Dear Lee,

Well, I've been sick on my feet again! I'm in bed with another cold. It hangs on and on so I kept sniffling and blowin'.

We lost to Wilmington High last night 69 to 33 or around that! They were late bigger but it really wasn't such a bad game. Our fellows tried to fight pretty well and Bill Switzer, captain, seems to be everywhere at once and is a swell little player. If only we had someone tall ---

The other day we had two fellows at school to talk to us. One, a staff sergeant
Tail gunner in the air corps was on the closest oil fields raid and had the distinguished service cross. He was from Boston, Mass. The other, a first force, was all of 5'7" and a navigator in North Africa. He was from Hanover, Mass. They were both good speakers and talked in typical New England dialect. They had a lot of fun ribbing each other but their message was serious and of course, given to urge us on to buying more bonds.

The Book of the Month looks this month are "My Friend Flicka" and its sequel "Thunderhead" by Mary O'Hara. I'm trying to persuade Mother!
Dad went to New York today and will be home tomorrow.

The other day I was out at Aunt Alma's house. There I met a girl who said she used to be your Sunday School teacher at Shreveport. Her name was Eleanor or Evelyn, I can't remember which, I'm sure. Remember her? She married now and her husband is in North Africa.

The weatherman says there will be snow here this afternoon — hope so!

Shirley called home Sunday night. She was very tired, what with exams and all, but is going to catch up on
Her sleep this weekend when two of her numerous boy friends go home on leave. She seems to be doing a good job of keeping up. The morale, what?

Well, gotta stop and close up. Be good and don't land upside down.

Love,

Bernice

c's was out at Satnale yesterday. Nancy was asking for you, Romer.