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[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 airraid evacuation drill Everyone trooped way out in Brek's Lane, Westover or wherever thier [sic] station was. I am on the Communications 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

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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