

AL TO JILL JUNE 16, 1945

Dear Darling,

I made up my mind this afternoon as I was returning at a furious pace from Munich that I would write you a decent sized letter tonight to compensate for my delict yesterday. This evening I received a nice letter from you dated June 7 and that makes it even more definite. That makes two letters dated the 7th I have from you, you prolific bearer of letters and children. I'm glad you know where I am because I am still there. The American flag of the 6822 PW Detachment still waves over Strassberg and gives every promise to wave for a little while longer. I'm certainly in no hurry to move except to move Jillwards. And on that subject there is no news immediately forthcoming. A healthy quota is expected in a couple of days and then perhaps I can tell you how things are progressing. Meanwhile I hope to send two of the men home by plane by next week, lucky fellows. I just hinted to Connie Wilson that he might possibly go home and he could hardly talk for an hour except the silly sort of nonsense you laugh at in a movie when someone is excited. If I had told him that it was a sure thing -- and it isn't -- he would perhaps have passed out, and I don't blame him. He has a girl slightly older than ours he hasn't seen yet and has been over 29 months. The other man has three children, has been over an equal length of time and has been having trouble with his wife who has stopped writing him. Now don't you dare stop writing me. If these men go they will be home within a week and a half so you see how fast it happens.

A strange thing happened today. Hogie went to Salzburg and brought me back the baggage I had left in Rome a year ago and had abandoned hope of ever getting again. It is a nuisance to have it with me now, for I am clearing the decks for action, but I am very happy to have gotten it anyway. One more loose end cleared up. I'm going to pack up most of it and send it home to you. My English officer's bush jacket will be among it and you can wear it if you like but I would like to wear it a couple of times when I get back. It's very comfortable on a warm summer

evening while waiting for you to mix a cold drink. And it's washable so that Kathy can stain it at will. If you like, too, you can wear the British army shorts. You would look nice in them except that they may be too long. The other more interesting items are a few books, one of Elsa Morante that she gave me, another of Alberto Moravia likewise, and that classic history of Italian literature by De Sanctis. There is a photographic reproduction of the score of Verdi's Rigoletto for Dad which I'm sure he will enjoy an I may send that separately. And other odds and ends.

There were also some personal orders and papers. There was a copy of my allotment made out to you care of the Riggs National Bank. I was somewhat surprised. I had forgotten that that was the way you got the allotment. I thought it came to you direct. I have some money burning a hole in my pocket this minute and I must do something to get rid of it. I am of half a mind to keep up to a hundred bucks from now on in order to take care of any eventualities. Do you think a monetary gift to the folks would be a good thing? I can send them fifty dollars easily enough.

Pvt. Hilston just came back from a trip in which he brought Wallenberg's baggage up to Wally's new office up North and on his way back stopped off and got our liquor ration, a bottle of Paul Jones for each officer at 16 marks and a free issue of Spanish brandy at a bottle for each ten men, not very much but enough to wet their whistles. No one is really suffering from a liquor shortage yet here.

I'm sorry too to hear that Ed is leaving for the Army so soon. I had half hoped to see him this summer before he left, but I suppose he will get a leave in three months or so and maybe then I can crawl out of bed long enough to shake hands with him. I can sympathize with your disliking his leaving. I know he is good company. He doesn't get into the way at all like lots of other kids would and he isn't at all as brash as he might be. I hope Daisy can come to visit you too. How blithely I speak of all these people I haven't seen at all for two years. Yet I feel that I

know them as well as ever. My American life was simply arrested, I think, and will wake up like the princess when she is kissed by the brave prince. Can you take a picture of Joe and Kathy to send me? I am waiting eagerly for the others. By the way, I have a nice little (the typewriter just jammed for reasons unknown and I want to finish this to trundle off to bed) camera which I will present to you on the earliest possible occasion. With it you can exercise all your various latent talents in the field and at the same time keep your mitts off mine. Of course, it still takes more than a good camera to take good pictures, you know.

