

Columbia Seminary,  
701 Columbia Drive,  
Decatur, Georgia,  
November 8, 1942.

Dear Mother,

As Junie wrote you, I've moved across the street to the Methodist Orphanage. They call me the "new matron." I have a cottage of about a dozen boys between eleven and fifteen. It takes a lot of time but it's an enjoyable job and I don't think I've ever had one I enjoyed more.

All the boys sleep in one big room and I have a private room next to them. I have to get them up, see that they fix up the house, issue clean clothes, see that they clean out their ears at least once a season and well,--I have to do all the things you had to do for us when we were that age--everything from giving an occasional spanking to putting them back in bed when they walk in their sleep. For the most part we get on fine together.

I still get a little studying done but not too much. Remember how much time it took you to keep up with Cap and me? Well suppose you had eleven that age all at once--the smallest one just came in the door and asked, "Whatchu doin'?"

Most of them came from bad homes and now and again it comes out in them but as a whole they aren't particularly bad. The other night we had a missionary speaker, who like most missionaries was a half hour late. Several of the boys waited around a while and then left. They told me they stayed a "while" and then left but I was pretty sure they left before the meeting started so I asked them where I sat. One said at the front, one at the back, one "somewhere between the front and the back." And then I told them that I had introduced the man in charge of the meeting and taken a seat nearby and that if they'd really been there they would have surely known that. I've spanked a couple so far but these kids have been spanked so much that it doesn't mean anything to them. It's more punishment to make them go out and patch holes in the road, match up a bag of odd socks alone, rake leaves, or something like that. Some of them are just as fine as they can be.

I'd been planning to spend this week end with Kat but guess I won't get to see her now until Christmas. If this job lasts that long I guess she'll come down here. The cottage is fixed so a married couple can stay with the boys.

Yesterday morning out of a clear sky I got a notice to be in Chicago Tuesday morning for a physical examination. The Georgia State Selective Service men told me that I was entitled to take it here so I merely wrote them a nice little letter telling them that the Georgia men advised me to write them to let me be



examined down here. I don't have any idea what that means--it could mean that they might be planning to call me sometime before so very long. It hasn't caused me any worry; to tell the truth I made the phone calls, wrote the letter and have practically dismissed the matter from my mind. There's no point in worrying about things like that--I think Romans 8:28 means that God has a hand in all those things and that whatever comes in his providence is best. Did you ever stop to think that God allows this war in mercy--it was the only thing that would turn people back to him--you can't say it that way to a lot of people but what does the verse mean that says, "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee and the remainder of wrath wilt thou restrain" if it doesn't mean that God has a permissive and controlling and overruling hand in it all?

Write me a good newsy letter. I don't mind a bit if it's like this one--sentences thrown together too hastily to be grammatically perfect. I like to just sit down at the typewriter and write letters like this to folks who won't hold it against me.

I've learned a little of the fingering on the violin but don't have any time to practice since I moved over with the boys. They like the zither and sometimes I play for them a little. Tell Dad that I certainly do appreciate his buying it for me--I doubt if I ever would have learned to play anything if he hadn't gotten it for me.

My name is Sam Greer. I am 13 years old. This is the first time I ever typed any. -----Little Sam just came in so I let him write a sentence or two. Sam got a bad start in life and the psychologists say he's a moron but he's as witty and sharp as Cap. He's still in the third grade and the teachers can't make him work. I get along just fine with him but have to put my foot right down on him every so often. He enjoyed the "typing" a lot but by this time he's probably back in some kind of mischief. Write him a paragraph when you write to me.

I'd better go out and quiet them down a little. It's after eight in the evening. They're going to listen to a story over the radio and then I'm going to put them in bed by nine thirty.

*Lots of Love*  
*Greer*