

February 21, 1945.

Dearest Lee;

Before going up to chapel I'll write to you. Mr. Briggs ordinarily takes care of the chapel service for the Protestant boys, with some minister as the speaker; but Mr. Briggs is off sick, Mrs. Hanning (who ordinarily plays the piano) is sick, so Mr. Hamm and I will together try to carry on.

We received a nice letter from Mrs. Lake yesterday and of course she was asking about you. David is somewhere with the 2nd Army and Vance is at Officer's Training School at Camp Lee, Va.

Yesterday Bernice journeyed to Philadelphia with the Tower Hill girls' basketball team and played in a game against Temple. Tomorrow night Ferris plays A.I. here; yesterday we played Howard High on their floor. Our season will close next week.

Shirley called us Monday night saying she had been so busy with practising practically every night until after 10 for "Campus Thunder" that she had not time to write. I guess she will be coming home this weekend to take a lesson, the last time before Easter. Our sailor boy, Mason Robertson, may be down Saturday.

Yesterday I had a conference executive meeting and Mrs. Tawes- Billie Jim's mother- was up from Crisfield. She is vice-president of the Salisbury district. She looks about the same and left after the meeting for Philadelphia, to visit her sister. Do you hear from Billie Jim?

Do you remember "Jack" Harayda? He was one of our nicest boys here when we first came. Daddy and Mr. Hamm were delighted to bump into him down town yesterday and to learn that he has a commission. Another one of Ferris boys who left just before we came has just been made a 1st lieut. The paper stated that Francis McEnery has been given some kind of a medal.

I was unable to get enough copies of the Journal to send the article about the Blue Hen Chick to your crew members' families, so I am typing the article and mailing it. Mrs. Larsen wrote that she thought you were entitled to 3 oak-leaf clusters. You know daddy and I celebrate our 22nd wedding anniversary on March 31- the day before Easter; and it's going to be a grand celebration if we can celebrate not only the wedding and Easter, but your homecoming and Shirley's. We were married the day before Easter, and I don't remember that the 31st of March has ever been the day before Easter since then- 1923. I saw Dr. Elizabeth on Monday, for one of my regular check-ups; and of course she was asking for you as she always does. I told her you had gotten a letter and she said that if she wrote every time she thought of you it would be every day. Love to you, dear, and let us hear from you whenever you can.

Mother