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 leaving all the letters I receive and I wish you would hang on to those.

Johnny Turlett wrote from Hawaii; Chuck Bostert wrote from the central Pacific; Howell Wilkins wrote from Drew. Johnny ran into Walt Riddle recently.

This is a new way to
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 tinsel, snow and balls decorated the tree. Tinsel 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. Weltstein, Mr. Hering, Aunt Margaret, Julia and the Grandmothers and family.

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

Love,

Luv