

49th QM Truck Regiment
Camp Bowie, Texas
January 3, 1943.

Dear Folks,

Your gift of cigarettes arrived here just in time for Xmas. I want you all to know that it was greatly appreciated. As luck would have it, just at that time I was named commanding officer of my company for a short while, and the bunch (of over 150 men and officers) helped themselves to the flat fifties you sent me. Sort of celebration. This happens to be a county of dry weather, and that isn't the only thing that's dry. Beer and "spirits fermenti" are taboo. Cokes and smokes afford the only relief.

Work is increasingly difficult, but that is only the build-up for the days that lie ahead. The sooner they come, the better; it gets pretty tough to be straining at the leash.

It's rather difficult to write to someone you don't know, but I want to take this opportunity of thanking all of you for the gift and the thought behind it all. My only wish is that I prove worthy of the trust you have placed on many of us in the service.

After a short glance at this letter, I can see that I should have appreciated Miss Krupa more than I did. Again, many thanks to you all, and I wish you the best of everything in the year that lies ahead.

Sincerely,

Melvin O. Miller

Melvin O. Miller
2nd Lt., Q.M.C.
Commanding (F)