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Wednesday

[May 17, 1944]

Dear Lee,

No, you are not being ignored! I'm so busy these last few weeks of school that I don't really know what ends up. Our proms [sic] Friday night, you know and as usual I'm in the thick of just about all the committees. Its [sic] at the du Pont Country Club and we're decorating with a picket fence around the orchestra and trellises all around. Then, of course, flowers, millions of them. I'm up to my ears in paint and wood and daisys [sic]!

Then tomorrow night I have to go to a dinner at

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the hotel, a meeting of education and industry, to which students from ten city schools are invited. I'm getting a \$1.50 dinner on the school, so why complain?

This week is spring festival and the boys put on a play called, "I Am An American" a musical, really, written and directed by Mr. Arthur. It really was good and a little 5 yr. old orphan steals the show singing "Say a Prayer For the Boys Over There." Tonight the choir from A. I. is coming out to give excerpts from "Patience."

You know the other night before you called Shirley called, we really had a

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red letter day or night.

The seniors are now in the throes of examinations and brotherr, they really suffer.

Glade Brendle is home on a 10 day furlough and looks neat.

Shirley will be home the twenty-eighth for good. See if you can't come, too.

Au revoir,

Love,

Bernice