

Somewhere in Germany
Mar. 13, 1945

Dear Mom + Dad:

Well, my moral has gone away up today. Last night I received two letters from you. One was dated Jan 2 and the other Jan 17. Another good thing is that today is the first good day we have had in a long time. The sun is shining today for the first time in over 3 weeks. We need a lot of weather like this to shorten and end this war. Everytime we hear those planes going overhead the boys start singing, "Hitler, count your men!" The Air Force is really doing a great job over here. I have seen some of their work and it is really great. I can't understand how the "Fritz" can take so much of it. Of course it is still the Infantry that does the dirty work; it is still the Infantry that wins the wars, and you can tell my big brother I said so to.

This country over here is really very beautiful. It would put you a good deal in mind of New England. However we are not able to appreciate the beauty very much, for every forest means a bunker and every hill means entrenchments. You can only appreciate the beauty when you forget entirely about the war. However, that is rather difficult.

The people here are rather difficult to figure out. The way it seems to me, about 50% don't seem to care very much, one way or the other, when we occupy their towns. Half of what is

left seem sullen and embittered and the other half actually welcome us. However we have been told not to fraternize with them and I have no desire to. I can't stop thinking that they, from the youngest to the oldest, are the cause of me being here. That alone kills all or any desire in me to be friendly. These people here seem ~~not~~ well off compared with the people of France and Luxembourg. Hitler has really taken care of his own, most likely at the expense of the Frenchmen and Luxemburgers. In France and Luxembourg there was sufficient food for everyone, but everything was rationed and the people could not afford to waste anything. Here in Germany, however, every home seems to have a storeroom which is crammed full of meats, cheese, preserves, and wine. They all seem well taken care of.

This whole continent seems to be living in the 19th Century in regard to all kinds of modern conveniences. In only the best of houses do you find running water in the toilets. Most of the latrines here, as in "the little house" in back of the big house, if you know what I mean, they stink and are usually very dirty. Since I arrived here I have become very adept at taking care of my needs along this line in an open field someplace. It is much better that way. A lot of these towns don't have any running water at all. All the water is drawn from one central pump in the town square. All the housewives gather there with their

buckets and pails and carry the water home.
Now would you like to do that, Mom?

Well that is about all the poop for
now. I wish that you would send me Kropf's
address also Claire. If you can, try and get
of Crowley's address for me. I know he is over
here close by. He is in the artillery, I know
in the same army as I. I see a lot of
artillery outfits here and if I knew which
one he is in I might get a chance to look
him up.

I also thought of something else you might
send me in a package. Some of the boys have
been receiving cans of tuna fish and bones
chicken and such canned goods as that.
They certainly are good, if you can take
a hint —

Well so long for now. As usual, I will
write again at the first opportunity. I
love you very much

Your Loving Son
"Boy"