

Saturday afternoon  
April 3, 1943

Dearest Lee:

It still seems somewhat like a dream that we were talking to each other last night. How glad daddy and I were that we both happened to be at home. Shirley was in at choir practice and Bernice had gone to the movies with Walter. Today the lovely box of candied fruit arrived. Bernice is dying to sample it but I wouldn't let her open it until daddy and Shirley arrive for dinner this evening. Thanks a lot. It looks delicious.

Immediately after talking to you daddy and I got busy looking up Iowa on the map. The way we figure it out you will be just about as far from Wilmington as you were in Miami, but for some reason or other it seems farther away. I suppose it is because we are not used to thinking in terms of "going west". Naturally we would like you to be near enough home to run in once in a while, but maybe that will come before too long. I am rather glad that you are going to a smaller college than in some big city especially with the warmer weather coming on. Speaking of weather, - on Wednesday the thermometer went up to 80- the warmest March 31 on record. Last night the temperature began to drop and today it has been so cold that we have had several snow squalls. I do hope they fixed you up with some warmer clothes before leaving the sunny southland. Be careful not to catch cold.

Daddy and I thoroughly enjoyed Ethel Barrymore in "The Corn is Green". Some people seem to think her over-rated and maybe she is, but she is still a fine adress. Of course she can no longer "flit" across the stage like a 2 year old, but she can still act just the same. It was a real treat for me. Daddy sent me some lovely red and white carnations for my anniversary. That evening we went to the church supper in at Grace with Drs. Edgar and Elizabeth, and after that daddy and I saw Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn in "Keeper of the Flame". So I had a nice celebration, don't you think? Judy had the worship service at the dinner meeting. Afterwards she told me she was just getting over the German measles.

Dr. Elizabeth thinks you must have been allergic to some of the "shots" given you. Whatever it was we are all mighty glad to know you are O.K. now and hope you continue to keep in fine shape.

I have been making clippings during the week so that there is quite an accumulation in this letter.

Daddy called Mrs. Hyde last night after we heard from you. They did not know where Bill was and of course were glad to hear. Last week Mr. Boykin heard from Mr. Driver - of the Packard Co., whose son must evidently be in Miami- that your group had been

sent to Evanston, so we had about decided that you would be at Northwestern. Who were the others going with you, anyone we know? I called the Fothergills a few minutes ago, for I remembered that they were from ~~Wixx~~ Iowa. But I learned that Mr. Fothergill went to Ames and Mrs. Fothergill is from Des Moines. Let us know the name of the president of Morningside, for daddy thinks it is somebody he knows but can't recall.

The Dickinson dinner is scheduled for next Friday, April 9, at the hotel. Dr. Carson will not be here, but I believe Dean Hitchler and Red Malcolm are expected. Probably not many down state folks will get up but the committee thought there were enough alumni in Wilmington to make it worthwhile to get together. For the first time since the organization of the club daddy and Mr. Hering are not making the plans for the dinner this year.

Bishop Hughes spoke at the noonday Lenten services at St. Andrews church all this week, and on Monday Dr. Johns invited daddy and me to have luncheon at McConnell's with them, - Mrs. Johns, Dr. and Mrs. Oliver J. Collins. Daddy introduced him at the meeting yesterday. He is still as fine as ever.

Jessie told me she had gotten a letter from you. Daisy had received one from Allen postmarked N.Y. and censored, so we took it for granted that he was about ready to embark.

We have a new piece of furniture. Miss Lamb had her grandmother's marble top bureau here in Wilmington and could not get it shipped back to Philadelphia, so Shirley told her we had room for it in our attic. Jimmy Cooper and some other boy brought it over. When I saw it I concluded it was too nice to put in the attic and gather dust for the next two years, so I moved the girls' bookcase in to their bed room and put the bureau in their study.

Well, it's about 4:30 and I must stop to get some dinner for the family. How has the food been with you so far? Have you put on any weight.

The girls will probably find time to write you over the weekend. We'll be waiting for a letter from you telling us all about your new post.

Love from all of us.

Mother

7:30 P.M.

Mr. Hyde just called daddy to say he had received a wire from Bill. His address is 54<sup>th</sup> Cadet Dr. Det. Myers Hall, Wittenberg College, Springfield, O. Figgatt is at Butler U., Indianapolis.