

24 April 44

Dear Mr. Nabrit,

Hell no I didn't receive the January Bulletin – nor the one before that, nor the other dozen or so before that. I've known Otto for eight years now. It's the first idea he's had worth its weight on paper. It's a good one.

You suggested that I close my eyes and return with you for a visit to old Howard. Of course I couldn't figure how I could close my eyes and read the letter too but by cheating a little with a wink here and a squint there. It was just about like walking the campus again.

I have always contended that Howard is somewhat unique among universities in the way it refuses to let you forget it despite time and space. Whenever I want to inject myself with a good dose of nostalgia I follow your prescription to the letter – close my eyes and return – not home nor to church nor to “U” Street – but to Howard. I can really make myself miserable.

Seems to me as though I have sent a dollar or so to the University for the Scholarship Fund. That was well over a year ago now. I hadn't forgotten the university but the fund was certainly lost to me. An occasional bulletin would remedy that. The last one I saw was on the Louisiana November (last spring) in the hands of a man who did very, very, little reading or writing. He asked me to read parts of it for him. I found a picture of myself in it. Must have been pretty old.

I observe that the university is struggling through an extremely crucial period in its history. Women running a student council and the Hilltop!! I wouldn't be surprised that they are presiding over the classes too. Next thing you know they'll be flying airplanes, voting, and drilling with the A.S.T.P. Good luck to them. I'm sure they're doing the good job – (considering their innate handicaps)

I hope to be in D.C. at the end of next month. I'll drop in on you. Meantime, I'll appreciate the Bulletin's you've been hoarding up there.

Yours,

Lucas