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Sunday, Nov. 19, 1944

Dear Lee,

Well, only ninety-six more hours to Thanksgiving and I can scarcely wait. We're really having a crowd for dinner this year, Granny Jones, Granny Minker, Uncle Marion, Aunt Mary and the kids plus Shirley, Timmy, her roommate and the rest of our family. Of course we'll all be thinking of you and hoping to get a letter from you since we've only recieved one to date. I hope our mail is getting throught [sic] to you o-kay, though.

I feel very elated this week since I've started my Christmas shopping. I got Walt a Norwegian-type sweater in blue and beige. Shirley and I ordered a scrapbook in leather for Hanning with her name and Oberlin printed on the front. I don't know what to get Shirley since all she seems to want is a trip to New York in order to see an opera at the Met. I really am undecided as to what I want, but I'd like some nice luggage to take away to school with me next year.

Last night the Young People's choir held a party at Brek's [Breck's] Mill and I went. We had a super supper and danced, played games all evening. Since there are

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not enough boys in the choir to go round Mr. Wyatt recruited some he knows and we really had a super-swell time.

Jane and Meredith and the baby have moved out again - this time to Florida where he will remain as instructor.

Did Shirley tell you about getting on the Dean's List? I'm afraid I'm going to have to break the family tradition and not go to Dickinson. I have too much to live up to.

Last week while playing hockey I sprained my foot and have been limping around ever since.

Ben came out today and informed me he was going up to Camden Tuesday and would apply for immediate induction. It'll do him good. He has fallen in love with our dog with the crooked ear.

Well, lots of lessons to be done and little time to do them in.

Lots of Love luck,

Bernice

P. S. Remember! Don't peek into any of those Christmas packages or cards until Christmas.