

Wednesday, June 30, 1943.

Dear Lee:

At the present moment I have the weight of the whole school upon my broad shoulders, so I'll write you and relieve the tension. Daddy went to N.Y. this morning; Mr. Hamm is taking a few days' vacation and expects to be back this afternoon; Mr. Briggs has gone into Juvenile Court; Mr. Worth is in town. Can't say I've done such a good job so far for a boy ran away from Ball cottage this morning and I had to report it to the state police. Today is sort of a red-letter day, for I got my first pay check.

The heat wave seems to have been broken yesterday by a rain storm, and today it is actually chilly if you are in the shade and wind. Grandmother Jones came home yesterday. This afternoon Shirley is in town making application for a job at duPont's, - that is having an interview; I don't think she will get a job because she has left it until too late and she doesn't know anything about office work, of course. I certainly can't understand her this summer. Last year she was crazy to get something to do and worked hard all summer. This year she doesn't enthuse over anything and won't consider a job in a store, restaurant, etc. She's entirely too choosy. If she doesn't show some interest in something soon I'm afraid she doesn't stand much chance of interesting daddy in sending her to school this fall. He thinks and I believe rightly, that she should enthuse about something; but I haven't for the life of me been able to get her interested in anything. She says her only interest is music, yet with two lessons a week under Mr. Wyatt she scarcely ever opens her mouth at home to do any practising, and she doesn't want to go to a school and specialize in music. I guess you spoiled us, for you knew so far in advance what you wanted to do and where you wanted to go. With everybody crying for help these days I think it is a crime that she doesn't interest herself in something. Well, so much for that. I didn't mean to preach a sermon, but I am discouraged and much concerned as to her future.

The circus was here yesterday and Monday and the girls and I had thought something of going last night, but when we found that reserved seats were \$2.35 per we changed our minds.

Your suitcase has not arrived yet.

I was talking to Mrs. Graef on the 'phone this morning. She told me that Mr. Graef was turned down for the army because several years ago he had had stomach ulcers. This summer he is working at the Edgemoor

plant of the duPont Co.

Maybe I'll have some more news to write tomorrow before the mail goes in.

Thursday morning

Your suitcase arrived just a few minutes ago,- looks like it's been thru the war.

Yesterday afternoon between 4:30 and 5 three negro boys got away, so you see I had quite a hectic day. Here's hoping today is an improvement. Daddy and Mr. Hamm will both be here, so maybe it will.

Shirley has an appointment this morning with a dentist in town who advertised for a receptionist "with some knowledge of typing". She can type pretty well with two fingers and I am hoping it will be enough to get her by in making out bills and the little work of such kind required in such an office. She'll let you know how she makes out.

Love from all of us, and of course you know we are pulling for you always.

Mother