11:00 Saturday morning  
[Feb. 26, 1944]  
Dear Lee,  
I’ve just gotten out of bed and am pretty nearly dead. Last night I went to the Tower-Friends game and a dance afterward from which I arrived home at 1:15. Boy, was Mom mad!  
Last week we went to New York as you now know. I took a voice lesson from Dr. Stanley, who is the originator of the method Mr. Wyatt teaches. He lived in a suite of rooms in an apartment house on Riverside Drive on the 16th floor! He himself was a typical New York Jew. Short and stubby, with kinky red hair, he teaches all his lessons in a shortsleeved shirt with green and orange striped suspenders holding up his mammoth pants. His tie could walk by itself. But he really knows his stuff. I found out lots of things I didn’t know among them that I’m a contralto. I also found that the cord underneath my tongue has to be cut to allow more leeway in the flexibility of my voice. All in all I had a good lesson and it certainly was a thrilling experience. - After my lessons we tried to get into the music hall to see "Jane Eyre" but the crowd was enormous, the stores were all closed  

so we packed up and came home.  
Odie Gregg is home on a 10-day furlough. She flew. Boy does she look super! Johnny Curlett was home last week. Dick Bathnell came home yesterday. More fun!  
The conference at Temple was a flop. We listened to a darn Republican senator from W. La. blat off for an hour and a half on how much he hated the New Deal. He was the most one-sided person I have ever heard. Doesn’t seem much else to tell, so I guess I’ll go make some fudge.  
Love,  
Bernice