

Tuesday, January 9, 1945.

Dearest Lee:

It's a good thing we have the newspapers so we can keep tabs on what you are doing. Your picture is in the Morning News and a brief item saying that you have been awarded the Air Medal for outstanding performance in a bombing mission over Europe. It makes my heart swell with pride, but on the other hand I wish your fine talents could be used in building up instead of destroying; and I hope the day is not too far distant when that will be true.

Ferris plays Tower Hill in basketball here this afternoon. I suppose Walter will be on hand, although he is not as good a basketball player as he is a football and baseball player.

Daddy is now interviewing a Capt. Dean from the airbase and his wife, to ascertain whether our hours and his can be made to fit into each other so that he could be here in the evenings and she in the daytime to help me in the office.

It looks as though Fred has been sent out of the country, for in this afternoon's mail came a letter from him to Bernice, marked APO 89, Postmaster N.Y.

Ben just came out to see the game. He has reported to his draft board again asking for action and is now waiting a telephone call. Mary and her children have been at the parsonable since Dec. 15 and are returning to Oneonta on Monday. Ben is planning to return with them, as Mary is alone. If called, it can be worked thru the draft board there.

I am writing Trice Culver. Do you remember him? His mother sings in Grace choir and Mrs. Joyce, who lived next door to grandmother Jones, is his aunt. He is somewhere in England, having been wounded in the leg; but I believe he is now doing some kind of non-combat duty. We heard that tuberculosis of the bone had set in on account of the injury, but I am not sure that this is correct.

Don't be too modest to tell us about your air medal. Does it mean that you have completed a certain number of missions, or does it have some other meaning?

Our best to you, dear, and all our love.

Mother