

**1**

Thursday

[Dec. 21, 1943]

Dear Lee,

Well, I've caught something. I don't know what. I've been in bed since Sunday, but am going to get up to-morrow come Hell or high water. You're not catching me in bed another Christmas!

Tonight the boys at Washington cottage are giving a Christmas dance and they asked Mother and I to help. I guess maybe we'll go over for a while.

Ben got home on Friday. He really looks good! Put on ten pounds and just glows from the vitamins they feed 'em at school. He said he got your card and it brought a lump up in his throat.

**2**

Walter got out of school Friday and is working at Hearn's in the day and selling Christmas trees at night.

Shirley gets home about 8:00 tomorrow night. Daddy says that while she's home we're all going to take another excursion to New York. That is going to be lots of fun.

Sinatra is up at the Earle this week. The first night there the crowd booed him off the stage. He got mad and said whoever wanted to could come up and fight. Nobody did. Walt says he used to be an amateur boxer. Maybe that's why.

Jane left yesterday to spend Christmas with Meredith in Alabama.

Yesterday the A. I. choir sang in at the Delaware Power and Light bond center. I would have to be sick! The choir is fair this year, just at the beginning of the long process of getting back on it's [sic] feet again.

We aren't going to have a very big tree this year and it's just as well, 'cause I know I could never untangle all those lights. Do you think you could go A. W. O. L. just one night to get them straight?

Dad is still down with his cold. The cough is really all that's [sic] left, but it keeps hanging on.

**3**

The "Messiah" went off very well, except that in the Hallelujah Chorus a bass came booming in on the whole choir's rest. Mr. Wyatt sure gave him a dirty look. No, it wasn't Walt, amazingly.

Well, lub, have a nice Christmas and don't eat too much. You know we'll all be thinking of you, so don't feel lonesome. I hope your presents are just what you want and that Santa fills your stocking up to the top with love and kisses and happiness.

Merry Christmas,

Bernice