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December 21, 1944

Dearest Lee:

My mind seems to be very much in a whirl so I suppose I should not try to write you, but there doesn't seem to be much chance to let up for a few days and I guess you will excuse any lack of unity, coherence or emphasis.

Shirley arrived home last night, looking like a dishrag, for she never went to bed at all Wednesday night. They had their annual Christmas dinner (formal) followed by a Christmas pageant in which she took part, reception, pajama party with exchanging gifts, packing to come home. So she is still sleeping and it is now noon. This is the evening we have our Christmas dinner here at the school, with guests; then the play, then the Christmas parties in the cottages. I have been busy all morning trying to get things in shape for the dinner,- arrangements of guests, etc. and going over toys to be sent to Ball and Dunbar. Now I must go home to lunch, press Bernice's gown for this evening and then come back to the office.

Did I tell you that daddy was giving us a trip to the Metropolitan as his Christmas gift to us? We had planned to go up during the Christmas holiday but the tickets arrived last week and are for this Friday, December 22, and they can't be exchanged; so we shall leave tomorrow for New York. It is a terribly hectic time for either daddy or me and we won't be able to do all we planned, but we are all delighted with the prospect of our first trip to the Met. We shall hear Rigoletto and Lawrence Tibbet. How I wish you could be with us! But when you come home on your furlough we can arrange something of the sort. As we are going to the evening performance we shall stay overnight and return sometime on Saturday. We'll write and tell you all about it after it is over. The only thing worrying us at present is the weather. Ordinarily I am delighted to see snow for Christmas, but we are hoping it will hold off until we get back. The roads are bad in some places now, from ice; and the radio predicts snow in N.Y. for tomorrow. It will only make the driving for daddy so much harder.

We have our Christmas tree and wreaths but I guess most of the work of decorating will have to be done on Sunday. Grandmother Jones goes up to Aunt Grace's on Saturday for the weekend. Grandmother Minker will be with us Christmas day. Julia and May are expected home Saturday morning.

I do hope you will not be going out on a mission on Christmas day. This German offensive looks bad, although I guess we don't know too much about it for there is a news blackout.

Needless to say our hearts go out to you at this Christmas season as at no other time. With all our love.

Mother

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Our Christmas Cactus is blooming beautifully. How I wish you could see it!