You asked lately if I felt mutually completely in love with you. Certainly I do. I couldn't do otherwise. You are incomparable and wonderful -- I would like to kiss you forever --

Al

JILL TO AL JUNE 17, 1945

Sat. nite

Darling --

I don't know what got me started but I just cleaned out the desk drawers, thereby disposing of all your letters since last October. By disposing I positively don't mean tearing up and throwing down the drain. Ah no, I think I go you even one better in the care and preservation of my loved one's mail. I even arrange mine chronologically, and have each month's bunch separate. Unfortunately all that asparagus eating did me no avail, because I can't find the rubber bands I'd saved off the stalks after all, and have to use paper clips, which always pop off explosively when you disturb the bunch in question. I guess the solution to that is not to disturb the letters. I resisted the urge to read all your letters over again, because I have some hopes of getting to bed before tomorrow, but truly, that many letters is a formidable sight. Gosh knows I am as strong an advocate as

you of saving letters, but there is something so sad about all your wonderful words being tucked away into a shoe box, into virtual oblivion. It would be a superhuman task to retain everything you ever wrote, really retain it I mean, not just stow it away, by reading and re-reading and memorizing, yet that is what one really is impelled to do, in all justice to the loved one. Yet I should take comfort in the fact that I don't have any qualms about forgetting a lot of the things you said to me in person, and vice versa. I guess that there's just something so sacrosanct about the written word. Ann always remarked upon what a wonderful record we have of Kathy's early years from the letters I've written to you, far more complete than most parents', but I shudder to think of having to re-read all the letters I've ever written to you just to find out when the little so-and-so stopped wetting her pants. Well, that's a poor example. The day she stops wetting her pants will be engraved in my memory in letters of uric acid.

I shudder to tell you the following and I pray that you be as tolerant as possible, taking into consideration such factors as: spring cleaning; my extraordinary attempts at keeping things stowed away out of sight if not neatly during Ed's stay here (for with three people in the house the place could have easily looked like a cesspool); my more than ordinarily involved social life while he was here, my natural forgetfulness, particularly during the humid season; my mild fevers; etc., etc. Anyway I can't find that bond you sent last week. I put it aside until I had time to make a record of it and send it to the Red. Res. bank for safekeeping, and I can't find it, and have no record of it because if I had found it I would have made a record of it. Do you have a record of it? If so, send it pronto. I feel terrible about it but maybe it will turn up yet. If you have a record of it we can get a duplicate. If not I will still write the Treasury Dept. and see what they say. I beseech you not to curse me or say I told you so, because really, you would be surprised at the way I have things filed away, important things like your will and insurance papers and I even have kept all those stinking old bank statements we ever got.

The next day - Sunday

Overcome by emotion and remorse, I stopped writing you to look further. Ah, if you could see me today you would at least refrain from plunging the knife into my heart, and choose some other organ anyway. I am quite worn from the hunt and also from getting up at six to feed Kathy, who has inexplicably chosen to arise early these mornings. I think she has at least partially recovered from her sore throat. Anyway she has no fever. About the bond, I still haven't found it and I must confess that what probably happened to it, if it hasn't slipped behind a bookcase and I tried moving them to look behind there too, but still haven't gotten around to taking the books out, anyway, if that isn't what happened, it has probably been tossed out, in somebody's frenzy. I think the best thing for me to do is to write the Treasury Dept. now and if you can furnish me with any information, I'll write them that, too. I don't think there is much chance of it being stolen. For one thing, I still have some defense stamps around the house that nobody has touched, and they are in a sense more negotiable, since all you have to do is turn them in with an added sum and buy ann 18.75 bond and then cash that in, without any identification. Anyway, I still have the bond you made out in Kathy's and my name several months ago, which I'll send down tomorrow. And I have several dollars in postage stamps around the house that nobody has touched. I will ask Fritz Neugarten this afternoon what to do, too. Being an accountant, he knows a lot about these matters. Helen Hawkins is in town staying with them and Kathy and I are going over there for dinner this afternoon.

