Wednesday morning
December 22, 1943
3:30 A.M.

Dear Lee:

I have just finished trying to stuff all my belongings into a suitcase. I don't know how I'll ever get home but I'll have fun trying. We've had a wonderful time today. We started with a turkey dinner at 5:30 which was formal and very filling. We had too much but we all enjoyed it as usual. Then we went over and got made-up for the pageant which started at 8:00 P.M. After that everyone came over here and we had an open house for the whole school. Then when they had gone, we all had a pajama-party for just the dorm students. This is when we gave presents to our roommates, etc. Then we all came up and dismantled our rooms and packed and so forth. The Sophs are supposed to come up and sing carols to us at 5:00 but none of the kids aren't staying up. I hope that I'll be able to stay awake on the train when I go home.

Lee, just guess who I got a letter from the other day? Johnny Carlett. I haven't heard from him in ages and I don't know what ever

got into him. He's at Camp Maxey, Texas. Is that anywhere near you? He said he was guarding German prisoners. I guess that's because of his bad knee and he is listed as in active service. He said it's awfully boring and so I guess he wrote to me. I don't know how he got my address but I guess it won't hurt me to write him a letter or two.

Now there are eight of us wrapped up in blankets on our floor talking. We just had a fog on the back porch and almost froze to death. We are now eating mince pie which we brought up from the kitchen. Please don't mention any cigarettes in your letters to me because mother doesn't approve.

Tomorrow night when we get home, I guess mother and daddy will be there. The kids are giving their regular play over at school. It starts at 8 o'clock and I should be in about that time. Bernice is singing a solo and I want to hear her if I can. I guess I'll be able to see a lot of people if I get over there. Well, it's getting late, so I'm going to close. I'll write you soon from Wilmington. Wishing you the very merriest of Christmases. We will miss you, needless to say, and thinking about you all the time.

Lots and lots of love,

Shirley