

COPY

L-F-M 1a

Box 100

Marcy, N. Y.

Ded. 9, 1947

Dear Mother:

Received your letter this noon. It was unexpected, as I did not intend to let you know of the situation... I suppose it was necessary to complete their records that impelled the authorities here to let you know.

"Coronary thrombosis shall not defer these zealots from their duty", would be a fitting inscription to any commemoration of their efforts. The poet has also immortalized this "clumsy plunging of fingertips among heart-strings".

You see I am my old sardonic self... I wondered what I might write that may cause your lot to be easier. Always I have wanted to heed Gump's admonition not to come home crying when I was licked. I had intended it so in the present condition.

This line of thinking may account for my lapses in correspondence. From the present situation with its stigma, it seems preferable to go down to total and final defeat, slugging and in the gutter, rather than appeal to the men of knowledge and religion, as I have done, and without result. Interminable crying and complaining, punishment, advice, etc. seems to have created in myself a feeling of unworthiness, and the memory of discipline, brutality, privation, and failure, makes the striving appear futile.

There have been occasions when I might have been rewarded, had I subscribed to ideas and tenets, which I knew to be wrong. There are penalties for being honest.

If I could have been complacent and smug, self-sufficient, and trampling on all and sundry who obstructed my route to a particular goal, I would have been the normal man. My goals changed or vanished when I found the sacrifices necessary, in myself and others, to the attainment of such goals.

My philosophizing never aroused great sympathy from you, but for myself,