This folder’s theme is rationing on the homefront. Each letter highlights the difficulty of acquiring a variety of items during war time, showing sacrifice on the part of Americans at home.

1. **Edna to Lee: September 20, 1944**: Out of butter, using margarine

2. **Enda to Lee: February 19, 1945**: Coal shortage imposes restrictions on Wilmington businesses

3. **Edna to Lee: May 21, 1943**: Ban on all unnecessary driving, describes a crackdown on pleasure driving in Wilmington.

4. **Edna to Lee: July 20, 1943**: difficult to find coupons for Oil for the school, much “red tape to go thru”.

5. **Ralph Sr. to Lee: September 12 1943**: difficulty placing phone calls due to phone company’s inability to handle the load.
While reading letter excerpts, organize the sacrifices of the following groups. Consider how age, gender, geographic location play a role in sacrifice.
Dear Lee:

I am sending a V-mail letter for a change and you can let me know whether it reaches you any quicker than a straight air-mail letter. By the time our letters reach you the news must be awfully stale.

We stopped over to the Bering's last night and read them your last letter. Mr. Bering raised the question as to how you would get the news about Vandenburg's plan, Wallace, etc. I suppose it must be from the English papers. Daddy and the governor saw the Bombers beat the Baltimore Bullets yesterday afternoon 54-32. I'll send you the write-up separately. It was announced by Drew Pearson on the radio last night that night baseball would definitely be cut this summer. That being the case I don't see how Wilmington could have a team. On account of the coal shortage we are asked to save electricity and no store in Wilmington is allowed to display any electric signs or have windows lit up.

I am reading Ernie Pyle's 'Brave Men' and was very much interested in coming across his description of Grovernor House and the Officers' Mess, about which you had told us.

Did I see we were having spring weather? Saturday morning there was another 6 inches of snow and this morning it is quite cold again.

This morning's paper carries the announcement that Mayor James will not seek renomination. Although the paper did not say I believe the Republicans will put up Tom Herlihy, a young attorney, and I think he ought to be alright. Grandmother Minker spent the weekend with us and made us one of her famous lemon meringue pies. According to Saturday's paper you now have your second oak leaf cluster. Don't be so modest and keep these secrets from us. We are all bursting with pride. I hate to think what you are going through to get the honors but I know you are doing your best in whatever situation you are finding yourself and we are praying for you and the crew all the time. If there is anything you want that we can send you please let us know. Lots of love.

Mother
February 19, 1945

Lee,

...It was announced by Drew Pearson on the radio last night that night baseball would definitely be out this summer. This being the case I don’t see how Wilmington could have a team. On account of the coal shortage we are asked to save electricity and no store in Wilmington is now allowed to display any electric signs or have windows lit up.

Mother
Dear Lee:

Daddy said it was a good ballgame last night. He was there in time to see the last of the game.

He came in the office yesterday afternoon looking rather pale and I found out he had just parted with a pint of blood for the red cross.

We are having some difficulty getting coupons for oil here at the school. Word has never come thru as to whether it is necessary for us to convert back to coal or not, but in the meantime we must keep using oil for laundry, hot water, etc. There is always so much red tape to go thru in such matters.

Washington cottage plays Elsmere in baseball tomorrow night. That is Walter's team. We can't get games with any team which has to be transported, so we try to play Elsmere every two weeks or so. We have no wonderful players and usually get beat, but the boys like to meet some outside teams once in a while. It certainly would help could daddy get someone who could direct such sports, but that seems to be impossible. Sunday afternoon he spent part of the time playing ball with the boys. This should be something more than a custody center, but it is hard to get leadership that senses that or is able to do much to help along that line.

Do they have golden bantam corn in California? The corn here at the school has been very good this year. I'll be glad when the lima beans come so that we may have some good old succotash. How about it?

Grandmother Minker has had her house insulated, for the folks upstairs were always complaining about the heat. It should also save some fuel this winter.

1:30 p.m.

When I went over for lunch I found that Bernice had written you this morning, so I take it she has told you all the news.

Love from everybody.
Tuesday morning
July 20, 1943

Dear Lee:

...We are having some difficult getting coupons for oil here at the school. Word has never come thru as to whether it is necessary for us to convert back to coal or not, but in the meantime we keep using oil for laundry, hot water etc. There is always so much red tape to go thru in such matters.

Washington cottage plays Elsmere in baseball tomorrow night. That is Walter's team. We can’t get games with any team which has to be transported, so we try to play Elsmere every two weeks or so. We have no wonderful players and usually get beat, but the boys like to meet some outside teams once in a while. It certainly would help could daddy get someone who could direct such sports, but that seems to be impossible. Sunday afternoon he spent part of the time playing ball with the boys. This should be something more than a custody center, but it is hard to get leadership that sense that or is able to do much to help along that line…

Love from everybody.
Mother
Dear Lee:-

Your letter written to me on Monday, came this morning, together with the pictures. I am enclosing pictures which I received this week. The order was not filled as directed, there being two of the boy in the bathing shorts instead of two of Bill Hyde. I sent the one of Bill in town to his father. You can mark these on the back if you wish and return for your files.

Yesterday's mail brought a book- History of the U.S.- from Bob Casel. Is it one which he borrowed from you?

Daddy is not going to Dickinson commencement. Maybe you have heard of the ban on all but necessary driving which was cracked down on us beginning yesterday at noon, without any warning. State police have been ordered to stop all cars which look as though they are out for pleasure, to watch all places of amusement, etc. Mr. Hering and George, Jr. went up by train today, and Mrs. Hering called around dinner time to say she might go up tonight, arriving on the train which reaches Carlisle about midnight. I expect this will be a dismal commencement. It is cold and rainy, too, which will not help matters.

By the way, what about this year's Microcosm? Is there one, and if so are you entitled to get one?

Howell Wilkins got home last weekend, and daddy has him working here at the school until he goes back for the summer session in a couple of weeks.

Keep this under your hat, and don't mention it when you write, for no one except daddy, Mr. Hamm and I know about it. But yesterday three army engineers, unannounced, appeared at the school and went over the entire plant, grounds, etc. Daddy was in Dover attending a meeting with the governors and heads of all institutions, but Mr. Hamm showed them around. I don't know what is means. Daddy had a very interesting time in N.Y. on Tuesday. I guess he'll write you about it.

Walter took Bernice to a Girl Reserves dance at the Y.W. tonight. They went by auto from here to Walter's and from there in on the bus. Did Shirley write you that Ben is going to Andover this summer? She finished her exams today and says she evidently flunked trig and physics, but I guess she'll get thru. I can't believe she is thru. Now, as to her FUTURE!

I don't know how daddy and the governor will get along without baseball. Of course the governor can go by trolley, but as for daddy. All such places will be watched very closely.

I got the glads in one day this week between showers. I had a bag of marigold and zinnia seeds which I had saved from last year and the year before too, I guess. These I thinkly planted along the hedge where the glads were last year. As they are both pretty MARK hardy maybe the rains won't damage them, and they will make a pretty showing. Mrs. Hanning sent me down
about 2 dozen aster plants and I set them out, hoping against hope that they will amount to something. I did not put hollyhock in, as you suggested, for she said it never did well after being transplanted. The iris have begun to bloom, and if the sun should come out for a day or two they will be lovely. Your Japanese iris have opened up some today.

