

1

Wilmington

Delaware

March 16, 1943

Dear Droopey Drawers -

We just got another letter from you and I'm the first one who has come out from under the shock. It's too, too quick. Yesterday, Ben and I, mother & Bernice went to see "Claudia" at the Playhouse. It was really quite funny and everyone thought that it was very good. Friday here was a beautiful day and everyone thought that spring were (sic) here to stay. On Saturday morning I awoke and found the heaviest snow of the year coming down. It was one of these snows which sticks on all the trees and was really

2

quite beautiful. It had stopped by 5 o'clock and today was another beautiful day. The snow seemed to evaporate when we were in church and this afternoon Bernice, Charlotte, Ben and I all went for a long walk.

We decided at school the other day to graduate in white as usual. I'm awfully glad because I really wanted to. Mother, of course, loves the idea. Mr. Howie has said that we can have a Senior Ball any time that we wish and so if enough people want to, I'll guess we have one. Swell, don't you think. I guess that means we are going to have a Junior Prom, so we're all set for an awfully nice spring.

Grandmother Jones is visiting Aunt Grace for a couple of days now as Howard, Gladys' husband, is home on a leave. The last couple of Sundays I have sung in the big choir in church, taking Jane's place. I'll sing until she comes back and I hear she's having a swell time. Today, one of your old flames was in church. Miss Julia Ann Lattomer of Dickinson College, I do believe, and someone else from Dickinson, but I don't know her name. Tommie went to Chicago this weekend to visit one of his cousins and Bernice is "baching" it out with Charlotte, sort of a stand-in. We don't know what could

3

have happened to your cookies, but they must be awfully stale by now. Maybe your change of address had something to do with it.

Enclosed you'll see some dopey pictures of me and one good one of you. Don't show any of them to your buddies, I wouldn't want them to get the idea that I'm not beautiful! Ugh!

Well, I'll stop. I'm going to go to bed now, I hope, if Bernice & Charlotte will let me. I'll write again & lots of love to you.

Lots of love -

Shirley