

Sunday afternoon
[December, 1944]

Hello, again -

As you can see, I didn't find your letter, and got way-laid. 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 whiz by!
But, I had a wonderful week-end. Friday night, about ten of the Sophs were invited out to dinner. We had a wonderful time and afterwards went to the movies. We saw a revival of "Naughty Marietta" with Nelson Cuddy and Janette Mac Donald. Do you remember when it was in Crisfield? Nelson Cuddy looked so much younger and thinner than he does today. Both of these movies are much lighter and flippier, too. I just loved seeing it again.

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

I have so many things to get ready for the play, that I shudder to think of them. I'll probably be packing to go home about three Tuesday night!

Fred said to give you his love the next time I write. He is still down in North Carolina. He has been restricted since

Thanksgiving, but rather how happened. He has
expectations almost every day. I keep hoping, of course,
that he might get home for Christmas. But, he
is likely to be on the high seas by then.
Do you remember a boy who used to live
in Kanders named Jason Robertson? Apparently,
he lived there about 12 years ago when we
did. Well, he called mother last Sunday and
said he was back in Wilmington. And, of course,
asked her out to dinner. They didn't remember
him and neither do I. But, he remembers me
and Emmy. He's now a pre-med student in
the V-12 at Villanova. He wrote me a
dashing letter and I'm dying to meet him. He
moved to Canton, Pa. and finished his school-
ing. His family now lives in Savannah, Georgia.
He might be at our house for Christmas, so
maybe I'll meet him. I wish I remembered
him, but I haven't the faintest idea who he
is! They just can't forget me, he! See what
I did to them even at that age? You indeed!
Well, drop. I'll be seeing you? I threaten
I will try to write you on Tuesday
night when I stay up. Merry Christmas and
be good! Best for a while.
Lots of love,
Shirley.