

Sunday, Nov. 19, 1944

Dear Lee,

Well, only ninety-six more hours to Thanksgiving and I can scarcely wait. We're really having a crowd for dinner this year, Granny Jones, Granny Minkes, Uncle Marion, Aunt Mary and the kids plus Shirley, Jimmy, her roommate and the rest of our family. Of course we'll all be thinking of you and hoping to get a letter from you since we've only received one to date. I hope our mail is getting through to you o-kay, though.

I feel very elated this week since I've started my Christmas shopping. I got Walt a Norwegian-type sweater in blue and beige. Shirley and I ordered a scrapbook in leather for planning with her name and Oberlin printed on the front. I don't know what to get Shirley since all she seems to want is a trip to New York in order to see an opera at the Met. I really am undecided as to what I want, but I'd like some nice luggage to take away to school with me next year.

Last night the Young People's choir held a party at Beck's Mill and I went. We had a super supper and danced, played games all evening. Since there are

not enough boys in the choir to go round
Mr. Lyatt recruited some he knows and
we really had a super-swell time.

Gene and Meredith and the baby
have moved out again - this
time to Florida where he will
remain as instructor.

Did Shirley tell you about getting
on the Dean's List? I'm afraid I'm
going to have to break the family
tradition and not go to Dickinson.
I have too much to live up to.

Last week while playing hockey
I sprained my foot and have been
limping around ever since.

Ben came out today and informed
me he was going up to Camden
Tuesday and would apply for
immediate induction. It'll do him
good. He has fallen in love with
our "dog with the crooked ear."

Well, lots of lessons to be done
and little time to do them in.

Lots of Love,
Lots of Luck,

Bernice

P.S. Remember! Don't peek into any
of those Christmas packages or
cards until Christmas.