

1

Tuesday night

[March 7, 1944}

Dear Lee,

Well, a week from today you ought to be pretty near home, huh, with your wings. Boy, I don't think I'll know how to act with a second Louie around the house!

This afternoon the J.V. boys got licked by the men's faculty. Some game!

Shirley called up last night and I was in at Brahm's Requiem practice. It was raining buckets and I had to walk home from the bus. That put me in a bad humor and when

2

I heard she had called, I just sat down and howled, well, anyway I felt pretty low.

Saturday night was Charlie Chaplin night at Tower Hill [high school]. First they showed the old-time silent movies of his, and were they rugged! Then we went into the gym and sat at tables spread with checked clothes [sic] and with fat candles in the middle. Some of the kids gave a floor show and then we danced! It was really neat! Waiters kept running around with trays of ice cream, popcorn, peanuts, cokes and stuff, so that everyone was chock-ful by

3

the time it was over.

I've been home from school some more this week with a bad cold which this horrible weather brought on. First we had a long, heavy snow that was just super, but then curses came the rain! And what a rain, not a heavy, blowing squall, but a long steady drizzle that chills you to the bone. Ugh!

Well, there doesn't seem much more to say, so until next week,

Love,

Bernice