Among the guests for dinner at the school last night were the governor, Supt. Lemmel of the city schools, Dr. Johns, Father Dwyer, Judge Nelson of the Juvenile Court, Probation Officer Paul Green, Dr. Corley, Mr. Donovan, Mr. Heal, one of the teachers from the colored girls' school.

Love from all of us.

Mother
Friday, May 21, 1943

Dear Lee:

Your letter written to me on Monday, came this morning, together with the pictures…Daddy is not going to Dickinson commencement. Maybe you have heard of the ban on all but necessary driving which was cracked down on us beginning yesterday at noon, without any warning. State police have been ordered to stop all cars which look as though they are out for pleasure, to watch all places of amusement, etc. Mr. Hering and George, Jr. went up by train today, and Mrs. Hering called around dinner time to say she might go up tonight, arriving on the train which reaches Carlisle about midnight. I expect this will be a dismal commencement. It is cold and rainy, too, which will not help matters.

Love from all of us.
Mother
Sunday evening
September 16th

Dear Lee:

We have been waiting all afternoon and evening for a phone call. It has been a long wait—and it looks as if you are experiencing the same difficulty you had last week. The telephone company is just not able to handle the load times like these bring to them. I don’t think I ever realized before that there is a limit to the number of calls that can be cleared. We’ve had frequent conferences in our Civilian Defence work with telephone officials on this problem—and this cluttering up of phone communications is one of the big reasons for changing our signals to the blue audible as against only the red audible we used at first. Don’t give up trying if you don’t
get us tonight. Let us know when you will try again.

I was the only member of the family to attend church this morning and Mr. and Mrs. Boykin went with me. They returned this past week from Georgia. I stopped in for a Coca-Cola on my way home. They are fine people. They wanted to know all the particulars regarding your location and activities and of course, I did my best to tell them. They send their love and best wishes.

I just sent Ede a check for $5.00 to help keep things moving at the Fraternity House and to start building a little reserve for use when normally comes again. Seemingly the College is using the House, and there is no financial worry. Ede sent a very fine letter, I thought. I'll send it out if you think
you would enjoy it. It's large and I'll send it as freight rather by air mail.

I enjoyed your letter of last Monday an awful lot. It seems you are in the lucky group to be able to train in the Stearman. I am glad you got an instructor who is right, and I'm sure you'll develop just as fine technique in the air as you have on the ground. I'm with you every minute in spirit even though I can't be with you physically—do the best you can, and let the result take care of itself. Here's to you!

Dad —
Sunday Evening
September 12th 1943

Dear Lee:

We have been waiting all afternoon and evening for a phone call. It has been a long wait—and it looks as if you are experiencing the same difficulty you had last week. The telephone company is just not able to handle the load times like these bring them. I don’t think I ever realized before that there is a limit to the number of calls that can be cleared. We’ve had frequent conferences in our Civilian Defense work with telephone officials on this problem—and this cluttering up of phone communication is one of the big reasons for changing our signals to the blue audible as against only the red audible we used at first. Don’t give up trying if you don’t get us tonight. Let us know when you will try again…

Here is to you!
Dad
Dearest Lee:-

We were hoping that a letter might arrive from you today, but I guess these closing days at Gulfport are full of activity and there is little time for letterwriting.

The girls, May, Berniece Jones, "Bobbie" were all at Shirley and Bernice were over to Julia's last night, returning home about 11:45. Before going there Shirley and Bernice stopped over to see Carolyn in her new home and to leave our belated wedding gift. They are living on Justis St., you know, not far from Ed Julia's.

I am alone for a while this afternoon, daddy being out of town, Mr. Briggs on vacation, Mrs. Snyder taking her afternoon off, Mr. Hamm gone to Dover, Mr. Worth to Dover. Shirley has gone over to school for a few minutes, having promised Mr. Yingst she would get out some kind of a letter for him to the boys in the service. Bernice had school this morning, voice lesson this afternoon. Beginning tomorrow they will have school all day. Her schedule will include English, French, Chemistry, American History. I am glad she did not have to take more math, for she certainly does not seem to have much of a foundation or understanding of that. I hope she can really buckle down and do something in the way of studying this year for I have never felt that she worked anywhere near capacity. If she finds she will have the time she may take piano at school - at extra cost - for Mr. Wyatt is anxious for her to study piano.

There are still some odds and ends to do for Shirley, but I suppose we will be doing them at the last minute tomorrow night.

Ethyl Barrymore is coming to the Playhouse the last of this month in "Embezzled Heaven" and I think daddy and I will try to get tickets. I read the book several years ago, - in fact I reviewed it for the Book Club, and if the play is anything like the book it really should be fine, with Ethyl taking the part of the old woman.

Did I tell you about the pup getting out on the porch one day and eating up a whole pot of cactus? Fortunately for me it was not one that you had sent, but one that grandmother had planted in a "pig". I don't know what kind of insides the pup has, but evidently no harm was done. And this morning when I went out for the milk I found that the pup had knocked over one bottle and broken it and was lapping up the milk. So you see we have our hands full with the critter.

This has been a dreary week as far as the weather is concerned with very little sunshine. Mr. Arthur has a "crew" of boys working on the lawn and in the garden pulling weeds today. Maybe
you saw by the papers that many thousands of bushels of apples were blown from the Delaware trees and the government is probably going to step in and buy some of them up for distribution to institutions. I am expecting a carload - 600 bush. - to arrive for us, to be parcelled out to the Delaware agencies almost any day. For the first time since the war began we are out of butter and eating margarine; but I am not complaining. We certainly have other things to think of than what we are not getting to eat.

Maybe I told you that we were expecting "Whistling Willie" Roach out on Monday night to give us an exhibition, but he never showed up. The boys were very disappointed, and I am hoping he will still be able to come.

Remember, my thoughts and prayers are going out for you more than ever before. Let us hear from you when you can.

Love,
September 20, 1944

Lee,

... Maybe you saw by the papers that many thousands of bushels of apples were blown from the Delaware trees and the government is probably going to step in and buy some of them up for distribution to institutions. I am expecting a carload – 600 bushels – to arrive for us, to be parceled out to the Delaware agencies almost any day. For the first time since the war began we are out of butter and eating margarine; but I am not complaining. We certainly have other things to think of than what we are not getting to eat.

Love,
Mother
This folder’s theme is life as a soldier. Each letter highlights the sacrifices of Lee Minker as well as his peers, from missing holidays at home to friends being killed in action the sacrifices of these young men are made clear to the reader.

1. Lee to his family: December 23, 1944: Merry Christmas Cablegram

2. Lee to Edna: December 5, 1943: Reflecting on how drastically his life changed after Pearl Harbor

3. Lee to Edna: November 11, 1943: Highlight’s Lee’s grueling training schedule and his homesickness for Thanksgiving with his family

4. Ralph Sr. to Lee: October 14, 1944: Expresses how grateful he is that Lee was able to have a college experience before war.

5. Shirley to Lee: August 27, 1944: A list of friends and acquaintances killed in action.
While reading letter excerpts, organize the sacrifices of the following groups. Consider how age, gender, geographic location play a role in sacrifice.
Dear Lee —

I hope you don't think the letter half of the family has deserted you.
I've just written like here taking it easy since I've been sick.

And of course, my letter are the first thing I sit in! I've gotten quite a good deal cooler here in the past week or so! But I think it's getting a good deal warmer today. We just like a day is late fall, honestly. Everyone you see is in coats and sweaters. I hope it's much warmer the week we are at the beach. It's always cool there at night, but I like it hot in the daytime!

