

Saturday Evening
Nov. 18, 1944

Hello Richard,

I got your letter today that was written two weeks ago this week end so I feel that this letter should be written to you. It'll be to the whole family, of course, and as soon as I get the first part written it'll be just to everyone in general.

You can guess that the student manager job is why I feel that this should be your letter. I read the part of the letter that Daddy had written first and he mentioned something about it but I didn't comprehend what he meant. He had been talking about his basketball team and I thought he meant you were managing it. But when I read your part of the letter and finally caught on, it struck me as nothing has struck me before. I don't know whether it was for joy, because of the surprise, because of memories or what, but I just couldn't contain my emotions. I actually broke down and had a little cry over it. I can't explain why but that's what happened.

I had been thinking about your going to college and naturally had been making mental pictures about it. This was a surprise almost

to the point of shock. I thought Eulen had the job and this never had entered my head. It looks to me like Treesh is keeping one of his managers pretty close in our neighborhood.

I can't say that I am sorry that things have turned out this way. I know that you will enjoy the job and get a whole lot of good from it. There is one thing about it though it's not a job that receives a whole lot of credit. Most of your pay will be in personal satisfaction.

I am going to feel very disappointed if I don't hear about you wearing my sweater at least once in a while to games. I'll think about my bright gold sweater sitting there on the bench and imagine I'm in it. Do as you please, of course, but wear it as often as you have the faintest desire to. I don't think you'll wear it out.

I wished hundreds of times last year that I could get back to see one of the basketball games but that won't compare with the desire now. Why it would be just about like having my old job again! I'd give several of my months pay checks (if I got checks) just to be back for a game or two. I certainly want to wish you all the success and luck in the

world.

By doing it this way you may be able to stay out of the service just a little while longer. And at least you'll be able to finish high school. Get all the good you can from it. I've never been sorry for the energy I've put into the last months of high school and almost wish I'd done more.

I hope that another few months will change the picture of the war and maybe just finishing high school will be the time you need. Even if it doesn't keep you entirely out I trust and pray that your fortunes won't be too bad when you do get in.

If by some chance things would change enough that you would be assured of enough time after high school is out to make it profitable, I'd like for you to consider seriously entering college.

Don't worry about what I have said in previous letters concerning your going to college. I have only been talking just as the situation appeared to me at that particular moment. I know that all things will work out for the best.

Well I never expected to say this much about it. I expect I'll talk a good bit about it before the winter's over. I sure want to hear about your work. So much for that.

O h yes before I forget it. I must have missed the letter that told about the last football game. at least I never heard about it. The Oct. 23rd letter told about the Wabash game and ⁱⁿ then the next letter, Nov 4, football seemed to be a thing of the past. Did you write any letters between those two dates. I think that was the only period in which some of my mail might have been lost.

Just a little while before that (but I think it must have slipped your mind) I didn't hear the results of Uncle Floy's accident. Just in case I don't get some of the missing letters, you might tell me about Teachers Institute, the Halloween doings and anything else that happened along about then. I'd appreciate it. Let me know if all my letters seem to be coming through. I have written at least three letters a week and once in a while more.

Looking over a few old letters I see that mother mentioned something about Joe Hartwell coming home but didn't know all about it then. How did it turn out?

Now I'll try to tell you a few things you wanted to know in the last letter. I expect though it'll turn out to be ^{more} ~~mostly~~ comments on things you said than answers. I hope you received my letters describing the

country here. Let me know if you didn't.

I'm anxious to hear more about how Jim makes out with basketball. He too has all my best wishes. I am glad to be getting good reports on the way the principal job is coming. May things continue to be that way.

How did the revival at Lilly Creek turn out?

You didn't ask me about the Tribunes but you said something about it and brought it to my mind. Those two I received about a week ago ~~are~~ all I have received. I guess they are supposed to be coming, aren't they?

About sending me things - I'll be glad to get anything you can send. I don't know exactly how strict the rules are but I believe things must almost be requested before they can be sent. Just in case that's the situation I'll try to think a little along ^{line and} this, let you know about it in the near future.

Of course I'm thinking about Thanksgiving and I've thought of something else I have to be thankful about that I haven't mentioned before. I've been fortunate in getting to stay all this time with my buddies and not having to make new acquaintances.

Well I've said about all I can think of tonight so I'll close till tomorrow. Goodnight.

Six PM Sunday Evening

I see that I wrote enough pages yesterday that I'll have to write small so I won't add much weight to the letter.

It's about noon back there and I'd sure give a lot to know what's going on. Sometimes I can hardly realize that there is so much space between me and home but at other times it seems a long way off. Right now it seems that several years have passed since I was back in Indiana. But I guess thinking about it that way will only make the time seem longer so I'd better stop.

I got to go to church again this morning and it certainly did me good. Sunday sure isn't complete without it. Besides that there is very little I can tell you about this day. I have scarcely budged from the barracks. With the exception of a very short nap I spent the entire afternoon reading. I read about two-thirds of a book between noon and supper time. I started on this immediately after supper so that about takes care of today.

If I was guessing about what went on or more properly will go on back at home this afternoon, I'd say that Richard and Jim would play some basketball before night. I'll bet that's the great thing on both their minds.

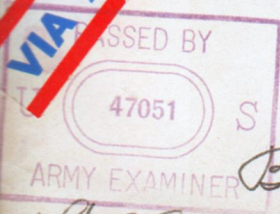
I sure hope you are all well and getting along O.K. I'm fine and not figuring on being any other way. God bless you all. Love
Donald.

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