

*A Christmas Message
for a Dear Son
in the Service*



Because you're missed by everyone

While you are far away....

Because you're being thought about

With every passing day....

Because you're always wished the best

Wherever you may go....

This loving Christmas message, Son,

Is sent to tell you so.

Daddy

#1 Friday Dec 19th 1954

Dearest Frank:

Many, many thanks for your kind thoughts. Hope you are enjoying the best of health and tranquility of mind during this Blessed Season.

All here are in good health and of course working hard.

Gosh, Fran, how you are missed. For the longest time we started, stopped & listened whenever the bell rang or stoop-cocked his ears & stared toward the front hall. We were getting so used to your coming home on those weekend passes!

Well, Fran, you should see the enthusiastic Tommy turned out to be in photography. For quiet a while he used to come over to the house here and watch me developing & printing & using the enlarger. Then I

let him try his hand at it. After a short time, he became quiet expectant the operation. He'd come over, with the cutest expenses and want this & that looked into, finally urging me to repair to the cellar with him & start the enlarger. Well one day he comes home with a camera from the Library. Pictures were taken, films developed and prints made and beer drunk by the care full.

This went on for some time. All told, he must have returned home from work with four or five different sorts of cameras and say were they honeys. Finally he lands a pipper. This last one is a combination film & plate rear-view job and takes a postcard size picture. Next thing I know he has a swell enlarger that was discarded by the Library. Oh you should see it. He now has easel, pans, trays, timer and an adapter for making colored postcard prints.

I forgot to tell you that before he started out getting these things, I had bought a photo-meter. You know this gadget determines the grade of enlarging paper each film requires and also the speed of it together with reckoning the time of exposure. Well with this and a timing clock that I also purchased, we are now able to make precision enlargements to order.

#3.

You know, Fran, with the photo-
meter, there is no leaving to chance,
the time of exposure on each film.
It determines the exact time of
exposure to the fraction of a second.
Remember how we used to try
one after another to find the
proper contrast? Oh, boy are
we good. The only drawback
to the whole thing is Tommy
likes to start in about ten
o'clock at night and winds
up around day break.

Routine life is about the
same here, come 11:30 or 12:00 P.M.,
and the old Cam pushes the
gauntlet to Boyle's. Then follows
the slight collation, fiery
arguments and the suppressed
emotions awaiting the girls'
exit from their final facial
touchup in the bathroom. And
after the dignity of evening
blackout, and all are just
sinking into the arms of peace-
ful slumber, the air is rent
with the woeeful moans of
Grandma stalking Grandpop
through the darkened halls
below putting the squeeze-
play on him for being out all night
dancing around with some

pin up girls.

Joe has been ordered back to the hospital at St Petersburg, Fla. I presume by this, he must have arrived there. He is thoroughly disgusted and hopes they will give him a medical discharge.

Mary Salerno was home last weekend on Tuesday. She is a nurse's aid at Valley Forge Gen. Hosp. in Phoenixville, Pa and has some very interesting stories to relate.

Tommy Dann got me a new shoe for the Reo. Maybe Jack Benny rides again.



Fondest love, Fran
"The Chief"