

Passberg, Germany  
27 Aug 1945.

Dear Mother & Dad:

I have not written for some time because I have been chasing all over Germany trying to find my buddy, Gordon. My search took me to Munich, Bayreuth, and finally Nuremberg where I finally found him in a replacement depot. As you know, he was injured in the explosion of a grenade. He was hit with four pieces of shrapnel in the face and other pieces in the arms and legs. His arm and nose was broken. He lost four of his front teeth. I was almost afraid to find him. Having seen what shrapnel can do I was afraid that he might look like Frankenstein. However the army doctors did a very good job on him. He has nothing to show for it but a small scar between his nose and upper lip and a few other scars on his arm and leg. Boy! Were we glad to see each other! We hugged one another and I am afraid we both shed a tear or two. It's wonderful to meet someone you know and like in such a god-forsaken place as this is. We had a wonderful time together for a couple of days. We ~~at~~ celebrated our reunion by going to Mass and Communion together last Sunday in Nuremberg. When I left, "Fin" wanted to come with me. He was going to go AWOL to do it. It took a lot of persuading to stop him. God know I should have liked to have him with me, but he has 90 points and will soon be home. There would be no sense in him getting into trouble now. We both plan to go

to the same college when we get home.

I speak of getting home. You are probably wondering where I stand. Well, to be quite frank I don't think I shall be home until sometime next summer or fall. As you know, I am in the gins of Occupation and we will probably stay as is until all the rest of the divisions here have gone home. They are already sending men to us who have 25 points. If these 165 pointers are made to serve in the gins of Occupation, what chance do you think I will have with 42 points. I do believe that eventually we will be relieved by replacements from the states but I do believe that is a long way off yet. However, I don't mind it too much. I know now that I will be home some one of these days. There was a time when I wouldn't have bet 10k on it.

We expect to move soon. Our division is going to take over the whole III Corps area. Our Co. has is expected to move to the city of Passau near the Austrian border. We will be right on the border of Russian territory. I expect soon to have a furlough. There are four possible places to go, London, Paris, the Riviera, or Switzerland. I think I shall try to get to Switzerland. Therefore, I wish you would send me Helen & Toole's telephone number. You can make trans-atlantic calls there. Most of the fellows who have gone have ~~was~~ done it. The telephone company will give you a twenty-four hour notice that I am going to call at "such a time" so that when I call I shall be able to get my party quickly and easily. I have been receiving "beaucoup" packages. I don't know the exact number that have been received so far. I got two yesterday.

containing spam, peanut butter, razor blades, socks  
 & handkerchiefs. As yet, I have not received the  
 razor or T shirts. Keep the packages coming. I  
 would like some more of those potato sticks  
 if you can get them. They were swell. The  
 oysters were great also. We made a stew out of  
 them by heating them with the soap tablets.

Well I guess that's all for now. Give my  
 best regards to everyone.

Your loving son,  
 "Edgy"

P.S. What has happened to John Sullivan. I  
 haven't heard from him in months. The last  
 I heard he had a girl friend.