

Use name
Eva Glenn
Wallie

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION NO. 17

April 4 '64

Hi, Everybody -

This is going to be "telegram" style with all extra and unnecessary words left out so I can get all the news on one page. Fill in omitted pronouns, etc., as you go along.

Went home over the weekend. Mom is in very good spirits. She got a new hat...lovely, Easter-like bonnet. It looked swell. She is very busy but that is good. Spent some time with Millie and the kids Saturday. All are fine. Roy and his offspring were over Saturday as Doc was in Chicago and Roy didn't feel so good...his tummy...but the kids are OK. Growing like weeds; sharp as tacks. Mary has her Easter suit about finished, Shirley bought a new one, and Nora inherited an outfit of Shirley's so they are all set for Easter. Even me has a new brown coat.

Eva and Troy wrote long letters and enclosed snapshots. Wish you could see that chubby rascal. Troy enclosed a Chinese poem and I'm including a copy for you. He says it doesn't apply to him though...yet. Troy gets a furlough next month but will remain in California due to pending maternal operations.

Shirley quit her job Saturday and will work only part-time and go to school for a while. She isn't so strong and needs a different environment than is found at Websters. She'll get along OK.

Wallie is up in the mountains of California where "actual combat conditions prevail except for the element of death...considerably more difficult than the life we are leading now...sleeping on straw in socks, trousers, fatigue jacket, field jacket, underwear, flak wool cap, with blankets and topcoats over all." Their outfit has joined back up with the 89th and there is little opportunity for ratings. Many of the boys resent being thrown into the infantry but he is taking it like a soldier.

Hank is back in Ireland after his schooling. Still don't know what he studied. Said the trip was wonderful...saw some of England & Scotland...the mountains are beautiful...someday can tell you about it.

Glenn is very busy trying to keep up near the top of the class. Says "God only knows how I'll catch up on all the correspondence". He has practically no time off but will get a few days the end of May. As long as he writes to Mom regularly, which he has, I'll not complain.

Dick was home on a 3-day pass. Same as ever. Here is news - Lennie Fier is back after 2 years in the S.Pacific. Understand he is to get a discharge but I'm not sure. He is very brown and is hard as nails having lost that pet-belly he had and a little more. Wish I could sit down and have a long talk with him...maybe the next time home I can. He is well and was only sipping on short beers.

Won \$2.50 in that bowling tournament. That was in the singles. Arta and I bowled in the doubles and won the booby prize because I was late and missed one game and they wouldn't let me make it up. At least we got something. Finished in the league last nite - our team in first place and next week is the Sweepstakes. Wish us luck.

We saw Joan Blondell in a stage show here and believe me she is everything I've ever heard - an ideal pin-up gal...super!

Change Glenn's address as follows: Instead of "Furuseth" it is now "Cleveland Hall - 3313". Otherwise the same. Will get out new lists one of these times.

That's all...

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION
NO. 15

April 25, 1944

VIC GLENN
HANK WALLIE
EVA HOME

My dear one:-

After two weeks of jury duty, your correspondent is back on the job again, and if in this letter she repeats things which may have been written to you in a previous letter, please excuse for the longhand notes I wrote in the past two weeks omitted some news items.

First of all, new address lists are enclosed. Several changes have occurred recently and this will bring you up to date.

News From Home: "We scrubbed our cellar Monday. Jack thought I was killing him. These children don't know what hard work is. (Amen!) Yesterday we were in the garden a while, raked up and had a fire. Am getting the flag pole fixed so it will be waving in another week. Report cards came out and Mary is on the honor roll." Nora added the following note to Mother's letter: "I got on the honorable mention." Chuckie and her Mother celebrated Hank's birthday with Mom. Chuckie has a Ouiji (pronounced weegie) Board which she brought over to the house and the kids are having a lot of fun with it. It is one of those outfits which is supposed to foretell the future. It once told me the war would be over last April 9.

News from Vic: "His last letter was censored leaving nothing much in the way of news. He said that though he has little to write about, I should say, little that he is allowed to write about, he enjoys receiving out letters very much so keep on writing, everyone. He mentioned getting letters from Glenn and Hank. With the rest of his gang, he spends the time working, going to movies, attending church, and reading and writing letters. They are waiting for news of the presidential nominees so they will have something new to discuss in the way of politics. For your information, the present situation indicates that Roosevelt will run again on the Dem. ticket, and Dewey of New York is way out in front on the GOP ticket.

News from Hank: With reference to the clipping I sent you about conditions in Ireland, Hank says: "That clipping is pretty much true. The 22-year old girl where I stayed in England worked 11 hours a night for 11 pence per hour (about .32 in American money)...They are going through many more trials than the people in the States. They don't have the things you do that cost money, no washing machines, electricity, bath rooms or furnaces...just a little coal for a fire place. There is a tradition here I will have to find out about some day. The women never go to a funeral." He included a poem which I will recopy and enclose. In a recent letter he asked if the above news was censored in any way. No, it wasn't, Hank. None of your letters have ever been cut up.

News From Eva and Troy: They are looking for a new apartment for with an addition to the family, they will be pretty crowded and besides they live at the top of a bad hill which would be hard to climb with a buggy. So far they haven't had much luck. Next Monday is their first wedding anniversary. Congratulations, kids, I hope you will be as happy as you now are.

Glenn reports: That Matt Cosbel was in to see him and they missed connections. It made him quite unhappy. Am fine, working hard, and the letter writing urge comes on so seldom...if you don't hear from Glenn very often, that will explain why.

From Wallie: This will be of special interest to you who have been out on maneuvers - "One learns things quickly but the hard way living out in the field like this...Hereafter on maneuvers I'm going to carry all the necessary things to make me feel as comfortable as possible, especially food...I know now how to make a fairly good meal out of C rations and a few extras. By putting the M unit (stew, hash or beans) in a canteen cup and adding salt, pepper, boullion powder and water, then heating, this becomes much more edible than would ordinarily if eaten directly from the can...On our next maneuver I am going to carry these things, also tea balls, jam and candy....Last Saturday was bad, a cold wet miserable rain that no one would ever put a dog out in, and there were three of us huddled together around a fire trying to console each other at our lack of drinking water. I hung my raincoat over the branches of a tree and stood under it collecting water in our canteen cups. It was a tedious process and after we had collected three cups full, the water tasted vulcanized. My partner and I collected a big pile of pine needles to sleep on that would have felt like a feather bed, but what happened... A battalion attacked our company and we were forced to retreat. Not only did we lose sleep, but when we did sleep it was on a hill and frankly that night it was colder than (You fill in your own expression for the coldest imaginable situation. His was good but does not bear repeating.) All we do is retreat, retreat, retreat...We ate our Easter breakfast of X rations on the run...Had my first bath since the maneuver began from my steel helmet."

