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Sunday night

April 22, 1945

Dearest Looie:

I just had to write to you tonight or else I would have had to have a publisher print me a copy of my letter. In other words, I have quite a lot to tell you! I hope I will be able to stay awake long enough to see this completed, but if my writing gets steadily worse, don't give up!

Thursday morning the ministers came in for the Methodist Conference which was being held in W'port this year. We had had to serve about 400 people since then for dinner and breakfast and it's really been work. I was afraid I'd spill something on someone's lap, but, honestly, I didn't. We had an awful lot of fun, too, but it really kept us zipping along.

Thursday night the last Community Concert of the season was held and Chapel and I rushed from the dining hall to see it. It was Rudolph Serkin, the pianist, and [he] was a great artist. I don't think I've ever heard such a piano player! His tone and his musicianship were perfect.

Friday night the guest speaker at the Conference was Dr. Ralph Sockman. I wanted to go, and we finally did get out of the dining room in time to hear him. He was a wonderful speaker, and I was awfully glad that I had a chance to hear him in person. Saturday night our choir sang several numbers at the Conference meeting. The speaker was Bishop Carson, and he was also very good. I went up to him and introduced myself afterwards because I'm sure he wouldn't recognize me. His hair

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seems to have gotten much whiter than I can remember it, but his face hasn't seemed to age.

We got out of church last night just in time to catch the last show. I would not have gone, but the movie was "God is My Co-Pilot" and everyone had been raving about it. Of course, it was wonderful. I say of course, because Air Corps pictures usually are. It's taken from the book by the same name by Robert Lee Scott. Have you read it or seen the picture? I think you'd like it!

I've been getting up every morning that the ministers were here, and this morning was no exception. But, I came back and went to bed about 9:30 and slept until 12:00 and dinner. I think I've mentioned a fellow, Jason, who used to go here last year and always played for me whenever I sang. He's a ministerial student at Penn State this year, but he came down for the Conference. Today

after dinner he came over to the dorm and he played and I sang just like the good old days. Jason is a little queer in lots of ways, but you'd like him, I think.

Tonight after dinner the ministers were leaving right and left. Two of them who were rather young stopped in front of the dorm to talk to us as they waited for someone. They both go to Drew and it turned out they know Howell. The kids introduced me as Stinker, and they wanted to find out my real name. When I said Minker they said, "You're not from Wilmington, are you?" I perked up and said "yes." They said, "Well, we went to Dickinson with your brother!" I was so amazed I didn't know what to do. I didn't find out one of their names, but one of

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was a fellow by the name of Kenneth Rose. He must know you pretty well, I gathered. He asked me for your address, so don't be surprised if you have a letter from him one of these days. I don't know, but some of the kids say he's married. He certainly didn't seem old enough to be. Was he in your frat? I was so glad to run into someone who knew you, that I just had to write and tell you right away.

The best speaker of the whole Conference for me was a Dr. Hamilton from Florida. I went to hear him tonight and he was wonderful. He's quite famous for drawing crowds of about 10,000 to his church in St. Petersburg. He was our guest speaker in Chapel on Friday too, and I enjoyed him so much then. I certainly have gone to church enough this week-end.

Next week-end I am taking a houseful of kids home from school with me. About 7 or 8, I think. Mother and dad went to Raleigh this week-end so they didn't come up for Conference as I was hoping they might do.

Well, Lee, I guess I've told you everything I started out to. I thought I should write while it was all so fresh in my mind. I have only five more weeks of school and then out for good. Tomorrow morning, the med. sec's spend half their time observing in different doctors' offices of the city. More fun, but it's going to keep my schedule pretty full the rest of the year. 'Night now and good luck, Lee.

Lots of love,

Shirley