

Somewhere in Germany
Mar. 23, 1944

Dear Mother & Dad:

Wow! I have just come the closest to being drunk that I have ever been in my life. Don't worry though, I still know when to stop. It happened this way. Today I met a group of Belgian soldiers. I sprung my french on them and they were so happy to meet an American who spoke French, they took me to the house in which they are staying. The first thing they did was bring out a bottle of wine and fill the glasses. Well I wanted to be sociable, and I didn't want to provoke an international "incident." So I drank with them, besides, you know how I like wine. After that they refused to let me stop. Then they brought out cookies and meats and all kinds of good things to eat. The only trouble was they wouldn't let you eat unless you drank also. I kept with them as long as I could and then I told them that I had to go on guard. It was the only way I could get away. I sure did have a good time though, and, boy was the food good.

I am going to enclose in this letter, "a safe conduct pass". Our planes drop them over the German positions in order to try and induce the "Gnats" to surrender. I think that it might make a fairly good souvenir.

Lately, I have been getting a little bit more mail, although most of it

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is pretty old. I was very happy to hear of
George and Claire. As I said before, I wish you
would send me their address; also Turpeya
and the G' Tools.

I also wish that you would send a
package of some kind. By the way, if you
should send cookies of any kind, it is a good
idea to put them in a can, an Ovaltine can,
or some such, it keeps them from being all
broken and it helps to keep them fresh. I
also wish that you would send me some
air-mail stamps. I don't like to use V-mail.
It is too impersonal.

Well there are a lot of other things I could
write about but I want to ration it. I
will then have something for the next
letter. So Long for Now.

Your Loving Son
Ely



