Dear Lee,

This is the first letter I've written in 1945. I 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, expect me, morning by cooking hamburgers, giggling cakes and munching potato chips.

My last letter was written on Christmas Eve. I certainly hope you got your Christmas packages to play. Were any of the eggs good? We kept one horse 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 stitchings, including mittens, scarf, writing paper, jewelry, pitchers. In my stocking Dad put a piece of wood to hold back my street door. Santa left and 10 cents for a new coat which has been taken care of. I bought a black fitted better 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, we came up Friday, spent the night, and left Saturday. We went in the movies, then decided home in quite a snowstorm. Shirley and mom happened to be going to Philly Saturday so they all rode that part 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. We are going to meet her at 3. We are going to the movies.

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

Well, Happy New Year,

Lots of Love.

Bernice

P.S. Would it be okay to write on U. mail? They're urging more of it's use.