Sunday evening, December 9, 1944

Dear Lee:

Mother is making a speech at Claymont and Bernice is leading the Worship Service in the Young Peoples Meeting at Grace Church—showing you that the family's reputation is being looked after while you and Shirley are away. All of us have tried to fit in where we could— which is a pretty satisfying way to live, I think.

I Bishop McKinnon of the Episcopal Church who made the contact in El Paso for you spoke at Grace this morning. I presided. Dr. Johns is still laid up with the grippe. The Bishop's sermon was excellent.
This afternoon I saw the Bombers beat the New York team by one point in a pretty thrilling game. I wish you could have seen it. The Governor and I went together. He sent his best by the way. We have a good chance to win the first half. I'll send you the News' story of the game later.

We were interested in your description of the phone call to us. The rate operator here told me that the cost of a call (night rate) (station to station) is $2.25 plus 20% tax or $2.70. You might check on this. Of course, you put your call in just a little before 7:00 p.m., when the night rate becomes effective. Plan to do the same thing toward the end of this month. It does us all good to hear each other's voice.

I have read your letter on dress uniforms, and will begin to inquire this week about what is available here. I'll talk to Mr. Snellenburg about the matter—and then to one of the officers at the Air Base. Then I'll write you.
Don't worry, I won't do anything until you give me the green light.

I had a little laugh the other day after looking at your ties and thinking of your tastes and mine. I am collecting quite a few new ones and it will be interesting to see if you like them any better. It's been alright so far. You've liked yours and I've liked mine. If we both begin to like those red, fully designed ones it's going to be a daily rush for the tie rack.

I've been trying to get Bernice to bring me some a copy of the "Echo." Maybe you've received it. Several people have spoken to me about the poem Bernice has in it. I've read and I think it is one of the finest I've ever read. I believe it
would be rated very high by real judges. She has some real ability along this line—(although poets don't usually eat sirloin steak often unless they have a good sponsor).

I am glad you liked your watch—and that you received such a nice assortment of things for Christmas. We were surely with you in spirit.

By this time you've started your Advanced Training—and luck to you! The weeks will be busy ones and will pass pretty rapidly. You may not have a lot of time to write. We'll understand. Do the best you can even if it's just a penny postal saying hello. I believe it might be possible for you to work a little extra time into your furlough if you go about it right. Some fellows have been able to get a special pass at the beginning and a couple of extra days—which, of course, would cover your travel time and give you the full period at Rome. Turn it over and let me know what can be done.
Don't worry about it until a couple of weeks before graduation but be sure to let me know what the picture is. If it can't be done from that end I think Senator Buck can help us a bit.

Well, I've almost talked myself out. Ok yes, I knew there was something else. Do you recall Major Yost, the friend of Mr. Hering, who wrote the interesting letter I sent you while you were at Lincoln. He is home—Mr. and Mrs. Hering went to see him to-day. I think he has some kind of temporary assignment here on the East Coast.

The best to you—love from all of us including Ginger.

Dad—