

Tell you what, well make a personal inspection
 soon of the dump when this hairy old war
 runs out of men, munitions and money.
 Gee, the alps were sure gorgeous all
 blue and purple pink there in the south.

Jim you'd like seeing this place. Some
 thirty thousand. It gets cold up there too.
 The last time we went up she dropped
 down to minus fifty centigrade. That is
 where it begins to get cold. Amen.
 Well doggone, here I've rambled on all this
 way and surely you're asleep by now. Not much
 use talking about London and such, it was
 an interesting city the first time and ever
 since has been dull. I'm on 48-hour pass
 now and haven't left the base yet. Guess
 I'm just incorrigible a something. Haven't
 gotten polluted yet though and I sure don't
 figure on it. That's my pride.

Don't know if this will reach you in time but
 Merry, Merry Christmas to you Sir! (And if
 it's late at least accept a most hearty
 wish for a Happy New Year to you kind friend.
 Whenever this finds you I do hope you're
 all right and have a small corner of happiness
 at least. No matter where you are I know you're
 adapting yourself and as you once taught me
 that's half of this existence.

I've have to go see the postal lady to find
 out some dope about your address and
 whether or not they might have a newer
 APO for you. I'm supposing this to be a
 temporary APO. Could be wrong.

Jim, believe me, if there's anything I
 can do for you just holler, loud and clear
 and my special geni will be at your command.

Guess I'll knock off now. Mom keeps
 talking about you in her letters and wishes
 you well I know. You've got two families
 these days, you know. Be careful. Heck,
 makes me laugh my telling you to be good.
 So long - be seeing you. Always your friend,

-Mickie! 

P.S. The post office lady weren't too sure
 so I'll leave the address - New York.
 I sure hope this reaches you okay.

Good luck Jim!