

Monday
Jan. 1, 1945

Dear Lee,

This is the first letter I've written in 1945. Feel honored.

Last night I celebrated the New Year at a party. The kids were mostly soldiers and sailors from last year's class. We really had loads of fun, ending the evening, excuse me, morning by cooking hamburgers, guzzling cokes and munching potatoe chips.

My last letter was written on Christmas Eve. I certainly hope you got your Christmas packages to-day. Were any of the eggs good? We kept one home but were unable to eat it. It didn't seem as if we were sending you much but I hope you liked everything.

Santa Claus really treated me well. Besides the trip to New York I received lots of nice things, including, mittens, scarf, writing paper, jewelry, pitchers. In my stocking Dad put a piece of wood to hold back my closet door. Santa left an I.O.U. for a new coat which has been taken care of. I bought a black fitted keeper with silver buttons and red embroidery. By the way you bought me a real neat black hat with a white

feather in to go with it, remember?

(Remember) mother speaking of
Mason Robertson? Well, he came
up Friday, spent the night, and
left Saturday. We went to the
movies, then drove home in
quite a snowstorm. Shirley and
mom happened to be going
to Philly Saturday so they all
rode that far together.

Today it's pouring rain, just
like Christmas Day here. Are you
allowed to say anything about
the weather in your letters?

Does it ever snow?

One of Shirley's college friends is
going to spend the night with
us tonight. She lives in Balto.
more. Walt and I are going
to meet her at 3:40 since
Shirley and Ben are going to
the movies.

Say why don't you request something
in your letters? We could send you
cans an' stuff.

Well, Happy New Year,

Lots of Love,

Bernice

P.S. - would it be
o.k. to write on V-mail?
They're urging more
of it's use.