

Monday, July 17, 1944

Dearest Lee:-

I sent your box of clothing off today, by Railway Express, so it should reach you by the end of the week at least. I was afraid to put your cap in with the rest of the things, for fear of crushing it, so it and your camera are being sent in a hat box parcel post. Numerous newspaper clippings are also being sent you today, among them being a copy of the letter which daddy wrote about Dorman and which he said he told you he would send.

Aunt Margaret was over at noon to tell us something about the wedding on Saturday. Carolyn and Frank Maguire were married at 2:30 and spent the weekend in New York. They have taken a furnished apartment in Newport, on Justice St., which I think is not far away from Julia's, and for the present at least Carolyn will keep her job.

Margaret spent yesterday afternoon with us. She has received her commission as a 2nd lieut. in the Army Nurses Corps and leaves two weeks from today for England Hospital, Atlantic City. She seems to have grown up into a very fine young lady. She has not had an easy time since Uncle Lou died. I do hope she likes her new work.

I think daddy is going to take the girls and me to Robin Hood Dell this evening. Todd Duncan, negro baritone, Ann Brown, negro soprano, will be the soloists. The program sounds as though it will be very good. The girls have to practise every other night this week except Saturday, so this seems our only chance to go. Today is wonderfully cool compared to the last two weeks, and I think we should have a delightful evening. Wish you were here going with us.

Gordon Bethards arrived home very unexpectedly on Saturday. He stopped in to see us last evening and looks fine. He is in the medical corps, you know. He is en route to Camp Belvoir, Va., to study camouflage for a month.

By this time you have gotten daddy's letter and I hope have been able to make some contact with Dick Rhoades. His mother thinks he will be leaving there about August 1.

Tuesday morning

Well, we got off to the Dell, and it was a wonderful evening,- just cool enough to be comfortable and of course the music was grand. We had to sit pretty well back, for we got a little off the track going up and did not arrive until 8. Daddy and I sat on benches but the girls perched themselves on the bank. They could see better than we. It does help a lot when you can see the facial expressions of the singers. But we enjoyed it immensely and so much wished you were sitting beside us. It was just midnight when we got home, which was not too bad.

This morning at 8 the man arrived to begin scraping paper off the hall and the girls' study so we can put some new paper on, so you can imagine what kind of a place the house looks like. But it will be nice when it is finished.

Mr. Boykin said he had received a nice letter from you. Mrs. B. is spending a few weeks in Rehoboth before leaving the end of the month for their summer place in the south. He, also, will be away most of August I guess.

Daddy went to Lancaster this morning to buy some more steers and has not gotten back yet. We received a telegram on Sunday telling us of the death of Mr. E.P. Wyatt in Crisfield. If you have the time I am sure Mrs. Wyatt would appreciate a line from you. He was a good friend of ours. Only the other day the girls were talking about the Thanksgiving dinners we had at their house.

Lots and lots of love.

Mother