

Dear Dave,

I've highlighted on the second page of the story from the newspaper for which more than 60 years ago I worked what I thought might interest David about a couple of his Harvard associates in the event he has met and knows them.

Their father, who was my friend in high school and in college, was a remarkably caring man who established his practise where most people could not pay him and did not but he saw them all anyway. It was near where he grew up.

There are minor errors in the story. Dave's undergraduate work was at the Univ. of Delaware. As I remember it his father had a mom and pop grocery, not a shoe²-repair store.

I'd asked my sister to see if she could get a list of those of us who were honored by being included in what I think is called The Wall of ~~Honor~~^{Fame} of the Wilmington High School, of which there was only one in my day that was public and ~~it~~^{it} included students from the suburbs. Big plant, ~~old~~^{old} buildings. Dave ~~xxx~~ includes two of our peers from their pictures and he and another friend make, with me, five of us who were selected from the many thousands who had gone to that high school, since replaced by a more modern one. Or more than one.

I've a copy of the picture of me included in the wall. Minor errors in it. The people who did it did not check with me.

I was in the classes of The Great Depression.

It helped fashion some decent people.

Best,

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