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Ferris School for Boys

BOX 230

Wilmington 99, Delaware

November 11, 1943

My dear Lee:-

What a life you are having! I recall what a thrill it gave me to go as far as Boston -- a distance I did not travel until I had finished College, and what a sensation I got out of going as far as Evanston, Illinois, for a teaching assignment. And here you are stepping around the country as if it was a back yard. I enjoyed so much the tale of your trip, and while you are still a million miles too far away so far as my feelings are concerned, it sounds closer to say you are in Texas than it would to say California. Mother and I studied one of your maps and located Pecos. It's all a bit vague to us but we'll try to keep up with you. All I know or can recall knowing about

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Texas was associated with the name "Ma" Ferguson.

I suppose mother or Bernice have told you that the painting of the house is finished and that we are settled again. Everything looks fine -- a new chair and davenport in the living room adding a little more charm to the place. I have a new painter -- an Englishman with a bit of a brogue -- who is doing pretty well for an Englishman.

Have you had a chance to read Lawson's "Thirty Seconds Over Tokio"? He's done a splendid bit of description in the book, it seems to me. I didn't lay it down after I started it -- which is something for me, you know. From your general schedule I take it you have little time for any such reading -- but read it if you get a chance.

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Mother and I saw "Princess O'Rourke" at Warner Theatre last night. It's a delightful show -- good clean fun and well done. I haven't developed an appetite yet for "For Whom the Bell Tolls" -- which is supposed to be outstanding.

We've had our first snow here to-day. It did not last of course, but it made us all think of winter. You don't remember, I guess, A.S.M. Hutchinson's book, "If Winter Comes" -- written around the last world war. We have it -- based on a quotation, "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

The Bombers open their league season to-night, and I'll be there. Wish you could be with me. I'll send you the News-Journal Co. writeups.

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Everybody asks for you. Dr. Corley was here for the Board meeting to-day, and was speaking of you. Mr. Worth wants all the news you send on airplanes. You'll recall he used to own and fly a plane. Mr. Boykin said he wrote you just before you left Thunderbird Field. "Jeff" is always inquiring for you. (He's doing better, by the way, and I certainly hope he can keep it up. He's a fine illustration of what the drink habit can do to even a talented fellow. He would have had a fine rank in the Army to-day if he had left the stuff alone. Sometimes I feel like busting him in the nose -- and at other times I feel like crying over him! Mr. Cavanaugh always inquires for you -- and hosts of others. You've got a great many more friends than you think in "this here old town."

I'll be watching the Northwestern-Notre Dame game with interest. Notice how I put it. Lynn Waldorf, Coach of Northwestern, is a Methodist Bishop's boy. You know, then,

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where my sympathies will be. I hope you can hear the broadcast of it. The Eagles-Washington Redskins (14-14) game last Sunday was a "beaut" to listen to.

Today is Armistice Day -- and there's a certain irony in even the mention of it with the world situation as it [is]. I wish I could describe how the world of 1918 reacted to those magic words a -- "an armistice has been signed" --- and I hope the day is not far distant when we'll hear the same words.

Keep up your fine work, kid, and be your own fine self always. I'm with you every minute, and only wish I could be alongside of you doing the same things and taking the same grind.

As always

Dad~