Sunday afternoon
[December 1944]

Hello, again— As you can see, I didn’t finish your letter, and get way back. I just came back from the chapel, but we had to practice for the Christmas play for about two hours. Now I have only a few minutes before dinner, supper, and homework. And, the week-end is over already. It’s just horrible how they went by.

But, I had a wonderful week-end. Friday night, about ten of the sophomores went over to Dave’s. We had a wonderful time and after the movies went to the movies. We saw a revival of “Naughty Marietta” with Alphon Eddy and Janette Mac Donald. Do you remember when it was in Creffield? Alphon Eddy looked so much younger and thinner than he does today. Both of their voices are much lighter and flatter. Too, I just loved hearing it again.

Yesterday, I finished most of my shopping and wrapped presents. All the stores were open with last-minute shoppers. One of the girls who was here last year came up to see me. She brought me a big box of cookies and two dozen homemade cinnamon buns. She made that work of them. She stayed for dinner and we all went to the movies afterwards. I don’t usually go to the movies twice on a week-end, but this is a special occasion.

I have so many things to get ready for the play. That I should be thinking of them. I’ll probably be packing to go home about the Thursday night, and want to give you one love the next time I write. He is still down in North Carolina. He has been restricted since
Thanksgiving, but nothing has happened. He has inspection almost every day. I keep hoping, of course, that he might get home for Christmas. But, he is likely to be on the flight now by then.

Do you remember a boy we used to live in Nashville named Mason Robertson? Apparently, he lived there about 12 years ago when we did. Well, he called mother last Sunday and said he was back in Nashville. And, of course, asked her out to dinner. They didn't remember him and neither did I. But, he remembers me and Carry. He is now a pre-med student in the 11 at Vanderbilt. He wrote me a darling letter and I'm dying to meet him. He started letter and I'm dying to meet him. He started school in New York, but I haven't the faintest idea who he is. They just can't forget me, he, she what? I did to them, then at that age? Get rid of it, dear, I'll be... you? I think I will try to write you on Tuesday, might write when I stay up. Merry Christmas and be good! Bye for a while.

Lots of love,

Shirley.