

June 1, 1945

Dear Captain,

Today we recieved your letter with the news of your promotion and of your aproximate arrival at home. I wish, now that you're in charge of the army, that you could rush your furlough a little so that you can be home for my graduation, June thirteenth.

Big news rached me last weekend when Dad came up to Williamsport to cart Shirley home from school. I was accepted at Centinary Jr. Collge in Hakettstown, N.J. That was quite a relief as all the colleges are filled, practically and rejections are the rule, not the exception. Tissie, with her wonderful marks and everything, was turned down at Oberlin, where she had been enrolled since last summer. So many more girls have the money to go to school now than ever before it's worth your life to get in.

We sure had a swell time in Williamsport, even though it rained practically the whole time we were there. Mother seemed to enjoy herself and it did her good to get away.

I went in and picked out my graduation present today. It's a scarab ring, topaz, my birthstone. I tried all over to get a bracelet, but they seem to be nonexistant since the war.

This evening one of the boys at the school took Shirley out to teach her to drive. I'd had previous lessons from Walter so felt pretty superior, knowing all the gears and stuff. You have to take a test when you get your permit in Delaware now, so we're practiscing for that.

Well, It's time for me to turn in.

Bernice