

**1**

Nov. 24, 1943

Dear Lee,

I am now sixteen. I don't look any older, and I certainly don't act any older. To all my knowledge I didn't grow an inch which I shall rue from this day forward.

How's the old wisdom teeth coming along, or should I say going? I don't think I have any. Perhaps that explains my report card. Hm?

Shirley called Sunday night to wish Dad a happy birthday. We really had a crowd out for dinner. Both Grannies, all 3 brothers and wives

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and Marilyn, Juney and, of course, Beryl, (the brat). She really is a rambunctious little cuss if I ever saw one.

Mom probably told you about our excursion to New York. What a place! We had a Swedish dinner at The Stockholm. We helped ourselves from a Smorgasbord and you could go back as many times as you wanted for seconds.

Listen, Bum, write home and tell us explicitly about dat watch youse wants for Xmas, see? Make, etc.? Also include a couple of things you need that Granny could get, like hankies, etc. Right away!

Do you want me to get anything for mom for you for Christmas? I could order her some Spode or glassware for her set, 'cause she would like them as well as anything. Better write me soon about this 'cause it's hard to get stuff around here at short notice.

Walt Biddle is home for Thanksgiving and tells me that his brother William got a medical discharge from the army. He didn't say why.

I got a letter from Shirley today and she won't get home until the 23rd of Dec. and has to go back about the 3rd or 4th of Jan. What a short vacation! Huh?

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How d'you like me new writing paper. It's me sister's present ter me. Mom gave me a white sweater and I got 3 little pitchers for my collection from Tissie.

Our first basketball game is on the 4th of Jan. I don't know who with, though.

Well, pard, guess I better go ter mess as Mommy is callin'.

So long!

Love,

Bernice