

Somewhere in France

March 6, 1945

My Dear Mr. Sumida:

Of the few pleasures which are permitted a soldier, the mail call with its resulting receipt of letters is by far the most satisfying. Your letter certainly raised the moral of yours truly. I can think of nothing more considerate or kinder than your writing me that my folks are in fine health. It is the penalty of war that one must be separated from ones loved ones. It is only through these letters that the severity of the penalty is mitigated. Thank you for your consideration.

Having met you at Rohwer I ~~know~~ ^{now} know that I have been deprived of much happiness

by not having met you and
known you sooner. In my short
acquaintance with you it is
now clear to me why my parents
always held you in such high
esteem. Since my youth (rather,
I should say my younger days)
your name frequently entered into
our family conversations. In
that regard it was not as a
complete stranger that I met
you - rather as a friend whom
I had yet to come face to face.

Your letter mentioned the
appearance of the evidences of
spring. Over here I can match
those evidences. The days here are
so warm that we walk around
in our shirt sleeves. The snow
has long ago disappeared. A
little exertion causes perspiration.
Here at our present position
we are in little need of

sympathy. For us infantry men
this life is paradise. Compared
to the adverse conditions we met
in our previous push we certainly
have no cause for complaint.

I am in robust health - the
worst I can say for myself is
that I had a couple of teeth
extracted

Enclosed you will find a
photograph of me. I hope you
like it.

Respectfully
Jim