

December 14, 1944
Friday Morning

Dearest Looie:

Well, here it is another Friday, and I have some spare time in typing class again. It's a good thing that I do, 'cause I don't know when I would ever have the time to do any letter writing. And, then, I can type your letter and you won't have to spend hours wondering what code letter I am using today. I guess that this coming summer, I shall have to practice my penmanship every day for two hours. I should be able to improve in this way.

This week has been hectic--we had a horrible test in psychology. I finally got an 89 out of it, and just missed an "A" by one point. I really thought that I wasn't going to pass it, though. Then, every night this week I have been going over to the Chapel to practice for the Christmas play. I go over about seven and don't get through until ten, at least. Then, I am supposed to do my homework! It's a great life. The Christmas play is going to be very beautiful and worth the work that we have put on it. It is in the form of a letter from a boy in the South Pacific and he tells the folks at home what he is doing on Christmas Day. Then, he recalls incidents that happened to him on past Christmases at home, and these are acted out. I am his sister, Sally, and sing several songs. The Second Act takes place in his church at home, where the choir sings several pieces, and there are the scenes of the Nativity in pantomime. I think that it will be very lovely.

After the play is over, we will have a big party for all the school over in the lounge. I am singing there, too, as part of the program. Oh, I almost forgot, there's a banquet before the play which is formal and we really eat. After the party in the lounge, we all go over to the dorm and have a pajama party where we give all our close friends their presents. It's getting about one o'clock at this point, and I will have all my packing to do. This is the one night in the year when I do stay up all night. Remember when I wrote to you last year, when I was staying up. This year, as I am a lofty Sophomore, we go around and wake all the rest of the dorm up at 5:30 and go out Christmas caroling.

We had a very big snow storm this week. It started to snow about three o'clock on Monday afternoon and it snowed until late Tuesday night. We had about nine inches and it hit the rest of western Pennsylvania very hard. We were all so tickled because it was just beautiful. So long now, 'cause I have to go to Chapel.

Sunday afternoon
[December, 1944]

Hello, again —

As you can see, I didn't finish your letter, and got way-laid. I just came back from 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 just horrible how they whiz by!

But, I had a wonderful week-end. Friday night, about tea of the Sophie were invited out to dinner. We had a wonderful time and after wards went to the movies. We saw a revival of "Naughty Marietta" with Nelson Cuddy and Janette Mac Donald. Do you remember when it was in Crisfield? Nelson Cuddy looked so much younger and thinner than he does today. Both of these names are much lighter and flexible, 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 us. She brought us a big box of cookies and two-dozen homemade cinnamon buns. We made fast 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 Tuesday night!

Fred said to give you his love the next time I write. He is still down in North Carolina. He has been restricted since

Thanksgiving, but rather of how happened. He was
expectations almost every day. I keep hoping, of course,
that he might get home for Christmas. But, he
is likely to be on the high sea by then.

Do you remember a boy who used to live
in Kearsney named Mason Robertson? Apparently,
he lived there about 12 years ago when we
did. Well, he called mother last Sunday and
said he was back in Wilmington. And, of course,
asked her out to dinner. They didn't remember
him and neither do I. But, he remembers me
and Emmy. He's now a pre-med student in
the V-12 at Villanova. He wrote me a
lovely letter and I'm dying to meet him. He
moved to Canton, Pa. and finished his school-
ing. His family now lives in Savannah, Georgia.
He might be at our house for Christmas, so
maybe I'll meet him. I wish I remembered
him, but I haven't the faintest idea who he
is! They just can't forget me, he! See what
I did to them even at that age? You indeed!
Well, droop. I'll be seeing you? I think
I will try to write you on Tuesday
night when I stay up. Merry Christmas and
be good! Best for a while.

Lots of love,
Shirley.