

Feb.
Jan. 5, 1945

Belgium

Dear folks,

I received your letter of Jan. 10 to day. glad to hear from you as usual. When 19° below there, eh? It is not cold here now and as I said in my last letter, the snow is gone here, but the winter is not over.

Ma I wish you wouldn't keep thinking of me as fighting all the time. As you put it wild eyed, long haired, and frightened. You will just keep worrying and worrying and get sick from it. Worrying doesn't help me and it doesn't help you any either.

I don't think poor Wendell

may God rest his soul prayed to die
but I do think the poor bird is better
off it must be terrible there now
they never seem to be making
much head way as that front
and I know why

About your letters being lost. I
don't think any of them were, really,
and I think I got all my xmas
packages too.

I was sorry to hear that the
poor little Hubbard boy got it. He
was so small and young. I suppose
by this time you have heard about
al. I haven't been able
to find out just where he is buried
yet.

I get alot of mail to day and
I don't feel a bit like answering
any of it but I suppose I have to
in order to get more. Sometimes
I enjoy writing especially when
there is some thing to write about
but other time like right now I hate it.

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It is very very quiet around here, which is good. It is very dark out can't see 10 ft and it has been that way for the last few nights.

It is very cozy here in the little kitchen. The old man 85 and lady 79 are sitting by the stove just thinking & gulping. I got a kick out of the old man he is very healthy and eats like a bear. I don't understand how he does it. All he does is smoke his pipe for exercise. I guess that is a job in itself the pipe is so big. The first day we came here we kept giving him stuff to eat my goodness I was afraid we would have a corpse on our hands in the morning but oh no. he was back for more the next day. He will eat anything.

I haven't seen Joe Compton in a long
time but he is O.K. He was asking
one of the boys about me a couple of
days ago.

I guess the Russians are about
ready to make that final lunge
across the Oder river ^{and} hit what
is left of Berlin. I wish that would
end the war but it of course will
not. We will no doubt meet
those Russian some day and
that will be the day. Even then
it won't be over not for me, nor
at least things do look bright, both
here and in the Pacific. I'd bet everybody
in the States has their ears bent to the
radio now. We are fortunate and have
a radio in the next house. It is good
to hear music again.

Yours Son
Chifford

Jim Fine.