I'm going to stop writing this leaving Saturday, I don't know exactly what date we are going to Rehoboth but it will be either Monday or Tuesday. Aunt wants me to go done with her for Labor Day week-end. I don't know Bernie is going down to Ocean City and can't be back until Monday night. So I don't imagine mother will go down until Tuesday. I wish you could be here and go down with us. We haven't all gone to the sieve together for quite a few years now. I hope it is a good time, but not the awful burn that I seem to have an awful habit of getting first!
Today was Big Quarterly and strange to say it was cool. The first snow down through that section on the way home from church and everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time!

Did you hear about Mr. Goodaway's son being killed! I guess you'll get the paper about it soon as I send this letter and it will give the details. Did you ever meet him? He was one of the best friends I had. He was my dad's closest friend of mine. I guess it was quite a shock to his dad! I guess you also read about Harry welded me and his action. Know how he used to get so hot when he looked around! Those were the days! And I suppose you know about Clarence Reahey being killed. I really feel badly about that because he was always so unique to you, Bernie, and I. I think I will have mother send the paper up to school so I can keep up on the casualty lists, messages and engagements.

Last night we, Susie, May, and I all went to see "The Story of Mr. Maxwell." It was so crowded though, that the seat best thing was long broken and Linda Ranell is "Serrano Stone." but it was quite surprisingly good. Next week
Spencer Tracy is starring in "Searchers" and Bette Davis is in "Sheffield." Both are supposed to be wonderful.

May and I went out to Arroyo's for dinner on Thursday. Camp said she'd had a letter from you telling all about your crew. Now listen, you're supposed to get first choice. Bruce and I were trying to read letters about asking two soldiers home to dinner today. The dad took me serenely and went all over town looking for the two who sat behind me in church. Newport is really in the minority now, but it's the same everywhere.

What are your plans after you have stuff put? Any chance of a few hours on Belmar? "Shrift" to stop now because this scrawl is getting worse by the minute. Write when you can and tell me what you are doing. Right now, sick and asleep well.

Always and all ways,

Shirley
Saturday Nite
August 27, 1944

Dear Lee —

...Did you hear about Mr. Gassaway’s son being killed! I guess you get the paper almost as soon as I send this letter and it will give the details. Did you ever meet him? He was one of the best friends of a friend of mine in ____ office. I guess it was quite a shock to his dad! I guess you also read about Harry Wilson missing in action? Remember how he used to get so hot when we licked Conrad! Those were the days! God I suppose you know about Clarence Deakyne being killed. I really feel badly about that because he was always so super to you, Bernice, and I…

Always and all ways,
Shirley
Sunday afternoon
December 5, 1943

Dear Mother,

Two years ago, on a sunny and yet snappy Sunday afternoon, I was returning to Conway after a good roast beef dinner and an hour of rearranging the fraternity furniture from the pledge formal of the night before. As Bill Virgil and I came up the walk Professor Fink rushed from his house next door and shouted, “The Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor.”

That moment changed the whole course of my life. At first there was a period of intense excitement and anxiety—What was going to happen? After the New Years a nervous calm prevailed but war became more real. Shocking defeats hit the U.S. and her
Allies, coffee, sugar, gas and oil were rationed, bond drives and civilian defense organization, the draft, the college acceleration program and college reserve brought the war close by December, 1942. Then I was called in February, 1943, for basic training as an A.C.C.Pt. in Miami Beach, Florida. I passed through College Training, Pre-Flight and Primary training and December, 1943, finds me in basic flying training at Pecos, Texas, with the future looking bright for a U.S. victory by this time next year.

I have been putting this letter off all week in the hope that I could get some definite news on the course of my future training. As it looks now I will probably get a full eighty hours in BT-13s for a lunch came in today from Marano Basic School and they will be the first advanced students in AT-17s this month and in B-25s next month. I will be one month behind them. Rumor has it that we are in line for instructing or air transport
upon graduation in March. I hope that I don’t have to instruct. 

Prong: We got paid Tuesday evening but then had to pay back fifty cents for our Thanksgiving dinner. Some inspecting brass has been here lately and so the quality of the food has increased amazingly.

Thanks for digging for my Christmas list. I am going to address some cards this afternoon. Enclosed you will find some money with which I wish you would get something for Shirley and Julia for Christmas. And don’t forget Grandmother Minker either. Fruit cake, cheese, crackers, peanut butter, toll house cookies, etc. I like them all. Nothing but white in handkerchiefs please. Socks, underwear, writing paper and a
watch are all I can think of in the line of gifts for myself. (or a writing paper pack.)

I am afraid the boys in my barracks are getting tired of hearing about Creighton and Wilmington.

Shirley has written some grand letters lately. Last week Mr. Metstein, Mr. Boykin, Ben, Bill Virgin, Ralph Lower, Julia and Professor Thompson wrote. This morning I received a letter from you and a letter from Grandmother Jones.

Say hello to everybody for me.

Love,
Lee
Sunday afternoon
December 5, 1943

Dear Mother,

Two years ago on a sunny yet snappy Sunday afternoon, I was returning to Conway after a good roast beef dinner and an hour of rearranging the fraternity furniture from the pledge formal of the night before. As Bill Virgin and I came up the walk Professor Fink rushed from his house next door and shouted, “The Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor”.

That moment changed the whole course of my life. At first there was a period of intense excitement and anxiety—What was going to happen? After the New Years a nervous calm prevailed but war became more real. Shocking defeats hit the U.S. and her allies, coffee, sugar, gas and oil were rationed, bond drives and civilian defense organization, the draft, the college acceleration program and college reserve brought the war close by December, 1942. Then I was called in February, 1943, for basic training as an A.C.C. Pvt. in Miami Beach, Florida. I passed through College Training, Pre-Flight and Primary Training and December, 1943, finds me in Basic Flying training at Pecos, Texas. With the future looking bright for a US victory by this time next year....
NA6 INTL=CD SANSORIGIN VIA WU CABLES 27 DEC 23
NLT MR AND MRS RALPH L MINDER AND FAMILY
FERRIS SCHOOL WILMINGTON TONDEL=

WILL BE THINKING OF YOU ALL TODAY HERES WISHING YOU THE
BEST LOVE=

LEE MINDER

Mr. M
853 A
S
mailed

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE
Thursday evening
November 11, 1943

Dear Mother,

I have fifteen moments for a brief note. Maybe this schedule will help explain why.

0545 - first call - 0615
0615 - breakfast - 0645
0700 - flight line - 0830
1315 - lunch - 1345
1400 - athletics - 1500
1500 - showers - 1530
1530 - ground school - 1730
1730 - formal retreat - 1830
1830 - dinner - 1900
2030 - ground school - 2130
2200 - taps

X - this doesn't include time for getting equipment or self, for going to and from, etc.

Yesterday I took the required practice parachute jump. I leapt head first from a thirty foot tower only to be jerked terrifically about two feet above the ground as the rope attached to the parachute...
attached to me came to its greatest extent.

Now I have three and a half hours in the BT-13 and am just beginning to get acquainted. The complicated procedures required for each different maneuver in changing prop pitch, mixture, gas tanks, instruments, throttle, radio, trim tabs and flaps are the bottleneck.

Believe it or not, every day on the flight line I wear sweat suit, flying suit, leather jacket and gloves to combat the cold.

