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July 13, 1945

Dear Lee,

Well, it's Friday the thirteenth and so far no great ill has fallen on me. Here's hopin'.

This morning Shirley took the 10:11 train from Paoli to Williamsport to attend a school friends [sic] wedding. I drove her up and guess who else came along! - Charles Gibson! Remember? Well he's been overseas in Germany and France, in the army for over three years. Now he's out for good, though, receiving his discharge on the sixth. Right now he's just loafing around getting readjusted to civilian life.

Also, Meredith came home finally and looks just about the same, with the addition of a few pounds and a bristly moustache on his upper lip. (Why don't you grow one, they look very, very continental.) Since Jane is in the show, he comes to practice every night and sits around. Jane Tiggatt [?] was also at practice last night, on some kind of a committee.

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Last night Mother and Dad, finally realizing that Shirley and I wouldn't be able to see any Dell concerts because of practice, trotted up to Philly themselves. The Boykins also went to hear Verdi's "Requiem." I've never heard it, but mother says it's beautifully dramatic, though not awfully churchy.

Rehearsals are running purty long and late and often now, nearly every night. Even one Sunday afternoon for principals. Really we need them, though, as we've not been through the entire thing yet, even in pieces. Tonight we're doing the first act through without a stop (it says here).

Since I've not been able to locate a paying job I'm doing volunteer work for the A. W. V. S. at the O. P. Q. on Mondays and Fridays. Saturday morning I sell bonds at Rodney Square. It's fun but I'd like to earn some money for school clothes. Oh, well!

Later on Just finished a nifty supper - peach shortcake, baked mackerel and Spanish rice. Yum.

Pilot and I were out picking pansies this evening when he scared up a female pheasant. She soared out over the hedge, landing in Campbell's pine tree. Pilot soared after and practically climbed the tree. He's really one beautiful dog, big and, every now and then, grateful.

In Shirley's wandering this weekend she'll go to Eagles Mere to visit George, who spent last weekend here. - One of Shirley's college pals, Chapel, is spending all

next week here and we're expecting to have a high time.

Sis and I just got our radio back from the repair shop after months of waiting and we play it all the time now. Swell, except for commercials.

Well, signing off for now.

Lots of Love luck, Bernice

P. S. Guess Julia liked her present O. K. She's having company next week, too.

Bm.