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Wilmington, Delaware April 13, 1943

Dear Lee:

I hope that you are settled now and we are able to write to you again, knowing where you are. You must have seen lots of country in your travels. Have you seen any cowboys yet? Or, don't they have them there?

Spring has been awfully late in coming this year. We have one sort of lukewarm day, then it clouds over and rains, and the next day is freezing again. The trees and flowers have begun to come out several times but are nipped again by the frost.

Our class decided to have the Senior Ball be informal as many people were uncertain of

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transportation. We're going to have it at the University Club, 9th & Broom, and Jay Glover's orchestra is playing. I hope it goes off alright but you never can tell about such things.

Last Thursday night, Ruth Dougherty and I went down to the University of Delaware. The E-52 Players were giving "Allison's House" and we wanted to see it. It was rather good, but not very well attended by the student body. By the way, Glade and Jimmy seem to be doing pretty well in baseball. They're playing against the "A's" every night for practice.

Have you seen "In Which We Serve" by Noel Coward. It's quite good and the story and photography are interesting. Ben and I saw it Saturday night.

Over at school on the football field, an obstacle course has been built. It's good to see the boys trying to be Commandos. There are several low hurdles, a straight wooden wall about seven feet and lots of other queer looking things.

Mr. Gassaway has bought a house somewhere near here and it seems there are lots of prize iris around it which he doesn't want. Mother is tickled because he offered them to her and they really are supposed to be good.

We had a surprise blackout on Sunday night and Grandmother had to spend the night out here. Daddy, somehow, didn't get the yellow signal right away and was quite peeved. He spends most of

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his afternoons now over at the baseball diamond throwing balls to the boys. It should reduce him some, but it hasn't so far.

Yesterday I saw Miss Lamb for the last time. She had to do some shopping in Wilmington, so she came down and we met her after school. I certainly hated to see her go. Miss Potts was at school last Thursday looking wonderful in her Red Cross uniform. She was full of pep and loves her work. Mr. Graf and Mr. Carr have both gone for their first physical.

Well, write in between classes and let the coeds alone, wolf. Call me up sometime!!

Lots of love - Shirley