Wallie, my heart bleeds for you. When I read your letter I laughed so hard my heart split. I really do sympathize with you but sitting here in my comfortable chair where it is dry and warm, your story seems so remote that it takes on a very funny aspect. Thanks for putting up with all these hardships for the rest of us. If I could, I'd send you a bathtub full of hot water and plenty of soap. I'd even wash your back.

That's just about it, folks. And now I'd better return to my duties and that drawer full of filing. Gee, how I'd like to push the whole works right into the waste basket. Filing is my worst chore. Ho-hum, I can just see you yawning. Goodbye, now---

Oh, I nearly forgot. Eddie Klimowicz and Hank Seymour are both in the Navy. Hank is the father of three kids in case you lost count. And, Dick Soens has been shipped overseas, much to everyone's surprise. Hope he lands where Hank is.

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNICATION #19

May 2, 1944

VIC GLENN
HANK WALLIE
EVA HOME

The Racine Fire Department made a call at "2044" one day last week. Oh, no, there wasn't any fire. No one else would put up the flag pole for Mom, and she wanted it up. She called the Chief and he sent two men out with the necessary apparatus and fixed it for her. It really was a difficult job and of course the Fire Department had the proper ladders, etc., to get up and put the extensions on. Mom served them coffee afterward and they offered to come out and help her anytime she needed something. How do you like that for good service? They told her that any Mother with four sons in the service deserved it.

As Sunday was the day before Mother's birthday, your correspondent went up to Racine to cover the story. She arrived before any other guests did so managed to catch up on other gossip also. Letters received at home in the past week were reviewed for intimate bits to pass on but very little was discovered.

Glenn put on his old dungarees (overalls, to you) and went for a little cruise up the Coast. The duties of the day proved too much of a strain so he went yachting (like Franklin D.).

Wallie has been interned at the Station hospital for the duration of a light case of Polson Oak. The mailman can't find him and those boxes of food we sent must be rotting away in some dead letter box.

Hank doesn't like the refreshments served "over there". They don't quench his thirst.

Vic sent some pictures to Millie of himself and some of the men he works with. He looks good, and the pictures were very interesting. One showed the tents in which they sleep. All they are is a tent like a circus tent with a flooring put down. The floor, or 'deck' as they call it, is raised from the ground at least a foot, presumably to keep crawling things out. One of the photos also showed what appeared to be an air raid shelter...a large opening into the ground with sand bags stacked around and over it. It was evident that they are prepared to hold their own in case the enemy comes around. The fellows were in an undressed condition...as little as necessary - but more than a loin cloth. The trees were the kinds that grow in tropical climates - naturally. We noticed that one in particular was of the type that grows its roots up out of the ground about 15 feet where they all come together to form the trunk. Do I make myself clear?

Troy has been on a furlough and he and Eva have spent some time in Berkeley, a suburb of San Francisco, with some relatives of Troy. They had a car at their disposal and were enjoying themselves very much. Unfortunately they couldn't run around too much as Evelyn may go to the hospital at any time.

Jackie was laid off at Western Printing so he quit. Shirley is going to school every day and is progressing nicely in her typing. Mary and Nora are busy as bees with their schoolwork, helping Mother, and the million other little things they find to do. Nora practices on the piano very diligently and she plays well. Mary refuses to show off on the violin

but expect she is getting by in her usual good manner.

As the dinner hour neared, (we're back to Sunday afternoon) - the guests began to arrive. First - Chuckie in a lovely new jersey dress. She is feeling fine and lookd swell. Then Millie and the babies came and Millie had a new dress too. What a celebration! When Dorothy, Roy, the kids, and Dot's folks arrived, we went out in the yard and took a roll of film so we could share our fun with you. It is being developed now and will rush the prints to you as soon as I can. Baby Marvin is just beginning to walk, but not alone yet, so we wanted some of him especially for his daddy.

Glenn called home that afternoon to wish Mom a happy birthday. He sounded fine, and said hello to everyone.

Uncles had a very lovely birthday cake made up for Mom to serve but she saved that for Monday when all her lady friends were going to drop in. She also received some other nice gifts but she will probably write about those.

Since Nina and Bud have been staying out North and practically never coming home, we have decided that I should have a room mate. So, Nettie is moving in tonight. More information about her when I know more about her.

Arta and I visited the Glenview Air Base last week, and believe me, if I were a WAVE, that is where I would want to be stationed. They live a wonderful time, and there are gobs and gobs of gobs.

That's all, Good-bye.....

Sent Hank Coker Kathleen for Kathleen
Paul for Portaferry

LIST OF ADDRESSES AS OF APRIL 25, 1944

Viggo J. Nelson, C.M. 1/c
Co. B - 87th Naval Const. Bn.
Division C of Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

Sgt. Henry V. Nelson
518th Ord. Co. (H.M.)
A.P.O. ~~624~~, c/o Postmaster
New York City, N.Y.
1350

Buddy's Inn
2714 Peterson Ave.
Chicago 45, Illinois

Sgt. & Mrs. T. W. Heikkala
~~6 Fountain Street~~ 1650 *Clay St*
San Francisco ~~Ca~~, Calif.

Mrs. V.J. Nelson
2006 N. Chatham St.
Racine, Wis.

Mrs. H. V. Nelson
1105 Reschke
Racine, Wis.

Pvt. Walter C. Nelson
Co. I - 355th Infantry
~~1350~~
A.P.O. 89 - ~~Camp Roberts, Calif.~~

C.M. Glenn A. Nelson
Cleveland Hall - 3313
U. S. M. M. A.
Kings Point, New York

Roy Nelson
1114 Center St.
Racine, Wisconsin

Miss Effie Nelson
524 Belden Ave.
Chicago 14, Illinois

or
c/o Swift & Co., E.A. Moss' Office
U.S. Yards, Chicago 9, Illinois

May 10, 1944

VIC	GLENN
HANK	WALLIE
EVA	MAMA

Went up to get the reprints of the pictures we took at home last week but they weren't ready. This letter will be mailed to you when I have them, probably Thursday night. One set was made up and they turned out quite well. The group picture was taken especially for you and everyone photographed swell on this one. Also the one of Mom was taken to show off her flagpole of which she is so proud, and just by chance, it shows up on practically all the other prints too.

Mina had a letter from Eva the other day which I haven't read as yet, but she reports that she is getting along nicely. Hope to report some important news in a special bulletin in the near future.

Wallie is out of the hospital and received a pile of mail all at once - two weeks' worth. He will probably delay answering some of it so don't be impatient. He has been trying to get some time to go up to see Evelyn for he doesn't expect to be in that area much longer. He may have gone this past weekend. He wrote that he and the rest of his group have hopes of being sent to North Carolina, Camp Butner... at least that was the current rumor when he wrote last week. Wallie requested of his Sarg that he be given his furlough so he could be home the first of June when Glenn is expected, but he wouldn't commit himself, (I mean the Sarge wouldn't.) It would be swell if they could be home at the same time.

