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Sunday afternoon

May 6, 1945

Dearest Looie:

I know that you will die when you open this letter and find that I have used a typewriter, but I know that my handwriting this afternoon would be far from legible. And I know that you would rather have me use the typewriter, than the two hands I use to such a poor advantage.

It's a very lovely, rainy Sunday afternoon here today. In fact, when anyone talks about the weather around here anymore, they always seem surprised to find that the sun comes out. We've had rain for almost every day for the past two weeks, and we are just living in our raincoats and umbrellas I don't know when we have had such a long spell of rain. It's almost as the rainy season in India, or something like that, I guess. We were having such wonderful weather in March that we all thought we would have a wonderful spring.

We are really busy here now, and probably will be for the next few weeks. Next week-end we have our play, "Craig's Wife" and on Saturday we are having guest day in the morning and May Day in the afternoon. Bernice is coming up on Friday afternoon, and will stay until Sunday afternoon. I have been trying to get mother to come up but you know that she is getting as bad as dad and won't leave that school for a day. I wish that she would come up 'cause she really hasn't been up to see the school except when she has brought me up each fall. I don't think that she and dad will be up before Sunday of Commencement week.

Our choir is also going to be busy this week. We are singing at one high school on Tuesday (and we get out of classes) and at another one on Friday morning. I guess that these will be the last times that we sing together this year. We have made quite an advance in the music up here this year, and I hope that next year and in the future we will really have a good choir up here.

Last week-end I took six other girls home with me for the week-end and we had a wonderful time. Mother cooked us some of her wonderful food, and you know how it is when a bunch of girls get at some good food after eating at college. We were met at Paoli by Bernice and Howell in the new station wagon. We were quite packed going down, but we were all so silly that no one minded. The next day we found out that four boys had stolen the new station wagon in the night, but the police finally found it late Sunday. Pilot [the puppy] also followed some people on Sunday and Walter was running all over the place looking for him. He finally wandered in at some ungodly hour. Dad was rather worried about the station wagon, but we still had a swell time. We showed all the kids the air base, and treated them to those delightful things in which Wilmington

specializes, submarines. I've been wanting to take a whole bunch all the year, and mother was really wonderful to us.

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We really had some excitement here this week-end. The wife of the head of the English department committed suicide. She jumped out of the tenth floor window of one of the hotels downtown late Friday afternoon. No one seems to know the reason why she did such a thing, but she did worry a lot about everything. Her husband was such a grand man and everyone here is pretty crazy about him. He has a son seventeen who will graduate from high school this June, and daughter sixteen. I don't think that he will come back and teach for the few days that are left of this year. We had a short memorial service this afternoon in the Chapel, and Dr. Hill was pretty broken up.

Our schedule for exams was posted this week. They start on Thursday, the 17th of May, and are over the following Tuesday afternoon. The rest of that [week] we who are graduating will probably do all the things a senior class has to take [care] of before the year is over. It doesn't seem possible that the year is almost over, and I am graduating.

Bernice said in her letter yesterday that Olaf Larson called them the other night. She said that mother almost jumped out of her skin when he told her who he was. She said that he is going to be home for three weeks, and was going to Atlantic City for rest and re-assignment. He is going to stop off in Wilmington to tell them all about the Blue Hen Chick, and you. I hope that he is a good friend of yours, 'cause we might hear some tales about you ... and I hope that I won't have to black-mail you. I hope that I will be home when he comes. You must have some really wonderful fellows in your crew, Lee, and I hope that some day we will have a chance to meet all of them. Of course, us poor civilians probably won't have any idea just what you are talking [about] most of the time -- flying this and flying that. But I think that the Air Corps is pretty wonderful. The other night we went to see "Winged Victory" the second time, and I loved it as much as I did the first time.

Fred is still with Patton's Third Army somewhere in Germany. I guess he is in Czechoslovakia today. It seems to be about the only place where there is still some fighting going on today. It looks as if the war in Europe will be over any day now, for I don't see how the Germans can possibly hold out for much longer. Fred seems to think that he will be sent straight out to the Far East as soon as the war is over there. Of course, like the born optimist that I am, I keep hoping that both you and he will come back by way of these United States and that we will be able to see you for a few days at least. So don't try to discourage me, please.

Going to stop now, 'cause I want to get this letter off before it's time for dinner. Hope you are okay and that the Blue Hen Chick is coming along like

the wonderful ship that she is. Be good, now and write when you have a few minutes.

Lots of love and stuff,

Shirley