

Dearest Lee:-

I arrived home from Ocean Grove Saturday evening, hoping out of that you might be standing in the door to greet me upon my return. After dinner the folks told me of the letter received, saying you would be delayed another month. Naturally I was pretty much disappointed, for I had counted on your coming so much; but we are trying to make ourselves believe that maybe it is for the best. We saw Bill Ulrich in church yesterday and he told us that he was being shipped to the Pacific after reporting at Dix in a few days. Julia was in church, also, and I had a few minutes with her. She looked as pretty and sweet as ever. May is back home, so you had better hurry and join the crowd.

Ben came down from Oneonta for the weekend and had a date with Shirley Saturday night. He was also out yesterday afternoon, and Shirley drove him to the station last night. She is turning out to be a pretty good driver. Today she started in to help with the Daily Vacation Bible School at Westminster.

As we were all ready to sit down to dinner yesterday Phil and Karl and John Pollard, Tower Hill Boys now in the service- Phil in the army and Johnny in the Navy- dropped in, so we had them and Walter for dinner, making 9 with the grandmothers. Walter went to N.Y. this morning to go thru his various examinations for the Navy, he having enlisted last week.

The heat here has been terrific for the past few days, and it does not let up at night time. The thermometer is up around 100 and today is no different.

I have had a profitable but most busy time at Ocean Grove. Had I known you were not coming home I would have sent you some salt water taffy. Uncle Marion and the family had been down for two weeks, so that they brought me up in their car Saturday afternoon and they were all at the house for supper. I was so glad I did not have to ~~find~~ travel by train coming back, for all trains are crowded with service men and we civilians really ought not to be using the trains at all. I do hope this heat lets up some before you get back.

2:30

Shirley just drove me back to the office and then she and Bernice went down to the pool for a swim. The pool was finished last week and used on Saturday for the first time. They say it is better than ever this year. Yesterday the girls were down twice. A thunder storm is approaching and already the breeze is making it feel cooler.

Of course I haven't kept up with the Blue Rocks in the last week, but I am enclosing the write-up in this morning's paper. They still are having their ups and downs.

The Delaware Park will close on Wednesday and I expect there will be an awful crowd there to celebrate the 4th. The attendance this year has been greater than ever before I believe it is reported.

The girls are on a heavy schedule of practise for Brandywines, - Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights. In a week or two they will move to the Drama League for the final rehearsals. I guess Shirley does not plan to try for a job until the show is over. Bernice has been trying to get something to do for the summer, but summer jobs are hard to get - in contrast to two or three years ago when Shirley was able without any experience to make about \$100 with American Aviation.

Bernice received your letter today with the copy of Wordsworth poems and was pleased with it. We will try to find out what Julia would like to have and get her a gift for her birthday. Susanne Hamm has just been in the office with me. She certainly is getting to be a fine, big girl. She spent the winter in Florida, returning only a few weeks ago. The parents of one of her best girl friends in Hanover went to Florida and asked her to go along. Of course the girls went to school, but even so managed to have a fine time.

You mentioned strawberries in your letter. Of course ours are gone now, but peaches are coming and I know you will enjoy them.

I expect you were as disappointed as we in not getting home to celebrate the 4th. I am so sorry I did not write you while in Ocean Grove last week, but of course I thought you were on your way home. I'll keep on writing now until you arrive or until you tell me to stop.

With love from all of us.

Mother

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