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Nov. 1, 1944

Dear Lee,

Heres [sic] a long due letter. I hope to keep you posted regularly but little things keep popping up.

Ben got home last Saturday and was in church Sunday morning. His eighteenth birthday was today and he celebrated it by registering and recieving [sic] his questionarre [sic]. He has hope [sic] of getting in the Merchant Marines but his mom and pop disapprove. I can see why. I guess he'll be around for a bit if he doesn't join that.

We got Shirley's marks the other day, three A's and one B. We're going to have to see about that one B. My report is being sent home this week and I'm pretty sure I have one B, two C's and a D. The D in English, of all subjects. But I got in the Senior Room, which is reserved for the Seniors who the teachers feel have tried and applied themselves hardest. Thats [sic] a wee feather in my cap, anyhow.

Dewey is now blowing off dowstairs. I'm sure glad I don't have to vote or I'd turn Socialist or something.

Enclosed in this letter is a chipping which may interest you. Remember the old days when we had the other campaign at A.I. The Democrats

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still seem to have a one track mind, don't they.

Today in Chemistry I tried to pick up a red hot piece of graphite, the result of which I'm walking around with two fingers bandaged up.

The Young People's Choir at Grace is throwing a supper dance at Brek's Mill November 11th. I'm trying to line up everything but am not succeeding too well.

November 10th we play football at Friends and we're giving a Victory dance afterwards.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce is sponsering [sic] a series of four lectures on current events which our history class is obliged to attend. The first was Monday night, Richard Harkness on "The Coming Election." Pretty good, too.

I saw Arthur Avery down-town on leave. He's home for a rest and engaged to a girl from Philly.

Lots of Love uck,

Sleepily, Bernice