

March 1, 1945

Dear Lee,

Maybe March is going out like a lion
because it certainly came in like a lamb
today. The weather was clear blue and
a little windier. Almost gave me spring
fever.

Yesterday Cordlyn had her baby. A boy!!
I can't imagine her being a mother,
but little Bobby McQuire is living
proof.

Lessons are going per usual with me.
The other day in Chemistry lab. we had
to mix mortar. I mixed lime and
placed it in a little matchbox to dry.
A few moments later I noticed steam
rising from the receptacle. The mortar
was expanding slowly upward, burping
like a miniature volcano. After I
called the teacher we all stood around
and watched while the thing suddenly
erupted and flew all over. It seems
I had forgotten to add sand, mixing
almost pure lime and water. Good
fun!!!!

We have been hearing nothing but
college 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
exciting catalogues serve to confuse
me more than ever. What shall I
do??

The Bombers 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. Knowles who used to
teach you trombone? Well, Daddy said

He was at a drafted 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-campe to a General Lowry, having
a chauffeur, valet and car at his
beck and call. Easy life, what??

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

Love,
Lots of Luck,

Bernice