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Ferris Industrial School of Delaware Box 230 Wilmington, Delaware

Monday morning, June 28, 1943

Dear Lee,

Maybe my boss won't fire me for getting off a letter to you before I do any office work this morning.

We had the mail picked up on the 9 o'clock trip last night and in it were your two letters,- the form one to me and the one to daddy. Up to the time of receiving the letters we had been listening for the telephone to ring, thinking you might be calling us from somewhere, for it had seemed a long time since we heard from you. We read your letter to the guests who were [there] in the evening,- Dr. & Mrs. Johns, Dr. & Mrs. Colona, Dr. & Mrs. Bond, and they all enjoyed it, almost as much as we.

I hope the letters sent to Lincoln were forwarded so you will be getting some news from the home front. I'll pass your address on to some others.

We have had about 10 days of sweltering weather, and although it rained hard late yesterday afternoon there is no let up, the thermometer being around 93-94 every day. This, or something, has brought out the beetles [sic] so that the rosebuds have to be picked every day. The Madonna lily is blooming nicely and the one next to it will be out soon. I planted some cosmos this year and they are beginning to bloom. Strawberries are gone and raspberries should be next, but I can find only three or four bushes. Blackberries should be plentiful, although the beetles [sic] are now on them.

Ben left last Thursday for Andover to go to summer school. It depends on how he gets along this summer whether or not he will be able to enter that school in the fall.

Bernice is teaching every morning at Westminster vacation school, and beginning today she will be at the Delaware Hospital as a volunteer worker for the Jr. N.W.V.S., working in the diet kitchen I think. Grandmother Jones has been up to Aunt Grace's over a week, so Shirley has had to steer things around the house in the morning.

We had a blackout Friday evening from 9 to ten, and an air-raid test yesterday afternoon shortly after 2. Daddy and Mr. Blaine were attending a flag-raising service at Brookland Terrace. Of course daddy had to leave, and the crowd had to disband until the all-clear.

Just before the storm broke yesterday afternoon a huge TWA plane circled over our house, almost touching some of the taller trees, then landed at the duPont airport. I imagine it was coming down on account of the storm, for after it was over we saw it take off again.

You do seem to have a full schedule, but I imagine you would rather have it that way than have to sit around with time on your hands. You kept a copy of that letter which was written to Mrs. Hering, I guess. I have read it many times and it gives me courage and helps a lot to know that the person who wrote that has been able to keep his ideals and not be filled with hate, as

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many people, civilian and military, insist is necessary. I hope it will help you, also, to keep the right perspective on things. I want you to learn to fly- not kill; if the time ever comes when it is necessary, to get planes, not murder. Every Sunday morning daddy prays in church for the boys in the service and of course we send up a special one for you, not only on Sunday but every day.

Howell Wilkins was in church yesterday, having come down for the week end. He says your Microcosm will be mailed home. Do you want me to mail it to you or will it be in the way. Your suitcase has not come thru yet; but I remember that it took your laundry case and clothes a long time to get from Miami.

Julia sat in front of us in church yesterday morning. She has a job for the summer in the duPont company.

Did I tell you that Mr. Boykin has a nephew at Santa Ana? He has been in the hospital, having been operated on for hernia about a month ago. I will check and get his address. It might be that your paths will cross. He is married, but not very old I take it. I believe he comes from Texas.

Mr. Hamm is going away today for a few days, which means that I will have to be at the office during the evenings I guess.

This is the week of the summer school at Ocean Grove, which I have attended for the last two years, you know; but because I am a "working lady" I did not go this year.

The Blue Rocks have been slipping some lately. The clippings I have are over at the house so this letter may go off without them if I find some one going in town who can mail it this morning. I know you are anxious for mail.

Love from every one of us and of course we are always wishing for you the very best.

Mother