[mid-December 1943]

Dear Lee,

Boy, has it been cold here this week! It’s snowed two day’s (sic) straight in
flurries and everyone is digging out their fur coats.

Today in school we had an air raid evacuation drill Everyone trooped way out
in Brek’s Lane, Westover or wherever thier (sic) station was. I am on the Com-
munications Commitee (sic), and had to get all the ”Ag” boys in form outside.
They were in the chicken house and if you know what bedlam is you can well
imagine me trying to hollar (sic) ”Air Raid, follow Plan B” over the chickens
(sic) protesting clucks.

The sophomore boys played my team in Basketball tonight, girl’s rules. We won
24-22. That was only a fun game but the

Sophomore girls came in second in the intramural basketball, being edged out
only by the Juniors with only one game more to thier (sic) credit. The seniors
came in third losing three. The Senior boys won thier (sic) tournament.

There is an obstacle course set up on the football field. The boys really are
being put through the Commando stuff. We girls sneaked and to try it once,
but Miss Buck, the gym teacher caught us and really lashed us hard with her
whip of a tongue.

Well, that covers everything I can think of.

So Long,

Love,

Bernice