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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

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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

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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. blab off for a 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