

October 30, 1943.

Dearest Daddy,

We were over-joyed to receive your letter last Monday and to know that you were well.

Isabella has just given me your letter written yesterday. I feel very happy to know that we will see us soon.

I meant to write Wednesday, but it being Navy Day, the American Legion telephoned all the schools to have a half-holiday and for the children to come to a parade they were sponsoring. The boarders went of course, and when we were coming downstairs, I forgot the writing paper. The parade had more soldiers in it than sailors. Also WACS and WAVES. There were a lot of Navy fighter planes flying low all around too. The Sisters took us to the photography studio across from the fort and all of a sudden right over the green, two planes who were stunting bumped into each other tearing the tail off of one and I don't know what off the other. The one minus a tail crashed in the marsh on the other side of the far bridge and killed the pilot instantly. It was really horrible. Of course, everyone ran down there but we didn't. Afterwards it was rumored that the pilot was from Green Cove Springs. Also a lot of other ugly things were going. I didn't see the crash and I am glad because I think it must be horrible to see a man killed and be helpless to do anything about it. It is isn't it?

Also on Thursday we made plans for initiation which was held yesterday. Us old boarders had a fine time all day. We were also called "Miss" instead of our first name which put a more swanky touch to it.

I received a letter from Sister Marie de Lourdes this week. It was very sweet and she was telling me that some of the Sisters I knew at St. Paul's remembered me, especially Sister Seraphim. I guess you will remember me speaking of her.

I must stop now. I will write again soon. I am going to send George a little present Wednesday.

Give my love to George and Bombo. You are the dearest Daddy. I.T.W.W.

Your loving daughter,

Frances

P.S. The team played another game yesterday. I don't know who they played but I think the final score was 7 to 7.

Isabella won the prize for the best costume at the party last night. She was an artist and she had a moustache and beard she made herself.

I was sorry hear about poor Cleo. I suppose Bombo is happy to be the only pet again now.

I don't know what all the symbols on this paper stand for, but one is for sacred heart I know. Maybe the measure is for teaching.

Love,

Frances