Write soon. Could you send me some cookies for Thanksgiving.

I wish that I could be home with you all then but I will be thinking of you anyhow. Nine weeks of basic, nine weeks of advanced, and then maybe I can get home to see you all.

What should I do about getting Shirley a birthday present? What do you all want for Christmas? I would like a good flying wrist watch from the family. The army takes care of most of my needs.

Love,

Lee
Thursday Evening
November 11, 1943

Dear Mother,

I have fifteen moments for a brief note. Maybe this schedule help explain why.

0545—First call—0615
0615—breakfast—0645
0700—Flight line—1300
1315—lunch—1345
1400—athletics—1500
1500—showers—1530
1530—ground school—1730
1730—formal retreat—1830
1830—dinner—1900
2030—ground school—2130
2200—taps
X- this doesn’t include time for G.I.ing equipment or self, for going to a fro, etc.

…Write soon could you send me some cookies for Thanksgiving. I wish that I could be home with you all then but I will be thinking of you anyhow. Nine weeks of basic, nine weeks of advanced, and then maybe I can get home to see you all...

Love,
Lee
Dear Lee:

Just finished another fine session on Adjustment Problems Facing 16-21 yr. old youth in - how to
make ourselves more understanding and helpful. You would have enjoyed it, I think. I have never
ceased being thankful that you were able to get started on your college course - and had at least
a short time under reasonably normal circumstances and also
that you did have some notion of what you wanted to do. This
cannot but help to carry over wholesome after you finish
your present task.

Saw Mr. and Mrs. Savannaugh last night as I walked out to a dinner-entirely accidental mee-tling in a big city. We dined together. They sent their love. He's doing a good job at the Y - and he is a swell fellow.

Where you are this minute I do not know (5:30 p.m. Saturday evening) but I'm with you, kid.

God bless you.

Dad
Dear Lee:

Just finished another fine session on Adjustment Problems Facing 16-21 yr. old youth—how to make ourselves more understanding and helpful. You would have enjoyed it I think. I have never ceased being thankful that you were able to get started on your college course—and had at least short time under reasonably normal circumstances and, also that you did have some notion of what you wanted to do. This cannot but help to carry over wholesomely after you finish your present task...Where you are this minute I do not know—(5:30 pm Saturday evening) but I'm with you, kid. God bless you.

Dad
This folder focuses on the sacrifices of women during war. Each letter highlights the role women played during the war as well as the emotional difficulty of having a son in the service.

1. **Bernice to Lee: March 27, 1943**: Shirley’s favorite teacher left education and joined the Red Cross.

2. **Edna to Lee: June 14, 1943**: Edna becomes a “working lady” as she fills in for a former secretary who joined WAVES.

3. **Edna to Lee: May 14, 1943**: Edna describes an explosion at an Elkton, MD explosive plant. Killing twenty girls who worked there.

4. **Edna to Lee: March 22, 1944**: Describes the joy of having Lee home for furlough and the sadness after he returns to training.

5. **Shirley to Lee: August 7, 1944**: Details how mother (Edna) needs a break from work.
While reading letter excerpts, organize the sacrifices of the following groups. Consider how age, gender, geographic location play a role in sacrifice.
Dear Lee:

It's raining outside now and as I cannot go out and do the shopping that I planned to do, well, I thought that I would write to you. We've really had some hot weather lately and with Brandywiners going full blast, it has seemed worse than usual. I think that last Friday and Saturday were record breakers and they seemed really awful.

We have given our first three performances of the operetta and they have all been very successful. We have been sold out for all three and all three for this week are sold out too. I guess that you have seen all the pictures and write-ups in the paper, haven't you? We are going to have a big party after the last performance next Saturday and I hear that we do not get out until the wee small hours of the morning. I have barely been able to make myself get up and go to work each morning because I don't usually get into bed before two. I can sleep anywhere or any time at this date. All I did yesterday was sleep and loaf around.

You should see the puppies at this date. Yesterday we had them out on the front porch almost all day and of course had to follow them around with a mop too. They are getting very playful and can't resist playing with anything that they can get hold of. One of them is larger than the other and is darker than the other, but the smaller is more playful and seems more intelligent than the other. Mrs. Dent wants the larger and mother says that it looks almost the father. The smaller is much more like Ginger, Bernice wants to keep it, but I don't seem how we can keep two of Ginger's size and not have Ginger jealous all of the time.
Mother said that you wanted a new wallet with room for snapshots in it. Bernice will get you one if you want us to because we didn't get you very much for your birthday. Would like a copy of Bob Hope's new book? It's supposed to be very good and I'm going to get one for Fred. I don't imagine that you have too much time to read, but this is something that you can pick up and it would not bother you if you had to read it on the go. Say so, and your wish shall be granted.

I wish that you would try and get mother to go away on a vacation. I think that she is going to be sick if she doesn't get a few weeks rest. I don't think that daddy realizes what a strain she is under and she has been working for over a year now without a break. Daddy doesn't do half the work that she does and he doesn't really need one half as much as she does. See if you can't persuade her to do something. I would like her to go away with me if I go anywhere at the end of the summer. I will have to stop now and go back to work. Bye for now.

Lots of love,

Shirley
Monday afternoon
August 7, 1944

Dear Lee:

"I wish that you would try and get mother to go away on a vacation. I think that she is going to be sick if she doesn’t get a few weeks rest. I don’t think that daddy realizes what a strain she is under and she has been working for over a year now without a break. Daddy doesn’t do half the work that she does and he doesn’t really need one half as much as she does. See if you can’t persuade her to do something. I would like her to go away with me if I go anywhere at the end of the summer. I will have to stop now and go back to work. Bye for now.

Lots of love,
Shirley
Friday, May 14, 1943

Dear Lee:-

It surely was good to hear your voice on the telephone Tuesday night, and I was so glad that I was at home. Of course daddy regreted very much that he was not here, also, to join in. And it tickled Shirley to think that she had a chance to say "hello".

Daddy has just left to pick up the Governor and take him to the opening home game of the Blue Rocks. It is a cool evening, but I imagine there will be a good crowd on hand. I'll send you the clipping later.

Shirley is getting dressed for the junior prom, which is being held at the duPont Country Club. I have been working almost all week to get her clothes in shape.

This was the afternoon that Dr. E. Stanley Jones spoke to the Woman's Society of the conference in Grace Church. He did a splendid job. I hope you have a chance to hear him sometime. I was in an executive meeting from 10 until after 1 and then in his meeting from 2 to 4, so I have had a rather full day.

On Tuesday I went, with two other women from Wilmington, to Elkton, Md. As you may know, hundreds and hundreds of girls and women are employed in the Explosive Plant there. The government has erected dormitories to take care of over 1000 girls, most of whom have come up from the mountain regions of West Virginia. We visited some of the dorms, saw how the girls live, and hope to be able to do something toward making their lives a little more comfortable. There was a terrible explosion there just last week,—20 killed and many more injured. They claim that particular plant is one of the most important in the country in the manufacture of explosives for the government, and everything should be done possible to make these girls happy. Many of them have never before been away from home.

We have received a notice of Dickinson commencement next weekend. Daddy and Mr. Hering are going up, I guess. Daddy wants me to go but I don't seem to have much enthusiasm so far for the trip and don't believe I will make it.

