

At Home
September 13, 44

Dear son -

It seems as though I have an awful
hard time getting a letter to you. If you will remem-
ber, me and letters have a hard time getting along,
that is, I have to be in a "letter mood" or I don't
get one written.

First, I'll start out by answering your
letter of several weeks ago. To begin with, that
particular letter you wrote will always be among
my most cherished possessions. You wrote things
in it which I felt for some time you wanted
to say, and it did me a lot of good read them
and know you meant every word of it. You
need not ask me if you can call me God,
that is the way it should be, and it makes
realize more than ever you are my son.
You know, Bob, I never thought of our
relation in any other way. I always felt,
and tried to show that, our relation was
one which I would want to exist between
skippy and your own Father, if our position
should have been reversed. In other words,
I wanted to be the Father to you which you

had the right to expect, and like wise I
 wanted you to be the son to me which such
 a relation would promote, you certainly have,
 and on countless occasions I have had cause
 to be known as your dad with no little
 amount of pride, and as the years roll
 by, I know the some opportunity will
 come again to say this or that about
 my oldest son, or to point you out of
 a crowd and say that's my boy - In
 fact, I hardly complete a day without
 relating some of the things my son is
 doing or has written about. So you see,
 no one could be more proud than I, to
 have a son in whom you have the
 greatest faith in - so, "dad" I am, and
 hope I always will be, as son to me
 you are, you have been and always
 will be - sentiment be hanged - that
 isn't sentiment, it's the only kind of love
 which could and should exist between
 Father & Son. (I am having an awful time
 trying to write, Mother is sitting on the bed
 cutting her toe-nails, and after two sighting
 shots, she has finally gotten my range, and am

I (Catching the devil for sure, one just landed on the back of my kneck and nearly knocked a vertebrae out of joint), so much for that, you know how I feel any how.

I was pleased to hear you made marks-man, but think that you must having been firing under unfavorable conditions of some sort or another. for I know you can do better, around 180 or 190 out of a possible 200 should be about right for you until you have become more familiar with the rifle - keep it up - that's good enough to make "monkeys" sing - but the better, the best -

Buck is getting so fat he waddles when he attempts to run, its really pitiful I'll have to put him on a diet along with Skip, (different Chow for each tho) I haven't had an opportunity to ride him yet, and he sure is fussy, buck jumps and sun-fishes all over the Corral.

We heard from Chuck to-day, he is on his way to Piñon and Santa Lucia for a couple of weeks - He wishes you were with him - They had quite a fire in Paloma about two weeks ago - 15,000 acres - only 21 on Forest

balance on state land -

We started up Soma Prieta, Labor Day but got about half way and the lizzie was boiling so badly we come back down - maybe we can get a new radiator soon - then the old wagon will be alright - I imagine a lot of things will be released when Germany folds up.

About my knife, Bob, you certainly can have it when you need it, just let me know, and I'll send it along. Maybe before you need it, I can find a better one for you -

We are about ready to pick our delicious apples, about 8 boxes I guess - not much of a crop, but they will good eating around Christmas - How did you like the ones Mother + Skip + Sonny sent you - ? Did they last long after you opened?

I am getting pretty sleepy, so better sign off. I'll write again soon -

As ever, you loving
Dad -