The mail service from Hank is wonderful. He wrote to us the day we celebrated Mother's birthday at home, April 30, and I received it the following Friday, May 5.....Only five days! He has been suffering from a cold and hope it is cleared up by now. If the weather over there is anything like what we are having, it is lousy. Terrific winds, rain every few hours, and the rest of the time - "snog". Oh for the wonderful spring weather we used to have in Racine.

There seems to be a dearth of news this week. Am wondering if the concentrated air attacks on Europe are the start of the long expected invasion. There are reports that the invasion fleets are gathering in the English Channel...these reports coming from German sources....There are reports of unrest and upheaval in the German-controlled countries in Europe in anticipation of the invasion, and everyone seems to be tense with waiting. The other day a newspaper picture showed the first news of the invasion coming over the radio to all the people, and the people were pictured with their heads bowed in prayer. I firmly believe that this will be true the world over when the news breaks.

Worst Joke of the Week: Did you hear about the elderly spinster who had only seven buttons on her coat because she couldn't fascinate?

Have invited Mother to come down for Mothers' Day but as yet haven't heard whether she is coming.

The new room mate is OK thus far. She makes the bed every morning and I used to make it once a week. We share the housework and that way it isn't much of a burden. The couch is still available for my visiting relatives.

Yours, always -

INTER-FAMILY COMMUNIQUE NO. 21

May 19, 1944

VIC GLENN
HANK WALLIE
EVA HOME

Mom was here for Mothers' Day and we had a very nice visit. Saturday afternoon she and I went shopping and as usual we ended up in the dry goods section buying material. We bought something for each of the girls so they will be busy sewing. Sunday morning we got up early and went to church and then we went out for breakfast...at 1:30 in the afternoon. After that we went out to see Nina and Bud and spent the rest of the day there with them.

Mom brought quite a bit of news with her. She may already have written it to you but in case she slipped somewhere, here it is again:

Gertrude Erix-Due is the proud mother of a baby son.

Eleanor Seymour-Klimowicz is also.

As things usually happen in three's, is this a sign that our new baby will be a boy?

Jackie is working again, this time at Cases. He must have a nice job for it is in the stock room handing out tools and he earns about 70¢ an hour. Hope he saves it...at least some of it to buy war stamps and get another bond. By the way, fellows, the kids at home have done very well when it comes to buying war stamps, and each has at least one bond.

Eddie Klimowicz is leaving for the Navy next Monday, and Hank hasn't yet received his orders. Eleanor, Hank's wife, has moved to the South side, next door to her Mother's. It won't be easy for her with all her babies.

Nina has asked me to explain to you that she deeply regrets, but does not have time to write letters to you and she is depending on me to keep you informed of anything new. Rudy, their bartender, quit last week because of ill health, and the lady she had helping her with the heavy work such as scrubbing the floor, etc., has had to leave also. That leaves the entire burden on her and Bud and keeps them hopping for 14-15 hours a day. I told Buddy he'd better make a down payment on a coffin for each of them. Of course they would hire someone else if they could find help, but they are so far North and not in a district where household help is available.

Grant left his job at the filling station about two weeks ago and is now driving an ice truck for the Lincoln Ice Co. He and another fellow deliver bags of ice six cubes and he is well paid...\$46 a week. He has a gal friend, some nice new clothes and feels nigger-rich.

Evelyn and Troy write that everything is in readiness for Junior's arrival. They have the welcome mat out for him and his little bed all made up. Eva feels OK considering her "condition".

Hank says that there is nothing new to report. He enjoyed the pictures Hannah sent to each of you. I thought that was very sweet of them too. The cost of pictures is no small item these days.

Hank often mentioned the letters "E.T.O." in his letters and I didn't know what they meant. In case I'm not the only ignorant member of my family, they mean "European Theater of Operations".

We had a severe thunderstorm last night which awakened me in the middle of my dreams and I wondered if I was listening to the echoes of the invasion of Europe.

Glenn definitely expects a four-day leave the first of June which will only give him a short time at home, but we will be very glad to see him even if it isn't for long. He is working high for hard grades, I mean, Hard for High grades. He had a good time last weekend roaming around New York City. Hope to spend a week doing that myself some day, but probably not until in the fall.

If you are looking for news of myself, there isn't much to report. Although the bowling league has stopped for the season, have kept on bowling each week and will try to keep on all summer so I won't drop in my average the way I did last year. Had a 180 game the other night and have been improving a little, thank goodness. Have been doing some "keep-fit" exercises to take off a few extra pounds and look and feel much better. Wish I'd remember to do them all the year around. Also, and I'm bragging now, I haven't had a piece of pastry, cake, etc. or as much as a glass of beer to drink in about 10 days. Anything to get my girlish figure back again. Dreary life, ain't it?

Arta's fiancee is in on furlough so she isn't working this week and I don't have anyone to tempt me to eat that delicious Chocolate cake with ice cream, too. That was our favorite dessert.

And so I'd better sign off for another week. We are very busy and I shouldn't take time off to type this even, but I love to think I'm getting away with something.

All my love,

5/10/44

Dear Glenn & Wallie:

"The Kungsholm" is a Swedish restaurant here that is quite ultra, ultra.... Some of the dinner guests each night are invited to a marionette performance of a popular opera, and the way to secure these invitations is to make a reservation for dinner three to four weeks in advance. The music is on records and the puppets perform on a miniature stage. Perhaps you have heard of it before for I know it is quite well known and talked about.

When I heard that you two might get in here at the same time, I called and was lucky in being able to make reservations for us to see Il Trovatore the evening of June 1. This was optimism on my part I know, but would want you to see this unusual place if at all possible. If something should happen and you can't be here, will just have to cancel the reservation or take someone else. Have reservations for four people.

Please plan to reserve that night if you are coming in. Dinner at 6:15 and the opera begins at 8:15. If you know for sure that you won't be here, please let me know so I can make plans with someone else.

RSVP

EJ

May 26, 1944

VIC GLENN
 HANK WALLIE
 EVA HOME

I should have known better...It always happens. What? Well, just as soon as I sent out a new list of addresses, two changes came in. Please correct your lists as follows:

Hank's A.P.O number is changed from 913 to No. 350. (Have not received an explanation of this from Hank, merely a change notice, but expect that perhaps he has been sent to another camp.)

Wallie left Camp Roberts last Wednesday, May 24, headed for Camp Butner in North Carolina. He expected to reach there by the following Tuesday. The way I figure, he should be going through here tomorrow (Saturday) and perhaps he will be allowed to make a couple of phone calls. Wallie has been allowed a little time away from the camp and he spent a few days with Eva and Troy. He reports that he had a very enjoyable time, that the kids are very happy, and that "it won't be long". Here is his new address:

Company I - 355 Infantry
 A.P.O. 89 - Camp Butner, North Carolina

I'm sending you another copy of the Swift letter to our boys in the service. I think they are very amusing and hope you enjoy them too. How do you like our beautiful WAVE on the first page?