Speaking of defense stamps, I received the ones you sent with Hitler's face on them, the regular one and the "black" one. Right clever of somebody. That was in your letter of May 23, which I received a couple of days ago. You said you were sending some stuff home and you don't have to beat me over the head. I'll lock the confidential documents away without touching them. We have a hall closet here that has a shackle on it, where I keep all the restricted stuff you got in Washington. Ordinarily it has a lock on it but when I was away I left my keys with Mom

and she gave them to Joey to play with and he naturally lost them, and we had to saw the lock off last week* - [*and Ed cut his finger] and I haven't gotten a new one yet. But I will tomorrow, being terribly chastened by the events of the past days. So you see I am not altogether to blame for the apparent inefficiency with which this house is run. Kathy, too, gets in the drawers occasionally, though not so often as she used to, and tends to drag stuff around. I found her shoes in the laundry hamper the other day, to cite an example. It is useless to ask why I don't restrain her. When she is around the house a great deal I welcome those moments when she finds herself sufficiently occupied to let me alone so I can get about my household tasks, even if her absorption consists of taking all the paper clips out of the desk and dropping them in her trail, like Hansel and Gretel dropping crumbs in the woods.

I was interested in your comments on the comparative letter styles of Ed and Vic. Last night while reviewing my extensive correspondence, I re-read a couple of their letters to me but didn't notice much difference, mostly because Vic's letter was too short to notice anything. There's no doubt that there is a terrific difference in their personalities, greater perhaps than between any of you, taken in pairs. Vic is possibly more nagged at home now than at any other period in his career, at least, that was Mir's observation and she stayed there a month before getting her present apartment. I haven't had much opportunity to notice. At any rate he has a series of defenses established against criticism more formidable than the Siegfried Line. He is apparently without sensitivity and thereby gives the impression of boorishness, so it's very difficult to tell what he's really like. Ed is very critical of him now; there is much less the esprit that they used to have, even when they were fighting and yelling at each other. Ed says Vic doesn't get along with anybody and is stubborn, mulish, etc. he still eats pretty compulsively, and that is obviously a protest movement against the family's criticism. Even Ed admits that if anybody fills up a full glass of milk, that's fine with Dad, but if Vic does it, Dad lets loose with a tirade of fine Italian criticism. Vic is completely absorbed with his music

and that, too, makes everybody mad. By everybody I mean Mom and Dad, of course. I'm just giving you the comments and opinions of others, since, as I have said before, I don't see much of Vic and when I do, he has so far given him [me?] no cause for great emotion, one way or the other. I think that he still has as much stuff in him as he did when he was eleven when I first knew him, and that as he gets older these personality difficulties everybody talks about will be driven beneath the surface and he will be more socialized, thereby, if not quite so happy.

Incidentally, don't ever quote me on any of these little vignettes of family life I send you. While I don't feel any qualms about telling you about the less cerulean aspects of family life, because they are none of them very distressing and they are stuff you're at least mildly interested in, maybe not everybody would regard it in the same light. Not many people, unless they are hopelessly narcissistic, enjoy being analyzed or discussed in any but the most conventionally flattering terms, like "Mir is beautiful", or "Uncle Willy is kind to animals."

You said in one of your letters, still on the subject of the family, that you had a feeling that Joe was a much nicer little boy than Paul. Right again for Eversharp and the gentleman gets 1,640,000 dollars. You can probably guess the reasons why too since you already commented on the different ways Ann and I regarded our children in our pictures. Not going very far back in the why's of personality, the fundamental difference between us three sisteren is that outside of our husbands, in Mir's and my life, our kids are our whole lives, while Ann is always trying to find ways to dodge Paul and find other interests. And the funny part is that Ann, like the Germans, is much more "correct" than I am in her treatment of her child. I occasionally lose my temper and yell "shut up" and I often make mistakes in feeding, or I used to, like having the rubber nipple holes too big so the milk used to squirt in Kathy's eye. (Those are things nobody ever tells you about, incidentally, neither doctor nor nurse nor textbooks. Bea Neugarten, with her PhD in Human Development, is finding that out now.) And yesterday, because I

found a monumental piece of round steak, I gave Kathy some and she upped it later, and I feel very badly for my stupidity. Incidentally, don't feel too badly for us. There is plenty of Spam on the grocery shelves and recently, there has been a fair amount of meat in the stores if you are willing to line up for it. There's not much to beef about on the subject of beef, ha ha.

