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RALPH L. MINKER
Superintendent

Ferris Industrial School of Delaware

BOX 230

Wilmington, Delaware

February 17, 1945

My dear Lee:-

I spent three days of this week in New York at the Superintendent's Conference. You will recall that it is usually held between Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays and that I always attend. It is quite a privilege to exchange ideas with others in this field. There are so many half-baked ideas on the matter of dealing with problem youngsters - and it is pretty refreshing to be with the group that has a realistic appreciation rather than an academic one. We mixed a little social life with the conference, going to the rather famous Latin Quarter for the dinner and show. Maybe we can all go there one of these days - although personally I would prefer an evening ~~at a~~ made up of a combination like this:- a good dinner somewhere and a show one is anxious to see and hear. This assures you of quality - whereas in the average night club the dinner is usually just one more meal and the show has quackiness, bawdiness, etc., with a minimum of quality.

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The Bombers are still having a tough time. As I told you, every team has improved considerably - and it is much harder going. Last Sunday's game with the Splas was rough and exciting. We lost but it was a battle from start to finish. At one time several hundred spectators exchanged blows on the floor and Eddie Gotlieb, Splas manager got a black eye. We're trying to stay among the first four for the play-offs. Will you ever forget the play-off last year?

Congratulations on another Oak Leaf Cluster. The papers to-day carried the news. The Governor called me up to say, "That boy certainly had a good mother." Well, we fly with you, kid, on every mission, and here's to you every minute!

The Lenten season is under way again. We'll have some special services at Grace Church. The choir will probably stress Lenten music. (Bernice is singing in the Adult Choir for a few weeks.)

It ought to be a pretty helpful period for everyone. There will be more praying than ever before for victory, and intelligence enough to develop a healthy union of nations set on achieving a truly human society. We've found that civilization's just not enough.

Everybody I see asks for you - merchants, acquaintances, as well as friends. I can't give you all their names but they are all interested in you. The Goldenbergs, Morris Leibowitz, Carl Snellenberg, etc., might well represent the Jews; Kenneth Anderson's mother, Eugene Smith, etc., might represent the negroes; — so it goes, and they'll all be glad to see you when you get home.

Goodnight, kid, and God bless you!

Dad -