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Oct. 19, 1944

Dear Lee,

Weary and aching I'm lying in bed. My poor bones creak and groan as I drag my hand across the paper. The reason is simple. Today the girl's hockey squad at Tower Hill had their big game with Friends. I play J. W., and am not very good but I was in there from beginning to end, playing so hard that now my ankles are black and blue. Our. J. I's won 2-0 but - darn the luck - the varsity lost 4-2 in the last few minutes. It may not seem very exciting to you but our whole school and Friends whole was excused to see the game. Even the football boys were let off early. That's what I call spirit! Tomorrow the boys play Church Farms away so I won't be able to see the game. Saturday A. I. plays Newark at home.

Shirley has probably written in her unintelligible scrawl that we went to Philly while she was home and, (hallelujah), I got to visit the unforgettable South Street! It really is an awfully exciting place and I'd loved to have roamed around but the mixed odors of dill pickles, fruits, live chickens, ducks and geese, chesses [sic] drove me out before my curiosity was satisfied. We really got some nice material there, though, for evening gowns and things.

This morning I had to read the Bible in assembly and got off rather well. This school seems like a tiny replica which

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could be almost placed inside of A. I.

I also saw Mrs. Hering, who always asks for you.

Saturday night I'm going to a dance at Brek's Mill. I'm afraid it will seem a little tame after the wonderful parties thrown there this summer by the good old Brandywiners. That reminds me, I'm singing int the Cappela Club again this year. We're presenting "The Messiah" at Christmas and Mozart's "Requiem" for Easter.

Mother had a meeting in Dover today and didn't get home until six o'clock. She's really doing this committee stuff up in red ribbon with her Girl Scout Council, Delaware War Fund and Methodist Woman's society. She'll be running for President yet.

We took some snap last weekend of the puppy. If they're half-way presentable we'll send them to you.

Well, I guess I better turn in now.

Lots of Love luck,

Bernice

P. S. May is leaving for college Wednesday. She bought herself a bike to peddle to classes on. Bright girl, what?!