Yesterday was Daddy's birthday and he would have been 63 this year. Mother wrote that the stone has been placed on his grave and that she was going out there with some flowers.

Mom had another of her spells so Dr. Kelland gave her another thorough examination. He says he believes the cause of her attacks is her lack of a gall bladder. The bile accumulates in her system and causes pains. He has given her some capsules to see what they will do and if they help she will take these steadily and this may prevent any recurrence. Don't be alarmed over this illness. It isn't anything critical, but know you want to be informed so I'm telling you all the dope. She is on her feet again and is planning to come down this next Thursday to meet Glenn. He will get in that evening and will only have two days here, leaving again on Saturday.

There has been a little difficulty with the furnace at home so Mother is looking into the cost of a new heating system. She sure misses her men when it comes to something like this. It is quite an investment and she needs their advice, but instead she has to go to Tom Damm or Pete Soons and ask them and she doesn't like to do this. I don't know anything about it, but it seems to me it would be nice for her to have a stoker. It would be much easier for her to regulate and safer too - wouldn't it? A few dollars more or less won't matter...much.

Well, Darlings, that about brings us up to date. Sorry this is getting out so late this week but EAM is now gone to New York for a week and I'll have a few minutes breathing space. Thanks for your letters and enclosures. Troy sent some things to forward to you (jokes) but will have to wait 'til next time.

June 2, 1944

Hello Dear -

Glenn got in last night for a very brief visit as he must leave again tomorrow, but we had a chance for a visit out at Nina and Bud's where we all met for dinner. "All" are Mom, Nina, Bud, Grant Glenn and me. Glenn looks fine, brown as a berry already, but not a pound heavier. He and Mom took the last train to Racine and he will have a day and a half there before taking the flyer back. It does Mom a lot of good to have him here.

Mallis has landed in Camp Butner, N. C., after a heated journey across country via New Orleans. I understand this is another God forsaken spot although he hadn't had a chance to discover this when he wrote the day he arrived.

No news from Eva and Troy re the coming event.

Vic wrote that he is feeling fine and keeping busy. They aren't allowed to send us any news through their letters...just routine messages, and I expect it sometimes gets pretty difficult to write under those circumstances.

Shirley went to work in the office at Twin Disc. Mom tried to explain what she is doing, and as I understand it, she is operating a payroll accounting machine.

I am taking a week's vacation starting a week from today and will spend most of that time in Racine. Plan to lay around in the sunshine and play a little golf. I'll have another week coming but won't take that yet and will plan something for later in the summer.

Nina and Bud send their best wishes and love. They are very busy, business is booming, etc. They have moved from the room they had across the street into a hotel nearby. It is too far for them to drive way down to the apartment after they finish up at night so this arrangement will probably be the best one for the time being. It would be silly for them to take an apartment for she has no time to spend there..not even enough to keep it cleaned up.

School will be out for the kids in another two weeks. It is hard to imagine that Jackie for instance has only one more year in high school. Isn't it? The last 9 years since I graduated have gone so fast. Yes, I graduated in 1935. What an old bag I'm becoming.

This is brief and not very newswy, but please excuse me this time. Maybe the enclosure will make up for this.

Lovingly,

June 20, 1944

Hi, everybody -

Well, I'm back.....dog gone it!

I had a wonderful time and wished you were all with me.

There is so much to report on to you and so little time, that I'd better plunge right into the job and not waste time telling you all the little things I did that would only bore you anyway.

First of all, Evelyn is getting along fine and by the time you receive this she will be home from the hospital and regaining her strength. Toivo Heikkala, Jr., was born June 13 and died shortly after birth. Troy sent Mother a wire and asked that we notify all of you which we did last week. We had a letter from Troy and Evelyn a few days later explaining the circumstances but I won't go into that here. I know I speak for all of us when I say to you, Evelyn and Troy, that we are sorry and deeply regret that this should happen, and yet are happy too to learn that Evelyn's health has not been impaired.

June 6 - 1944 - is a day we will all remember, and we won't have the trouble remembering that we had back in History class trying to remember all those dates. It hasn't been a day for celebration although we were all relieved to learn that the invasion of Europe had been started, instead we will remember it with a lump in our throats and a prayer in our hearts for all the boys who so bravely are battling over there for us. Reports to date are encouraging, and if it pleases God, it will end soon. In the meantime, on the home front, we have begun the Fifth War Loan Drive and we are all doing what we can to make their efforts 'not in vain'.

We have all been anxious for news from Hank to learn whether or not he is in the battle, and a letter arrived here yesterday which he wrote on the 4th. There is no indication in it that he was aware of the pending drive so I have my fingers crossed that he is still in England. Dick Scens is also over in England so maybe the two of them can get together.

Mary graduated from 9th grade and they had graduation exercises out at Horlick Hi on Thursday. She had a new yellow dress which she made and looked very nice. She played in the orchestra, sang in the chorus, walked across for her diploma and a second time for an award for scholastic achievements. Sounds like she was the whole show, doesn't it? Anyway, Mom and I were there and very proud of her too. Hope she keeps it up. She quit her job at the greenhouse and is planning to stay home for a while and help Mom. I think she needs a rest too for she has had a very busy year.

Jack is still working at Cases and expects to be put on a machine this week. The pay is good and of course the hours aren't too long. Shirley is getting along OK on her job at Twin Disc.

Mom came back to Chicago with me Sunday and is staying with Nina. She is very thin, growing like a weed, and Mom is hoping that she will put a little weight on. She will get lots of sleep and good food, with no one to bother her, so she will get along swell for a couple of weeks.

June 27, 1944

Hello -

When I told someone yesterday where my four brothers and the rest of my family are located, he said we are like Sherwin-Williams paint - We cover the world!

Glenn reports the usual things. He is working hard, saving time for play...a little dancing, golfing and sailing. He said that 13 weeks of classes are past (14 at this time) with 21 to go. Enjoy yourself while you can, 'cause when you get back on that stormy North Atlantic it won't be any picnic. I have been talking to a fellow whose ship was torpedoed about a year ago and he and 15 others spent 32 days in a lifeboat. It sounds like a thrilling experience just talking about it but it has left its mark on him. Some day perhaps you two can get together and he can describe it to you.

Mallie got a pass last week to go up to see Glenn but one of the GI boys in his regiment got spinal meningitis so he stayed home. He calls that the "trickle finger of fate". He expects his furlough soon and he will probably be able to get up to New York during that time. He is interested in taking some educational courses which are being offered on which he will get college credits, and he is looking into this now.

Two letters arrived from Mank this week, one dated May 27 and the other June 11. He was not in the original group to go over to France, thank God, and he says the situation looks pretty promising from there. He even suggests that it might be over before cold weather sets in this year. Wouldn't that be wonderful? Of course I don't want to be too optimistic. The weather over there is perfect and he doesn't seem to be working very hard. I wonder if he has put on any weight... have you Mank? Mail deliveries have been very poor over there just as they have been coming this way, but sooner or later they will straighten out again.