Oh, I got a sitter Friday night and went out with the Ollendorf's and the Neugartens (there's nobody here but us anti-fascists) to dinner and to see a play, Jacobowsky and the Colonel, not one of the cultural offerings you can feel you missed during the war years. It was a stinker. I am unequivocally now for your point of view that plays are silly, and better a picture that you can walk to any time you damn feel like it. I am invited to go sailing Tuesday with Joan Kelley and a girl she knows who has a starboat and I probably won't because of the difficulties of finding some one to stay with Kathy at the odd hours of 4 to 8. But I sure hope I can. I'd rather sail than anything, in the way of solitary diversions, I think.

I have to take a bath now. I'm very dirty because of all the housecleaning I've been doing. The cleaning woman came yesterday, a very intelligent respectable person, and I damned near killed myself helping her out. But that's neither hence nor thence. I love you and I hope it's mutual, despite the ill tidings I seem constantly to regale you with.

OOOXXX

Jill

Happy Father's Day to you, sweetheart. I'll get the pictures tomorrow to send you.

OOOXXX

Jill

JILL TO AL JUNE 18, 1945

Sweetheart --

Monday

I am deviating from my usual routine of afternoon nap to write you, because I just opened the mailbox and found your letter of June 7, & it's fun to answer them while it's still hot -- it makes it seem more like conversation. And I went to bed about 9:30 last night & slept till nearly 8 this morning - so did Kathy - so I am hardly in need of sleep today. But anyway I am lying down while I write this. My back hurts from sleeping so much, no doubt.

Darling, about books. I'll send you the Thomas Mann short story book, which is the only one I have. It isn't the least bit ugly & I got it only a year ago, so I don't know if that is the one you mean. My brother had The Magic Mountain & Buddenbrooks in N. Y. but I don't think I ever took them with me. Are you sure you don't mean Mannheim or perhaps Man's Fate (Malraux) - the latter owned by Liz Johns while I lived with her. Or Man & Society (by ???) or Manville, Johns -, "The Story of Asbestos"? Or "Manic Depression and Sexual Perversion", by that great German sexologist, Hershfield, whose brother was married to my great-aunt Mollie Hershfield (née Cohen).

Anyway I will send you Stories of 3 Decades and Darkness at Noon and anything Buss suggests. Darling, please don't expect a fruit cake just now. I love you but it ain't the season (for dried fruits, not love, I mean). However, I'll ask Mom for some durable cookie recipe. I was just thinking this morning [*changing from pen to typing*] -- hell, I can think just as well with a typewriter and to hell with my aching back -- anyway, I just was thinking that I will probably never learn to bake properly until you get home. There just isn't the incentive for me to get into the habit because I am just as happy with a store-bought box of cookies, and besides, it's a lot of work. I think that when you come home, if you would sit with me a few times while I bake, and read me the recipe and play the trumpet and scrape the flour off the dishes, then, maybe, I will become an accomplished baker. I can do everything else rather fast now, like vegetables and

roasts. The other day I found some pigsfeet in the store and cooked them and ate them for dinner Saturday night, thereby confirming the opinion vended in the popular song that Saturday night is not only the loneliest but the lousiest night in the week. Why anybody would eat pigsfeet of their own free will, except as a scientific project, is beyond me.

Well, to get back to books, I think you will like the second Koestler book better than the one you read. I thought Arrival and Departure was rather superficial, with its fifty-cent analysis. And I agreed with your point that Peter could have just as well become anything besides an anti-Fascist, as a result of his childhood trauma. I also think that Koestler is not so kosher politically or he would have not taken such pains to run down the anti-fascist and to put such strong arguments into the mouth of the fascist, Bernard. However, I realize that is not a literary criticism. However, the book lacked artistic unity and psychological plausibility, and that's a valid criticism, isn't it? I disagree with you that Sterkel can write more convincingly because he has just about the lousiest style of all time, next to Angelo Patri and my great aunt's brother-in-law, Magnus Hershfield.

