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May 4, 1944

Dear Lee,

It's now about 9:45 P. M. and just about this time tomorrow I shall be riding into Paoli 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 has been summery. 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

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that set me giggling and as I result Char and I made a mess of the song. We breezed our way through and as soon as we were finished scrambled out. I bet the teachers still didn't know what hit 'em.

Today mom sent in and got your bracelet from Klieztes. It looks better than new and shes [sic] sending it soon, insured, so that if you've moved it will be forwarded.

Last night the Community Chorus of Wilmington made its debut at Wilmington High School. It was made up five choruses from all over Wilmington and included over two hundred people. We sang ten selections, among them "My Hero" "Come to the Fair" and "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." We had a soloist from New York and the audience sang, too and it really was great fun. After the program, Chick Laird, who sponsored it, gave a dance for the chorus in the gym with refreshments and music by George Madden. It really was a terrific evening and very successful. Oh, yes, Mr. Wyatt directed the chorus, or need I include that?

Remember the tennis racket you bought at college. Well, Shirley wanted one so we sent it in to be restrung. They sent it back with a few words the milder stating that the racket was beyond saving and whoever bought sure did get gyped! Well, take it as you may.

I really have to get to bed now as I haven't been in bed this week before 11:30 at all.

Be good and don't fly too low over Hollywood!

Love, Bernice