

Friday
Night

April 27, 1945

Dear Mom and Pop,

I didn't write to you last night because it started to rain and we were busy fixing the tent up. Around 12 o'clock it rained so hard that water started to come into the tent. We didn't get wet though.

It's was cloudy today but it didn't rain. John and I went walking around the neighborhood tonite. There isn't too much to see.

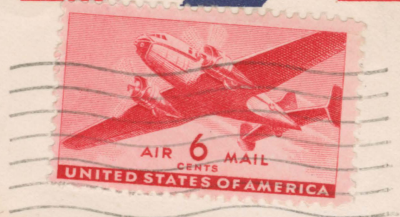
All we did today was loaf around. Station peddlers come around every day to sell eggs and things and it's fun listening to them trying to get the better price from us. We trade with cigarettes and ration.

This is about all for today so

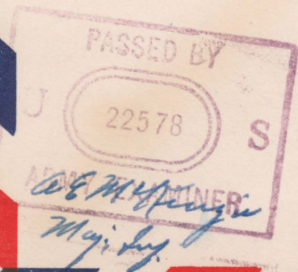
I'll write again tomorrow,

Jack

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Monday May 14, 1945

PM