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June 23, 1943

Wilmington

Delaware

Dear Lee -

I thought I would take a chance on writing you, and maybe you will get it, maybe not. We got your pictures of you in the plane and you look like you mean business, but pictures can be touched up, can't they? I thought your instructor would be older than that. How old is he, he seems young for one?

I haven't gotten a job yet, but I've answered several ads and filed several applications. This morning I got an answer from an ad, but it seems the place is in Philadelphia, so I don't know yet. It was a job for the summer only, too, but it didn't

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seem that it was out-of-town.

Last night we had Ben and Tommie over for dinner. May and Gordon came down and we all playing cancellation hearts and then Ben and I beat May and Gordon two rubbers in bridge. Did I tell you that I was learning to play bridge? I've been playing about once a week since school stopped and like it an awful lot. I made a grand slam once, and that's supposed to be good, too. Ben is good, too, because he is an experienced player. He leaves tomorrow morning to go to summer school at Andover. I shall then hibernate.

Did you know that Mike was home for 10 days? I didn't see him but he called. I think he said he owed you a letter. Irvin Bodycatt is home for ten days now, and May is having quite a time keeping her men untangled. Gordon Lang is home too. He's in the Navy, stationed at Bainbridge.

The news on the world front has been good for us lately, but here at home we've had an awful mess - race riots, coal strikes, and zoot-suiters - what do you think?

Sunday morning Bernice and I stayed home from church and took a long sun-bath in the yard. We got quite a lot of sun-burn and yesterday we were out in the afternoon again. We got so hot sitting there we turned on the hose and sprinkled each other like we used to when we were all little kids. It's been very hot here for the last week or so, but I imagine it's hotter out there.

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Bernice started teaching Bible school this morning. She has also signed up in the Junior A.W.V.S. Corps and that means every afternoon. Mother is over at the office still and Grandmother is at Aunt Grace's for a week or so, so I get up and keep house every day. I'm getting to be quite a little cook, now.

I got a postcard from Ruth. She said that Donald was in the hospital, but didn't say what for. Her address is: Ruth Millar c/o Lt. Donald Millar Box 198 Cataumet, Mass.

Did you like the caramels for your birthday? We thought they would send better than chocolates. Well, I hope you get settled soon and call us again. I'll write soon.

Lots of love,

Shirley