

Letter 6, no date. To Lt. George Sadler
Returned
Missing in action N.Y.C., N.Y.

Mary Bason
Whitehall
3078 Franklin St.
Chapel Hill, N.C.
Sept. 19, 1944

Dear George -

I'll bet even London couldn't outdo this
spell of gloomy, humid, rainy weather we've been
having. There has been a series of "embryo" tornadoes,
hurricanes, and just plain old good hard downpours.
Hope you - all are living in solid, well-protected, if
quarantined, barracks. Are your immediate surroundings
any more lush than Peterson Hill?

Looks like the war hasn't interrupted the
parade of American beauties. I found this picture in
the Durham paper and thought you might be interested
in keeping up with the latest American belles. I note the
South is not very well represented. Modesty, perhaps!

Thank you for easing my harassed mind
about Larry. I've probably divulged too many secrets
again, but hope you were discreet in telling Larry
whatever I said that he shouldn't've.

There have been more disquieting news
reports - about Sept. 10, 11, 12 + 14, I think - re bomber
(notably Liberator) losses, so if you haven't written
subsequent to those dates, I would appreciate a
brief memo. Guess I'd better give up reading
newspapers & listening to the radio. I've sometimes
thought hermits must be extremely intelligent
individuals - if you can follow the train of thought.

I mailed you a bit of reading
matter yesterday, & sent it as a Christmas
package as I was told it might reach you sooner
as such. I'm sure you'll enjoy "The Razor's Edge"
and "Personal History". For a bit of light reading,
I threw in an old copy of "How Man on a Totten
Bole" - Couldn't buy me at the bookstore - I reread
a few pages of this last, and it may be that my
sense of humor has changed in the past couple of
years, or it may be that a humor book such as
amusing the second time; at any rate I found
it much less funny now than then, but everyone
has enjoyed it once so maybe you will, too -

Don't apologize for not being able to

water my letters in length - As we used to say
in my youthful society days "it's quality we want,
not quantity". I'm always aghast when I find
someone who is as long-winded as I am.

The reason for your navigation course
seems rather vague. How can you bombardier
if you have to navigate? Well, maybe the
course has kept you out of the air for a while.
Have you finished it yet? I should think it would
be an insult to Wilkin for you to intrude on his
duties!

Lou is now up in New York, apparently
preparing to ship Howard overseas again. I'm
hoping she'll come down to Chapel Hill for a while
after he leaves. It's a horrible fate to wish on
anyone, but I do miss her. The town provides little
of interest, though frankly I haven't been the
slightest bit inclined toward any form of social life,
and I'd greatly prefer avoiding meeting anyone else
until the war is over. Most of my days are
spent helping in the shop and taking charge of
the business end of the business. In the evening,
if I'm not doing that, I read or write, and
occasionally stop to hate myself profoundly.
I'm hoping Mother won't need me any more at home
after Christmas.

Some time next month I'm going up to
New York for about a week; then maybe I can
provide you with some interesting items on the
Theatre, Opera, or concert stage.

Mother and Daddy left early this
morning to take George up to the Hill School in
Pennsylvania, which leaves me in sole supervisory
capacity, since my two sisters have already left
to follow their own respective callings. Solucie is
to have her auditions for Juilliard next week.
My aunt, who is up in N. Y. with her, gets furious
with her because the poor child can't resist an
occasional dip into the social whirl, which wrecks
her 9 p.m. bedtime schedule! These temperamental musicians!

If there is anything else I can send you,
— books or anything your little heart desires — please
let me know for I would be very glad to. Or if
I could send anything to any of the other boys, I'd love
to do that, too.

Just heard a nice little political tidbit.
Gov. Dewey, en route to Portland, Oreg., narrowly
escaped a train wreck. His narrow escape must
have ~~had~~ added venom to his speech, for he
continued his slanderous campaign against the
Roosevelt administration. I'm disappointed in
Dewey. The only platform he seems to have is
one of almost libellous criticism.

Tell Larry, Willie & Bob hello for me,
and don't do anything rash. Do you still
sometimes behave like a spoiled selfish brat?

Love -

Mary



In 'Miss America' Contest

Rivals in feminine beauty—the field where competition is keenest—these lissome damsels bearing the banners of their home towns are posed for a moment in Atlantic City, N. J., as the yearly pageant gets under way for the choosing of "Miss America." Some of the many, they are (l. to r.) Dora June Victor, Detroit; Betty Jo Dazey, New York City; Madeline B. Bohanon, Cincinnati; Elaine Steinbach, Chicago; Pauline A. McKeivitt, Boston, and Vernell Bush, Miami.—(International)