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Monday, Sept. 4

[1944]

Dear Lee,

Todays [sic] Labor Day and mom and Shirley and I labored all over Philly shopping. We came home practically empty-handed. It was one of our unlucky days. Mom and Shirley each got a dress, Shirley a pair of shoes, Bernice a skirt and sweater. Mr. Boykin and Daddy went to the races while we tramped around.

Saturday morning I went to Atlantic City by bus where I met Walt and Philip Karl who took me to Ocean City. I stayed there over Sunday with Phil's girl and her parents. We had a super time and the weather was perfect. I got plenty of tan (on the red side) to be a basis for this week at Rehoboth.

We're trying to get ready tonight so we can push off early tomorrow afternoon for the beach. Edith Gregg and Dar are coming down for the weekend and Chor is coming, too.

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Jane Ballard is coming home next Saturday with the baby. They have named it Susan Jane Ballard. Pretty, huh?

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette Mac Donald are on tonight's Lux program in "May-time." It seems like old times but you can tell they're older.

Yesterday mother and Shirley came home from church, brought the pup in, and locked him on the porch. Shirley settled down with a book. Mother, noticing the unusual quiet, looked out on the porch. There lay a vase which held some of your cactus. Mother, thinking the vase was broken, rushed out only to find it whole but the pup with a little tip of cactus hanging from his lolling tongue. Yes, he'd eaten it all. What a constitution!!

Well, that's all for now,

Love,

Bernice