

Nov. 29, 1944

France

Dear Family,

It looks to me very much like I'd better grab this opportunity and get a letter written. We've no way of sending out mail yet so you'll understand if I have to hold on to this for a few days before I get it mailed.

From here on I'll do my best to write you but don't expect letters very often. If the letters I wrote in England have arrived or ever do arrive you'll understand that I'll write every chance I get.

I can not say about France what I did about England. I've seen just the opposite of interesting and pretty sights. Although what I've seen so

far is likely very insignificant compared with the whole, its enough to make you wonder about how civilized we are. Just seeing some of the destruction makes you wonder if we will have gained much when the war is won.

Before we left England, we were given CTO (European Theater of Operations) ribbons so I'll have something to show off when I get back. They don't mean much here but of course sometime we'll be proud of them.

It looks to me as if my days of being a garrison soldier are over. Right now we're living in pup tents and it may not be long before

we'll have to get along with even less than this. We have sleeping bags and as long as we're able to use them can get a very decent night's sleep. I'm thankful for what I have and am not worrying about what I haven't.

I am praying that the best will come out of all of this but I am not worrying about what hasn't happened and very likely won't happen. I appreciate the fact that you too are praying but please just be concerned about me and do your worrying about something else (or don't worry at all).

I hope it won't be too long before mail comes through. I can see that a letter is

sure going to mean a lot more
than it ever has before. So
whatever you can contribute along
this line will be appreciated.

I get a great kick out of
imagining what must be going
on at home. I have come to
the conclusion that ~~it's~~ better
psychologically for me to think
of myself as imagining about
home rather than wondering.

That way you can keep up
even though letters don't arrive
so often.

I am well in body and
unoppressed in spirit. Hope
you can say the same. May
God's richest blessing be upon
you.

Love,
Donald.

Dec. 1, 1944

This is the letter I mentioned
in the V-mail. I'll send it
more because I have it written
than because it contains anything
new.

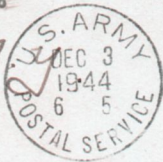
I guess there is no real news
to tell so I'll just say that
I am still alright.

Your son & brother
Donald.

Pfc. Donald Jaggan 35893186

Co K. 346 Inf. APO 448

70 Pm New York, N.Y.



Willis Jaggan

Orestes, Indiana

Box 96

