



Passau, Germany
18 January 1945.

Dear Family:

The joint is getting so crowded that best I start calling everyone "family."

Well, a lot has happened since I last wrote to you. The first thing I had better do is explain why I haven't written. Well, I quit my job at Bn. Yes, because I expected to be leaving for home. I wanted to spend my last couple of weeks here with my buddies in B Co. The day after I came back I was given 5 men and told to take over an outpost on the Austrian border. The place was way out in the wilderness about 40 miles from Passau. I haven't been able to send or receive any mail since I went there. However, I'm back at the company now.

I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life in the army as I did on that outpost. It was in a town called Oberkappel, high up in the Bavarian Alps. A small stream



2

flowed thru the center of town. On one side was Austria, occupied by the Russians on the other, Germany which we got stuck with. Well, the Russians were on one side of the bridge and we were on the other. The first day there, I took my camera and started over the bridge to take some pictures of the Russians. The Russian sentry quickly told me that it was forbidden to take pictures. In fact, he became very nasty about it. I decided the best thing to do was to become just as nasty. So, I stood there and took all the damn pictures I pleased, while the Russian jumped up and down and waved his rifle at me. A few hours later I had ~~the~~ what seemed to be the whole Russian General Staff pay me a very formal visit and inform me that I couldn't take any pictures. I called up my C.O. about it and he told me to take all the pictures I wanted. So, I filled up my camera and went out and took some more pictures. Just to thumb my nose at them, so to speak.



3

The next day we chased a couple of their officers out of Germany and back to Austria, which made them like us even more. Then, to top it off, that night one of my boys got drunk. Under the ~~the~~ influence of the liquor he got a crazy idea that he wanted to have "fried Russian" for breakfast. He kept saying, "By God, Tige, I'll kill me a Russian tonight if you'll cook him." Well, I quieted him down, got his pistol and took the ammunition out of it. Then we put him to bed. However after we had gone to bed ourselves, he got up, got his pistol and went after the Russian. I don't know much about what happened after that. However, from what I can gather, he went over to the border. The Russian tried to stop him by putting a tommy-gun in his belly. He whipped out his pistol, pulled the trigger — no ammunition. Then with one hand he knocked the tommy-gun aside and with the other he smashed the Russian in the face with the pistol. We then retreated to previously prepared positions



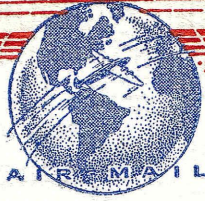
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P.S. I had another visit from the General Staff next morning. So you can see, my stay on the outpost was not entirely uneventful.

While there, I went hunting every day. The Bavarian Forest is famous for its game and boy we had it. My buddy and I went out every day and tramped all over the hills. The snow was over our knees but we had boots and good warm combat clothes. We never came back without a deer. I got 7 and he got 8. Boy, I'm telling you we had venison steak with french fried potatoes and onions for breakfast dinner and supper. I never did get sick of it.

Well, that just about takes care of my sojourn on the folder. I am having a lot of pictures that I took there developed now. I will send them to you when I receive them.

As you know the point system has been changed and I am not supposed to leave the CTO until March. It made me feel pretty bad, but what are you going to do about



it. You can't buck ⁵ city hall. I guess I shall just have to wait. Some of my friends want me to take a discharge with them right here in Germany and then work our way home. They can do that if they want to. They seem to think they can get home faster. The paper says they need men to work on the ships & I don't know. I would have to think it over first.

Before I forget it. I made a horrible mistake about 3 weeks ago. I ~~sent~~ sent two big boxes of loot home but I addressed it to 1178 Columbia Rd. for some unknown reason. So if it's not too late I wish you would make inquiry concerning them. One box was about 34" long and about 5" wide. It contained a German Rifle. The other was about 26" long 18" wide and 18" high. It contained German flags and an assortment of other junk. Don't be afraid to ask about the rifle. It is not forbidden to send rifles. Pistols and automatic weapons are the only small arms which



cannot be sent home. I hope you can
find them at the Boston Post Office.
Perhaps they haven't even arrived there.
However, if you don't find them don't
feel too sorry. It was mostly all
junk anyway.

Well, so long for now, folksies, I
will write again soon.

Your Loving

- a) Son
- b) Brother
- c) Brother-in-Law.

Bob