

1

Thursday

[July 20, 1944]

Hi, brother,

I'm taking care of the A. W. V. S. switchboard this afternoon and the place is absolutely dead! So I can write a few letters.

The pups are fine. They're the two fattest fellows I've ever seen, and they certainly have strong lungs. When they want their mom, they really get her, quick! Their eyes should

2

be opening soon and that's when they'll be really cute!

Brandywiners is really getting tough now. We practice every night until almost eleven. Last night Walt and I had to leave early to go to an informal dance at Janie Herings. There were only seven couples there but we had lots of fun, except that I drank too much punch and got sick. Now don't get alarmed, big boy, it only had grape juice in it.

Glenn Tisdale's mother was taken to the hospital last week for an operation. She's all right now.

Gordon Betherds is home and looks wonderful. He is going to Fort Belvoir, Va, for a month to study the fine art of camouflouging [sic].

3

Then back to Camp Grant. He leaves Friday.

Did Mother tell you of Mr. Wyatt's death in Chrisfield. We're driving down Sunday. I wonder if the place is still the same. I'm impatient to go.

Be good,

Love,

Bernice