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Dear Jack:

I thought it was about time to write you another letter. These weeks sure do fly by. Before we know it spring will be here. I don't suppose it can come soon enough for you the same as me. You ought to be getting a furlough pretty soon. It doesn't seem possible that 3 months have gone by already. It seems that the older you get the faster the time flies.

Well, Jack, how are things going with you? Still doing as much training I suppose. Your legs must have got in your way on the cycle, eh? Of course, driving truck is no cinch, either, but you don't bounce so much on a big truck. It won't be so bad if you can stay in the G.M. Division, but I imagine it is all about the same hard and you've got to like whatever you are doing. Not much choice in

the matter, "This is the Army, Mr. Jones" how about it? Those regular hours & lots of eats must be making you fit as a fiddle, if you have gained what you said. You'll be so big we won't recognize you when you come home on your leave. I don't suppose you have any inkling when that will be or have you. ³ You sure have to keep going all day from what you say in your letters. No chance of getting soft, huh? Pretty soon every one of you will be itching to get out of there & into action! The routine must be the toughest thing to take. That's if you sit down & figure it out. But it'll all end before we know it.

The kids & Jean send their best to you. They all are anxious to see you. Wish you a Happy New Year (which I forgot in my last

letter). We're all feeling pretty good
and at our house. A few colds and
coughs but nothing major wrong.
Bothered with the shorts like every-
body is these days. Prices going up
pay going down with income taxes
victory tax & everything else. But
money is the last thing we worry
about. Health is the biggest asset.
Ma shipped in the ice and fell last
week. She was lucky she landed on
her shoulder. Her right arm is
pretty sore. I told her to go to
the doctor, but you know her. She's
treating it herself & eventually it
will get better. Marian is here
from Port Arthur, Canada. She
was up in Hamilton, Ont. so
she thought she would extend her
trip & visit us, which she may
not be able to do again for quite
some time. She's going to stay
for a week or 10 days. Outside

of that I don't know anything new.
Your big sisters all feel O.K. I
suppose you hear that from them
yourself, but I just thought I would
mention them. There is really nothing
new here, only that the routine gets
pretty tough. You know nobody is
ever satisfied and that goes all over,
although I am afraid that this
will be a tough year for all of
us. Food is getting scarce back
here & we aren't on a farm where
we raise our own, so I really am
worried about it. Of course we'll
struggle through somehow.

So, Jack, I ain't got much room
left in this paper so I better
shut my mouth. Take care of
yourself and don't do anything
I wouldn't do or take any wooden
nickles. Take care of yourself
& lots of luck. Your Brother
Doc.