

December 1, 1944

Dearest Looie:

I am now in typing class with not very much to do, so I thought that I would start on a letter to you. I have been meaning to write to you almost every night this week, but so many things have come up that I never seemed to get around to it. Today's Friday anyhow, so I hope that I will be able to catch up on many of the things I let go for the week.

I suppose mother has written you all about my visit at home. We really had a funny week-end, but it was wonderful. I think that Timmy did have a good time, and mother and dad liked her very much. Thursday we had a big gathering of the clan at our house--thirteen to be exact for dinner. I was really fun and I don't think that mother has ever cooked so much food in all her life. Everything was wonderful. We were all thinking of you and wished that you could have been there to share it with us. I hope that next Thanksgiving Day you will be back home again. On Friday we took Timmy up to Philadelphia as she had never been there before. I never saw the old town so busy. People were all over the place, I suppose they were trying to get some Christmas shopping done early. We had one of those discouraging days to the female point of view, and came without many purchases. It's so hard to buy for Christmas this year, because everything is so high and not very nice.

I had two music lessons while I was home. My Wyattt apparently does not think I am ruining myself up here, but it is pretty discouraging to have things at a standstill for a while. The Brandywiners had a big party out at Chick Lairds on Friday, but as Timmy would not have known anyone there, we went in town to meet Dougherty and go to the movies. Bernice and Walter went and had a super time, which of course they would with that crowd.

Did I tell you that Fred was coming? Well, he arrived on the noon train Saturday and he stayed until Sunday late in the afternoon. We could not scare up a man for Timmy on Saturday night, so Walter, Bernice, Timmy, Fred, and yours truly all went out together. Now, why couldn't you have been home? Timmy is pretty tall for a girl, and so she has to be careful about her men. We all went down to the Grill at the Hotel at first, but Bernice and Walter look so young, that the waiter asked us to leave. You see, they are not allowed to have minors in there after 9:30 and it was packed on that Saturday night. It was about 11:00 when we left there, however, and we didn't want to go home. So, we decided to go bowling.

All of us were pretty well dressed up, but we thought that it would be fun anyhow. We bowled until the alley closed at midnight. Then, we had to show Timmy the delights of a submarine sandwich. I guess that no other place than Wilmington has those things, but we love them and I'm always raving about them to all the girls up here.

Sunday morning on the way to church, we ran out of gas. That old Packard of ours is just about to fall apart, and I think dad should do something with it. Of course, it is nice for us to run around in, but I wish that it did not have such bad habits. We got back to school around 2:00 on Monday morning, and were positively dead after a wonderful vacation.

Dougherty informed me that Ruth was in the hospital for an appendicitis operation. She got an attack about a week before Thanksgiving, and was operated right after that. She thought that she would be home from the hospital last Sunday when I was home, but I guess that she didn't. But, she will be at home for Christmas anyhow. The big news in her family is the engagement of her brother, Leonard, to a girl in Rehobeth. They thought that he was going to be a bachelor for a lifetime and it was quite a big surprise.

We went to the A. I. --Claymont game on Thanksgiving Day and of course, it was played up there this year. It was very cold, but the game was good. There weren't very many kids that I know there. They beat Claymont though, 14-12. Mr. Yingst was not there, but I imagine that he went home for the holidays. Mr. Howie and Mr. Graef were there, and Hastings Grey was home on leave. While I was home, I got a phone call from Dick Rathmell. He's in the Merchant Marine and he has been on all the continents of the world except Australia. He was home on quite a long leave, but I imagine that is because he has been away so long.

This is getting to be lots longer than I thought it was going to be, but there goes the bell now. See you later.

hello —
The row about two o'clock on Saturday
morning and I'm in my regular wide-
awake, letter writing mood. I've gotten to
be an awful night owl since coming
to school, but it's more fun. I just thought
that I should probably type the rest
of this letter since you can't read my
writing! I was afraid that my writing
would be pretty bad on V-mail paper, but
if I remember correctly, my brother in-
formed me that I should read all V-mail
and I couldn't persuade him that his-mail

was any better! Will you please correct me if I am wrong!

See, you should see your namesake, Pilot! He has gotten so big since the last time I was home, that I hardly recognized him. He's almost as big as George now and he's only four months old. We're going to be witer out of house and home if those two keep up! But, he's a darling puppy?

Today we elected the staff for our year-book! Guess what I am? The typing editor! I could just about scream, but such is life. That's going to be a lot of work but we do want to have one. We are also going to have a boys basketball team this year. We have quite a few freshmen boys and some medical discharges, so the prospects don't look too horrible. I think we have ten games and we play Bucknell, too. It takes me back to the good old days in high school when we used to live from one game to the next.

Well, droogie, I must go to bed now! I'll write soon again and do let me hear from you as often as you can! Be good and see lots of Scotland if you can.
Lots of love,
Shirley