News has been scarce down by Vic so he hasn't written but we hear of him through Willie and she hears very regularly from him. He is fine.

Arta has an Aunt in San Francisco who knows Evelyn and Troy and, bless her heart, she went up to see Eva at the hospital and sent a report to her sister knowing that Mrs. Ellinwood would relay it to me. This is what she said...I know you are all anxious for news too! "Well, Evelyn went to the hospital at midnight June 12. The child was born a breach at 3 a.m. June 13 and was lost at birth....I never would have believed a human could go through that torture chamber and come out as beautiful as she is. Her husband looks thin and pale and to look at them one would think they should change places." It's nice to get first-hand information like this. Poor Troy, Eva had better hurry home and cook for him and help him back to normal. She left the hospital last week Tuesday and by this time she should be back in their little apartment. I'm so glad they are in a new home now. She has much better cooking facilities, etc. than she had in the other place.

Up at 2044 there have been a few bits of news. Nora is still here in Chicago but will be going home Friday when I go home for the weekend. She has had a nice rest and a little fun. Mary is staying home to help Nom and Shirley and Jack are the breadwinners in the family. The new furnace is being installed so they will have a nice warm house this next winter.

3:30 and time to sign off for today...

July 8, 1944

Hi, yo' all -

Here I am, cheating on the company again. My "boys" are tied up in a meeting, and as long as they are, I haven't anything pressing to be done, so I shall try and bring yo' all up to date.

First of all, want to explain to you Mother's contemplated trip up to Mayo Brothers' Clinic in Rochester, Minn. We agreed not to tell any of you about it until all arrangements were made, but somehow it leaked out and we have had inquiries about it, and so we'd better make everything clear....Mom is not ill, that is, not any more ill than she has been for years. As you all know, she has these attacks ever so often and the doctors don't seem to know what causes them or what to do for them. They guess and feed her medicine and the illness passes on until another time, but the last time seemed to be a little more severe than previous ones have been and she has decided to try and find out what is wrong and what she can do about it. Consideration was given to having her examined by a specialist here in Chicago, but just at that time Mary Cook announced her intention of going up to Mayo's and suggested that Mother go with her. We talked it over pro and con and Mom made up her mind she would go with Mary. We got in touch with the Clinic and made arrangements for her to start having her examination on July 20 and have also arranged for them to stay together at a hotel in a double room. If you want to write to her there, the name of the hotel is the Zumbro, and just address it to Rochester, Minn. We don't know how long she will be there as the examination may take only a day or two and then again it may take a week. Conditions there are crowded which may delay things somewhat. She has the \$\$\$ funds to pay her expenses so don't worry about that. We will see that she has everything she needs. As I see it, this examination has a twofold purpose. First, of course, to determine just what her trouble is and what can be done to cure or prevent it, but just as important, I think, is the fact that she will get definite information and a complete examination so that she will no longer go around worrying as to what she thinks she might have. You know that's the biggest thing Mom has to fight, the uncertainty. When she knows all, she will have a free mind....Anyway, it will be free for her to worry about something else. She wouldn't be happy without something to fret about....Now is there anything I have forgotten to tell you? I hope not for I don't want you to worry or be uneasy about this in the least.

Wallie is home with Mom and the kids having arrived last Sunday night. He got out of camp last week Thursday or Friday and came home via New York where he spent some time with Glenn. He left there Saturday night, came to Chicago and stopped to see Nina and Bud, and got into Racine about 10:00 p.m. Although he will be around until next Thursday, I didn't see another opportunity to spend some time with him, so I skipped work last Monday, the day before the 4th, which was very very bad, so I wound up in the dog house with the boss, but I'm gradually creeping out and getting back into his good graces. Anyway, that gave us two days at home together, Monday and Tuesday, so we had a swell time. We had a family picnic on Tuesday down in the Zoo, and you can't conceive how different this one was from those we used to have. There was only seven of us, and we didn't have to go out and kill a pig to roast so we would have enough food to feed a hungry mob. We went swimming and then gathered around on a couple of blankets in the sun and talked and wrestled and did exercises and all the silly things you are apt to indulge in on a picnic. I can hardly wait until we all get

back home again when we can have an "old-fashioned" picnic, and then we will really have things to talk about.

To get back to Wallie....He looks wonderful. He is glad to be home. He expects to be at Camp Butler for some time yet as their training has not yet begun. His boy friend George was home for the entire week before Wallie arrived, and of course Wallie got home the day George left for Madison again, so Wallie plans to spend one day up there with him.

For those who are interested, George has changed considerably since going up to school. He still rings the doorbell long and loud when he announces his arrival, but he is quieted down considerably. He went swimming with Arta, Mary, Nora and me out at the quarry one day and we really enjoyed his company a lot. Boy, what a physique he has and can he swim!! Whistle, whistle.

Nora is home again with her Mommy. She had a good rest and some time when she is a little stronger she can come down for an exciting time.

.....TIME OUT.....

Have five minutes until lunch time and when I get back I'll have to work again.

There isn't much more to report on. Hank and Dick are holding down the fort over in England. Hank is wonderful about writing although he says there isn't much to say. I've been getting some lessons on British money, etc., since the boys got over there though. Did you know that they don't refer to weight in pounds but instead "stones"? Hank hasn't said yet how many stones we weighs but thought it was interesting. Each stone is equivalent to 14 pounds...The currency is very different from ours, and Dick says if you carry too many pennies around with you, your pants are apt to fall off for each one is as large and heavy as our half dollars.

Have some interesting letters I'd like to share with you and if I have time will copy excerpts from them to include here. Wish I could make my letters as amusing and interesting as these are.

Bye Bye for now, Darlin'

"Teach me to dilute my work with play,
to brighten my seriousness with jest;
and never to take myself so seriously
that I crowd from my life the joys and
pleasures that by heritage are mine."

"We never brood over our trouble
Instead, we solve them."

....Amen

July 20, 1944

Dear Darling -

It is 14 days since I last found the opportunity to write and it seems they have been very crowded days with lots happening. Want me to tell you all about it? O.K.....

Wallie headed back to camp last weekend, and of course he was pretty happy about that. One does get tired of laying around when he could be out there drilling or doing KP. But anyway, he had a nice time and we were all happy to see him. Sorry, Wallie, that I wasn't here to talk to you when you called, but I was taking dictation. I waited for you to call back but I suppose you didn't have time.

By this time Mother should be getting along with her examination up at Mayo's. She and Mary left Wednesday and as soon as she knows anything she is going to call us. I'm not worried for I know she has what she needs and will come back satisfied. I leave for Racine tonight and will stay there with the kids until she returns.

Our big brother Hank has established residence in France. He has been called in to right some wrongs and will return as soon as ever he can.

