

Monday evening  
September 11, 1944

Dear Bernice,

I suppose by the time you receive this letter you will be back home in Wilmington, well tanned and well rested and eager to begin school, choir and A.W.V.S. again. And I can just picture the house that was so neat and clean under our Grandmother, now all rowdy again, especially with Sairley's last minute preparations for college.

Now that you are back in Wilmington you can try to root the Blue Rocks home to the Interstate League Championship. I read in the Journal-Every-Evening that all the local high schools would play football this year but Delaware University and the Clippers will still be inactive. I suppose it will be several years before Wilmington can again enjoy the quantity and quality of sports she enjoyed at the outbreak of the War. (How in the world can anyone trust Barber with a football team at A.I.?).

And now that you are home again you can take regular care of Dingy and the pup. You had better worm him soon — and then christen him.

And don't forget to clean up the

garden after the first frost and  
prepare for next spring

And help Mother and Grandmother  
with fall house cleaning.

And send me a picture of Singer  
and her family, etc. Also send me  
copies of my old batch of snap  
shots as those I have now are  
mildewed and worn just like my  
old wallet. (not people but places and  
things.)

And write once in a while.

If you have a chance to  
see Wing and a Prayer don't miss  
it. It is tops as a story of  
combat airmen. It seems as if  
I see all the movies but I do  
not have a chance to read a  
book or listen to a radio program  
so write about a good book or radio  
program once in a while.

I met Mr. Hering's flying  
buddy of World War I the other day.  
He is base Intelligence Officer here  
at Sulphur - quite a chap; quite a  
talker. Otherwise life here has been  
uneventful.

Love,

Lee

P.S. Ask Mother to send the overseas  
cap she found in my closet if  
it is green.