Sunday
January 20th -

My Darling Wife —

We've had ten anniversaries - but, Darling, our eleventh is the grandest of all - there's a good feeling inside of me that wasn't there before, because now - not only is the war over, but we know that Our Day will soon be here - and in just a little while I'll be started on the trip that will bring me home to you. Eleven months ago today -. We have so many things to be thankful for, Ruth -: when we were married we couldn't even hope that Our Day would be just a little over a year away - but the war ended and our days apart are fast reaching their end. In just a few days that trip I've been waiting for so long to make will begin, and, Darling, from now on each step I take will bring me closer to you. It's all I can talk about - all that I want to talk about - and I can hardly wait till Friday. The only news we heard today was verification of the news the Major gave out at the theatre last evening. We are leaving on the 25th - but whether it will be in the morning or the afternoon we don't know. If we leave in the morning we will be in Calcutta on Friday evening because now there is no delay in Chabua. But if we don't leave Ledo till noon, we'll spend the night in Chabua and fly to Calcutta the next day - and I'm hoping that we can go straight through to Calcutta without that overnight stop.

Yesterday I fixed up my blouse - but today I resorted to having my uniforms tailored by a professional - I took them to an Indian Tailor shop in the hospital area where the security detachment is going to live. I really gave him a job: stripes, a Ledo road patch and a CBI patch on my blouse (I had got no Ledo patch on it), field jacket (special leather patches to stand the weather), two suntan shirts and an OD shirt. His shop is full of clothes belonging to these fellows going home on Friday and he works with his sons in shifts - twenty-four hours a day. Mine will be ready Tuesday morning - so all I'll need in the States is a good dry cleaner to clean and press my uniforms and I'll be all dressed up.

And today I had my housecleaning. Darling, with all of my previous house-cleaning I don't know where I accumulated all of the things I found, but now I'm down to the minimum. I still have the very first package that you sent me when I came overseas; it was the sturdiest of them all - so today I filled it with all sorts of things that I wanted to bring home. There's a little brass dish in one corner, a small dictionary - but they aren't the important things. To prevent it from damage on the way home I made a special spot for the picture of you and the Dietitian's Aides and with it my Christmas Card from you. There are no gifts in the box - just things that I value - so tomorrow I'll take them to the post-office and I wonder - will they beat me home? If it does, this time I'm sure that I'll soon follow it - so if you'll put it behind the curtain with the other one we'll open both of them soon after I arrive.

OX OX

There was an announcement made today by the Secretary of War on completion of his visit over here - and hearing it I thought of Mrs. Lindsell. He said that all but 4,000 troops will be out of here by ~~the~~ June 30th and that those remaining will leave as soon as all work is finished. Probably that March 15th date referred to security. That is when the security detachment will leave - but just as in the 23rd - men with less than 40 points will stay behind.

Darling, it's down to four days - just Monday, Tuesday to wait and then we start - but there have been so many false alarms that any excitement anybody may have is tempered by what happened before - there's always that doubt, and at every newscast we hold our breath till it's over. If only there were some way to make these four days pass in a second - oh, Cotton, I want to be started and on my way - I want Christmas Day to be here - and I want to be with you - sharing every second with you. Were anything to happen to change this in the next four days, it would be heard all over the world - and I think that the soldiers' demonstrations did their bit to prevent a cancellation of this program. I don't want to talk about anything happening - not even think it - and I hope that this week passes as quickly as last week passed.

Did you ever hear of Arturo Sauce? We had a can of it, and to keep the contents from spilling after we had opened the can, we mixed it with a jar of mustard - and we have a sauce that is really delicious. Tonight we had pork luncheon meat sandwiches - and the sauce just added the right tang. With them we had hot cocoa, and it made a delicious snack. When we go to "Camp Shanks", the cook that slept in our tent is going to take over "pantry" with him - so when we get down there we'll still be able to have our little snacks. I don't know how long we'll stay there - but if we arrive there on the 25th or 26th we may have to wait till the 10th or 15th for a boat. Once there, though we can go into Calcutta and I'll give you a travel folder of the city. Calcutta, though, doesn't interest me -; I wish that we could go right from the plane to the boat, but there is additional processing that we must go through that requires at least two or three days. Right now I'm interested in making this first step 'cause when that has been made and we're in the replacement depot I'll feel a whole lot more certain that all of this isn't just a dream.

I wonder where I'll be next Sunday evening -? I hope we're having our chat in Calcutta and that in just a little while I can send that message that I've been waiting to send for ever so long. But another week has passed and it's time for bed. Darling, when I can hold you in my arms and kiss you and love you we'll soon have made up for these months apart, and with our love and each other we'll push them back and soon we'll have forgotten them. Goodnight, Ruth,

All My Love. For My Beautiful Wife -

Your Hubby Jerry OX

God Bless You -