The following was taken from a weekly news letter that is sent to fellow employes in the service, and when I read it I felt it portrayed honestly what went on here better than anything else I have read. Maybe you would like to read it too:

"Dear Gang - You who were in on it know what you did on "D" Day. The climax toward which you had been building from the day you first put on the uniform of your country had come.

"What did we do back home? I'll tell you.

"We prayed.

"There wasn't much else...there isn't much else...we can do... except buy bonds. We're doing a lot of that, too. We'll do more, now.

"The news came to America for the very late broadcasts June 5. Most of us knew nothing about it until morning, many of us not until we came to work. The Gazette was on the streets with the story early in the morning, but with little to say except the invasion headlines. Newscasters were jamming the air with grains of facts and granaries of speculation.

"By 8:30, the word was passed around that a prayer service would be held at 9:00. All could go who wished. By 8:50 people began converging toward the church. You would have thought it was the Christmas Party minus the cold weather except for the smiles and the greetings. We were a pretty sober lot....At 9:00 o'clock, the mill whistle cut loose. This was a prearranged plan. All whistles in town, in the State, in the United States, were to do the same thing. You hardly think of a whistle as expressing feelings. This one did. Solemn, serious, fateful. For 90 seconds.

"We sang a song. It was 'What a Friend We have in Jesus.' Al Weston lead it. Mrs. Sinclair played the piano. We stood as we sang it. The words came pretty hard for some of us. We hoped our neighbors weren't noticing. We remained standing as Dr. Thrall prayed. He had a hard time getting started. This was a very heavy on his heart, his feelings about it are very deep. We know how he felt. Not many of us could have prayed aloud with our normal voices. He prayed for you and the success of the right. He prayed for those at home who miss you.

"Then he read from the Bible. It was the 90th psalm....'Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations...from everlasting

to everlasting thou art God...thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men...for we are consumed by thine anger, by thy wrath are we troubled...so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom...let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish ~~by~~ thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it."

"Then for five minutes we had a period of silent prayer. Some of the old familiar hymns were played softly as a musical background. Other than that, had a pin dropped, it would have sounded like a gong.

"Dr Thrall made no speech. He merely reminded us that more things are wrought by prayer than we dream of, that Abraham Lincoln spent long nights at prayer during the battle periods of the Civil War.

"He read aloud the words of 'Faith of our Fathers'. Then we sang it...not too well or too lustily...for some reason the words were blurred on the page, and there was a grapefruit lodged in our throats.

"A benediction. And back to the job...quietly, soberly, thoughtfully, prayerfully. You don't have to be in church to pray.

"That is how we observed 'D' Day...."

* * * *

Two American fliers, recently arrived in London, were having a drink at a pub. At a nearby table were two young British airmen. They had had several drinks. After glowering at the Americans for a few moments and muttering to themselves, one of the English lads stalked over and faced the Yankee pilots.

"Well," he snorted, "so you chaps have decided to come over and get in the fuss at last! Suppose you've been telling each other how you're here to win the war for us, eh? Well, let me tell you Yanks this. You're a bit late. That's what you are. We have already won the bleomin' wahr!"

"Gosh!" murmured one of the Americans to the other. "Ain't it wonderful how fast these Russians learn to speak English?"

* * * *

Glenn writes of swimming in lil ol New Yawk. He says the Hockaway Beach is the crowdest in world. "It is as long as one can see and maybe 50 yards wide with someone on its every square foot." He is now half finished with his course and is now 1st Class - Big Time Operator - he says.

Hank reports from France that being over there reminds him of maneuvers in Tennessee...a lot of inconveniences...the food isn't too bad... should be home in the coming year. The people there are destitute but they are a better class of people than the English or Irish...very friendly. Won't be doing so much writing any more. Will try and write home and the rest will have to get their information from there.

He says he is well and happy (the liar) and has nothing to complain about. That doesn't sound like the usual G.I., does it? Of course, we know our boy is extra special so that explains it. All our boys are.

Eva (and this news is over 2 weeks old) took her first walk and was beginning to get her strength back. I got out a map of San Francisco the other day and tried to locate their new apartment on it but Clay St. is a very long street. It runs thru Chinatown, too. Is that where you are kids? Anyway, I can see that it is much more convenient for you than the old place and I'm glad you have moved. When can I come out again?

I'm running out of paper and you're getting tired...

All my love to my mob -

August 4, 1944

Dear You:

Believe it or not, Mother is feeling so much better that she wrote me a brief note to report on herself. She said she was OK, that she was getting her appetite back and eating just about everything they gave her, and that her hair needs combing. As Nina is up there now, she has probably taken care of that little matter. Nina called Wednesday night and said that Mom looked very good. We haven't heard when she will be released from the hospital or when she will be able to travel home, but at this rate it shouldn't be more than a couple of weeks. She has promised not to get impatient and to wait until they say she is able.

Wallis's last letter told that he was also going to the hospital to have a cyst removed. I don't know just what, where or anything about it, but as he said that going to the hospital was part of his plan to goldbrick from now on, I am assuming it wasn't anything very serious. Hope you are getting along OK now, Wallie, and that they give you lots of time to convalesce. Wallie also said that he had volunteered for paratroopers, passed the physical, and then transfers to that group were canceled. I'm sorry if you are disappointed, Wallie, but personally I'm rather glad you didn't get into that group. That's the squeamishness in me coming out. WE're glad you enjoyed your furlough and hope you have another at Christmas time. You can have the field glasses if you wish but be sure you bring them back. Let me know when I should send them to you.

Today is Vic's birthday and I think of him every time I write the date on another letter. Hope you are having a pleasant time, Vic. Your last letter indicated that you were about to move on to new pastures. Has the admiral made up his mind yet where you are to go? (Last letter dated July 15)

Our last letter from Hank was dated July 15 and he reports that the mail has been catching up with him. I'm glad to hear this for Arta's brother who arrived in France before Hank did says that he hasn't been getting much mail and is way behind on the news. Incidentally, Hank, his name is Don Ellinwood and he is in the 172nd Field Artillery Headquarters Office. It is just possible that you two might get together over there some day. He is about your age Hank and know you would enjoy his company. Hank also says they are working seven days a week, eating mostly out of cans (you might as well get used to it, honey), and having difficulty with getting their laundry done. From things I have heard, that has always been hard for the French...that is why they use so much perfume.

News from Eva and Troy is brief. She plans to work part time now that she is getting stronger so they can come home when he gets his furlough in the fall.

The boss has been grand about my taking time off to be home and then up in Rochester with Mom...I expected to be docked for six days' pay and he said that I couldn't help it I had to stay home and gave instructions that I should collect my salary. Isn't he tops?

It is now time for me to go to lunch and I'll probably be busy this P.M. so bye bye for this week. Love to you....

August 13, 1944

Dear Folks -

This is a belated anniversary edition. I just discovered that the first of this series was written on July 22 of last year. How that year has flown by. It seems such a short time ago that I decided to solve all my letter writing problems by doing this, and if I do say so myself, it seems to have worked out pretty well. If it weren't for this system, it is hard to tell how seldom I would get around to writing to each of you. Longhand letters written by me are few and far between.

