

[December 20, 1943]

Home for Christmas



AVIATION CADET
SANTA ANA ARMY AIR BASE
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

Sunday afternoon

Dear Folks,

I don't have much news for you today, but enough to write about to fill a page, anyway.

It has been raining here - off and on yesterday, all last night, and so far all today. This is certainly a cheerful place with row upon row of gray barracks dripping water, and dirty brown pools of it standing in every low place, all under a gray sky. And on the 19th of December, too. Back home it would be snow - so much cleaner and prettier.

I had an interesting experience earlier this afternoon. Most of the squadron is out on pass, and many of the remainder have M.M., so things were fairly quiet. The radio was on and Brig Crosby was singing Christmas carols - "Adeste Fideles," "O little Town," and others. Some of us were listening, and others were reading, talking, chipping shoes - a typical Army Sunday afternoon "at home." Then he sang one song which few of us have heard -:

" I'll be home for Christmas,

You can plan on me.

There'll be snow

And mistletoe

Where the lovelight gleams.

Where the lovelight gleams.

I'll be home for Christmas,

By only in my dreams. "

From the first words there was complete silence, and everyone stopped what he was doing and remembered Christmas gone by. And when he finished, there was a pause before anyone spoke again.

Home for Christmas! I'll be with you - "is only in my dreams."

Merry Christmas,

Emmit D.