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Sunday nite

August 27, 1944

Dear Lee --

I hope you don't think the better half-of-the-family has deserted you. I've just sorta-kinda been taking it easy since Brandywiners is over and of course my letters are the first thing I let go! It's gotten quite a good deal cooler here in the past week or so! But I think it's getting a good deal warmer today. It's just like a day in late fall, honestly. Everyone goes around in suits and sweaters. I hope it's much warmer the week we are at the beach! It's always cool there at night, but I like it hot in the daytime!

I'm going to stop working this coming Saturday. I don't know exactly what date we are going to Rehobeth but it will be either Monday or Tuesday. Gregg wants me to go down with her for Labor Day week-end. I don't know. Bernice is going down to Ocean City and won't be back until Monday next. So I don't imagine mother will go down until Tuesday. I wish you could be here and go down with us. We haven't all gone to the shore together for quite a few years now. I hope [to] get a good tan too, but not the awful burn that I seem to have an awful habit of getting first!

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All of us went to church this morning, including Granny Minker. Not anyone of interest there! I don't know half the people there anymore! I guess next Sunday will be daddy's last one for the summer!

I got a letter today from Taylor today [sic]. He's out somewhere in the Pacific area! He hadn't written to me for about a month, so I thought he had probably been shipped somewhere. His letter had been censored in parts and really made me realize the he was gone. Of course he's still the same old goon he always was!

I wish you could see the crazy puppy. Walter's aunt took the chubbiest one and there's only the one for now. He's so cute and acts exactly like Ginger did. We were trying to think of a name for him today but no one hit on a good one. If you have any suggestions I would love to have them. We've just got to name him soon. Ginger pretends she doesn't like him when we're around but she sits and plays with him all the time when she doesn't see us! He was sitting out on the front lawn chewing on his tail the other day. Some combination and he looks just like Ginger used to!

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Today was Big Quarterly and strange to say it was cool. We just drove down through that section on the way home from church and everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time!

Did you hear about Mr. Gassaway's son being killed! I guess you'll get the paper almost as soon as I send this letter and it will give the details. Did you ever meet him? He was one of the best friends of a friend of mine in our office. I guess it was quite a shock to his dad! I guess you also read about Harry Wilson missing in action? Remember how he used to get so hot when we licked Conrad! Those were the days! And I suppose you know about Clarence Deakyne being killed. I really feel badly about that because he was always so super to you, Bernice and I! I think I will have mother send the paper up to school so I can keep up on the casualty list, marriages and engagements.

Last night Dan, Gregg, May and I all went to see "The Story of Dr. Wassell." It was so crowded though, that the next best thing was George Sanders and Linda Darnell in "Summer Storm." And it was quite surprisingly good. Next week

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Spencer Tracy is coming in "Seventh Cross" and Bette Davis in "Mr. Skeffington." Both are supposed to be wonderful!

May and I went out to Emmy's for dinner on Thursday. Emmy said she'd had a letter from you telling all about your crew. Now listen you, I'm supposed to get first choice. Bernice and I were trying to kid mother about asking two soldiers home to dinner today. Then dad took us seriously and went all over town looking for the two who sat behind us in church. Manpower is really in the minority now, but it's the same everywhere.

What are your plans after you leave Gulfport? Any chance of a few hours in Delaware? Going to stop now because this scrawl is getting worse by the minute. Write when you can and tell me what you are doing. 'Night, now and sleep well.

Always and all ways,

Shirley