

Dec. 20, 1944.

Dear Mom & Dad,

Just a short note to tell
I have the chance to let you
know in O.K. Things are
still going about the same. Just
as much mud, rain and shells.

If you could see me you
would have a hard time recog-
nizing me, covered with mud
and I have about a week's growth
of beard. Right now I am in
a hole that is covered with boards
and sand bags. I'm hunkered up
in a corner with a can of
beacon grease burning for light.
Oh well it can't last for ever
can it. Or can it?

Have about taking about two
dollars of my money a buying me
a pair of low cut (oxford) shoes.
Plain tops. Size 10C. Comes in
handy if we get a rest. I get tired of
marching boats all the time. (OVER)

I had air v-mail from Lu but
no word from Pet. Virginia yet.
I wish she would write so
I knew where she was. Let
me know if you hear from
her.

Write soon folks, am
anxious to hear from you

Love
J. A.

1/5/45