

Germany
Coster Sunday 1945

My dear Mrs. Jeffries:

This letter has been a long time in the making.

It's a rather tardy time to be expressing sympathy for the great loss you have suffered. We, too, suffered a tremendous loss, not at all commensurate with your own but Col. Jeffries left a place that will never be filled.

I had to write to you simply because I believe I was closer to him and understood him better than most of the others.

I was the Company Commander of Reconnaissance Co. under "Klondike" as we called him. I was the last person to see him on that unfortunate day. We had been out

together on a reconnoissance.
After the final discussions had been
made I returned for my Company.
He started out behind me but
took a different route back to
the Battalion CP and that's when
it happened. The inexplicable
fortunes of war.

Col. Jeffries was a born soldier
and truly a great man. He
would have gone far in the Army
— in fact anywhere be it the
Army or civilian life.

Please forgive me if through
stupid inadvertence I have
shoved anew dregs of sorrow but
I simply had to write. I feel
the loss grow progressively as
the days wear on. If I can be
of any help please don't hesitate
to write.

Sincerely,
R. Johnson