you not to write those things because I was sure you knew how I felt and I was sure you would start to take a different view of things when you got to school--would realize there is more than this moment to your life--there's years ahead--and discipline comes easier in the early years, I don't intend to "raze" you by mail, Emmett, but I do want you to quit doing the things you know worry me--at least quit writing about them to us here. Can't you see its all because I'm so darned proud of you, and want you

to be all that I have dreamed of and ached to be for years? I'm not going to write any more like this, Emmett. I want you to learn as much as you can in the time you are there--you may be called soon or late and afterward may not be able to start in where you left off--and the more you learn now the better equipped you will be for the future. Guess that's all for tonight. No doubt you, too, think its plenty.

Mother is doing nicely. I took your letter down and read it to her this evening. She was having "gas pains" today. Looks much better--her color is returning. I washed Sunday and intended to iron tonight, but Mrs. Booth had Jack bring the clothes over this noon and she ironed them. And tonight as we were sitting down to supper "Aunty" came over with a swell big cake with thick yum-yummy icing. So we will have something sweet for a few days. Mother made two punkin pies Saturday before she was taken ill and we have had some of them. I haven't fried any steaks yet. MaryAnn is staying at Aunty Peg's at night, too. Quite thrilled. Poor Jack is sort of out of luck for help with his homework with mother away. Peg and Margaret Fogerty have been helping with his algebra and latin. He'll make out OK. Well this must end sometime and now is good as any.

Love from us all.

Dad