March 1, 1945

dear Lu,

maybe March is going out like a lion

cause it certainly came in like a lamb
today. The weather was clear, blue and

a little windless. Almost gave me spring

fever.

yesterday Carolyn had her baby. a day!!

2 cant imagine the thing a Gumshoe

but little baby McQuil is living

proof.

Lessons are going per usual with me.

the other day in chemistry lab, we had
to mix morter. I mixed brown and
placed it in a little matchbox to dry.

a few moments later i noticed steam

driving from the receptacle. the morter

was expanding slowly upward, burping

like a miniature volcano. often i

called the teacher we all stood around

and watched while the thing suddenly

erupted and flew all over. it seemed

i had forgotten to add sand, mixing

almost pure lime and water. what

fun!!!!

we have been hearing nothing but

carols at school recently. I'm in a

quandary, not knowing what I want

to do or where I want to go. I'd

like to study music, but want to

go away to school. mother has written

to millions of colleges, and the

various catalogues serve to confuse

me more than ever. what shall I

do??

The Cardinals played at Baltimore

tonight; daddy planned to go but

mother talked him out of it, since

the game didn't start til nine o'clock.

remember Mr. Fowlie, who used to

teach your trombone? well, daddy said
He was at a draftee sendoff the other day, he must be at least 40 and has a wife and two kids.

Do you remember the Gallagher who used to coach dramatics at Wilmington High? Well, he's in the army now and aide-de-camps to a General shortly, having a chauffeur, valet and all at his beck and call. Easy life, what??

Well, I'm going to turn in now, since I'm tired out from basketball and opera practice.

Lots of love,

Bernice