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Ferris Industrial School of Delaware

BOX 230

Wilmington, Delaware

December 23, 1944 9:30 p.m.

My dear Lee: -

Mother, the girls and I returned from New York City about four hours ago. We went up yesterday to hear the opera, Rigoletto, with Laurence Tibbit singing the lead. I'll let them describe it to you if they wish. It ought to be something they will always remember. It may fire the girls' enthusiasm for their singing a bit also.

We mailed you a Ferris Industrial School|Ferris Wheel this week. You will find it interesting, I think. Everything goes along reasonably well. You can read that between the lines. It's not easy to handle the poorer quality of personnel. But it's going along alright. The Wilmington Board of Education is lending me two teachers for night classes for the older boys -- something we have always needed for these boys, so many of whom are busy on other details during the regular hours of the academic school and so many of whom are not interested in an

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academic program if it is called by that name. One of these teachers stresses painting and handicraft, the other geography and related topics. I think it is a fine addition to our program.

Mother is sending you the clippings of the Bombers' games. Last week's game was a "beaut." The league is pretty evenly divided this year, and it looks like a close race! Eddie Gottlieb, manager of the Sphas, sat next to me last Sunday night and expressed the hope that Wilmington might win one half and the Sphas another and the play-off be as much of a thriller as the one we had last year. Will you ever forget those games? Moe Frankel seems to improve with age. Musi (Lt.) thinks every game will be his last. He is in Chemical Warfare.

We're thinking of you a great deal these days. The papers give us the usual articles on the European theatre. There's a new seriousness settling over everyone -- and it will

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mean some real knuckling down to business, I think. Here's hoping our offensive can get going again -- and the whole thing ended up. Maybe we can all do a better job toward making it forever unnecessary to sacrifice so much that is precious and irreplaceable in another war.

We are well. We're with you every minute -- God bless you.

As ever,

Dad ~