

December 21, 1944

*Our Christmas letter is enclosed*  
*with this letter*

Dearest Lee;

My mind seems to be very much in a whirl so I suppose I should not try to write you, but there doesn't seem to be much chance to let up for a few days and I guess you will excuse any lack of unity, coherence or emphasis.

Shirley arrived home last night, looking like a dishrag, for she never went to bed at all Wednesday night. They had their annual Christmas dinner (formal) followed by a Christmas pageant in which she took part, reception, pajama party with exchanging gifts, packing to come home. So she is still sleeping and it is now noon. This is the evening we have our Christmas dinner here at the school, with guests; then the play, then the Christmas parties in the cottages. I have been busy all morning trying to get things in shape for the dinner, - arrangements of guests, etc. and going over toys to be sent to Ball and Dunbar. Now I must go home to lunch, press Bernice's gown for this evening and then come back to the office.

Did I tell you that daddy was giving us a trip to the Metropolitan as his Christmas gift to us? We had planned to go up during the Christmas holidays, but the tickets arrived last week and are for this Friday, December 22, and they can't be exchanged; so we shall leave tomorrow for New York. It is a terribly hectic time for either daddy or me and we won't be able to do all we planned, but we are all delighted with the prospect of our first trip to the Met. We shall hear Rigoletto with Lawrence Tibbet. How I wish you could be with us! But when you come home on your furlough we can arrange something of the sort. As we are going to the evening performance we shall stay overnight and return sometime on Saturday. We'll write and tell you all about it after it is over. The only thing worrying us at present is the weather. Ordinarily I am delighted to see snow for Christmas, but we are hoping it will hold off until we get back. The roads are bad in some places now, from ice; and the radio predicts snow in N.Y. for tomorrow. It will only make the driving for daddy so much harder.

We have our Christmas tree and wreaths but I guess most of the work of decorating will have to be done on Sunday. Grandmother Jones goes up to Aunt Grace's on Saturday for the weekend. Grandmother Minker will be with us Christmas day. Julia and May are expected home Saturday morning.

I do hope you will not be going out on a mission on Christmas day. This German offensive looks bad, although I guess we don't know too much about it, for there is a news blackout.

Needless to say our hearts go out to you at this Christmas season as at no other time. With all our love.

Mdler

December 21, 1944

Our Christmas Cactus is blooming  
beautifully. How wish ya could see it!

My mind seems to be very much in a whirl so I suppose I should not  
try to write you, but there doesn't seem to be much chance to get up  
for a few days and I guess you will excuse my lack of unity, coherence  
or emphasis.

Shirley arrived home last night, looking like a dished, for she never  
went to bed at all Wednesday night. They had their annual Christmas  
dinner (formal) followed by a Christmas pageant in which she took part,  
reception, pajama party with exchanging gifts, packing to come home. So  
she is still sleeping and it is now noon. This is the evening we have our  
Christmas dinner here at the school, with guests; then the play, then the  
Christmas parties in the cottages. I have been busy all morning trying  
to get things in shape for the dinner, - arrangements of guests, etc. and  
going over toys to be sent to Bill and Danner. Now I must go home to  
lunch, press Bernice's gown for this evening and then come back to the  
office.

Did I tell you that daddy was giving us a trip to the Metropolitan as his  
Christmas gift to us? We had planned to go up during the Christmas holidays,  
but the tickets arrived last week and are for this Friday, December 22,  
and they can't be exchanged; so we shall leave tomorrow for New York.  
It is a terribly hectic time for either daddy or me and we won't be able  
to do all we planned, but we are all delighted with the prospect of our  
first trip to the Met. We shall hear Rigoletto with Lawrence Tibbett.  
How I wish you could be with us! But when you come home on your fourth  
we can arrange something of the sort. As we are going to the evening  
performance we shall stay overnight and return sometime on Saturday.  
We'll write and tell you all about it after it is over. The only thing  
worrying us at present is the weather. Ordinarily I am delighted to see  
snow for Christmas, but we are hoping it will hold off until we get back.  
The roads are bad in some places now, from ice; and the radio predicts  
snow in N.Y. for tomorrow. It will only make the driving for daddy so  
much harder.

We have our Christmas tree and wreaths but I guess most of the work of  
decorating will have to be done on Sunday. Grandmother Jones goes up to  
Aunt Grace's on Saturday for the weekend. Grandmother Minkler will be with  
us Christmas day. Julia and May are expected home Saturday morning.

I do hope you will not be going out on a mission on Christmas day. This  
German offensive looks bad, although I guess we don't know too much about it,  
for there is a news blackout.

Needless to say our hearts go out to you at this Christmas season as at  
no other time. With all our love.

Walter