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Ferris Industrial School of Delaware

BOX 230

Wilmington, Delaware

Monday morning, 7/19/43

Dear Lee:-

I have certainly been very happy over your being able to classify yourself as a pilot. You hit the bullseye -- and I am glad! It has been plenty tough and rough at times, I know, but you've tried to make the most of it, and you've done it. Here's to you!

I met a Captain John Daunt from the Army Air Base near here a few weeks ago. He struck me just right. He reminded me of you. He is probably twenty-three or twenty-four years old -- was through two of his three years at Law School when he became a cadet. He came over and talked to the boys last night and then came over to the house for a drink of Coco Colo (sic) with us. The Air Base band of fifty men played for us. He's a New England boy, by the way.

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We had a fine Honor Roll plaque placed in the vestibule of the church yesterday. [Grace United Methodist] The enclosed calendar will give you an idea of the service. It was terribly hot but we had a fine congregation. Ross Pillsbury happened to be home, and I said hello to him for you.

I think you are abreast [of] the baseball news. The Blue Rocks played bang-up ball last Wednesday when they defeated the Athletics in an exhibition game. They are holding their own but they are not gaining a lead. Lancaster looks very good, and it's going to be a tight finish. There has been remarkably fine attendance considering the travel restrictions.

They seem to be doing plenty of bungling and squabbling in Washington. Bridges is rather sick of it but feels that it's just what the President has asked for. He isn't strong for Wallace

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as a successor and he did not care for Jesse Jones. Hence, he staged the battle so that he could set them both down. That's the story from here. By the way, have you written Senator Bridges. I think he would enjoy a few lines from you -- telling him about your sport, and that you wish him luck as he plugs away in his hard spot as a ranking minority member of the Senate.

Well, it's time for breakfast -- and the 7:45 a.m. Horn and Hardadt (sic) news broadcast. The boys have been doing a grand job in Sicily, haven't they -- and everywhere for that matter.

Take care of yourself now. Know that we're pulling for you every minute. I'll try to have some addresses in nearby places for you the next time I write.

As always,

Dad~