

November 30, 1944

Dearest Lee:-

It looks like November is going out like a lion. It poured rain last night and early this morning turned into snow. Now the sun is shining brightly and the wind is blowing a regular gale. It's hard to realize that tomorrow is the first day of December. Remember last year we were all sure that the war would be over before Christmas of this year, and now this morning's paper states that Churchill warns that the European war may last all next summer.

Yesterday morning at ten I had a committee meeting of the Girl Scouts Council after which I went in town to get Shirley a birthday present. She will be 19 next Thursday, December 7. I also deposited \$300 in your savings fund account. There is a limit of \$200 a month but the man took the \$300 saying I could deposit not more than \$100 in December. So with the \$100. allotment check which I had on hand I am buying you 2 \$50 bonds and 1 \$25 bond. War Bond sales in Delaware are now up to \$10,000,000. Daddy took part in a ceremony yesterday in front of the Public Building when battle citations and awards were presented. Twice before the service had to be called off on account of a downpour of rain, and yesterday it again began to rain before the ceremony was over.

I guess the downpours we have had this week are working havoc with the football field in Baltimore where the Army-Navy game is to be played this week. I hope you have a chance to listen in.

I enclose a copy of the highlights of a health survey recently made by the American Public Health Association for the city of Wilmington. All of this is a result of the warning which came last summer from the army that Wilmington might be declared out of bounds for service men because of the high rate of venereal disease infections.

We haven't gotten any letters from you for a week now, the last one received having been written November 5, so we are looking forward to receiving some any day now. We know your time is not as free as it once was and that you will write whenever you have the time. The Ferris Wheel ought to be ready before very long and I will mail you a copy.

We have had Ginger up to the barn for some time but I guess she will be coming back home this week. Pilot is almost as big as his mother now, and of course much more frisky.

Our best to you, dear, and all our love.

Mother