

Sunday

[April 4, 1943]

Dear Lee,

See, I'm sorry I wasn't home when you called Friday evening. I stayed in after choir and had dinner and went to 'Keeper of the Flame' with Walt. It was really an excellent picture, every minute kept you guessing what was coming next?

Judy had a seizure of three day measles and is still recuperating.

We received your box of jellied candies yesterday. Mother wouldn't let us open them till Dad got home but when he came

we certainly 'fell in' with vigor.

On their wedding anniversary Daddy presented Mother with a huge box of red and white carnations. He squired her at dinner that evening and I never did hear them come in. Shocking, what?

When I asked Shirley why the moron watered his victory garden with alcohol she answered, 'If the plants would sic-up!' The correct answer is that he wanted stewed tomatoes, but I'm not sure which answer I like best.

After too much wonderful spring weather we had a cold snap yesterday. It actually snowed! We have crocuses and daffodils in bloom and a lovely blue vase full of golden forsythia is standing in the living room.

Last week the sophomore girls' intramural team, of which I am captain, beat the seniors, on whose team Shirley plays. They were all quite peeved, but we nearly went wild. The Juniors are ahead, having lost none, so far,

but we hope the seniors
will like them when they
play next week.

Virginia Tawes said
a letter came down
from Billy Jim and
that Mrs. Tawes for-
warded it.

We had communion
in church this morning.
There were quite a
number of soldiers
present, but only one
sailor.

Well, don't work too
hard.

Loads of love,
Bernice

P.S. Singer says 'woof, woof.'
(*translation; He, soldier!)