Dear Lee,

Since our mail sent airmail and otherwise doesn't seem to be reaching you very promptly, here I am on V-mail. A V-mail which you sent on February 14 reached Daisy Wilson on Feb. 24, while we just received a letter today which you wrote January 30.

Being tired out lately, my letter writing has slipped noticeably. Combining continual opera practice with increasingly difficult homework, I have little time for anything but work and sleep. The opera practice is very amateurish at present but will probably pan out all right. Lessons are accelerated to prepare us for the college board exams which we all take in April. My toughest exam will be Chemistry, which I have brought up to a passing grade.

Mother reports that she is on the trail of that elusive 6-20 film. She happens to know someone whose friend knows someone who works in a camera supply shop, so, take it from there. We have also heard that if a letter requesting film for a service man is sent to the Kodak company they will send the stuff direct. We're trying both methods.

Shirley decides to take a flyer home this weekend, since there is no break in her schedule until Easter. Deciding to get sick, I had to entertain her from bed, but I was well enough to drive up to Fauci to kiss her good-bye. Two weeks from Friday I'm going up to see their 'Campus Thunder' show, in which the big sister has quite a part. Last year I saw the first edition of the show, which was super, so this should be even better.

Jane Dunlap Ballard is coming home from Florida this week with the little Ballard, as the government has decided to ship Meredith out of the country. Bernice June's boyfriend was in the invasion of Iwo. George Robinson was home this weekend, announcing his engagement. Dick Corcoran is deferred until his semester ends at college.

This evening we heard Gen. MacArthur broadcast from Manilla.

I'm taking your clippings to school to get them translated by the German teacher. What Wait's German is limited to a second-year reader.

Well, since it is 11:30 and past my bedtime, I'll close now. Take care of yourself and report mail progress.

Lots of Love,

Bernice