

30 December 1944

Dear Mom:

I have a few minutes yet before I can go to bed - have a bright fire roaring in the fireplace and am lone some as alldickens for you.

Its quite warm in here although in the mornings I have to get up in the cold and start a fire. I spent the better part of this night writing letters answering the mothers and wives that have written to me concerning particulars on their loved ones death. It is such a difficult task - and the letters I receive are so brave and so inspiring. I can fully sympathize with these people who had lost all in this war - all happiness seemingly and yet who can write with so much courage.

We cannot write directly to the parents so we send our letters to the Adj General's office, who checks up with the name and serial number and date of death and then forwards the letter. We are not allowed now to even mention fellow soldiers being wounded which I think it is a good thing as so many mistakes can be made. Thus - we are under a strict censorship when it comes to casualties.

I am sending you a few pictures taken lately by friends. It gives you an idea of how daddy is taking on weight but not so much as to be noticeable.

The Jerries are still throwing in stuff - as long as they do not get too near my general locality I never mind or feel it. However, if they get near enough so you can almost hear the swish - then daddy ducks. Lately I have been very shaky and nervous and scared - much more than average when the shells burst. However, so far I have managed somehow to get by - but I am afraid that some of these days under a real barrage like the ones I got in Italy - daddy is going to fold up and call it quits. Its a good thing the jerries still have not thrown any V bombs in our locality. I say this with my fingers crossed for I understand these V bombs are really hellers so to speak.

I am getting rather tired from this walk I had today. To morrow evening - I do not know how I will celebrate the New Years coming in. Probably will be very fast asleep waiting for the next new year when we will be together again.

good night dear - writing so late at night and alone - ~~if~~
I can almost feel your presence with me. Oh, yes I did write to Shinso and gave him hell - the fool.

love

Dad