

February 12, 1945.

Dearest Lee:-

This is almost a spring day here, a nice day for a holiday. I think practically all of the schools have sessions today, however, with the exception of Tower Hill. I hope the weather is improving with you, also.

We received the envelope with clippings and theater program. I am glad if you are still getting a chance to visit London on your days off.

Daddy saw the Bombers-Sphas game yesterday and said it was a thriller. I guess no one knows for sure just what is going to happen in the way of baseball. Yesterday's Times stated that there is a possibility that there will be an East and West team in the major league, to save traveling great distances. In the East would be Boston, N.Y., Philadelphia, Washington and in the West the remainder.

Daddy was up at 5:30 this morning, as he had been asked to be at the draft board by 6 to help send off about 300 men to Camden. Mr. Knowles, your former trombone teacher, who has 3 children, was among the number. Of course these are simply going up for physicals and they will not all be taken I guess.

Walter is helping out here at the school today,- this morning driving a truck to pick up cinders. He has been helping quite a lot with the driving on Sundays. We are so short of help it is terrible and causing daddy no end of concern. We still haven't found a cook; there is no one in Washington cottage regularly except Aunt Margaret,- Mr. Hamm and Mr. Snyder taking turns on the nights she is not here; Mr. Arthur has been off sick since Christmas week; Mr. Kaighn the only one in Dunbar. We have to use some of the older boys for night watchmen in Washington and to help out in Dunbar and Ball. We have been trying to get some men through the Veterans' Bureau but so far have found none. Daddy is scheduled to go to the annual Superintendents' conference in N.Y. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week and I hope he gets off. It will be a change for him and help him forget his worries here for a while. Of course since Jeff went daddy also has to take care of all basketball games, too.

Love from all of us.

Molter