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[Dec. 26, 1943]

Sunday

Dear Lee,

Well, Christmas is over and all the presents have been opened and ah-ed and oh-ed over. Really I got everything I wanted and so did Shirley. Granny gave us writing paper, not this, and Uncle Marion gave us bandannas [sic]. I could name the long list, but I won't 'cause it would probably bore you stiff. I will say that Shirley gave me a darling pair of bedroom slippers, black velvet with little yarn dolls on them. I

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happen to be reclining in them now.

Dad gave mom two 3-light lamps. I mean that the bulb has 3 different strengths, and we really look snazzy with the new furniture and all.

Boy, the weather today is really mid-winter. Today it is really sleeting. There was hardly anybody in church today and those who came had tales of slips and falls and skids. Mrs. Hanning started in but turned around twice so went home. Everything is covered with a thin sheet of ice and cracks as you go by. Does it ever snow where you are?

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Aunt Flossie was supposed to come to dinner but cancelled it when it got so bad. Dad had to drive to Delaware City for Mrs. Abram's mother's funeral and we're all keeping our fingers crossed.

Since the dance at Tower Thursday night I haven't been able to say a word 'cause I came down with laryngitis (Is that how you spell it?) I croak along and keep everyone laughing at my changing voice.

Judy, who was supposed to sing tonight at the carol

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service, is home sick. She and May were supposed to take an early morning train back to Oberlin tomorrow but it doesn't look now like she'll be able to go.

Buster Tisdale is home for Christmas. He looks well and promises to write if he gets the time.

Well, guess I better quit now as I'm almost faint from hunger.

Did you get our box?!?!?

Love,

Bernice