

ol

Sunday evening
December 31, 1944

Dear Bernice,
Whenever there is a rush of bombing missions letters home are neglected. Please be patient, I think of you all always.

I am fine but the Blue Hen Chick is out for an engine change and a new rudder.

✓ December twenty seventh I received fifteen letters. The latest was Mother's of December fifth; your latest was of November nineteenth. I am saving all the letters I receive and I wish you would hang on to those I send home.

✓ Johnny Turett wrote from Hawaii; Chuck Bossert wrote from the Central Pacific; Howell Wilkins wrote from Drew. Johnny ran into Walt Biddle recently.

✓ This is a new way to

spend New Year's Eve. —
For the Christmas Holydays
the sixteen occupants of
Barracks Eleven secured,
raised and decorated a lovely
five foot fir Christmas tree.
Tonight we will take it
down. Then letters will be
completed and sleep will come
early.

(Ribbons from Christmas boxes,
cotton from the infirmary,
candy canes from a home
package and chaff tinsel, snow
and balls decorated the tree.
[Chaff is a tinsel like paper
thrown out of planes over
enemy country to cause
radar jamming.]

At Christmas I heard
from Mrs. Abrams (what is her
address?), Mr. Boykin, Mr. Wetstein,
Mr. Hering, Aunt Margaret, Julia
and the Grandmothers and family.

Let me hear how you
are and what you are
doing.

Love,
Lee