

May 21, 1945

Dear Lee,

For a Monday morning I'm bluer than ever. This afternoon I have a quarterly Chemistry test and so I stayed home this morning to study up. It all seems to be more fogged now than ever, and I have a whip of a headache to add to my troubles. Darn.

Yesterday we opened our Spring Festival at the school with graduation from ninth grade and a play on the life of Steven Foster. Pilot was supposed to appear in the play but was put e out at the last moment, suffering from an acute case of stage fright, they tell me.

Granny Minker came out Saturday and She and Grahny Jones spent Sunday morning stranded in the house while we all went to church. You see we were expecting a call from Olaf and they didn't dare leave the phone for a moment. It didn't come, though,

Next weekend Shirley graduates from college. Mother and I are going up on Saturday and Dad is to follow on Sunday. He has to ask the invocation, so we're sure he'll come. Please try to send Shirley a card or something 'cause it would thrill her to death.

The iris have been blooming now for two weeks and are simply beautiful. I pick armfuls evryday and they still hold out. The other night mom and I got real ambitious and set out one hundred new glad bulbs. Boy, were we stiff the next day.

Ben was home for the wedding this weekend and came out yesterday afternoon. He has a job as a draftsman in Oneata and seems to be enjoying himself. He and Mary are going to start some collie kennels and breed collies, as soon as they move to their new place.

Well, that's all for now. Be good.

*Lots of Love,  
"Ben"*