Can I talk about myself some more? OK, I will. If you could see my hands and feet, you would think I had the "di-fo" as Buddy would say. A month ago a few pimples started on my one foot and I practically ignored them until a week ago when they had field day or something and my whole foot became covered with little and large water blisters. Since then it has spread to my hands and the other foot and I look like I have a million warts or more. The doctor says it is a form of ringworm and he is experimenting on me with some vaccine which he says affects some people very oddly. Why one fellow has holes in his flesh from it! he told me pessimistically. He is a screwball doctor but he did me a lot of good once before so maybe he can again. All I'm worried about is the darned bill. Bulletins will be issued periodically on my progress unless my hands swell up so I can't type...which they won't.

Mother arrived home Wednesday night safe and sound. She called Nina when she arrived there and said she was feeling swell. She must rest for three weeks and take things easy for at least six months so our little girls are going to have plenty to do.

Knowing that the burden would fall on Mary because Shirley is working and Nora is our baby, I thought Mary should have a little vacation before Mom got home so she spent this past six days with me seeing the big city. Nettie's (my roommate) little sister also was here so the two of them went sightseeing every day and we would go with them at night. She had a nice time and it was nice having her here.

Business is booming with Nina and Bud. Everything is going along very nicely. Nina has something wrong with her so she has been taking some chiropractic treatments and she doesn't have much to say about it. She is on her feet so much and I think it might have something to do with it.

I think our family could support a corps of doctors at the rate we are going.

Lots of mail arrived for me this week and boy it was fun. Now I expect a week will go by with none at all.

Evelyn has gone to work for Western Union again. She is in school (or was last week) learning to be a telephone operator - taking messages by phone. She has the use of a sewing machine so she is going to make some clothes and she has been busy canning some peaches with Troy's assistance. There are peach orchards out there and she was out picking them one day. I think that would be real fun.

Glenn has been nursing a bad case of poison ivy but judging from his letters he is getting along OK now. He missed out on his classes and was put back a few weeks, I'm sorry to report. This means he will get his leave the last part of September. He has been in the service for 18 months already and has four to go until he gets his commission. They will go by mighty fast, too.

Wallie is still at Butner and it is hot as 6666 there (Oh, I spelled that wrong). He is still hoping for a transfer to the paratroopers and he will probably get it if the movie short I saw the other night was up to date. It stated that they needed more paratroops and urged the young men to enter this field. The description they showed of the duties and training of these fellows looked mighty tough to me. I'm lucky to be female. He has postponed having that cyst removed for fear he will be in the hospital when his orders come. That can be taken care of later.

Hank's last letter written August 1 is most encouraging and so is all the war news in the papers. Today our boys are only ~~at~~ 12 miles from Paris and ~~that~~ tank companies have entered the outskirts of the city. When Hank wrote he said they would be in Paris in a couple of weeks and they made it in 18 days. I hope they can continue to go ahead rapidly until they meet with the Russians closing in from the other side.

It seems that I have slipped up on notifying you of approaching birthdays. Are you aware of the fact that there are now eight birthdays in August?

I don't see very much of Grant but once in a while he calls or drops over to see me and sometimes I run into him out at Nina's. He has a route of his own now, delivering ice on the North side, and although he has to work pretty hard he seems to like his job and is doing very well on it. He talks of getting married but none of us have met the girl yet. I know he doesn't correspond with you for he comes to me for news about all of you and I urge him to write but he doesn't like to. He never did get in the habit of writing to anyone.

Well, kids, that about cleans up the news of everyone and if I don't get to work now, Swift's will probably go bankrupt. Write when you have time and take good care of yourselves.

Love & kisses....

FAMILY ADDRESSES AS OF AUGUST 4, 1944

Viggo J. Nelson, C.M. 1/c
~~Co. B~~ - 87th Naval Const. Bn.
Division C of Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

Sgt. Henry V. Nelson
519th Ord. Co. (H.M.)
A.P.O. 350 - c/o Postmaster
New York City, N.Y.

Sgt. & Mrs. T. W. Heikkala
1850 Clay Street
San Francisco, California

Mrs. V. J. Nelson
2008 N. Chatham St.
Racine, Wis.

Mrs. H. V. Nelson
1105 Reschke
Racine, Wis.

Pvt. Walter C. Nelson
Co. I - 355th Infantry
A.P.O 89
Camp Butner, North Carolina

Rogers
C.M. Glenn A. Nelson
Cleveland Hall - ~~3313~~ 42071
U. S. N. M. A.
Kings Point, New York

Buddy's Inn
2714 Peterson Ave.
Chicago 45, Illinois

Roy Nelson
1114 Center St.
Racine, Wisconsin

Miss Effie Nelson
524 Belden Ave.
Chicago 14, Ill.

or
c/o Swift & Co., E.A. Noss' Office
Union Stock Yards
Chicago 9, Illinois

September 14, 1944

Hi, Honey -

No, you haven't missed any issues. The long lapse between issues was due to the fact that I went home so Mom and I could convalesce together. We had a very pleasant two weeks taking sunbaths and lying in the hammock. She is feeling fine and so am I.

Guess who walked in on us the other day - none other than our little brother Wallie again. To pick up the story where we left off last time, he was waiting then for orders to transfer into the Paratroops. Those orders came about three weeks ago and he shipped to Fort Benning, Georgia. After he witnessed what those boys go through, he was quite happy that his eyes prevented his passing the physical so he then sat around waiting for further orders. They finally came and he happily obeyed instructions to take a three-week furlough, actually a delay-en-route, and then report to Fort Meade in Maryland. We all know that this means he will be going overseas but this seems to point in the direction of Europe and it is barely possible that with all the customary delays, he may not get to the front lines until it is all over over there. How I hope this is true! He will be home until the end of the month.

Glenn writes that he too will be home soon. If one of the numerous Congressional committees hadn't decided they wanted to see how the 4th Academy is run he would be home for a week while Wallie is here, but as they are going to be at the school for luncheon on the 29th of September, and the boys have to put on the pretty clothes and parade for them, Glenn and Wallie will probably pass one another at about Cleveland, one going East and the other West. Such is life, but they may have a chance to see one another in the East when Glenn gets back, provided Wallie doesn't get shipped too soon.

He wrote that he had received a letter from Matt Goebel who was at that time in England. Glenn forwarded it to Mom and I'm waiting for her to send it to me (OK, Mom?) He also said that Bob Goebel had downed his 10th German plane.

Incidentally, Glenn's trip home will come at exactly the same time as the trip he made last year when he returned home from Glasgow. October 1 - Chuckie and Hank's wedding anniversary. There was sure a lot of excitement around last year at that time. It was wonderful.

