

1

August 4, 1943

Dear Lee,

Granny had the radio booming out in the vain hope of winning some money so that I couldn't sleep, so, realizing I had neglected you again.

Uncle Marion was here last night for dinner. He stowed away 3 large ears of corn plus beans, potatoe [sic] salad, chicken and hot rolls. He doesn't really seem to be dieting.

The Jr. A. W. V. S. [American Women's Voluntary Service] are giving a dance sometime soon at the Ursuline academy for service men and civilians. It will be a sort of combined carnival and dance. The place is very much in the

2

early stages at present, and I have a meeting tomorrow morning at ten o'clock to help further the ideas.

Walter is taking me to see the Yankees play the Blue Rocks Thursday night. I can hardly wait! He is also taking me to see "Dubarry was a Lady" next Monday night. Super, huh?

Shirley has sent in her application to Boston University and is waiting with bated breath for the reply. Right up in the good old country.

I wish I could hop a flight out to California for your graduation. But if we're not there you'll know we're thinking about you. Don't get involved with a movie star, son. Ahem!

Shirley and I had our pictures taken at Davis' and the proofs come today. I sure hope they're good. We'll show Mother the individual one's [sic] but we're keeping the one's [sic] together for a Christmas surprise. Pardon me while I turn on the fan.

Tissie's away for a week at Gibson Island,

3

Maryland, right outside of Baltimore and it's a little lonesome without her around.

Tomorrow Walter has to take his entrance tests to Tower Hill. I really pity him!

Well, that's about my limit, Lee. I know I don't usually run out of things to say, but I have here.

'Keep 'Em Flying'

Love,

Bernice