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Ferris School for Boys

Box 230

Wilmington 99, Delaware

August 17, 1944

Dearest Lee:

As I look out of the window I seem to see some storm clouds appearing, but I am not counting on them too much. I can't remember of our ever having such a long, hot, dry spell. Usually we have not had trouble sleeping at nights, but this year there have been so many days when the thermometer has been in the 90's that the attic has not had a chance to cool off and the second floor is really hot at night. Daddy has been sleeping down on the porch for about a week, simply stretching out on two chairs. He says that before another summer comes he is going to have the attic insulated. But whenever I find myself complaining about the heat I think of you, for I imagine it is even hotter in Gulfport. Do you have the humidity that makes it so difficult in Wilmington?

Today we received a fine basket of peaches which Mrs. Hanning sent from the Peters' farm. Wish you were here to enjoy some of them with us. We haven't had watermelon yet but I think maybe I'll try to get one this weekend if they are not too expensive.

Bernice is busy getting ready for her dance Saturday night of this week. She has found it rather difficult to get boys even of her age group, but I think she has everyone "Matched" up now.

We haven't decided yet about Shirley. It is hard to know what is best; but if Mr. Wyatt thinks that now the time is ripe for her to discover about her voice I suppose the wise thing to do is to give her a year with him. She did so well at Williamsport, however, that I hate to think of her not finishing. If these were normal times it might be a little bit easier to decide. Bernice has not heard from Tower Hill yet. We have a chance to occupy Hering's cottage after Labor Day if we want, but it all depends on where Shirley and Bernice are going to be. I think Tower Hill does not open until about the middle of September. I would like to get away with the girls for a week if possible.

What did you think of the picture taken in New York? Have you traced the money order, for it has not arrived?

Shirley received a letter from Allen Cavendar yesterday; and last night Eugene Smith, the negro boy who used to be at the house, dropped in to see us. He is home from California on leave.

Keep as cool as you can. It looks like we will soon be on Paris, doesn't it? Did I tell you that we saw the Twilleys last Friday night at The Vagabond King?

Tom is in a hospital in England, having been wounded in the invasion. They spoke as if it were not too bad,- shrapnel in his leg, I believe. I just called his mother,- she heard from him yesterday. He has been in the hospital since July 14. I'll give you his address

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so that if you do have time to write you can. Mrs. Henderer surely appreciated hearing from you.

Pvt. Thomas L. Twilley, Jr., 32488419 Det. of Patients 4191 U.S.A. Hospital Plant A.P.O. 209 Postmaster New York, N.Y.

Lots and lots of love.

Mother