

1

Sunday

[December 5 or 12, 1943]

Dear Lee,

Boy, is it cold here! Just suddenly yesterday it turned and now it really seems like Christmas, crisp and cold. But with the weather everyone has either a bad cold or the grip.

I'm a varsity cheer-leader this year and am also on the J. V. Basketball team. I'm really kept busy with two music lessons a week and all that after school. Most of our games are going to be played

2

at night this year. We're playing home games, among them P. S., Conrad, Vocational and Claymont. The boys had a scrimmage with Tower Hill the other day and they didn't look so good. Maybe after a little more practice they'll show up better.

Tower Hill is having a Christmas formal on the 23rd. I'm going with Walt. Shirley and Ben were going but they can't now as you have to go with someone from the school. Ben gets home on the 14th. His ma and pa went up to see him last week and both got sick so Dad had the sermon this morning. The Young People's choir sang and I sang with them and also the adult choir. I'm going to sing with them until after Christmas.

We went to see "Fresh and Fantasy" Friday night. It's the oddest picture all about the relationship between dreams and fortune tellers. There really is some good acting in it so if you get a

3

chance, see it.

The Christmas rush down here is really awful. I pretty sure you won't get Shirley's and my present 'til after Christmas. I'm sorry but it takes so long to get things done that you really can't be sure of anything. Any way you know it's going to be there eventually so don't think we've forgotten me. [Most likely, she meant to say "we've forgotten you."]

Well, time for dinner.

Lots of Love,

Bernice