Hello again—

As you can see, I didn’t finish your letter, and get away—had. I quite came back for the chapel, but we had to practice for the Christmas play for about two hours. Now, I have only a few minutes before dinner, supper, and homework. And, the week-end is over already. It’s quite horrible how they write it!

But, I had a wonderful week-end. Friday night, about ten of the sophomores went out to dinner. We had a wonderful time and after the meal went to the movies. We saw a revival of “Naughty Marietta” with Helen Cody and Janet Mac Donald. Do you remember when it was in Creffield? Helen Cody looked so much younger and thinner than she does today. Both of their voices are much lighter and flatter. Too, I just loved seeing it again.

Yesterday, I finished most of my shopping and wrapped presents. All the stores were jammed with last-minute shoppers. One of the girls who was here last year came up to see me. She brought me a big box of cookies and two dozen homemade cookies, too. We made some work of them. She stayed for dinner and we all went to the movies after wards. I don’t usually go to the movies twice in a week-end, but this is a special occasion.

I have so many things to get ready for the play. That I shudder to think of them. I’ll probably be packing to go home about three Saturday night.

And next to you, too? I hope the west. And I wrote. He is still down in North Carolina. The last letter restricted area.
Thanksgiving, but nothing happened. He had
a reservation for every day. I kept hoping, of course,
that he might get home for Christmas. But, he
seems likely to be on the trip here by then.
Do you remember a boy we used to live
in Arkansas named Jason Robertson? Apparently,
he lived there about 12 years ago when we
did. Well, he called mother last Sunday and
said he was back in Nebraska. And, of course,
school was out to dinner. They didn’t remember
him and neither do I. But, he remembers me
and Casy. He’s now a prep school student in
the 12th at Villanova. He wrote me a
saying letter and I’m dying to meet him. He
didn’t letter and I’m dying to meet him. He
didn’t letter and I’m dying to meet him. He
didn’t letter and I’m dying to meet him. He
didn’t letter and I’m dying to meet him. He
might be at our house for Christmas, so
maybe I’ll meet him. I wish I remembered
his name, but I haven’t the faintest idea who he
is! They just can’t forget me, huh? She wrote
I did it then, too, at that age? Yes, indeed.
Well, drop, I’ll be seeing you? I think.
I will try to write you on Tuesday
might when I stay up. Merry Christmas and
be good! Bye for a while.
Lots of love,
Shirley.