

Monday
[October 2, 1944]

Dear Lee,

I'm laid up in bed today with a touch of what everyone seems to be getting. My stomach is upset and I'm weak, queasy, not much good on my feet. I certainly hope this winter I'm not absent from school as much as I was last, with colds and such.

It certainly was surprising to hear from you this morning. Sure is tough about your co-pilot, but your new one will probably be o.k. after you're used to him.

Well and I saw "Hail The Conquering Hero" Saturday night and it was pretty good. Kind of slapstick, though.

There must be men at college, or something, cause we've only received two hurried letters from Shirley. He seems to like his little sisters, which helps. You knew she was coming home once a month for voice lessons, didn't you? Well, the chemistry teacher asked her to be lab. assistant at fifty cents an hour for about six hours a week, so she can pay her train fare home and have some extra besides. What a gal!

Sister, Lee, how about some Xmas suggestions? We don't want to ship you a mess of junk you can't use or don't want. Need a watchband, sweater, razor blades, soap, walett, shaving cream, hot water bottle, silk nighties or a

make-up kit? Then tell me what you do
want! Immediately! Catch! Since we are
have to send in as soon as we get your
new address.

Mom is popping around trying to
be in everything as usual. She had a
War Fund Meeting yesterday and a
Girl Scout shindig this afternoon. What
a woman!

School is o.kay, but hard! I've never
seen such English and Greek has me
absolutely floored. I'm ok in Chemistry and
History which helps a little. It's all
very new and strange, and different from
Q.2. By the way I was visiting Q.2.
Last week and Miss Webster said "hello".

Alvis 2. played their first football
game Saturday and lost 27-0, to
Boothwyn. Mapwell, captain, came out
with a slight concussion and Charles
Wilson, a Ferris boy, with a sprained
ankle. Must have been rough.

Our dog, Pilat (we can no
longer say pup) is getting huge. He and
Rungie fill the living room. It certainly
must be an odd picture to see two
mammoth dogs overflowing the floor
and the family just managing to
squeeze in the doorway.

Well, see, that's all for now.

Lots of love,

Bernice

P.S. Don't forget about Buzzie's home.