

Wednesday morning
December 22, 1943
3:30 A.M.

Dear Lee:

I have just finished trying to shove all my belongings into a suitcase. I don't know how I'll ever get home but I'll ^{have} fun trying. We've had a wonderful time today. We started with a Turkey dinner at 5:30 which was formal and very filling. We had too much but we all ate it, as usual. Then we went over and got made-up for the pajama party which started at 8:00 P.M. After that everyone came over here and we had an open house for the whole school. Then when they had gone, we all had a pajama-party for just the dorm students. This is when we gave presents to our roommates, etc. Then we all came up and dismantled our rooms and packed and so forth. The Sophs are supposed to come up and sing carols to us at 5:00 but some of the kids aren't staying up. I hope that I'll be able to stay awake on the train when I go home.

Lee, just guess who I got a letter from the other day? Johnny Carlett. I haven't heard from him in ages and I don't know what ever

got into him. He's at Camp Mosey, Texas. Is that
anywhere near you? He said he was guarding
German prisoners. I guess that's because of his
bad knee and he is listed as inactive service.
He said it's awfully boring and so I guess
he wrote to me. I don't know how he got my
address but I guess it won't hurt me to
write him a letter or two.

Now there are eight of us wrapped up in
blankets on our floor talking. We just had a
fog on the back porch and almost froze to
death. We are now eating mince pie which we
brought up from the kitchen. Please don't mention
any cigarettes in your letters to me because
mother doesn't approve.

Tomorrow night when we get home, I guess
mother and daddy will be there. The kids
are giving their regular play over at school. It
starts at 8 o'clock and I should be in about
that time. Bernice is singing a solo and I
want to hear her if I can. I guess I'll be
able to see a lot of people if I get over there.
Well, it's getting late, so I'm going to close. I'll
write you soon from Wilmington. Wishing you the
very merriest of Christmases. We will miss you,
needless to say, and thinking about you all
the time.
Lots and lots of love,
Shirley