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[May 17, 1943]

Dear Lee,

You really must be angry with me for not writing lately. I'm sorry, but the "Echo" came out this week and I've been rushing around. You're getting a issue through the mail, as are all of the soldiers whose pictures are in it. The parents are receiving copies, too, and everyone wants one, so we're making one copy do this time for the family. Sort of rationing.

It certainly was swell of you to send Granny the money for Mother's present. With it she is having her glass set completed. Shirley and I are starting her on plates to sit under the sherberts.

It certainly is hot here. We just had a light

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thunder shower but the sticky 80° temperature is still in evidence. Granny and I are home all alone as Shirley and Ben are taking in "Cabin In The Sky" and Mom and Dad are stepping out to the Montgomery's.

Tomorrow I'm working in Crosby and Hills, along with Charlotte. I hope it isn't so hot as today.

Ginger got washed yesterday and promptly went off and rolled in a mud-hole. She stinks like her old self again.

Did you hear about the moron who put his head on the curb to keep his mind out of the gutter?

Also about the moron who took a can to the basketball game as he heard they were going to dribble?

The Proms next weekend and Shirley, of course, has a new dress, red and white linen. They're going with Bob Wolfe and Jean Armentrout.

Well, that completes the news for the moment.

Be Good, Love, Bernice