

May 14, 1945

Dearest Lee:-

After a cold weekend we are having a really beautiful, warm day. There was snow in some parts of Pennsylvania and in New England last week.

Bernice arrived home last night, tired and groggy after a strenuous weekend with Shirley. We have her application in for Centenary Jr. College (a girls' school) at Hackettstown, N.J. (in the vicinity of Del. water gap); but we are not sure that she will be accepted because they evidently have more applications than they can take care of. Lasalle at Auburndale, Mass., not very far from Cochituate, seemed to be a good place, but we are informed that they are filled up, too. For some reason about every girl getting thru high school seems to be planning to go to school; and the junior colleges are filled up away ahead of schedule. Daddy seems to want her to take a course in dramatics, which she at the moment seems to enthuse over. Mr. Wyatt thinks she has ability along this line and it would help with her singing. Mr. Wyatt wants her to try out for the lead in "Iolanthe" which the Brandywiners are putting on in July. It's a pretty big order and she may not make it, but daddy and I want her to try out tomorrow night.

In trying to add up your "score" we arrive at about 65. Is that right? Have you heard any more about whether you will be allowed time home soon? Our church was almost as crowded as for Easter yesterday morning, when the service was both for VE praise and thanksgiving and Mother's Day. It was the first Mother's Day I can remember when you were all away from home. Daddy was tied up with war bond rallies until 3:30, when we sat down to ham and eggs together. Sat. night we had Uncle Marion and all his family, grandmother Minker and Beryl for dinner.

Nancy Tatnall surely has a nice day for her wedding.

I don't want you to think we have forgotten that you have a birthday soon. She we send a box or not; and is there anything especially that you would like to have. We'll do our best to get it to you. Let me know when next you write.

Love from all of us.

Mother