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Ferris School for Boys

Box 230

Wilmington 99, Delaware

September 20, 1944

Dearest Lee:-

We were hoping that a letter might arrive from you today, but I guess these closing days at Gulfport are full of activity and there is little time for letterwriting.

The girls, May, Berniece Jones, "Bobbie" were all at Julia's when Shirley and Bernice were over to Julia's last night, returning home at 11:45. Before going there Shirley and Bernice stopped over to see Carolyn in her new home and to leave our belated wedding gift. They are living on Justis St., you know, not far from Julia's.

I am alone for a while this afternoon, daddy being out of town, Mr. Briggs on vacation, Mrs. Snyder taking her afternoon off, Mr. Hamm gone to Dover, Mr. Worth to Dover. Shirley has gone over to school for a few minutes, having promised Mr. Yingst she would get out some kind of a letter for him to the boys in the service. Bernice had school this morning, voice lesson this afternoon. Beginning tomorrow they will have school all day. Her schedule will include English, French, Chemistry, American History. I am glad she did not have to take more math, for she certainly does not seem to have much of a foundation or understanding of that. I hope she can really buckle down and do something in the way of studying this year for I have never felt that she worked anywhere near capacity. If she finds she will have the time she may take piano at school - at extra cost- for Mr. Wyatt is anxious for her to study piano.

There are still some odds and ends to do for Shirley, but I suppose we will be doing them at the last minute tomorrow night.

Ethyl [sic] Barrymore is coming to the Playhouse the last of this month in "Embezzled Heaven" and I think daddy and I will try to get tickets. I read the book several years ago,- in fact I reviewed it for the Book Club, and if the play is anything like the book it really should be fine, with Ethyl taking the part of the old woman.

Did I tell you about the pup getting out on the porch one day and eating up a whole pot of cactus? Fortunate for me it was not one that you had sent, but one that grandmother had planted in a "pig". I don't know what kind of insides the pup has, but evidently no harm was done. And this morning when I went out for the milk I found that the pup had knocked over one bottle and broken

it and was lapping up the milk. So you see we have our hands full with the critter.

This has been a dreary week as far as the weather is concerned with very little sunshine. Mr. Arthur has a "crew" of boys working on the lawn and in the garden pulling weeds today. Maybe

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you saw by the papers that many thousands of bushels of apples were blown from the Delaware trees and the government is probably going to step in and buy some of them up for distribution to institutions. I am expecting a carload-600 bush.- to arrive for us, to be parceled out to the Delaware agencies almost any day. For the first time since the war began we are out of butter and eating margerine [sic]; but I am not complaining. We certainly have other things to think of than what we are not getting to eat.

Maybe I told you that we were expecting "Whistling Willie" Roach out on Monday night to give us an exhibition, but he never showed up. The boys were very disappointed, and I am hoping he will still be able to come.

Remember, my thoughts and prayers are going out for you more than ever before. Let us hear from you when you can.

Love.

Mother