Well, I must stop now and help Shirley get "dolled up". Take good care of yourself and write whenever you can. Love

Mother
Friday, May 14, 1943

Dear Lee:

,,On Tuesday I went, with two other women from Wilmington, to Elkton, Md. As you know, hundreds and hundreds of girls and women are employed in the Explosive Plant there. The government has erected dormitories to take care of over 1000 girls, most of whom have come up from the mountain regions of West Virginia. We visited the dorms, saw how the girls live, and hope to be able to something toward making their lives a little more comfortable. There was a terrible explosion there just last week,—20 killed and many more injured. They claim that particular plant is one of the most important in the country in the manufacture of explosives for the government, and everything should be done possible to make these girls happy. Many of them have never been away from home...Take good care of yourself and write whenever you can.

Love
Mother
2 TRIUMPH BUILDINGS SHATTERED; FLAMES DESTROY 3 OTHERS

STATE RED CROSS RUSHES AID TO SITE OF ELKTON BLAST
Doctors, Nurses, Blood Plasma at Scene 30 Minutes After Call

Boundaries Disregarded As Chapter Gets Plea for Assistance in Emergency

Higher Toll Expected as Workers Comb Ruins in Devastated Area for More Victims; Long Lines Visit Improvised Morgue in Search of Kin; Explosion Cause Unknown

By CECIL LIBERMAN
ELKTON, Md., May 4—At least 15 workers were killed and 34 injured at 3 o'clock this afternoon when an explosion shattered the two Triumph buildings in Elkton, Md., plant here, and fire destroyed three others.

A Elkton man, Chooz Whaley, 3121 Madison Street, was among the victims. He was employed by the company in the engineering department. Four Elkton women among the injured and their condition are:

Curtis Woods, 386, Helen Sailer, 46, Mary Lily, 37, Rose Gunther, 27.

It is feared that at least five of the injured are in a critical condition, and the body list is expected to increase.

The first building that blew up was on the south side of the plant grounds, in a salubrity from the plant's administration building. A workman who was nearby said he saw a huge flash and an explosion that shook the area a quarter mile radii was shaken.

Approximately 100 persons were said to have been employed in the structure, many of them Negro girls.

Fire broke out immediately and spread quickly to nearby buildings. One was a canteen where many women were eating lunch. Homes in many sections of Elkton were rocked, and many windows were broken.

Equipment was rushed from every nearby town, and ambulances were called from every available point in the area. Besides Elkton equipment, companies from North East and Chesapeake were rushed to the scene.

The Army and Navy immediately launched an investigation, while state police and company men turned a cordon around the area.

While officials said that the cause of the explosion was not known, Maj. Robert Guth, of the Army's Philadelphia regional office of War and Security, arrived to direct the investigation.

Meanwhile, armed with cheers, members of the State Guard bailed out a circling elkton's 6,000 on various duties. The official Army photograph of the scene showed complete devastation in the area in which five buildings were located.

The plant hospital was razed and other victims were taken to Elkton General Hospital and the Memorial Hospital and also had great difficulty in giving them any help.

City Tired in Action

The entire situation was ordered to the city council and the city council was seriously injured in the explosion. The city council was notified of the explosion and the entire council was out of the city at the time of the explosion.

Meanwhile, the Red Cross was notified and nurses returned from the city council, and many were left after distributing supplies to the victims of the explosion.

At least 30 nurses and doctors returned from the city council, and many were left after distributing supplies to the victims of the explosion. The Red Cross is working to keep up with the demands of the city for assistance.

G. O. P. CANDIDATE WINS BALTMore MAYORALTY
McKernan Defeats Jackson for 3rd Term
R. P. MCKERNAN, BALTIMORE, May 4—Mr. McKernan defeated Mr. Jackson for a third term.

The victory was a hard-fought one, with McKernan gaining a narrow margin in the final count.

The election was conducted in a spirited manner, with both candidates working hard to gain the support of the electorate.

Blow Casualties

Known Dead
Chester Whaley, 3121 Madison Street
Wilson Watson, Elkton
Chester Boe, Elkton
R. C. Brown, Elkton
Miss Ira Young, Ward, Va., Nu.
Miss Ira Lanklin, 3121 Madison Street
Mrs. Horace Oxley, 3121 Madison Street
Maxine Yost, Elkton
Susan Mall, Elkton
Chas. Forrest, Elkton
Del. P. Fish, Elkton
J. H. Fish, Elkton
Jack Thompson, Elkton, Va.

Ten Persons Identified

Catherine Jackson, Elkton
Jack Thompson, Elkton

Note: One person not identified.

The list of the injured who were identified:

Charles White, Elkton
Susan Mall, Elkton
Willie Small, Elkton
Maxine Yost, Elkton
Maria Forrester, Elkton
Maria Small, Elkton
Emily Ringgold, Elkton
Mawhite Thun, Elkton

For EXPLOSION—Page 8

Index of the News

Page 1
Articles: 11
Interviews: 1
In Focus: 1
Features: 1
Interiors: 1
Letters: 3
Editorials: 1

Page 2
Index of the News

Page 3
Articles: 8
Interviews: 1
In Focus: 1
Features: 1
Interiors: 1
Letters: 3
Editorials: 1
Monday, June 14, 1943.

Dear Lee:

Maybe you will be surprised to learn that your mother is a "working lady" now. Miss Horner, you know, left last week to become a WAVE which left daddy high and dry as far as a secretary is concerned, so for a while at least I am trying to hold down the job. Of course there are some things she did which I cannot do, but maybe we can struggle along somehow until the proper person is found. I reported to work at 8 a.m. this morning. When I went over home for lunch you should have seen your two sisters. You might have thought they had lost everyone they have in the world. They seem to think it is terrible for me not to be around the house every minute they are, but I guess they will get used to it.

I saw Julia yesterday and congratulated her on her winning the scholarship, etc. She was wearing your gardenias. Shirley was thrilled to death with hers. They surely were lovely. I am not sure whether she wrote you before or after she got them.

Yesterday was a terribly hot day here and we certainly did pity those folks who had to attend the Wilmington High and F.S. commencement and baccalaureate services combined. We had a severe thunder storm late in the afternoon but it did not begin to cool off until around midnight. At 8 o'clock daddy had a committee meeting at the Phipps' to arrange for a service flag or some appropriate reminder of the boys from our church who are in the service. He is chairman of the committee.

Yesterday was Youth Day at church. Dr. Veh, who spoke four years ago and whom you may remember, was the speaker. The young people's and junior choirs sang. Daddy did not attend the service, for he had a defense meeting at 12, a flag raising at Colonial Heights at 2, one at Marshallton at 5. When he came in for his dinner he was soaked through and looked as though he had been in a fight.

Shirley has not found anything to do yet. Bernice is working on Saturdays at Crosby & Hill's.

I sent you off a box of cookies, candy, etc. on Saturday in hopes it will reach you in time for your birthday. It did not seem much to send for your birthday. Daddy intended to get a letter off but I don't believe he has found the time yet. Daisy said she was going to write you yesterday. Of course you know without my telling you that we wish you the happiest possible birthday and hope next year you will be able to celebrate it at home.

In today's mail we received an invitation to Mr. Jarrett's wedding in Phoenixville, Pa. this coming Saturday. He seems so much like a kid to me in so many ways that I cannot think of his getting married.

I do hope that the rain has let up by now and that you are able to get in some training in the way of flying every day. Do you think you will be shipping off somewhere else this week, or must you get in a certain number of hours of flying before you leave there?

