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March 1, 1945

Dear Lee,

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 windy. Almost gave me spring fever.

Yesterday Carolyn had her baby. A boy!! I don't imagine her being a mother, but little Bobby McGuire is living proof.

Lessons are going per usual with me. The other day in Chemistry lab we had to mix mortar. I mixed mine and placed it in a little matchbox to dry. A few moments later I noticed steam arising from the receptacle. The mortar was expanding slowly upward burping like a miniature volcano [sic]. 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. More fun!!!!

We have been hearing nothing but college at school recently. I'm in a quandry [sic], 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 your trombone? Well, Daddy said

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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-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.

Lots of Love uck,

Bernice