

Wednesday
Dec. 29, 1943
9:00 P.M.

Dear Audrey:

I received two letters from you today - both mailed on the 26th. They were fine, Hon, especially the one you wrote after singing at the air Base.

I feel the same way about it, Audrey. Come what may, I feel I can stand it because you and the good Lord are helping and with me in whatever I do.

We got back from the

rifle range about 4 this
afternoon - in the snow.
It snowed about 4 inches
last night and was cold
on the range this morning.
Monday and Tuesday were
very nice days and that
was good because those
were the two days when
we were firing for records
with the 30-30. Today we
fired the carbine just to
show on our records we had
fired one.

It was wet and sloppy
marching back and the
packs weighed a ton but
nearly all of us made it
O.K. It wasn't bad for me

(3)

except the straps cut off
the circulator in my right
arm. My legs and feet
seem to be holding up
fine so far.

I didn't do anything very
brilliant in my shooting but
got enough points to qualify
as a marksman.

Tonight was just like
Christmas again. Packages
from your Dad and Mrs
Russell - handkerchiefs, socks,
and a tin plus candy and
walnuts, soap from Eileen,
Thayne and the kids, handkerchiefs
and socks from Mother. I
had a hard time convincing
the boys there was a walnut

tree in the front yard.

By the way, my watch is broken - probably the main spring again, and I may be sending it to you to get fixed if I can ever get it mailed. If you don't get it don't worry as I probably won't get it mailed.

Everyone seemed to have been nice to you for Christmas except me. I'm sorry, Hon. It was well worth while to wait that long to call you and I'm glad you heard me say (and I say it again) -
I love you.

Harold

P.S.

another night problem tomorrow.