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Friday night

July 14, 1944

Dear Lee --

This is the first time this week that I've been able to sit down and write to anyone. My friends are all going to think that I'm a member of the Lost Generation, but really I've been awfully busy.

I like my job very much. The people in the office are all as crazy as I am, so you know I feel right at home. Since the duPont Building is air conditioned, it's wonderful to work there in the summer. I haven't been hot yet! The work is very interesting and I really do work. From the time I get in there until I leave at five, I'm going all the time. Every other job I've had has always had some spare time to it, but this is one steady stream. The only thing I can find to kick about is that I have to get up so early, but it happens in the best of families.

I guess you know all about Ginger and the bad luck we had with the pups. Two of them are still alive and I'm pretty sure they'll remain alright. They are both so fat -- and all they do is eat and sleep and make funny noises. They really are very

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cute! Though I would have liked fourteen, I guess it would have been a lot of work for both Ginger and mother. We'll try to get some pictures of them to send to you. Here are some of the ones we took when you were home. None of them turned out particularly well because they were too far away. We'll learn by the trial and error method, I guess. Does seem a shame to waste film though, because it is too scarce.

We've been really having the rehearsals for Brandywiners. Three nights a week for the past two weeks, and next week we are scheduled for four. After that we move over to the Drama League, where we will probably have them every night. I don't get home until about 6:30 and by the time I've eaten dinner and read the funnies, it's time to start for dear old Burke Mill. I don't know what I would ever do without June there. She and I have so much fun together. She's really a swell girl.

The last two days we have finally had some rain. We were really beginning to need it quite badly because we have not had any for over two weeks. I hope that it doesn't rain tomorrow, though, because I want to go swimming out at Sesculer [?]. It probably will though! When you have to work on Saturday mornings, it doesn't leave much time to go to the shore. I've got to get some swimming and sun-burn somewhere. How have you been doing, "Pinkie"?

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I hope you are able to decipher this scribble because it's really awful. I used to be able to write fairly legible, but it has become pretty bad the last year. Ah well, it's because I have such an increase in fan mail!

Lee, the very afternoon that you left I bumped into an old friend of yours downtown. I was walking down Market Street after work and I ran right into Guy White. He's in the Navy and said he was going to school down in South Carolina now for his officer's rating. He looks the same as ever and said he wished he had known that you were home. Would have been nice if you could have seen him.

The "wolves" were home in full force over the 4th. Taylor had a night & day leave. He is soon leaving for overseas duty (Formosa, he thinks!). Gabby was home for one night and then for the week-end. He's due to be shipped soon, too. Henry Conley was home and Bill Baird, also. Almost like the good old days!

Mr. Yingst called me up tonight. He wanted to know where you were and I gave him your address. He said he hoped he would get a chance to write before you move again. I don't think I'd mention that I'd been home, if I were you. I didn't say anything about it and it might hurt his feelings. He said he wasn't doing anything this summer and was going to write his brother next week! He

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writes to so many of the fellows! I don't see how he even does it!

May is working in the library this summer. Her hours are like mine so I don't see much of her except over the week-ends!

About two nights after you left, all of the kids in our gang went to dinner and the movies. Then I found out about Ruth's engagement. I was quite surprised, but I suppose I shall get used to the idea.

You remember Ginnie Smith, don't you, Lee? She was in our gang at school and lives over in Brock - Ex. She went to Delaware this year and just this week her father died of a heart attack. I haven't seen her, but all of us sent her flowers! We were afraid that she wouldn't be able to continue at school but she's planning to go back in the fall.

I talked to Mr. Hyatt about music school the other day. He said the thing he would recommend was to continue with him and take piano lessons. Then go up to New York for one or two lessons a month. I've got to talk it over with mother and pater first though!

Well, I guess I've told you all my news for now. Write and tell me more about your crew (especially your co-pilot! Sounds good to me!) Take care of yourself and be good. Pups and Ginger send a wet, slobbery kiss and so do I. Bye now!

Always,  
Your loving sister --  
Shirley