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Sunday afternoon

July 30, 1944

Dear "H.P." -- [probably Hot Pilot]

Now, don't tell me that you aren't any H.P. or I'll hit you. Everyone in the Air Corps at least thinks he is, even if he isn't. I was so glad to get your lovely long letter, but today is the first time I've had time to write any letter in ages. It's quite, quite warm here today, but I just 'spect it's the same or worse down in the "sunny South." I've been writing letters just about all afternoon and all of them to soldiers too! Keeps me busy, you know, signing my pin-up pictures.

We've really been working on Brandywiners lately. Four and five nights a week. Last week, we started at the Drama League. It's quite small but the stage and lighting the best. There are no windows except small ones in the dressing rooms so we all get quite hot. We've been rehearsing until twelve about every night. Friday night we had our first dress rehearsal. The perspiration just rolled off with woolen costumes and long, heavy court dresses. It's going to be awful when we give it! I guess you see all the pictures in the paper. In the Star today there is a shot of the chorus with me in

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in it. We are all sold-out now except for a few Saturday night tickets. They are talking about giving one extra performance if we are sold-out for the six scheduled nights. We do have quite a lot of fun, though! It's taking up an awful lot of my time, but it makes the summer go faster. Jessie and I really do have fun. She's the neatest girl!

Did you see where Gloria Campana was married! Do you know the fellow? Also, Richard Ross! Jessie said she got an announcement of Laura Jane's marriage, but it hasn't been announced yet!

Gordon was home last week. He really does look grand. He's down at Fort Belvoir, Virginia for a month and then'll go back to Camp Grant, Illinois. He says they are trying to get him to go to O.C.S. but he won't. He doesn't seem to think much of his officers!

Did mother tell you about going down to Fort duPont last week? We surely did have fun and it was interesting to see all the German prisoners. I've never been down before and I liked it a lot. Made me feel right at home to see so many soldiers together again! Captain Flood was very nice and Bernice and I think he's swell.

I talked to Mr. Wyatt about next year and asked him what he thought. He said he never pushed anyone into studying music

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because it took so long and was so uncertain. But he said that if I wanted to I could take from him and go up to New York to Dr. Stanley about once a month. Then I would take piano from Mrs. Hill and probably have to get her to play my accompaniments. We also thought I could take a French diction course at Delaware. That's quite a full schedule, I know, but it could be done. After we planned all this, I had another lesson. He told me then that he had been thinking more about it and was getting pretty enthusiastic. I haven't had a minute to get mother and dad to see what they think of it yet, but I better soon. I still am not certain in my own mind just what would be best. I think of all the fun I will have if I go back to school, but then, I think of my music. So, it's still up in the air. What do you think of what we have planned if I do stay home? I'm open for suggestions.

We met Caroline's husband the other night. He seems like a good fellow and they both are crazy as ever. Bernice and I are going over to her apartment sometime to see her. I can't really see her married, can you?

The puppies are coming along

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fine, now. We have Ginger's house over by the cellar steps in the shade and we put them out there during the day. They can walk pretty well now! One of them even got half way down the cellar steps and was just squeaking its head off. Its legs weren't long enough to get back up. They are really getting cuter everyday.

Well, drip, I guess this is all my news now. Hope you aren't working too hard. I hope you will be able to bring your crew here sometime and I think Bernice and May and I could keep them entertained. Swell idea, me thinks! Write when you can and even when you can't. Seein' you, so 'til then --

Lots of love,

Shirley