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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 Grandmothers, now all rowdy again, especially with Shirley'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 Garber with a football team at A.I.?)

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

And don't forget to clean up the

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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 Ginger 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 Gulfport - quite a chap; quite a talker: Otherwise life here has been uneventfull [sic].

Love,

Lee

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