

**1**

Monday

[Week of July 20, 1943]

Dear Lee,

Boy, am I tired! I worked all morning this morning teaching beginners in Bible School, and then spent with Sissie the entire afternoon in the Delaware Hospital peeling potatoes for the A. W. V. S. Un-uh!

Dad had a very rare streak today and had his secretary buy all of us tickets for tomorrow night's circus. I can't wait!

Ben got off for Andover safely on Thurs. He has called Shirley up once and shes gotten

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three letters. It must be love.

Buster (Glema to you) Tisdaleleaves July 1st for either Harvard or Yale (I'm not sure which), where he will start his Navy V-12 training.

Irvin Bodycott was over tonight to say so long for a while. He leaves tomorrow to go back to his old base from which he will be transferred to the Air Corps at Wichita Falls. He looks swell and brown. His ambition is to be a pilot, also.

We had a heavy thunder storm here last night and Ginger was scared almost to death. Also in the midst of the down-pour, the John'ses, Colonas' and the Bonds [were here] for a supper party. They stayed late and afterwards Dad entertained Shirley and I with some jokes. We were just in bed when the phone rang about 12:10. Everyone flew into the study to see if it was you calling but it was only Mrs. Colona asking if she had left her pocketbook. Ah, what bitter dissatisfaction.

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Please don't mind the scribbling but I'm half asleep and can't quite see straight.

Did you hear about the moron who put his father in the ice box 'cause he wanted some cold pop?

Cornny, what?

Well, before I go to sleep, I'll sign off.

Loads of Love,

Bernice