May 7, 1977

Dear Lee,

It's now about 11:45 P.M. and just about this time tomorrow I shall be riding into Raleigh to catch a train to Williamsport. I know I'll have the jitters and probably get lost switching trains at Harrisburg, but, I'm keeping both fingers crossed. I expect the weekend will be nice as the weather here really had been summer. The lilacs have just come out and violets are blooming just about everywhere. Spring came at last and in earnest.

This evening Charlotte and I had to sing at the Sunday School dinner. We were late and rushed in just as they were announcing our number. Of course
The audience sang, too, and it really was great fun. After the program, Chick said, who sponsored it, gave a dance for the chorus in the gym with refreshments and music by George M. Cohan. It really was a terrific evening and very successful. Oh, yes, Mr. Tight directed the chorus or creed I include that?

Remember the tennis racket you bought at college? Well, chilling wanted one so we sent it in to be routing. They sent it back with a few words the middle stating that the racket was beyond repair and whoever bought ours had got zipped! Well, take it as you may.

I really have to go to bed now. I haven’t been in bed this week before 11:30 at all.

Be good and don’t fly too low once Hollywood! Love,
Bernice