

Saturday, December 9, 1944

Dearest Lee:-

Your V-mail letter came this morning, a day later than the air-mail letter sent to Bernice; so evidently there isn't much difference except that you can say so much more in the air-mail one.

It has turned colder this morning and there are a few snow flurries, then a burst of sunshine. I expect the stores will be jammed with shoppers today. If it is your wish I will get gifts with some of your money, as suggested. We wish you were here to purchase and deliver them in person.

I received a nice letter from Julia yesterday. As you probably know she expects to come home for Christmas after all. I thought she would weaken as the time approached.

I believe Bernice wrote you all about her experiences in the commissioning of the ship. She is working at AWVS headquarters this morning instead of at Crosby's.

Daddy and I attended the winter concert of the Orpheus Club on Thursday night. There was a soprano soloist from Philadelphia who was pretty good, although she had a bad cold and really should not have appeared I guess. She lacked fire and sparkle. You've got to have some of that to get yourself across, I think.

Did I tell you that we were trying to get tickets to a matinee of the Metropolitan opera as daddy's Christmas gift to the girls? Daddy is endeavoring to carry out Shirley's wishes in the matter. When you come back I hope we can all go to New York together and have a good time. Daddy and Bernice would rather see something else,- like The Song of Norway, Oklahoma, Bloomer Girl, but maybe we can do that in the spring. You ought to be coming home for a breathing spell about then, should you not?

I am a bit groggy this morning, as it was almost 3 a.m. when I turned in. Bernice went to a semi-formal dance at Friends, then drove to Christy's to get something to eat, only to find it closed; so it was 2:30 when she got home. I always feel better if I stay up until she is in.

Grandmother Minker is coming out today for the weekend. Ben Johns is home at present,- 9th & Washington Sts., Wilm. 43, Del. I have never been able to get in touch with Mr. Satterthwaite to get J. Bright's address. This morning I left my telephone number with his secretary. She has promised to get the address and call me on Monday.

Love from all of us.

Mother