Hank has not been receiving his mail very regularly but he takes it like a good sport and says they probably have more important cargo just now. Maybe so but I don't think they will let too much time elapse between mail calls.

Evelyn and Troy send us some very good news too. First of all, you will be glad to hear that she has completely recovered her health. To make everything extra nice, she and Troy are getting a furlough for a couple of weeks starting November 2. They expected it a little sooner but it was postponed. They are trying to get reservations on a fast train so they will have as much time as possible at home. Troy also remarked that the fleas were giving him a rather bad time; perhaps you know what that is like. They get under your skins like chiggers and itch, and itch. My sympathy, Troy.

Enclosed is a copy of a letter written to Troy and other friends by a fellow who is a warrant officer in the signal corps in France. I met him while out at the coast and Troy thought it would interest me. It did and I'm passing parts of it on to you because it will interest you too I'm sure.

The hotel at "2044" is open for business at all times.

That about sums up the news except to say that the kids are back at school and each had something new to wear the first day so they were happy. They have all been good about helping Mom. Haven't you, kids?

Love and kisses -

P.S. Add the postal district number to the address you have for Eva - San Francisco 9, California.

Will forward new address for Willie as soon as I have it.

To save paper, will begin to copy that letter I mentioned here:

Written from France August 30, 1944:

"From a small orchard in France comes the first words of your wondering fighter telling you all possible....

"Early in the evening we sailed from the shores of England; date - 7. Arriving on the quiet shores of partly occupied France very early in the A.M. The trip from England to France was exceptionally enjoyable except for the rumors and expectations of what it might be like in actual battle zones. It is nothing for our Navy to put you aboard boat and bring masses of men and equipment across these waters. Its done in perfect order twenty-five hours per day. As I said, our unloading was done early in the A.M. and it was dark. The previous evening I told the Captain to awaken me when they started unloading but for some reason he forgot to and I had to awaken on my own accord. Then found only three peeps yet to be unloaded. So I got in one of them anyway. I didn't see my half track until the next day in the assembly area. From the shores we assembled at a point at which place had a little freedom and I ran back to the shores several times to see if we couldn't pick up some salvageable equipment and also to look at the shattered German shore positions.

"Then came the order for battle. All this doesn't seem to hit you hard and everyone was in a good mood regardless of the drenching rain. During this march we ran up and down the columns delivering messages and making deliveries to forward battle units. There I got to see some of the first real touching pictures of war....Through wrecked villages, one after another, and I mean wrecked completely. Oh - we make our first contact with the enemy. Security goes to hell. Precedences get completely out of hand and you're swarmed with urgent traffic. There we were with no less than 30 urgents, 50 OP's etc, no priority or routine - Haven't seen a routine since being in this. So now you have to sit down and pick out what you consider important and that which isn't. Everyone is busy with major duties. Anyway, you get another

to move - or you go - dry after day. How far and how fast is still Sammy's secret but we move when the outfits hit the road. You've heard about us I'm sure. The big boys visit us, praise you, and off again.

"The going has been rough as far as M/C is concerned. The boys have done excellent and superior work. Their hours have been unequalled in straight time but they all get along. My messengers had it tough for a couple days in one spot and about which can't mention. Many times all of them were out in the front lines delivering important stuff - orders of the chief. They did it and almost all of them came through. We have had many experiences and have awarded several purple hearts. I praise the fellows and stand back of them even if they're half liquored up when they do something wrong.

"As mentioned, the fellows were doing some meritorious work. Someone seemed to think that I deserved a little boost in morale or something, so tonight I stood in ranks with the boys and received the ribbon and bronze star presented by the chief stating that you need not be in the front lines for outstanding and meritorious service but such merits can be won by those in important other positions. Three officers and eight enlisted men received such.

"After a big march and victory, shall we say, everyone is entitled to a rest. Whether the M/C gets it or not it's doubtful for there is material 24 hours per day, seven days a week. This little orchard we believe to be a little rest period. Anyway, I've gotten a little as have some of the fellows. So it goes.

"There is nothing wrong with the ground even though you may have spent six months thereon. The ground is a savior of men and is well loved here by all. Even sleeping in and under, on, or over, is completely comfortable if a man is tired, dirty and wet. We know. Our stay here is the first time in my military career that I've pitched a tent and then only because time afforded it....

"France is the land of plenty of wine, cider, cognac, and some other mixtures (champagne). To back the story up a bit - when you enter a newly liberated town and some towns we have liberated by this little group here, the people are inexpressably happy. It is an unbelievable sight and very touching. Perhaps many of the older persons are crying and waving their hands. The children saluting, throwing flowers, or waving new and hurriedly painted American flags. Then if by chance you halt temporarily in a village, out comes the wine, cider, cognac, sandwiches, eggs, butter, anything that they can possibly comprehend that would be needed by a soldier. It is really a heart-warming sight. We are at a loss because of our scanty knowledge of French. Then we move on, each vehicle with a couple, or three bottles, maybe some potatoes and onions, and maybe a French flag. We don't drink water over here. We quench our thirst with French hospitality and go into the hell of battle properly adjusted.

"All of war is not hell as would be imagined. Maybe you do sleep in fox holes and get up in the middle of the night to fight off the enemy, but, too, there is a certain excitement which brings out satisfaction. I don't believe any of us would take anything for our experiences over here. Can readily understand why fellows say they want to get back, or they'd rather be overseas than in training! All of this is true.

"The French are a very hospitable and happy group of people. My French may not be good but manage to get along having had three weeks of it previous to our departure from England. My clothing has been laundered for the first time since our being in France by a nice Frenchwoman of the nearby town. Tomorrow night we return to their home for dinner. We went through a German warehouse and found a 9 x 12 Japanese Oriental rug

worth about 2000 which we gave to them. You should see the souvenirs we've got. Had to requisition 2-1/4 ton trailers to haul it all. ...
"Time is rolling around, still have the mail to censor and a little record checking before hitting the sack. The card game is breaking up outside due to darkness and the tent is filling up. It's about time for bed...."

"We still manage to run all over the country with all available vehicles at our disposal...."

"As a summary of all - Things look good - People at home seem too optimistic we're doing fine - Hope you are the same...."

* * * * *

Daffy Definition:

Perambulator (Baby carriage): Last year's fun on wheels.

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Two soldiers in a fox hole in France -

1st Soldier: Are you scared?

2nd Soldier: Sure, I'm scared.

1st Soldier: No need to be scared. If the bullet has your name on it, there is nothing that you can do.

2nd Soldier: I am not scared of the one with my name on it. It is those that have "To Whom it May Concern" that scare me.

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A proud father called the newspaper to report the birth of twins. The girl at the desk didn't quite catch the message over the phone. "Will you repeat that?" she asked. "Not if I can help it," he replied.

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"I've just been bit by a dog and I've worried. I hear whenever a dog bites you, whatever the dog has, you gets."

"Boy, then you have a right to worry."

"Why?"

"That dog just had eleven puppies."

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