My dear S. T. Bell: Many congrats returns! In reading the Sunday Times magazine contribution to Jane (now 70) and the Tribune column to Longfellow (Seattle), because they get the Times regularly. I like both interviews. They cause both correspondents to make the good sense merely to piece together the blocks of their own lovely rich quilt—(not "buff").

But my righteous wrath is rampant against S. T. (who for their falsely so-called Charcoal portrait of you, couldn't identify as dingle lines among all those libellous smudges.) Would you have believed it over a
Your letter of Oct. 21st, but there was your own sig. — so I just had to, much as I hated it. The photo at the end somewhat mollifies my lacerated feeling, as Petroleum V. Nasby used to say it.

You'll never know how much I just revel in your many successes. Nor how you figure in my nightly quiet times as you come to have them in Calvary's or another corner of your Shamrock Park.

Your reference to biology reminded me of "Bub" Thobum. Did you ever hear that tale Stanford created his Chair of Biology for "Bub" to fill, so that freshman Roger Henry was among his students? Of course the.scope of the passing (8/26/37) of him may each illuminate.