

28 October 1945

Dear Jane,

I'm on my second month here now and it's getting colder all the time. We have no winter clothing and no stove in ~~at~~ our barracks so it seems like no rest for the wicked. It's so cold in the morning I have to break the ice off my blankets before I can get out of bed. In fact, my blood don't thaw out till about 9 in the morning. It looks like the army is trying to make it as hard as they can on you before they let us go but damn it, I can take it as long as they can throw it. (I keep telling myself.)

The way it looks now, I should start my long trip home about the middle of January or shortly thereafter. I will travel towards the east and not stop till I reach Danville. When I think how nice it will be to be home again, it seems like the time never will pass. Just give me strength a few more months Lord.

Oh yes, I might say that at last I am beginning to see some of the good food that was supposed to be sent overseas. After a year and a half I had begun to think that they were throwing it away as we

regret getting it. We are getting more butter in a day than we used to get in a week and the steaks we are getting are really some tender meat. Roast beef one meal and steaks the next, if they don't stop pretty soon I am going to gripe about getting so much good food.

Well its time to hit the hay so must close for now. Hope you are all well and write when ever you can.

Your brother,
Owen.