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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 Curlett 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

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spend New Year's Eve. ---

For the Christmas Holy days 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