

Christmas, 1943.

Dear Friend:

Well, here we are again. It's the very vast minute, almost, before Christmas and here we haven't got any cards printed. It's the same old story.

@One thing that sort of delays us is the fact that one-half our boys is home from the Pacific. It's Louis who is a Lt. (jg) in the Navy and who is heading for submarine school back east, reporting Jan. 3. His mother and I are using quite a lot of our time visiting with him. If Lt. Glen were home I probably wouldn't have time to see this stuff. Won't even proof-read it and you'll notice that I'm not spacing the lines.

&Anyway, this will serve to remind you that you are still in our hearts and that we are wishing you the best of everything for Christmas and the New Year.

As ever,
GLICK FOCKELE.