I thrill to the thought that I'll be getting more perfume, although I still haven't opened the Schiaparelli and the second Renoir you sent me, although I am well on the way to using up or spilling or losing by evaporation the other bottle. I am having a tough time keeping Priscilla Bergquist away from the Schiaparelli. She makes a dive for it every time she comes here and I have to keep thinking up excuses why I don't saw off the top and give her some. You may recall that it came with the stopper broken off at the roots and that someday I will have to saw it off if I want to use it.

I got a letter from Liz Evers today too. She said she's gone down to Washington to see Ray Ickes who was in the same company with Bill and who was badly wounded. Ickes said that Bill was shot in the head by a machine gun bullet and died instantly, the first day the company was in combat. Liz said

she'd gotten a nice large apartment near Columbia and a nurse for Louise. She also said something, or rather asked something, that isn't nearly so silly as it might sound on the face of it, since it's something I've thought of in respect to us occasionally. Namely, what to do with Louise if something happened to her. She wondered if we would mind have Louise, because she doesn't think much of her own family as curators of children. I don't think it's silly because I've often thought about what we would do with Kathy under such circumstances. Well, not often, but I did think of it. Anyway, we are lucky because you have such a fine family for those purposes, but if you didn't, I would certainly think twice about leaving her with mine. And conversely, I would be very happy to take somebody else's child, all the more if it were Bill's and Liz's. Wouldn't you? I am always amazed by the high opinion Liz has of me. She just doesn't know me very well, is one reason, and the other is that I am a lot different from the girls she probably knew in Boston, which is the same class of reason as the first, her unworldliness.

I was down to Gardner General Hospital this morning, the old Chicago Beach Hotel, and got a commissary or rather tobacco ration card, and can get six packs a week now, and also such rare items as Colgate's toothpaste. I also got a nickel hot dog which was very good. Kathy didn't enjoy the trip much because she is still tired and fussy from her recent malaise. But her temperature has been normal for nearly two days now. I took her over to the Neugarten's about five yesterday and we had dinner and were home by eight. I was tempted to write you again, since my weekend letter mainly concerning the bond (which still hasn't shown up) was so gloomy. but instead I read some Huysmans I'd borrowed from Bea and went to sleep. It is really weird stuff. This work is entitled Against the Grain. Did you ever hear of him? It is real decadent or something. I will suspend further judgement until I finish.

I invited Lettie and her kid over for dinner tonight because I got all that round steak Saturday and somebody ought to eat it. I'm going sailing tomorrow too, through the combined grace of

Miriam and Mrs. Oppenheimer, my evening sitter. I'm naturally very anxious to go, too.

Oh, Liz sent me a picture of Louise, who is large and blonde and amazingly like Bill in appearance, formidable in one so young. But then Kathy looks like you and that's formidable too.

Well, darling, I think I'll go rattle around a few dishes now, just to keep up housewifely appearances. All my love to you and a million sweet kisses from us both.

Jill

and

K A T H Y (her mark)

AL TO JILL JUNE 18, 1945

Darling Jill,

One is told that he ought not to write anything but V-mail for the next two weeks because of some shipping business, but I incline more towards believing it an idle threat. Furthermore I'll write you V-mail tomorrow. Meanwhile I can send you the enclosed humorous picture of one of the men who didn't get up for first call and had to pitch his pup tent out on the grounds and sleep there in penance. Tom got the flash picture and somebody stuck it on the bulletin board with the inscription.

It is nearing the anniversary of our meeting again and I want to go on record here and now as affirming the sacredness of the occasion. How joyful I was and still am for it. You were a boon companion and a wonderful girl then as now and I wouldn't be surprised if the optimism you sometimes perceive in me results from my success in enticing you into my green pastures. We've been together a long time already, and I sometimes am annoyed to tell people who inquire that we were married while I

was in the army. I would like to tell them that we have been married ever so long, that I've loved you for a long time, and that my enthusiasm for you is no initial glow but an eternal torch. But it is only more rather than less silence, since I can't even tell you, much less others, how fond I am of you.

