

Sunday Evening - Jan. 21st 1945

Dearest Hubert,

Again it is Sunday night and I have been to church. I wonder where you are my dear. You remember the soldier boy, John Phillip Baumgart, and his mother you met at church? I was talking to her tonight and she said to send you her best wishes. John Phillip is still at Meade - and she seems to think you might still be in New York. But I told her I didn't think so because I believed we would have heard from you if you were.

It will be two weeks tomorrow since Elda & I received your last letter.

Tell us if you can the date you left here and when you arrived over there.

But whether there was a chaplain on the ship. I hope you are staying well and keeping up the good old spirit.

Let us know if there is anything we can send you such as cigarettes or the like.

I can't remember if I told you last week that Martin Niehoff (Bob's brother) is home on furlough after nearly three years in the Pacific. He is just fine and had to report back to J. B. after 21 days.

It snowed a little today, and I enjoyed going out in it to-night.

Well this isn't much of a letter, but I can't think of anything. Guess, I'm getting sleepy. I will write again soon - and hope we'll be hearing from you before long.

God bless you and keep you dear brother -
That is my daily prayer. Your Loving Sisters, Leona