

1

2:30 Wednesday afternoon [July 8, 1943]

Dear Lee:

I think I now have a minute to breath [sic] and will write you. I've been going full steam ahead since I arrived at the office at 8:15 to find that the boy on the switchboard had gone off with the office keys and I was locked out until 8:40. Needless to say I handed out some demerits to the boy involved. Maybe I'm beginning to get "hardboiled" for I'm not in the habit of giving demerits but one does get tired to making rules and then having them broken half of the time. Mr. Hamm went off yesterday to be gone until Friday night, for part of his vacation, which leaves me with the full responsibility of the office when daddy is not there, which is quite often.

Grandmother got your letter this morning and of course shared it with the rest of us. You certainly are kept stepping and I hope you are not having this hot, oppressive weather we are or it would be terrible to be taking exams. I am not worrying when I do not hear from you. We did get a form letter telling us of your classification as pilot and saying you would receive your training at some west coast school, which made use think that it might be some other place than Santa Ana.

Of course you remember the Gerald's in Cochituate. Well, today we received a card from Reed, who is just a few years older than you, you know, saying he is stationed in Aberdeen at the proving grounds; so we have written to ask him to spend a weekend with us. We received an announcement of his wedding sometime in the early spring.

Mr. Porter, who has been the painter here for some months, had a heart attack and died Saturday afternoon. His funeral is today. He was a man in his sixties. We will miss him terribly. We have also recently lost a man from the shoeshop and one night watchman. Daddy does have his worries.

Last night Shirley took grandmother and me to see Stage Door Canteen (yesterday being her first pay day). We thought it was a very delightful picture. Maybe there will be a let up soon so that you can get in some thing of this nature.

Tonight there is the closing program of Vacation School, and as usual it is hot as blazes. Of course Bernice must go and take care of her children. She brought Mary Elizabeth Davis home with her for lunch, for she has been helping out, also. Tonight after the program I believe Tissie is coming home with her.

Take good care of yourself. Lots of love from everybody.

Mother [signed]