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SUPERINTENDENT

# Ferris School for Boys

BOX 230

Wilmington 99, Delaware

Saturday, October 7

Dearest Lee:

Your address just reached me a few minutes ago and I am writing immediately. You will have to let me know whether airmail or V mail is the best to send you, for of course we can't tell from your address in which country you are located.

Well, dear, you certainly gave us the thrill of a lifetime last Wednesday. I shall never forget it as long as I live. Thinking you would arrive about 10 daddy had all the staff and boys assemble on the athletic field at 9:45. There we waited until about 11 and then decided that the visibility was so bad we could not see you. Daddy called the duPont airport and they checked on the weather and reported that planes were clearing Savannah for Bangor but if you were flying a B-17 you would have to stay at about 7,000 feet on account of the ceiling and of course could not be seen. Daddy had just gotten back from in town and was standing in his office with Aunt Margaret looking out the door when he saw your plane headed straight for him. Aunt Margaret called me at the house and Bernice, grandmother and I rushed out. Bernice had not been well and happened to be home from school, planning to go in on the 12:45 trip. Even Ginger and Pilot followed us out on the field. Could you see them? You almost gave me heart failure when I saw you coming down so low. If only Shirley could have seen you, too. Needless to say my heart went with you as you dipped over the house and flew away. By this time I suppose you have reached your destination, although this has been a terrible week for flying and maybe you were held up. This morning, however, the sun is shining brightly and it ought to be a good day for football.

I called Julia, of course, and told her the news. She went out of the office and watched from 9:50-10:10, she said.

Your box from Gulfport arrived yesterday morning. We were glad to get the picture of your crew.

The Browns have won two games in the World Series. Tower Hill tied with St. Andrews in football yesterday. A.I. did not play.

Howell Wilkins just came in and I had a chat with him. He was inquiring for you, of course.

We had another nice surprise on Wednesday. Just about the time you were flying over a call came from Philadelphia. It was Russell "Prof". Thompson, saying he was coming down to see daddy. So he did and stayed with us for dinner. The new semester begins next week and he had a few days between visiting his sister in Philadelphia.

*Wed, the  
4th*

I see by the paper that the Women's Flying unit, WASP, is to be disbanded. I guess there has been a lot of controversy over it, hasn't there?

We spent an hour with the Herings last night. Mr. Hering got a letter from his friend, - is his name Corcoran - one day this week saying he had spent some time with you and giving you some words of praise.

Grandmother Minker is coming out today to spend the weekend, and grandmother Jones is going up to Aunt Grace's.

You remember James Gilbert, don't you? We had a letter from him today. He is in New Guinea, - a pastry cook.

We are getting ready for our annual Field and Track Meet on Thursday, - Columbus Day. It will also be Board meeting today, so we shall be plenty busy.

Little "Mike" Snyder was quite thrilled over seeing you. He is only two. His mother and daddy took him in town for dinner Wednesday evening, and he was asking everybody he saw in the restaurant whether they knew Lee Minker.

Ginger is lying in the office beside me. She must be feeling her age, for she follows us over the office almost every day and stays here until I go home. I guess her offspring is too much for her, for Pilot likes to play with her and pester her.

Needless to say your many friends are continually asking for you and wishing you well. I am enclosing the poem "High Flight" which I think must describe your thoughts and feelings.

If only you could have the satisfaction and pleasure of flying without being engaged in this business of war! With all my love.

Molter