Lt. Lankford, Sgt. Taubert and I went for a swim yesterday with four French officers and two French girls who work on the repatriation of Frenchmen. The place was a small lake alongside the Autobahn near Augsburg. One of the girls is the mistress of the French captain. I told you about her a couple of days ago. The other girl is called Simone Thomas and is a very nice, lively girl who shares your penchant for climbing under and over things and cracking very good witticisms. She was in Germany for the last year and a half working for the French Red Cross, and graduated in literature from the Sorbonne. Her home is in Paris. She doesn't speak English but speaks excellent German. The first girl, Odette, is a real minx, the kind that drunken beachcombers beat, lazy, sharp, and sexy. After the swim, Lankford went with them to their place for supper and I came back here. We had a good dinner of pork chops, potatoes, FRESH lettuce salad, and ice cream. One couldn't ask for more. At eight-thirty we shod the film To Have and To Have Not during which all the men panted lustfully at Lauren Bacall and "thrilled to the torrid romance and high adventure of the French West Indies" just as they were supposed to do. I liked especially the dialogue in the parts where it was as flat and dry as a Martini, the piano player and all the music and songs.

This morning is a beautiful day. The morning hike went off very briskly in the cool, fragrant air. Then it was very busy until now, and I am waiting for Henschel to bring back a barber he went to get so that I can get a needed haircut.

A long kiss to you, dearest, and a big one for Kathy. Be seeing you soon.

AI

IT is early June. With Jacques Pregre, he checks in on Army HQ now at Augsburg. Pregre takes him to a house to meet a French Red Cross group handling French workers and prisoners in Germany, three men, two women, one dark, sultry, beautiful, the other ruddy, cheerful, intelligent. He is impressed by the improvement in the landscape and jealous of the Frenchmen. He has them to a dinner party at the Schloss. The French Red Cross Chef is quite jealous of the dark one, who is the sexier but not so nice or bright as the redhead.

The day following, Captain de Grazia manages to appear at the Red Cross house without Lt. Pregre. He finds the red-head there and ask for the other woman, Odette, this one being called Simone Thomas. "She is not here. *Je regrette*. But she is not your type anyway." "Really?" "No, I am more your type." I'll have to take your word for it, he says, will you be my guest for lunch --because he can get a free lunch at the HQ 7A Officers' Mess and they have a bar. He can describe her by means of a letter, lacking some important detail, such as her more than ample bosom and generally fine figure.

He believes, probably correctly, that Jill is secure enough to feel very little jealousy; she knows he will return. As for him, from time to time he wonders, but there is nothing like a pregnant woman and infant's mother to stem the flow of male suspicion.

Alfred, accent on the '*frrehd*', and Simone are together whenever it is discreet and convenient. She stays a couple of nights at the Schloss when the party ends late and he has drunk too much to gad about, but the place is large enough so that, in the course of gossiping about her, she might be said to have slept in another room, not that she would care. She is affectionate, willing, a luxuriant armful, not great at love-making but lovable nonetheless, always considerate, always ready to go and uncomplaining, fluent in German and pushing out a kind of English, and capable of holding her own in professional discussions of the complex state of the war and the alliances and the hereafter, of music, films and food. Were he not so hopefully and determinedly in love with his wife, and all that she represented in his past, present, and future, he would probably be molding an enduring relationship. But that is what is so good about his friendship with Simone. She makes not the slightest gesture to capture him, lets out no hint of jealousy,

asks nothing of him.

AL TO JILL JUNE 19, 1945

Dearest Jill,

I'm sure that if I begin writing you now, in the cool early evening before the movie that we're going to see here, that I will be able to write even more later and thus create a long letter. I wish you could be spending some of these days at the Castle with me. It is peaceful and beautiful. The food for the past few days has been excellent. There is work to be done but not much, and certainly not enough to keep me mind off of you or my hands if you were here. You would scarcely consider my room warlike. It has some geranium plants and a vase of really exquisite white, pink, and red flowers that Lena brought in. I don't know what kind they are. I have two studio couches which are very comfortable and you could really enjoy yourself moving from one to the other. You could play volley-ball with us on a good court which we reach from the main grounds via a bridge over a deep ravine. You could sunbathe. You could fish and you could swim. And you would knock the men's eyes out. But that, of course, you could do anywhere. Never fear, though. If I can find a place like this in Germany, I can find an even nice place in America.

