December 26, 1947
2 A.M.

dear see,

Shirley and I are sitting in
bed writing a few letters to
here I am.

This Christmas Eve started
with church this morning
followed by a choir Carol
singing. Shirley appeared in an
orchid (which was tele-
graphed to her by Fred). Hot
stuff, huh?

We arrived home, walked
in the door to answer the
phone. It was Fred calling
from Plainfield saying he
was home until 6 o'clock
Monday night and could
he come down? We were
all thrilled, of course, so
at 6:30 Shirley, Hall, May
and I walked down to
the station to pick him up.
He just left about an hour
ago.

During his short stay we
limned the Christmas
tree. We have a table tree
this year, but it's nice and full and touches the ceiling. I'm afraid the pup would have a floor the first day at first sight. Miracle of miracles, all the lights worked, although Shirley had broken one extension cord up at school. We could be very choosy about our balls since the tree was smaller than usual and we used blue and silver tinsel. The effect is very nice.

Of you, Shirley and I have received our Christmas present already. Friday we went to New York to see "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan opera house. Rubble sang the little role supported by Sophie Antoine and Charles Allman. We were duly impressed with the great, deep, stage covered with numerous curtains. The scenery was wonderful and a thunderstorm was produced very realistically. All in all it was really a thrilling performance. We spent the night at the Children's Village outside of Pottsville. It's sort of a private home for orphan, problem children, etc., situated in the mountains and the Hudson River. It was beautifully snowed under when we arrived. Saturday we planned to spend shopping in New York but as it began to sleet we decided to start home since the driving would be dangerous. Coming across the Central Palisades highway leading from New York we saw over a dozen accidents where cars had piled up due to sleet. Luckily just outside New York the sleet stopped and we made it home in about three and one half hours. Pretty good time, huh?
Shirley and I exchanged our presents tonight. I received a neat pair of brown and white mittens with a white scarf to match and gave her a silver bracelet. Walt gave me a hefty alligator purse.

Well, it's that much like Christmas without you home but we're always remembering you and hoping you'll be home to celebrate next Christmas with the family.

May God bless you and keep you,

Love,

"Sun"