

1

Ferris Industrial School of Delaware

Box 230

Wilmington, Delaware

Wednesday evening the 3rd of March, 1943

Dear Lee:-

Your letter was a tonic. Mother and I rode in to the Post office last night as I had done Sunday and Monday nights, and the letter was there. We didn't wait to get home to read it. We put the inside light of the Packard on, and, in front of the Post office we read it. You sense from this that letters from you mean a lot to us.

I realize something of the rush and hurry of these early hours in the new situation, and I know it meant a lot to find the few minutes it took to write those paragraphs to us. Dr. I. Meredith Samuel's address is c/o State Council of Defense, 9th and Kings Sts, Wilmington, Delaware. If you get a chance, drop him a thank you note.

Mr. Baker is heading the Red Cross Drive for \$450,000 this month. Sunday afternoon he presided at a Mass Meeting in Hotel duPont

2

Dr. Johns, Mr. Boykin and I attended. The President of the Norwegian Government in Exile spoke. Dr. Hambro was his name. I wish you could have heard him-- a forceful speaker who speaks out of a terrific experience. When the Drive is over I'll remind you, and I'll get you to write Mr. Baker a hello and a word of congratulations.

A rather sad thing happend here this afternoon. Miss Stewart, one of our teachers whom you probably met, slipped on the steps coming from the school building. She wouldn't go to the Infirmary but insisted on being taken home. Raymond Eckard and another boy carried [her] to the station wagon, took her home, and carried her into her home. She died just a short time afterward. She taught me years ago, and I am glad I had the chance to make the last year of her life happier than it might have been -- because if I hadn't given her work no one else would have done so.

Wilmington's new siren is in place and we have a test blackout tomorrow night along with Maryland and Pennsylvania. We test our new signals. From the way Hitler is talking

3

we may need to use our Civilian Defense Organization. It may be just the bravado sputterings of a dying or trapped bandit.

Well, kid, the best to you. Keep yourself in the old tip top shape, and just be yourself. They don't come any finer than you, and you don't have to apologize to any of them when it comes to real manhood. I'm pulling for you every minute.

As always, Dad

4

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5

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