Today I got the very good news that we will be able to send home two of the men in the next week. That's just the beginning. Afterwards, the process will be accelerated. An order came through which may affect me too in the near future. It provides for the transfer of high-score men to units being sent home for deactivation. Once that is done, it is all downgrade. I feel very strongly that sometime this summer we will be together again. The only V-day I'll ever thrill to is the day I can kiss you again. That is Victory as concrete as I want it.

I just received a copy of the June Coronet. Whatever its banality, it has a wholesome democratic flavor and a refreshing

courage much superior to the Reader's Digest. I almost feel like sending Oscar a note telling him just that. I don't hold anything against his activities over here, since it is so easy to be caught up in the rat race or romantic war jobs and socially accepted futility.

When will I receive a letter from you again? It's been several days since the last. The mails have been irregular since Peace in Europe. I am well fixed for reading for the moment, with several magazines, those books that came in from Italy via Salzburg and the usual reports and analyses.

Lt. Pregre is leaving us tomorrow to rejoin the French Mission of the Seventh Army. I suppose I'll still be seeing him occasionally as long as I am around. He is nice in many ways, but has a tendency to take himself too seriously couple with a slight case of chauvinism which is the curse of many Frenchmen. Tom is away for two days up north of Frankfurt arranging for the disposition of our mobile printing equipment. I must get around to packing my surplus belongings and send them home to annoy you. How I hate always dealing with the outside world in packages and letters. Wrapping and tying, wrapping and tying, wrapping an..... - hp, hs, d and f everything!

Lena should be boarding one of those DP specials for Odessa one of these days. I'll be sorry to see her go even though our rapport is wholly emotional and non-verbal. The few words of German she speaks are just enough to give my Teutonisms a Russian accent. Everything she promises, has done, will do, or demonstrates falls under "Ich küchen", the literal meaning of which is unclear to me but in which I am completely uninterested since all these other meanings are the actual ones. That's what I get when I compliment her on a good laundry job, ask her to bring some coffee and cake to my room for later in the evening, reproach her for cold potatoes, and am surprised when she turns up with some newly scrounged article.

0750 Next Morning

The show was so long last night that I went to sleep soon after and didn't get to finish. It was Guest in the House, about a crazy fiancee who proceeds to wreck the house of an ideal family. I would say it was above average, psychologically more sound than most other "psychological" movies.

I got to day-dreaming about Kathy this morning on the hike and awakened almost back to the castle. I'm very confident about my ability to win her affection but I don't know exactly what to do with her. I'd bring her a puppy except that a bulletin just came out forbidding the transportation of animals on government carriers. We have lots of dogs around here. Farina whom the radio section picked up in Naples, just had three puppies. There are two other puppies and a big ol' Houn' dog, who was castrated in the remote past and who, although untested by us yet, seems to have the hunting instinct. He points every time someone raises a rifle.

I must get breakfast and get the morning flurry of work finished, darling. I love you very much and send you the most tender kiss ever.

Al

JILL TO AL JUNE 20, 1945 V-MAIL

Darling -- I didn't write you yesterday because I went sailing, but I've gotten two very recent letters from you the past two days, a V-mail of June 10 and those very good big pictures you sent of your company, June 11. All in all the mails are going fast and well these days, although I'm sorry to hear that you haven't been hearing so much from me. It must be the mailman again, because I don't recall writing abnormally infrequently the past few weeks. I always feel I ought to write more often than I do, that is, every day instead of skipping some, but you know how it is, one gets busy or just feels bitchy. Or Kathy does, which amounts to the same thing. Despite the perfect relaxation

afforded by the sail yesterday, I'm not exactly in a mood of rare beauty tonight. Sometimes your absence is almost unendurable. I don't know why these moods arise, but when they do, I find that the thought of you away is almost more than flesh can bear, and then I try pushing you to the back of my consciousness to relieve the pain, but it isn't very successful. You push into the edges of consciousness when I start to sleep and then I wake up with a bang and feel sad all over again. If I had more faith in the justice of Army procedure I might take heart, but at the moment I don't. Oh well, I'll live.

