


Christmas 1943


 "We got up late and dinner was at 12.30. There were hard candies, a free package of Camsels and oranges; then roast turkey with dressing and cranberry sauce and for dessert apple pie and real cheese. In the afternoon Bill and I rode our bikes into Bengay, but everything had just closed and there was hardly a soul in the streets. We got back in time for me to pick up my wine ration. I got a quart each of sherry and port for me and Rod gave me his as he never uses the stuff. After supper into town we piled, only to find the pubs jammed and all the shows and the dance closed. We sweated out the bus home very disgusted."
 - Wallace Patterson - Christmas Day 1943



Bill McCullah was in a homesick mood on Christmas Day 1943 and he wanted to be alone. Not interested in the Christmas meal on base, he caught the shuttle to Norwich. He walked to the cathedral. There were 20 Americans and four elderly British gentlemen and two ladies. A small group had gathered around a piano, singing carols. Two of the male hosts prepared crepes Suzettes, the first Bill had ever had and were delicious. They sought to make him welcome but his heart was not in it. That cold damp day was a day of recollection where he thought of family and home. He wondered if he would ever see home again. He had flown one mission and had barely begun. Thousands of miles from home, that English Christmas was the loneliest day of his life.



Benjamin Everett spent Christmas Day in the hospital. Originally in the hospital for four days, he returned to duty. Still not feeling well, he requested to work indoors for a few days but due to the amount of work, he was told to go to sick call or go to work. The end result was a second trip to the hospital after trying to work in the cold British weather. This stay lasted for five days including Christmas Day "we did get turkey for the noon meal otherwise it was just another day."



448th Officers Club Christmas Eve



Lt. LeRoy Engdahl



"On Christmas Day our base served dinner to the London children billeted in our neighbour hood and many of our air men were guests in English homes" -Maj. Newton McLaughlin



448th Doctor's Christmas Lunch



Medical Detachment Enlisted Men



"This is Xmas Eve. We have the first whiskey in the history of the club and lots of beer. We are in the new club, which is very comfortable and we have a new radio. All the boys are singing and playing Black Jack." - Wallace Patterson