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Monday

Jan. 1, 1945

Dear Lee,

This is the first letter I've written in 1945. Feel honored.

Last night I celebrated the New Year at a party. The kids were mostly soldiers and sailors from last year's class. We really had loads of fun, ending the evening, excuse me, morning by cooking hamburgers, guzzling cokes and munching potatoe [sic] chips.

My last letter was written on Christmas Eve. I certainly hope you got your Christmas packages o-kay. Were any of the eggs good? We kept one home but were unable to eat it. It didn't seem as if we were sending you much but I hope you liked everything.

Santa Claus really treated me well. Besides the trip to New York I recieved lots of nice things, including, mittens, scarf, writing paper, jewelry, pitchers. In my stocking Dad put a piece of wood to hold back my closet door. Santa left an I. O. U. for a new coat which has been taken care of. I bought a black fitted reefer with silver buttons and red embroiderey [sic]. By the way you bought me a real neat black hat with a white

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feather in to go with it, remember?

Remember mother speaking of Mason Robertson? Well, he came up Friday, spent the night, and left Saturday. We went to the movies, then drooled home in quite a snowstorm. Shirley and mom happened to be going to Philly Saturday so they all rode that far together.

Today it's pouring rain just the Christmas Day here. Are you allowed to say anything about the weather in your letters? Does it ever snow?

One of Shirley's college friends is going to spend the night with us tonight. She lives in Baltimore. Walt and I are going to meet her at 3:40 since Shirley and Ben are going to the movies.

So why don't you request something in your letters? We could send you eats an' stuff.

Well, Happy New Year,

Lots of Love uck, Bernice

P. S. - Would it be o-kay to write on V-mail? They're urging more of it's [sic] use.