

Monday

[week 3 July 20, 1943]

Dear Lee,

Boy, am I tired!  
I worked all morning  
this morning teaching  
beginners in Bible  
school, and then spent  
with Sissie the entire  
afternoon in the  
Delaware Hospital  
peeling potatoes for  
the A.N.V.S. Un-uh!

Dad had a very  
rare steak today and  
had his secretary  
buy all of us tickets  
for tomorrow night's  
circus. I can't wait!

Ben got off for  
Andover safely on Thurs.  
He has called Shirley  
up once and she's gotten



thunder storm, here last night and Singer was scared almost to death. Also in the midst of the down-pour the John'ses, Colons' and the bonds for a supper party. They stayed late and afterwards Dad entertained Shiley and I with some jokes. We all were just in bed when the phone rang about 12:10. Everyone flew into the study to see if it was you calling but it was only Mrs. Colona asking if she had left her pocketbook. Ah, what bitter disappointment.

three letters. It must be love.

Buster (Glenn to you) Sisdale leaves July 1<sup>st</sup> for either Harvard or Yale (I'm not sure which), where he will start his Navy V-12 training.

Arvin Bodycott was over tonight to say so long for a while. He leaves tomorrow to go back to his old base from which he will be transferred to the Air Corps at Wichita Falls. He looks swell and brown. His ambition is to be a pilot, also. We had a heavy



Please don't mind the scribbling but I'm half asleep and can't quite see straight.

Did you hear about the moron who put his father in the ice box 'cause he wanted some cold pop?

Corny, what?

Well, before I go to sleep, I'll sign off.

Lots of love,  
Bernice