

Tuesday afternoon

Dec. 7, 1943

Williamsport, Pa.

Dear Lee:-

Well, here it is December 7th and we've been in the war two years. It doesn't seem long really and in a way it does. I'm feeling awfully bad today as I've got a touch of the grip and I'm trying not to cut classes. Our biology teacher has the grip too and so we got out of an hour of lecture today and two hours of lab this afternoon. I'm going to try to sleep and maybe I'll feel better by dinner time. I have to go to play rehearsal tonight and I don't feel like it. I've received quite a few birthday cards, today and yesterday. I got one from Mr. and Mrs. Boykin, too. Mother said she was sending me a cake and some other things but it didn't come yet, so I guess I won't get it until later this week.

I got a letter from Taylor Elder yesterday. He at Parrie Island, in the Marine Corps. He seems to like it alot but thinks that you should have joined the

Marion too. I think he's crazy, don't you?

Mother said in her last letter that you wrote and said you'd get a furlough about week 15. That's wonderful news!! That will be about the time you get your wings, isn't it?

Thanks for enclosing the basketball schedule. I would love to see them play this year but I guess I won't. I didn't know that Mr. Carpenter had bought the Phillies either. That's good, isn't it? That means that we're not the farm team of the A's anymore, doesn't it?

Well, dreg, I guess I've got to go to class now. I'll write a longer letter soon and tell you more news. It won't be long until Christmas now. Do you think that you'll be able to call home on Christmas Day? You know we'd all love to hear from you.

Lots of love -
Shirley