

Monday nite
June 9, 1945

Dear Lee,

at last summer seems to have arrived in Wilmington. After a cold spell lasting several weeks, the weather finally changed today into warm, summer weather. Thank goodness it's held off this long, though, as it seems terrible to be sitting in school during summery day.

High school ends for me next Wednesday night. I sure hope you can get home for the commencement program and am holding a reserved seat for you. A fellow in the class is giving a dinner at the country club before the fatal hour and another is throwing open house afterwards. Some fun! Last Tuesday night rehearsals for "Colanthe" got under way. Shirley and Walt and I, benevolent 1 yr. members that we are, smiled sympathetically at the

What fun! No chaperones and all our own cooking to do. If you arrive home come on down and the crew of us will take care of you. But good.

Sunday

Today was youth Sunday and Dr. Zornac spoke. He was a fine, deep voiced Hungarian who gave a stirring address. The flowers were in memory of Ually Woten.

Granny Misher came home with us after church today and is going to get a new beard next week. Uncle Marion and all the family dropped in on her unexpectedly Sunday night. They wanted to take her to Ocean City with them while on vacation but she didn't go. Both Marilyn and Junior passed their school year but it is debatable whether or not Bege will. She says she wants to be with her boyfriend, who is flunking, so it looks like she'll stay put.

Since the shortage of help

newcomers, giving the impression that we were old hands at the game. The Brandywines really are a swell bunch of folks, though, and no one gets lost in their midst for long. From now on will be found grinding away at the old mill every Tuesday and Thursday nights.

Since Chapel came down to visit her sister in Philly this weekend, Shirley left this morning for a short stay. She'll be home tomorrow night. What a time she's having! I know damn well she deserved a vacation but it's hard to hold your temper when at your 7:45 rising hour, she lies snoring - in bed.

Gram started yesterday for me. I had a three hour English quiz and a ~~two~~ three hour whip of a History final. Monday I have French and Tuesday, (groan), Chemistry.

Perhaps Mother has told you that after graduation Jerry Spring is having the girls in our class down to Rhoads for a week.

Walt has been working here on
Sundays, skiving, etc. He is
now, with the assistance of
Mr. Arthur, trying to amuse
fifty Bell Cottage boys.

Well, that's about the limit
for now.

Don't forget our date
Wednesday night.

— Lots of Love,

Bernice