Lots of love from all of us. Mother
Monday, June 14, 1943

Dear Lee:

...Maybe you will surprised to learn that your mother is a “working lady”. Miss Horner, you know, left last week to become a WAVE which left daddy high and dry as far as a secretary is concerned, so for a while at least I am trying to hold down the job. Of course there are some things she did which I cannot do, but maybe we can struggle along somehow until the proper person is found. I reported to work alittle after 8 this morning. When I went over home for lunch you should have seen your two sisters. You might have thought they had lost every friend they have in the world. They seem to think it is terrible for me not to be around the house every minute of they are, but I guess they will get used to it...

Lots of love from all of us.

Mother
Wednesday, March 22, 1944

Dearest Lee:

I seem to be walking around in circles this morning, not being able to settle down to anything for very long. This time last week we were all excited about your coming home, and this morning you are gone again. I realize it is best for you, as far as training is concerned, not to have frequent or long furloughs; but nevertheless we miss you terribly and are looking forward to the day when this mess will be over and you will be home once more to stay. I hope the days were not too hectic for you,—that you were able to relax some and to enjoy yourself, also. We are very proud of the way you have come along in the air force and hope that after the war you will be able to get some "fun" out of all your training and experience. We'll have to begin now to save up our pennies to buy a plane.

A letter came from Shirley this morning. She arrived in Williamsport at 6:11,—just two or three minutes behind schedule, which was very good considering the weather. Some of the girls who were home over the weekend returned on the late train Sunday night and were over two hours late,—not arriving until after 1 a.m. In Harrisbury she met the fiancee of Nan's brother who had been to Chicago to see him over the weekend and was returning to Bucknell, so she had company part of the way back. She will be busy all this week working on exams.

It was 2:25 when daddy and I walked in the house this morning,—not too bad going. I hunted up Miss
Ries' Christmas card and found that she had left Chicago so of course we did not wire her. A call came thru this morning saying that a plane reservation could be secured for tonight, but I feel better and I think you do going by train, where you are not subject to priorities.

Jeff received a call from Frank Horner this morning, saying he was home on furlough and would be out this afternoon.

Grandmother Minker left about 10 o'clock this morning, as she has a meeting this afternoon to which she wanted to go.

I am sending your bag off on the 1 o'clock trip today.

Well, there isn't much news, of course, but I did want you to know that it was grand to have you home again. Here's hoping that you will soon be allowed to come back.

With all my love.

Mother
Dearest Lee:

I seem to be walking around in circles this morning, not being able to settle down to anything for very long. This time last week we were all excited about your coming home, this morning you are gone again. I realize it is best for you, as far as training is concerned, not to have frequent or long furloughs but nevertheless me miss you terribly and are looking forward to the day when this mess will be over and you will be home once more to stay. I hope the days were not too hectic for you,—that you were able to relax some and to enjoy yourself, also. We are very proud of the way you have come along in the air force and hope that after the war you will be able to get some “fun” out of all your training and experience. We'll have to begin now to save up our pennies to buy a plane...Well, there isn't much news, of course, but I did want you to know that is was grand to have you home again. Here's hoping that you will soon be allowed to come back.

With all my love.

Mother
Saturday 27, 1943

Dear tall, horn and moronic,

I received your letter this evening and was amazed to hear from you. Please explain in your next letter home what you were ill from. It might be nice to know.

Last night Walt and I saw 'They Got Me Covered.' It was funny in parts, but not as consistently amusing as 'Road to Morocco.'

Mother and dad are going to see 'The Corn...
Mother's and Dad's 25th Wedding Anniversary is next Wednesday.

Shirley had a bit of trouble with those persistent minuses last week but they're all right now. A lot of people have measles over at school and Charlotte just came back from a visit.

For the first time since I was a toddler I passed two tests in one day today. One was in Algebra and one in Hygiene.

Miss Lamb, Shirley's favorite, has joined the Red Cross.

I'm going tonight at the Playhouse, starring Ethel Barrymore. We are certainly getting to be theatre goers in this house. Shirley and Ben are going but tonight to see 'Keeper of the Flame' with Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn.

Jack Dunn, who's in the Canadian Air Force, was at school yesterday. He looks fine. Tony Tararar and Jack Schmidt both leave Tuesday. Biddle grew up for his first physical tomorrow.
She goes in the middle of April to Washington to take a three weeks training course. On its completion she will be sent to China for two years.

Did you hear about the moron who held the bladder to his ear to hear the Ink Spots?

No? Well, I'll tell you some time.

Lots of love,

Bernice
Friday, May 14, 1943

Dear Lee:-

It surely was good to hear your voice on the telephone Tuesday night, and I was so glad that I was at home. Of course daddy regreted very much that he was not here, also, to join in. And it tickled Shirley to think that she had a chance to say "hello".

Daddy has just left to pick up the Governor and take him to the opening home game of the Blue Rocks. It is a cool evening, but I imagine there will be a good crowd on hand. I'll send you the clipping later.

Shirley is getting dressed for the junior prom, which is being held at the duPont Country Club. I have been working almost all week to get her clothes in shape.

This was the afternoon that Dr. E. Stanley Jones spoke to the Woman's Society of the conference in Grace Church. He did a splendid job. I hope you have a chance to hear him sometime. I was in an executive meeting from 10 until after 1 and then in his meeting from 2 to 4, so I have had a rather full day.

On Tuesday I went, with two other women from Wilmington, to Elkton, Md. As you may know, hundreds and hundreds of girls and women are employed in the Explosive Plant there. The government has erected dormitories to take care of over 1000 girls, most of whom have come up from the mountain regions of West Virginia. We visited some of the dorms, saw how the girls live, and hope to be able to do something toward making their lives a little more comfortable. There was a terrible explosion there just last week, - 2o killed and many more injured. They claim that particular plant is one of the most important in the country in the manufacture of explosives for the government, and everything should be done possible to make these girls happy. Many of them have never before been away from home.

We have received a notice of Dickinson commencement next weekend. Daddy and Mr. Hering are going up, I guess. Daddy wants me to go but I don't seem to have much enthusiasm so far for the trip and don't believe I will make it.

Well, I must stop now and help Shirley get "dolled up". Take good care of yourself and write whenever you can. Love

Mother
Friday, May 14, 1943

Dear Lee:

"On Tuesday I went, with two other women from Wilmington, to Elkton, Md. As you know, hundreds and hundreds of girls and women are employed in the Explosive Plant there. The government has erected dormitories to take care of over 1000 girls, most of whom have come up from the mountain regions of West Virginia. We visited the dorms, saw how the girls live, and hope to be able to something toward making their lives a little more comfortable. There was a terrible explosion there just last week, -20 killed and many more injured. They claim that particular plant is one of the most important in the country in the manufacture of explosives for the government, and everything should be done possible to make these girls happy. Many of them have never been away from home...Take good care of yourself and write whenever you can.

Love
Mother
TRIUMPH BUILDINGS SHATTERED: FLAMES DESTROY 3 OTHERS

State Red Cross Rushes Aid to Site of Elkton Blast

Doctors, Nurses, Blood Plasma at Scene 30 Minutes After Call

Boundaries Disregarded As Chapter Gets Plea for Assistance in Emergency

Higher Toll Expected as Workers Comb Ruins in Devastated Area for More Victims; Long Lines Visit Improvised Morgue in Search of Kin; Explosion Cause Unknown

By Cecil Liberman

ELKTON, Md., May 5—At least 15 workers were killed and 34 injured at 3 o'clock this afternoon when an explosion shattered the second building of the Triumph Explosives, Inc., plant here, and fire destroyed three others.

