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Tuesday morning [July 20?1943]

Dear Lee:

Daddy said it was a good ballgame last night. He was there in time to see the last of the game.

He came in the office yesterday afternoon looking rather pale and I found out he had just parted with a pint of blood for the red cross.

We are having some difficulty getting coupons for oil here at the school. Word has never come thru as to whether it is necessary for us to convert back to coal or not, but in the meantime we must keep using oil for laundry, hot water, etc. There is always so much red tape to go thru in such matters.

Washington cottage plays Elsmere in baseball tomorrow night. That is Walter's team. We can't get games with any team which has to be transported, so we try to play Elsmere every two weeks or so. We have no wonderful players and usually get beat, but the boys like to meet some outside teams once in a while. It certainly would help could daddy get someone who could direct such sports, but that seems to be impossible. Sunday afternoon he spent part of the time playing ball with the boys. This should be something more than a custody center, but it is hard to get leadership that senses that or is able to do much to help along that line.

Do they have golden bantum corn in California? The corn here at the school has been very good this year. I'll be glad when the lima beans come so that we may have some good old succotash. How about it?

Grandmother Minker has had her house insulated, for the folks upstairs were always complaining about the heat. It should also save some fuel this winter.

1:30 p.m.

When I went over for lunch I found that Bernice had written you this morning, so I take it she has told you all the news.

Love from everybody. Mother

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[image of a compass?]