

February 1, 1945.

Dearest Lee:

I have just finished reading a very fine letter from Mrs. Pitts, mother of your navigator. I hope some of these days we shall be able to have Wesley in our home along with your other crew members,- if not all at one time at least one or two at a time.

I reached Wilmington about 7 o'clock last night and needless to say have been quite busy catching up loose ends today. There was much to do both at the house and in the office. The first night I was gone Clarence, the houseboy, who lost his shoes when trying to get away a few weeks ago, walked off again. The police caught him, however, soon after he left. He is now in Detention and I shall not take him back again. All of this, of course, made it hard for Grandmother Minker.

Bernice finished her midyears yesterday and was quite blue when I got home, thinking she had flunked everything; but I imagine it will not be that bad.

The police picked up a runaway in Norfolk and as we are so short of help daddy sent Walter down yesterday afternoon after school. As yet he hasn't got back. Remember the time Mr. Hamm took you there on such a trip?

Daddy has contacted Dr. Wm. Stidger of Boston University about speaking at the Grace church men's club dinner in April. When Dr. Stidger replied he enclosed several prayers and poems, some written by himself and some by others. One was a Prayer Hymn:

O God, our Father, hear our prayer,
As we commend unto Thy care
Loved ones and friends now far away:
O keep them near Thee night and day.
May they when lonely, sad or ill,
Know Thou art watching o'er them still:
Enfold them, Lord, in danger's hour,
Safe in Thine arms of love and power.
Be Thou their Pilot, Master, Friend,
As they our land and lives defend:
Give them - on land - on sea, in air-
Thy firm assurance Thou art there.
Soon may there dawn the day of peace;
Soon may earth's wars forever cease;
Soon may all realms, in glad accord,
Crown Thee as King, and own Thee Lord!

Love

Walter