

A Letter Home

A letter from John Roegge to his parents, from the January 1945 Walther League News,
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Dear Folks:

Well today has been another Thanksgiving and as usual. I ate so much at noon that I didn't get any supper at all. We had turkey, peas, asparagus, mashed potatoes, gravy, cranberries, pumpkin pie, cookies, raisin bread and butter, coffee also nuts and candy. What made it taste good was that we ate off of tables with table-cloths and each table had a large bouquet of flowers. It's been the best we've had since I've been over here and that will soon be two years. Last year we were in mud up to our knees and we ate wherever we found a place to set our mess kit. We are mighty glad that we are in this building this winter so far. We have steam heat and will soon have running water, I hope. I'm hoping we won't have to go into the field this winter.

We have some Italians working for us and you should have seen them go for that food. I wouldn't be afraid to bet that it was the best meal some of them had ever eaten. They acted like some kid with a toy. I forgot to mention that we had radishes and olives too. Even though it was a good meal I would have been just as happy with some good ole hot biscuits and ham gravy.

Maybe it won't be long anymore. The boys in France seemed to be going pretty strong now. I'm beginning to think the Germans are running short on men and one of these days it's going to stop when we least expect it. You know, you can blow a balloon up and it will stretch so far and then break if you put pressure on it and Germany is being pressured on all sides at once right now.

I suppose you are wondering where I got this stationery. Well I didn't bring mine up tonight and I hated to go downstairs after it so one of the boys gave me this. It's Italian I guess, he got it up town.

Well, how is everything back there? I don't suppose dad has all his corn out yet. Has the weather been so he can shuck every day? How did they make out with the road? Did they ever get it graveled? How are all the grand folks?

Looks like I'll have to close for this time. Write when you can.

Love,

John