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Friday, October 15 [1943]

Dear Lee:-

The box of cactus arrived this morning. The package was stamped "received in bad Condition" but I think the plants are o.k.- only the box was battered in. Thanks so much for thinking of me. I'll get them arranged in pots this evening and hope I can keep them all in good shape for you to see when you come home.

We enjoyed your letter with the drawings. I think you did very well for a person who can't draw. Daddy was proud of the letter,- read it in the Board meeting here at school yesterday. It seems almost incredible that you can do such things in a plane. You must get a great thrill over mastering such things. Here's to your continued success.

It has started to rain this afternoon. Bernice had intended to go to see Tower Hill play Sanford Prep in football, but she just called me saying she had come home. She goes in to choir practice on the 4 o'clock trip, comes home at 6, then goes out with Walter and another boy and girl in her class to bowl.

Our plans are to drive to Williamsport if it is a nice day Sunday. Should it rain I don't think we will go. On the way up last time we passed what must be a camp for war prisoners, in the wilds of Pa. We did not see any prisoners, but there were large signs telling us it was government property and that no one should stop along the road or enter, and it was barb-wire enclosed.

I'm glad you got to hear some of the world series. No, daddy did not see the Penn-Dartmouth game. In fact he says he isn't going up to any of the games, for he doesn't enthuse over these teams which are being made up of navy men. He thinks the whole schedule should be called off. Whether he will "weaken" before the season closes I don't know.

We saw Creighty in a newsreel one night this week.

Saturday 1:30 p.m.

I haven't been able to get any lunch yet, for both daddy and Mr. Hamm are out of the office today, but I think I'll be able to leave soon for a bite. A letter from Shirley this morning enclosed your last one to her. She writes that she will call us tomorrow-Sunday-evening; but I sent her a special delivery [sic] telling her not to. I did not tell her why, but if it is clear we are going to drive up to see her. She is busy getting ready for exams next week and her first marking period. She is the freshman representative on the Student Council and writes that she is liking it more every day. They have only Thanksgiving day off, but as they are entitled to one weekend a month I guess she will be able to come home.

Love

Mother

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[October 15, 1943] [Deduced from the letter label.]

Monday morning

I guess you will soon begin to think this is worse than one of those serial movies.

Well, we got up to see Shirley yesterday and was she surprised. We reached Williamsport at 12 o'clock and as we drove up toward the school saw girls coming home from church. We inquired where the Pine St. Methodist church was -- for Shirley had told us that was where she went. Soon we saw four girls coming across the street, the wind blowing them about, for it was a cold, windy day. One of them was Shirley. So we just trailed along in back of them until they looked around. If you had ever seen Shirley's face and heard the scream, for she had no idea whatever that we would be driving up. We met all the girls at the dorm and they seem to be a fine type of girl. We took Shirley out to dinner to a very nice tea house and daddy "splurged". We had tomato juice, stuffed lobster tail, candied sweet potatoes, beets, molded salad, home-made rolls and cinnamon buns, sherbet, relishes, apple pie and coffee. We left about 3, for she was busy getting ready for exams this week and of course we wanted to get home before late. We reached Wilmington at 7, got cleaned up and went to church for the concert. Several came to us later and said the only thing wrong with it was that Shirley was not on the program. I talked to Julia and her mother later and found out that she was sick all during the performance, with chills, and they thought she was not up to par, but I don't think other people noticed it.

I'll send you the newspaper clippings later, for I haven't had a chance to read the Sunday papers yet.

I enclose a picture which Shirley gave us yesterday, of her and Nancy, one of her roommates. Return it for it is all we have.

Lots of love,

Mother