A Wilmington man, Chester Whaley, 3121 Madison Street, was among the dead. He was employed by the company in the engineering department.

Four women, including three injured, and their condition are:

Caroline Williams, 519, S. 8th St., Fair. Rose Gunther, ill.

At least five of the injured are in a critical condition, and the death toll is expected to rise.

The first building that blew up was on the south side of the plant grounds, in a salubrity of a mile from the plant's administration building. A workman who was nearby said he saw a huge flash and heard a sound like a cannon. One of the three 15-ton metal gates was shaken.

Equipment was rushed in from every nearby town, and ambulances were called from every available point in the area. Besides equipment, companies from North East and Chesapeake, near here, were sent to help.

The Army and Navy immediately launched an investigation, while state police and company guards threw up a cordon around the site.

Meanwhile, armed with shotguns, members of the State Guard took charge of the scene. Sherry's store was raided, and milling, semi- hysterical people. A throng gathered around the Union Hospital, where Maj. Robert Chuter of the Army's Regional Office, Navy, and Security, arrived and directed the investigation.

While officials said that the cause of the explosion was not known, Maj. Robert Chuter of the Army's Regional Office, Navy, and Security, arrived and directed the investigation.

Meanwhile, armed with shotguns, members of the State Guard took charge of the scene. Sherry's store was raided, and milling, semi hysterical people. A throng gathered around the Union Hospital, where Maj. Robert Chuter of the Army's Regional Office, Navy, and Security, arrived and directed the investigation.

Area Devastated

While no one was allowed inside the plant after the 1,000 or more workers, on the 4, 3, 3, 2, 3, 2, and 1, 3, after several explosions were heard, and witnesses described the sound of a cannon.

The plant hospital was filled, and other victims were taken in the Union Hospital, where the bodies of those killed were sent to the morgue. The body of the dead was sent to the morgue.

The plant hospital was filled, and other victims were taken in the Union Hospital, where the bodies of those killed were sent to the morgue.

The plant hospital was filled, and other victims were taken in the Union Hospital, where the bodies of those killed were sent to the morgue.

The plant hospital was filled, and other victims were taken in the Union Hospital, where the bodies of those killed were sent to the morgue.

Blast Casualties

Known Dead:

Chester Whaley, 3121 Madison St., Elkton.

Wilson Winters, Elkton.

Chester Enloe, Raleigh, H. C.

Miss Ida Young, Win, W. Va.

Mrs. Horace Calvert, 10, Chestertown, Md.

Sloan Null, Yorktown, Va.

Chester Whaley, 3121 Madison St., Elkton.

Del. Gillee, Pitman, N. J.

Mae Wren, Elkton.

Maxwell Reddick, Allentown, Pa.

Billie Young, Del. Gillee, Pitman, N. J.

Identified Wounded:

Jack Thompson, Denver, Va.

One person not identified.

For EXPLOSION—Page 8

p. 23
This folder focuses on the sacrifices of the civilians of war torn Europe. Each letter highlights destruction in London, Switzerland, France and Germany bringing to light the harsh reality of truly experiencing war, as Shirley said, “it just doesn’t seem at all real to us here at home.”

1. Edna to Lee: April 5, 1944: A town in Switzerland is mistakenly bombed by the Allied forces.
2. Lee to Shirley: November 14, 1944: describes the destruction of the city of London.
3. Lee to Edna: May 27, 1945: describes the “shell” that is left of Germany.
5. Lee’s Scrapbook: pictures showing bomb results in Germany
While reading letter excerpts, organize the sacrifices of the following groups. Consider how age, gender, geographic location play a role in sacrifice.

- Women
- Men
- Teenagers
- Europeans

**Shared Sacrifices**
April 5, 1944

Dear Lee:

Just 4 days 'til Easter and we had another heavy snowfall last night. Most of the snow has now disappeared but there is a cold wind blowing today and it is really like winter time. There will have to be a big change in the next few days to allow folks to wear spring outfits.

I believe we are going to be able to have Mrs. Lake with us for Easter. At least she will be here until the end of the week, which will give her a chance to see Shirley, for she arrives home tomorrow afternoon.

Were you surprised to get the wire? When daddy went in to Epple's to get your clothes he found that they had lost your measurements. I do hope you have not been inconvenienced too much. They should be ready by tomorrow and as soon as I get them I will send them right off, together with the odds and ends of things which you want. Bernice wrote you last night and I enclosed the pictures which we took the last day you were home. I did not send the ones of your grandmothers alone because they were not very good and you have them in the one with you.

Mr. Hamm went to Philadelphia this morning with 5 boys to try to get them in the Navy; daddy is in Juvenile Court; Mr. Briggs is having religious instruction; this is Mrs. Snyder's afternoon off; so I am holding down the fort. This is the first day I have had to leave Mrs. Lake for so long. We are taking her in to church this evening for the supper and Wednesday night meeting. Tomorrow night, of course, will be Holy Communion; and then will come the big day on Sunday.

That was a terrible thing which happened in Switzerland, wasn't it—the accidental bombing of a Swiss town which was mistaken for a German town several miles away.

Thursday

Daddy stopped in at the postoffice late last night and got the card from Carlsbad Caverns, so we take it that you are alright and that you had some time off over the weekend to do some sightseeing. I hope we get a letter before Easter.

There was a big snowstorm in N.Y. yesterday, but we have had no more. Today is bright and clear and I hope it warms up some.

We were surprised by the announcement on the radio this morning that Wilkie had announced his plans not to campaign further for the presidential nomination. I take it that Dewey will run for the Republicans, which means that Roosevelt will be re-elected.

Our very best love and good wishes.

Melton
April 5, 1944

Dear Lee:

Just 4 days ‘till Easter and we had another heavy snowfall last night. Most of the snow has disappeared but there is a cold wind blowing today and it is really like winter time…That was a terrible thing which happened in Switzerland, wasn’t it, the accidental bombing of a Swiss town which was mistaken for a German town several miles away…

Our very best love and good wishes.

Mother
Friday morning
February 9, 1945

Dearest Looie:

Again you are lucky! Yes, I guess that I have time in class to write, and you can't complain that my typewriting is illegible. Or can you? It's a very cloudy day up here today, but the air is more like spring than winter. It feels as though we are going to get some rain, but, at least that would be a little different from snow. It has been so warm this week, that almost all of the snow has melted. Everyone says that if it melts gradually like this that we won't have a flood. I would like to get out of a little school, but I don't think that a flood would be much fun, really.

I had a letter from you this week and I think that the date was sometime in the latter part of January. I don't have it here because I sent it on home to mother. She probably heard, but sometime her mail doesn't come through as fast as mine. Mother wrote to me and said that it was in the paper that you had been awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster. I don't think that you will be able to walk home, let alone to fly, with all of your medals and decorations. She has also heard from mothers of fellows in your crew, and I think that she is just tickled pink every time that she does. It's good to know that there is such good feeling between all of you fellows.

