

1

Monday morning

[March 8, 1943]

Dear Lee:-

Your letter, written to Bernice, came this morning. Ordinarily I do not open your sisters' mail, but your letter received on Saturday sounded so blue and I was anxious to hear about your leg, so I opened the letter. I was glad to learn that you are still able to hobble about and hope the bum leg is soon as good as the other one.

I will try to get Billy Jim's address and let you have it soon. Virginia works in the day time and I will have to wait until evening to call her. The last I heard he had gone to a camp in Georgia. Irving Bodycott left about the time you did I believe, and so far his mother has not heard from him yet.

This is another cold morning, but clear. As the ground is still frozen I have not done anything in the garden yet.

You surely won't be confined to Miami Beach for the whole eight weeks that you are there, will you? Keep Polly's address so that when you are once "free" you can call her. You know she will be looking forward to hearing from you.

A letter from Ede to the alumni has come to daddy, saying that they expect the house to be taken over by the army on June 1. You haven't mentioned anything about Stan Wilson. Are you in the same flight? Remember me to him, Stowell and Bill Hyde. Have you seen Figgatt yet?

A Polish boy,- Eddie something or other- stopped in to see us yesterday and was asking for you. He used to work on Mr. Sparks' paint detail. He is in the navy at Newport, R.I.

Do you ever get to see a newspaper or, seeing one, have time to read it? Not knowing I have cut out several things concerning baseball which might be of interest.

Grand mother Minker was delighted to get your letter. We wanted her to come out tonight for dinner but she has to take care of Beryl and tomorrow her sewing group has its annual dinner at The Hob.

Love from all of us.

Mother