

Thursday
Hi, brother, [July 20, 1944]

I'm taking care of
the A.W.V.S. switchboard
this afternoon and the
place is absolutely dead!
So I can write a few
letters.

The pups are fine.
They're the two fattest
fellows I've ever seen,
and they certainly
have strong lungs. When
they want their mom,
they really get her,
quick! Their eyes should

be opening soon and that's when they'll really be out!

Brandywiners is really getting tough now. We practice every night until almost eleven. Last night Galt and I had to leave early to go to an informal dance at Janie Springs. There were only seven couples there but we had lots of fun, except that I drank too much punch and got sick. Now don't get alarmed, big boy, it only had grapefruit juice in it.

Glenn Zindales' mother was taken to the hospital last week for an operation. She's all right now.

Gordon Betherds is home and looks wonderful. He is going to Fort Belvoir, Co., for a month to study the fine art of camouflaging.

then back to Camp Grant.
He leaves Friday.

Did mother tell you
of Mr. Lyatts' death in
Chisfield. We're driving
down Sunday. I wonder
if the place is still the
same. I'm impatient
to go.

Be good,
Love,

Bernice