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 Yours of
December fifth; your latest
was of November nineteenth.
I am having all the letters
I receive alert I wish you
would hang on to those
I send home.
Johnny Curlatt wrote from
Hawaii; Chuck Bessert wrote
from the central Pacific;
Howell Williams wrote from
Drew. Johnny ran into Walt
Biddle recently.
This is a new way to
Spend New Year's Eve.

For the Christmas holidays, 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 taff tinsel snow and balls decorated the tree. Taff 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?) and Bojkin and Witzstein and Hering and Aunt Margaret and Julia and the Grandmothers and family.

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

Lee