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Monday
January 21st -

My Darling Wife —

Five letters came today -; there was additional news on our coming home -; Sidney's home - oh, Darling, it's been a wonderful day and it passed quickly - we're another day closer to Our Day. The letters - Cotton, Uncle Sam is giving us his best of service these days - your letters were written from the seventh to the eleventh, inclusive - That last one was written just ten days ago! With your five letters came two envelopes full of envelopes, and now I have all that I need till I come home - envelopes, stamps and paper. Ruth, you always take such good care of your hubby - and your hubby's so very much in love with you -.

Sidney's home! It surprised me as much as he surprised you -; he didn't give even the slightest inkling, did he? I just know how much better all of you must feel - and I'm hoping that I can see him soon, too. Is he going to stay in York? But no matter where he is - we'll all get together when I come home.

There was only one advantage gained by being in the 23rd: when the outfit got ready to come home all of us were processed - which included our injections. Today the 45-9 point men were given their final injections - and those of us who were in the 23rd were really envied. While some fellows got as many as four shots and a vaccination - all of us got only the vaccination, and we missed all the aches and colds (from the shots) that were handed out!

We received our final instructions today - there was a notice on the bulletin board. On Friday, the 25th, we have the IG inspection at one o'clock in the afternoon. On that inspection we dress in Class A uniform (with blouse), pack all of our equipment and go to the IG area to "weigh in". Since we're going by plane to Calcutta, weight must be watched, so each man and his equipment goes over the scales. Then - Friday night we sleep here. On Saturday morning we must be in front of Britz at 6:15 AM and we leave, on trucks, for Chabua - at Chabua we step on the plane, take off - and step out in Calcutta. So - instead of Friday as it was before - Saturday afternoon we'll be in Calcutta! Then I don't know how long we'll wait - but when those boats come in and our turn comes up, we'll get on board - and I believe it will be by the fifteenth. Know what I'm thinking of now? Looking at that schedule for Saturday, I'm hoping we get in Calcutta in time to have one evening chat - but if it's too late, we'll go all over Saturday's happenings on Sunday.

The Tailor really did a good job -; we got our clothes back today - didn't have to wait till tomorrow! Those patches really add color - and now I have patches on most everything I'm bringing home, so this IG inspection should be passed without a hitch. And that field jacket - with its leather patches and more stylish cut it looks better than a blouse - wish I could wear it, instead! Even WD's look decent when they're "patched up" - you'll see in just a little while.

If the boy is still in the garage I know I can get in (without being heard), I know I can get up the steps (without being heard) - but that turn to the third floor and opening the door - that would have taken a long time (without being heard) - and I could

never wait that long - (I'd be heard!) - but now that last part has been eliminated! So, Darling, if some evening you waken and hear somebody feeling their way about your room, it'll be your hubby! I don't remember how Father had her room arranged - and it may be arranged differently now - but my guess would be that the foot of the bed is toward the door. I'll walk straight in expecting to "meet" the foot of the bed, and I believe that there is more room to the left of the room, so I'll turn left and come around to the side of the bed that is away from the window. Darling, I hope that we can have our first moments just for ourselves, with nobody else there to share them - but at home, in Harrisburg, wherever it may be - it's not going to wait a second longer than need be - Our Day will be here just as soon as it can be and wherever that place happens to be.

Cotton, I'm so glad that you agree on our month's vacation - ; we've learned patience - and we will never rush or hurry again. Mr. and Mrs. Van Brakle have so many things to do and enjoy and talk over and say in that month and we're going to have our vacation, away from everybody else, just as soon as we can. Soon after I reach the States and know when I'll be out I'll contact Mrs. Julian in South Sterling and we'll start negotiations for the Woodside -, and I hope we can arrange to have just a day or at the most two, after I come home. That first month will be OURS - to share with nobody else, because we'll have many months ahead that we'll have to share with other people. That month there will be 2 - Two - people in the world - you and I - and when that month has passed we'll have to come out into the other world, but whenever we can be by ourselves - and we will see to it that there are lots and lots of such times, we'll go right back to our world - it'll be there always - and we'll go there often.

Probably starting on Saturday your mail will start to come back stamped "Returning to the US" - because I don't believe arrangements can be made for the mail in Calcutta. They have no provisions for it at the Replacement Depot in the "shipping section" - so when we leave here on Saturday there will be no more mail deliveries - period. Next thing, Darling, will be our phone call - Seattle to York. I'll give the operator both the number at home and at the hospital - it'll be person-to-person - and, Darling, I can hardly wait. Twenty-two days at sea - three weeks - I can hardly sit still just thinking - I want to start now - and run the whole way - I want to be with you as soon as possible. This trip will be just the opposite of the other - knowing that each second brings me closer to you - and not taking me farther away - and instead of looking ahead to months overseas - there'll be a discharge and I'll be free. Oh, Cotton, it'll be such a different trip and I hope that we soon get on the boat.

These days in-between are passing - they're disappearing one by one - and just as they are passing, Our Day is coming. That's my thought every evening - of coming home to you and beginning the life we've waited for so long to begin. So now it's crawl in bed, dreaming of the days soon to come when we can cuddle and our love and kisses won't just be written. Goodnight, Darling - God Bless You -

All My Love - For The Most Beautiful Girl -

Ruth, I love you very, very much -

Jerry (24)