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Monday

Sept. 20, 1943

Wilmington, Del.

Dear Lee -

I haven't written for quite a few days, so when I have a moment or two now, I thought I'd write to you. Yesterday the operator called and said that Phoenix was on the line. It was about 1:30 our time and we got the Phoenix operator finally. She said someone answered out there and went to get you but after waiting about twenty minutes she said she'd call us back when they located you. We never got called back though, so I imagine the line was cut off or something. We were terribly disappointed.

Dickinson's opening has been postponed until a week from today and so I don't know whether we had better call next Sunday or not. You see, we might leave Sunday afternoon and it would be just your luck to get through when no one who mattered was here.

Ben leaves tomorrow morning and I guess from the looks of things now I won't see him again until Christmas. It's very exasperating. He only gets one day for Thanksgiving and I guess that's all we'll have, but I don't know for certain. The Johns were all out here for dinner yesterday and Grandma Minker and Jones. We really had quite a crowd and we had a grand time.

I'm sorry to hear that you don't think that you're

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making out so well on your flying. Is it just because you're nervous and tense? I hope so. Maybe it's because it's so different from flying one of those cubs which you started on. I certainly hope you get the feel of it. Don't worry too much about it and relax a little. I can remember when you were first learning to drive a car, you were nervous and tense for a while until you became more sure of yourself and gained confidence. I'm sure it's the same here. Good luck on your solo. We're rooting for you!

Lots of love and luck -

Shirley

P.S. If you don't hear from me again for some time, remember I'm trying to get settled and I'll write you as soon as I am able. I hope I'll like it. Do you think it will be to [sic] stodgy?

Love -

Shirley