This morning I had three letters from Fred. Yes, he's finally landed in France. He said that there was an awful lot of mud, but he doesn't complain. He also said that all the parts of France that he had seen had been unnecessarily
ruined and almost of the countryside was in ruins. It doesn't seem at all real to us here at home, just what war can do to a country. I guess that you have to see it to fully realize it's meaning.

This week has been very busy too. Ever since the new semester has started I have been going around as though I were in a nightmare. For instance, Monday night I had choir rehearsal and then play practice; Tuesday night we had a Student Council meeting and a committee meeting for the big Dickinson Banquet to be held in March; Wednesday night The Community Concert presented Mary Van Kirk; and last night I had play practice until 10:00. I think that I will just sleep all the week-end through. Mary Van Kirk is a contralto and really quite good. She is one of the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air winners of just a few years ago. She is very young.

Did mother write you that Bill Johns was engaged? The girl is from Westover Hills, and I have met her once or twice. Ben told me that he thought they were going to be engaged when I saw him at Christmas time, but mother seemed to be quite surprised. The last that I heard from Ben, he was sick in bed with the grip. I wish that the Army would take him.

A group of movie people are here this week and for a month or so, I believe, to make some Navy movies. Gene Kelly is among them, and all the girls in town are going crazy trying to see him and get his autograph. I haven't seen him yet, but maybe I will yet. The rumor is going around that Frankie is going to come in a few weeks, but I don't think that I will believe that until I see it with my own eyes. I would like to see him in person again.
If you don't think you can stand it, you'd better stop reading here. I'm back to the dorm and will quit writing a few more sentences before I close. The gang knows they have caught everyone this week-end and I think there are only six people left in the sophomore hall. Some of the girls had been planning ahead, but a lot of them quit made up their minds after dinner. I'd love to go, too, but it takes too long and I was home only this week-end. That gives an awful long percentage of the girls six days to get ready because there isn't very much to do here. But with such a heavy schedule all I want to do is sleep. Next week I have play rehearsal every night so I'm going to rest up now! Well, Louis, going to try and catch up on some more of my correspondence tonight. I'm so glad to hear you're coming along as well, and you deserve everything good. Night and good luck.

Love,
Shirley
Dearest Looie*,

…This morning I had three letters from Fred. Yes, he’s finally landed in France. He said that there was an awful lot of mud, but he doesn’t complain. He also said that all the parts of France that he had seen had been unnecessarily ruined and almost of the countryside was in ruins. It doesn’t seem at all real to us here at home, just what war can do to a country. I guess that you have to see it to fully realize it’s meaning…

Lots of love,

Shirley

*Looie is nickname now that Lee has attained the rank of Lieutenant
Sunday evening
May 27, 1945

Dear Mother,

This is a beautiful May Sunday evening. I can’t help but wonder how it is back home. Rumors about the future are flying thick and fast but still nothing has been announced.

Enclosed you will find film negatives which should be of interest when developed. London, crew, buddies, etc. More will follow. Separately, I am sending a receipt for another government money order, play program and briefing sheet for a Victory Tour of Germany.

Recently I flew on a Victory Tour of Germany (one of a series) planned to give air and ground personnel of the 8th Air Force a low altitude close-up view of the results of their bombing
missions, a view of Europe and a sample of flying. The damage to the German cities is indescribable, especially in railway yards and business centers. I wish every American could see the utter ruin so as to see, and realize, the real home front slaughter of total war. Rotterdam is more than half weed-covered lots where buildings once stood before the German blitz of 1940. Every German city is only a shell of half walls and rubble, hopeless and bare; the sun gleams mockingly on millions of glass particles in the ruins. The country is a beautiful spring green in field and forest with neat, honest orange roofed farmhouses, but not a permanent bridge is standing, and all roads, railways, canals and rivers are blocked at least once every half mile. Germany
is beaten and paralyzed totally and horribly. I haven't seen Chaplain Carpenter yet.

Received your letter of May nineteenth today which seems okay. How is my mail coming through now?

Say hello to everybody for me.

Yours,

Lee
Dear Mother,

This is a beautiful May Sunday evening...Recently I flew on a Victory Tour of Germany (one of a series) planned to give air and ground personnel of the 8th Air Force a low altitude close-up view of the results of their bombing missions, a view of Europe and a sample of flying. The damage to the German cities is indescribable, especially in railway yards and business centers. I wish every American could see the utter ruin so as to see, and realize, the real home front slaughter of total war. Rotter dam is more than half weed covered lots where buildings once stood before the German blitz of 1940. Every German city is only a shell of half walls and rubble, hopeless and bare, the sun gleams mockingly on millions of glass particles in the ruins. The country is beautiful spring green in field and forest with neat, honest orange farmhouses, but not a permanent bridge is standing, and all roads, railways, canals, and rivers are blocked at least once every half mile. Germany is beaten and paralyzed totally and horribly.

Yours,

Lee
Tuesday evening
November 14, 1944

Dear Shirley,

I recently visited London. London, England—the center from which Anglo-Saxon culture and civilization have spread throughout the world, second largest city on earth, great financial, commercial and manufacturing center, nerve center of the United Nations victory drive in the west.

After an early morning train ride from a town near my present airbase I arrived at a great London station, caught a ride in one ancient looking cab and engaged a room in the Regent Palace Hotel in Piccadilly Circus, heart of the entertainment district. After a sparse wartime English lunch I went to the well-stocked Central Officers Clothing Post Exchange to purchase needed clothing, returning to the hotel for tea. I ate dinner at the best restaurant in England, American Officers Mess at the Grosvenor House. On the evening I did the town.

Next day, after breakfast in bed and a warm tub bath, I took an American Red Cross limousine tour of the town; Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square
and Admiral Nelson's Statue, Tower of London, London Bridge, Tower Bridge, east side slum and warehouse district, Fleet Street newspaper area, the Temple law and court center, Old Curiosity Shop, Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park, Baker Street, number 10 Downing Street, Houses of Parliament, British Museum, U.S. embassy. I went through the massive awe-inspiring war-damaged St. Paul's Cathedral, which is kept like a museum, and Westminster Abbey and Cathedral. Seeing the top movie An American Romance completed my first visit to London.

London today is not catering to tourists, she is drab and battle scarred. If you will read William L. White's report in Reader's Digest of the great fire night of the 1942 London Blitz and multiply that by five years of war (rockets still cause frequent tragedy) you will have an idea of this great city today.

Must close now.

Love,
Tuesday evening
November 14, 1944

Dear Shirley,

I recently visited London. London, England—the center from which Anglo-Saxon culture and civilization have spread throughout the world, second largest city on earth, great financial, commercial and manufacturing center, nerve center of the United nations' victory drive in the west...Next day, after breakfast in bed and a warm tub bath, I took an American Red Cross limousine tour of the town: Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, and Admiral Nelson's statue, Tower of London, London Bridge, Tower Bridge, east side slum and warehouse district, Fleet Street newspaper area, the Temple law and court center, Old Curiousity shop, Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park, Baker Street, number 10 Downing Street, Houses of Parliament, British Museum, U.S. Embassy. I went through the massive awe inspiring war damaged St. Paul's Cathedral, which is kept like a museum, and West Minister Abbey and Cathedral. Seeing the top movie An American Romance completed my visit to London.

London today is not catering to tourists, she is drab and battle scarred. If you will read William White's report in Reader's Digest of the great fire night of the 1942 London blitz and multiply that by five years of war (rockets still cause frequent tragedy) you will have an idea of this great city today.

Must close now.

Love,

Lee