

2019
Dear Family,

armistice day

Saturday
Nov. 11, 1944

There is a pretty strong chance that I'll have to spend at least part of tomorrow on duty so I'd better get a little written to you tonight. I sure do hope that we'll be able to rest tomorrow but if we can't, I guess it can be survived.

As you can see this was written on Armistice Day and I wonder what sort of celebrations were held at home. Since this is Saturday and there was no school, I expect that there may have been fewer programs than usual.

Just before eleven we marched as an organization up to the town square and witnessed the program they held here. Over here you often hear it called Remembrance Day instead of Armistice Day.

The program was very simple but it was sincere and impressed me greatly. There is a small monument in the square (which is nothing more than an open place in the center of town more or less like an enlarged street

Nov. 19
intersection) dedicated to the veterans of the World War. We were lined up along one side of it and the citizens grouped around the other three.

The program consisted of the singing of two or three hymns, a couple of short speeches by the ministers here (or at least that is who I took them to be), and the presentation of wreaths by different organizations which were laid at the base of the monument.

with We were especially impressed by the feeling which one of the wreaths was presented. It was presented by a veteran, a little man who walked with a decided limp. He saluted the monument two or three times in his presentation and he put so much energy into it that you could see his whole body quiver.

I am pretty tired tonight from putting in a harder day than usual but outside of that I am quite alright. Just to fill up a little space I might tell you of a strange little accident that happened to me the other day. When I was on K.P. I was scrubbing off a meat block and you know that from knives

and cleavers cutting into them they can be pretty rough. Well I ran a splinter about a sixteenth of an inch wide under the fingernail of my middle finger clear down the whole length of the nail to the root. Of course it was very painful and as soon as I could I took it to the medics who cut down into the nail far enough to pull the splinter out. That was a couple of days ago and now I hardly know it happened..

About a fourth of the nail area was torn loose and is discolored but the rest of it has regained the normal color and I don't think I'll even lose the nail. It's still tender but there is no pain at all now. I'm very thankful that it turned out as well as it did.

I don't think there'll be services here tomorrow and I'll certainly be glad when I can start attending regularly again. I'll sign off now and hope I'll be able to write more tomorrow.

3:30 Sunday afternoon

It gives me great pleasure to tell you that I have been able to spend this day in a fairly usual manner. We have had the day off but the unusual part was that there wasn't one of our church services to attend.

I slept till about eleven o'clock and so got a little rest stored up. I feel that I need the extra rest I can get on Sunday mornings now but I hope that sometime I'll get to the place that I won't have to sleep half my Sunday away. In civilian life it is often possible to do part of this on Saturday and Sunday can be used for something else.

After I finally did get awake, I started reading and since then I've finished "Mutiny on the Bounty." I very seriously doubt if it will always be possible to do as much reading as I've done in the last few weeks but I'm taking all possible advantage of it while it lasts.

I wonder what you are doing today and no doubt you are thinking the same about me. It'll sure be good to talk to people directly again and know what's going on at that time instead of two or three weeks previously. I guess Thursday was the last time I got mail so it'll be good to get some again. I'm trying to get

myself to the place that I'll be glad to get mail but not to expect it too often.

It's a cool damp day today and I can't help from feeling a longing to spend the day at home. Some crisp warm pop corn would certainly go good. Your last few letters have mentioned nice fall days and I hope today is one of that kind instead of like it is here. A Sunday School paper would be pleasant amusement for me for the rest of the afternoon.

If I were back in the States I know that I would be counting the hours till I would be leaving on furlough. Just thinking back over the time as a whole it hardly seems like six months since I was home before. For all the time I spent in the United States I feel bad that I only got to be home once.

By the time you get this I expect that it will be within a week of Thanksgiving. We certainly have many things to be thankful for so let's not fail to be thankful. I certainly want to wish you a Happy Thanksgiving.
Love, Donall.

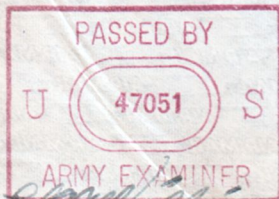
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90 Pm. New York, N.Y.



~~VIA AIR MAIL~~



Willis Taggan

Orestes, Indiana

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