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Thursday night

September 14, 1944

Dear Louie,

I hope that you will excuse my awful typewritten letter, because my pen has to have a new point. And please excuse the mistakes that I know that I will make.

I hope you haven't been caught in the terrible storm that we had had here for the last three days. When we were still down at the shore on Monday, the ocean was very rough and pieces of wreckage kept washing in all day. Tuesday it just poured all day down there, and I guess none of us was very sorry to head back to Wilmington, where more rain greeted us. Yesterday we had a steady downpour all day, and today we have been getting the end of a hurricane. It must be pretty bad down in Rehobeth, because they had to evacuate some of the people from there and also from Lewes. I don't imagine that we get more than a wind storm, but it really had everyone up here pretty scared.

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We really did have a wonderful time at the shore and I think that now we shall all be ready to go back to school and work feeling better. Most of the regular crowd had left and it was rather empty, but we all decided that we liked Rehobeth better in September than earlier in the season. The ocean was very calm most of the time we were down there. And I mean really calm. We got mother to go in one day and I think that she really liked it after all. She would have gone in some more, but it got too rough.

I guess that you will be leaving Gulfport the same day that I leave for school. I had the dates all sized up, and thought that I had to leave tomorrow, but I have another week now. That was a big relief, as mother and I didn't know how we would ever get ready on time. We have been trying to get my (your) trunk packed, but don't seem to have accomplished too much. By the way, I'm confiscating another piece of your clothing -- your reversible coat. I needed a new raincoat, and wanted a boy's coat, but they are very expensive this year. So -- mother and I decided, I hope that it's okay with you, but you probably won't

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be able to fit into it when you come home. I'm still wearing that corduroy jacket of yours, and it's really grand. What would girls ever do without being able to borrow their brothers clothes? Oh well ----

Bernice is over at Walter's tonight, because it is his birthday and they are having a little party for him. She has a few tests next week, but I don't think that she has to really start until the Monday of the following week. I'm not too crazy about the idea of her going and hope that it all works out for the good. I guess I just think that AI is just about the best place there is. I know that we didn't get too much of an education, but we really had some wonderful times. Tomorrow morning, May and I are going over for a few minutes and just look the old place over. We only know Mr. Yingst and Miss Webster over there now. Just about all the others are gone now. Of course, we shall have to look in and say hello to the dear Dr. [name not legible]

Someone said that Babe Riddings and Hyson Simmons were home. I haven't seen them for about a year and

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a half, at least. I think they were in Trinidad. I guess that Johnnie Curlett has gone over, because I got a notice with his APO numbers on it. (That's two words.) Daisy got a letter from Allen and he took part in the invasion of southern France. He has certainly been in a lot of major battles. He should be home some time soon, I hope. I guess that you knew that Jane and Meredith and the baby were home. I haven't seen them yet, but Bernice and I are going to as soon as we can. I just can't seem to see those two and with a little baby girl. Makes me feel too old for words. I saw in this Morning's paper that Raymond Harding has been released from a German prison camp, and is to be one of some exchanged prisoners of war.

I guess that it won't be too long before Fred is sent over. He seems to think that they are headed for a POE [point of embarkation] before too long. I guess that all my boy friends are going to leave me at once. Do you think that you will be going over right after you leave there, but I guess you are still up in the air about all your plans.

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I wish that you could be here to see this pup of Ginger's grow up. When we came back from Rehobeth we hardly knew the dog because he has grown so big. He's beginning to learn a little bit too. We have taught him the meaning of the newspaper and he is showing signs of beginning to be a little bit housebroken. He and Ginger have a grand [time] biting at each other but they are only playing and Ginger is acting ten years younger. I wish that we could find a place for him, though, because we don't have the time to train a puppy and give him all the attention he should be getting. Bernice is set on keeping him though.

I have just finished the book "THE SUN IS MY UNDOING." It took me quite a while to read it because it has almost twelve hundred pages, but the story is

very interesting. It revolves around the slave and the effects that it had on the lives of the characters. I haven't had time to do much reading this summer, and was glad I had at least one good book on which to report.

I'm just about out of news now, so I guess I'll have to sign off. I'll try to write more often.

(over)

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Let me know your plans and your new address as soon as you can, please. If there is the slightest chance that you will get home, well you know what to do. Be good now and give my love to all the fellows in your crew.

Your moron sister, Shirley