Sunday

[June 25, 1944]

Dear [Name],

What a beautiful day! The sun is out and blazing away but not as unmercifully as it has been. We (Shirley and I) playing leathers and skipping church this morn. Mom has a sick headache so pa had to go alone. The grandmas are sitting downstairs getting the religion from the radio.

Last night Walt and I saw "Doing My Way" and really enjoyed it. Barry Fitzgerald plays an old priest and does a great job of acting. See it if you can. Shirley and Mary went to see "The Eve of St. Mark" and I don't think they liked it too much.
milk of time. One loud thunder-clap announced a storm and everyone occurred to close windows and fix the cars. Perhaps, of course, staggered (literally) our footsteps trying to appease calm and collected when she really was scared to death. This lying by me now, though as most of the thunder has stopped. We all hope her pups will come on the 4th so we can name them things like liberty or maybe, snap, crackle, and pop.

Danny Mink seems to be feeling chipped again and is itching to get home and get her teeth in something. We've persuaded her to stay until next Sunday, but then she is set on leaving. By the way,

I've been trying to get the garden weeded this last week and believe me, that's a job. I needed two days and for ten hours this morning and finally it's looking better. You'd be surprised at all the flowers you find used those weeks! The Japanese beetles have come and are ruining the roses, although we've had them sprayed. I called to Wednesday and she informed me that Xan had them home since Saturday. More people you know.

I'm supposed to get home for the fourth. Walt and I are going to have a picnic for a few friends cause Walt has to work til 4:30 and we couldn't go to the shore or anywhere.

Shirley and I just came in from taking waterbottles and just sit to...
her canary died this week and she certainly was broken up. I don't think I remember a time when I thought of Danny Miner without thinking of Petey, can you?

The Blue Cocks are two games behind Hagerstown, now.

Did you know Jim Sterner was married yesterday? Is a sharp kid, too, no kiddin'!

Tell 'em good and don't take any wooden nickels.

Lots of love,

Bernice