

Thursday, Dec. 9, 1944

Dear Lee,

Please excuse this vile handwriting but I have a good excuse. First, I've broken my thumbnail off clear down to the moon, and second, I'm tired.

Today I, with fifteen other A.W.V.S.'es went up to the Philadelphia Navy Yard to witness the commissioning of a S.S. boat which we sponsored. The ceremonies, not supposed to be discussed outside of the Navy Yard, were really very impressive. We toured the boat, then were invited to a cocktail party. A nice Southern ensign took care of me, filling me with cokes and pretzels. It's nine o'clock now and I've just arrived home so you can understand why I'm tired.

Since noone is home but Granny, Mom and Dad went to an Orpheus Concert, I'm home putting in a call to Shirley. It's her birthday so maybe a call will be welcome. I wish we could sit down so easily and put in a call to you. Of course, I'll probably get the duce for calling her, but it'll be worth it.

Our Pilot is really getting around these days. Being a friendly little thing, he followed some people all the way into the Lancaster Ave.

apartment last Sunday. They guessed where
he was from so fast and Ben, (the Johnses
were out to dinner) and I went in
to pick him up. He nonchalantly came
to the door with the owner, and
took a sad farewell of his new friends.
What a pup!

My report card gets sent home
this week. I've come up in everything
but Chemistry, which seems to be
my stumbling-block.

Well, I hope this reaches you soon.

Lots of Love,

Bernice