

January 12, 1944

Dearest Lee:

I don't know whether daddy told you in his letter that he had received the \$35. or not. He said he forgot a lot of things he wanted to mention. Have you had time to write all your "thank you" notes for Christmas gifts. The last time grandmother was talking to Aunt Florence on the phone she had not heard from you.

Bernice had three tickets to the Philadelphia Orchestra given her after the Christmas program at school, so Saturday evening I accompanied her and Charlotte to Philadelphia. We were two seats from the stage, - so we didn't miss anything. The concert was fine, with a violin soloist and a mezza soprano. Of course the girls had all sorts of criticisms to make of her, comparing her method of breathing, singing, etc. with that taught by Mr. Wyatt, but poor dumb me thought she wasn't so bad. I had had a rather hectic day at the office on Saturday, and the concert just seemed to help me relax and feel like myself. We were fortunate enough to catch the 10:30 express from Broad St., so were not too late getting into Wilmington, where daddy met us.

Ferris played Conrad last night and was beaten: Conrad U.V. 29  
Conrad 34; Ferris 14 Ferris J.V. 13  
A.I. went to Unionville in the afternoon and coming back three of the boys were in a serious accident. Their car struck a telephone pole and caught on fire. A car with five more of the team was just in back of them, so those five rushed to the flaming car and pulled the three out. Two of them are in serious shape and I believe the third had his leg broken. They were all brought to a hospital in Wilmington. They say something went wrong with the steering wheel.

I cut a piece out of last night's paper to send you but could not find it this morning. It was about Fred Dautel. He is at Nashville for classification in the Army Air Corps.

A card from Bob Crist's mother at Christmas says "Where is Lee these days? Bobby is at U. of P. in A.S.T.P. We are very grateful since he gets home every Sat. for 24 hrs." I shall try to write her soon and get Bob's address for you

I guess we all sent Marion Keen's cards to the wrong address. It should be Brookline Court Apts., Upper Darby, Pa.

You didn't mind my looking at the Christmas cards which you sent home, did you? Daddy was particularly interested in the one from the Schwartzes, for he had not seen Dr. Schwartz since Boston days.

Tomorrow is Board day here at school, and I must be away in Dover to attend an all-day annual meeting of the Conference W.S.C.S., so I am trying to get everything in shape today.

Lots of love.

Mother