

Saturday night
February 3, 1945

Dearest Louis:

It's almost midnight here, but I'm going to start this letter to you anyhow. I didn't have a chance to write to you last week, so I should have a lot to tell you. At the present time, however, Big Crosby is enjoying the current favorite of "Don't Fence Me In." Do you hear many of the latest songs over there? That is, when you have a free minute or two!

Well, tonight I got my marks for the semester. That last two weeks have been pretty awful. I don't want to go through anything like that again in a hurry. I had to type up a whole English notebook, write a term paper, and a lot more reports. As I help the chem prof, I had to type up all of her tests for her and run copies off on the mimeograph for her. And, as the semester is over, I had a lot of extra time to put in at the lab to clean up some things.

Last Thursday, the 25th, we began our exam and had them up until Tuesday. I didn't have any scheduled for Friday, so I went home last week-end. Some of us left last Saturday night. I took Collie and Timmie home with me - we decided to take Timmie along at the last minute. The fourth girl was Sally, who lives just outside of Lancaster at a place called Honey Brook. We stayed there Saturday night with Sally, and left the next day about 11:15. We got a bus to Downingtown, West Chester, and then on to the great city of Wilmington. I guess it was about 1:45 when we arrived in Wilmington. Mother did not know I was coming that early. In fact, she thought I'd be there about nine that night. So, when I called her from the Hotel she just about fell over. She told me that she'd try to get someone in to meet me as soon as she could.

While we were sitting there in the lobby, I

looked up and saw Daddy and Mr. Boykes coming out of the dining room. So, I dashed off across the lobby after them. Of course, Mr. Boykes wanted me to come right up to his office and have a coke, but we had all our things with us. But, Dad came down in just a few minutes and took me home.

While we were waiting in the lobby, a tall young girl came into the lobby with a lot of people. I didn't pay any particular attention to her, but Callie kept saying that she looked familiar. Finally, a lady who was sitting next to me leaned over and said that it was Jane Withers, the movie star. She was there with a group of other celebrities at a show given to raise money for a club for the G.I.'s at the Air Base.

We got home and mother was there, but, there wasn't any heat. Somehow, the oil man had forgotten to come out and the tank went dry. Late that afternoon, however, he did come and things began to warm up. I met Beanie in town after school and we both had our hair cut very short. I don't know whether or not you would recognize me, but I like it. Mother wasn't as tickled as we were when we walked in with it short, but I think once she got over the first shock, she was alright.

Friday night, Dad took Timmie, Callie, and me to see "Nazi Victory" the picture all about the Air Corps. I thought it was just wonderful, only they completely left out all their C-47 training. After all, that's the best part (it says here in small print!)

It didn't seem like we had been home very long, when we were back on the train again. We had to stand from Paoli to Harrisburg cause the train was so crowded. We got here about midnight in a lovely snow storm.

Monday and Tuesday I had more exams. We have a horrible psych test and I don't think I got a very good mark in it. Wednesday we started right in on our new schedule. It's a good bit tougher, I think. Medical shorthand is not very easy and it has lots of complicated terms. I'm also taking sociology which is going to prove quite interesting, but hard! My mother

few last remember were A's in English, Lab at the Hos-
pital, Shoutland and Tepper, and B's in Psych and
Gym. Bernice had spirals this week, too. I hope
she made out alright because she had some
pretty tough ones.

Joe Keyser was home when I was. I didn't
have a chance to see him, but I talked
to him on the phone. He's going back to a P.O.E.
in California and then off ~~there~~ to — ? Other
Shussen is at San Diego, too waiting to be
shipped over. I think everyone I know of has
been or is ready to go over at this time.
I haven't heard from Francis McCreary now for
about two months and I wonder if anything
has happened to him. He was in the 7th Army
in France.

The past few days here have been almost
like a breath of spring. The snow has been
melting a bit and the days have been clear
and sunny. I'm sure, though, that our winter
weather isn't over by any means.

I haven't heard from Fred yet. It will be
exactly four weeks to narrow since I last heard
from him. I guess I should be hearing sometime
soon, at least. I did hear from Ben today, and
he's up in Ontario with Mary and the kids.
Gee, I wish he could get into the service. It's
just breaking his heart and he would be some
good with all those brains of his. He's such
a wonderful guy that I just hate to think
about it.

Well, I'm afraid I'm going to say good-night
now. I hope you are able to read all this
scribble! I know it's pretty bad, but I had
so much to tell you. Be good now, and for
pete's sake will you please just write me
an envelope with a sheet of paper taped with
your name on it. It's about time I heard
from you! Night and good luck.

Lots of love,
Shirley