Sailing was really wonderful. I met Joan and this gal Nancy at four and we sailed until eight in her starboat, which is 22-feet long. There wasn't much breeze at first but when we got outside the Randolph St. harbor it freshened and we got pretty wet, which is always pleasant in a perverse way, because then you know you're really sailing. We went too close to the aircraft carriers and a coast guard patrol boat came out and gave us hell. I took the tiller for a while but it didn't feel anything at all like our old boat, which was a veritable hippopotamus among small boats. Then we had dinner at the yacht club and got home about ten. All was well, the business of the evening sitter calling for Kathy at Mir's working out fine indeed. Kathy has been very fussy all day however and I don't know exactly why. I took her to the lake this morning but it was grey and solitary, and she was sore when I got her home and slept all afternoon. She's in bed now, playing contentedly. She just seems to be too tired to stand anyone's company but her own. I don't know if it's the weather or what. She doesn't seem to have a fever, though I can tell only roughly, since I busted the thermometer when I took it out to use it an hour ago, which didn't increase my good humor any. I think the thing that really slays me is that this morning Kathy started to talk about Daddy and point to your various pictures. This pleased me so inordinately that when she pointed to the little 2" by 2" one you once sent me from Rome, which I had put in a little leather frame, I let her have it. She was holding it when we started for the beach -- my reason was apparently befuddled by the sentimental joy of having her call

your name -- and that was the last I saw of it. I have other better pictures of you but I liked that one very much and feel very badly about it. The frame doesn't matter because it wouldn't anyway, and anyway I copped it from Field's a couple of years ago, in a vengeful anti-social mood. The wages of sin.

Incidentally, I never do that anymore. I don't know what made me stop, but now I think it's silly. I rode back to the lake twice looking for the picture, but couldn't find it. Kathy loves riding the bike, incidentally. She apparently has completely grasped the principle of hanging on. She holds on the handlebar with both hands and wraps her feet around the lower brace bar, and shows no inclination to get off unauthorizedly. I was skeptical at first of this means of carrying her but it is working out all right. I guess I told you a little platform seat is fastened on the bar of the boy's bike. Ed's bike is better for this purpose than my old English one because the balloon tires give a much smoother ride. So maybe everything always comes out for the best. Hah Hah.

Doris Zimmerman just called, you know, Zemo's wife. She was in town on a visit and thumbing through the phone book. She said somebody in the Pentagon had tried to get him back but the War Dept. put its foot down and he's still over. Our conversation was curtailed by Kathy yelling so that's about all I know.

Buss and Mir and Joey and Mom and Vic are going away tomorrow for four days to Diamond Lake. Mom asked me if I wanted to go today but I declined because it would be a lot of work with Kathy not being housebroken and inadequate washing facilities, and she seems too tired for a long trip anyway. So am I, for that matter. So maybe Dad will come down here for dinner a couple of nights when he's playing south and we can keep each other company. Ed is still at Sheridan but is leaving for Mississippi tomorrow I think. Mom is pretty depressed about his going and I don't blame her, but she'll get over it fast enough, I think.

I think I'll try to get this off in tonight's mail, for unknown

reasons, since it doesn't stand among my epistolary masterpieces to you. But anyway I do love you, darling, and will write more in a cheerier vein tomorrow, after I get the laundry done. Maybe that's what I need, a good wet session with the washing machine.

All my love,

Jill

AL TO JILL JUNE 22, 1945 V-MAIL

Jill, Dear Love,

My most momentous impression of this morning was reading a couple of letters of yours which were written to me in Rome and which arrived with some of that baggage from Italy via the Salzburg people. It is astonishing how your good temper and gabbiness have persisted generally throughout all of this time. If I wanted to sully you with a name I would call you a heroine. I doubt whether ever a baby has been so completely chronicled as Kathy, too. Then you were handing her rattles and a cat I had sent. Now it's a bicycle and a language primer. And throughout we've been able to love each other as well as letters could possibly manage, undergoing a separation which originally would have looked incredible and impossible. And now that it is almost over I feel as proud of you as I could be of anyone.

This letter began admirably, but events interrupted it and now it is many hours later at night and I am tired to the point of preferring to dream about you rather than to write you. I was called into Army Headquarters and spent some time there. On the way back I stopped off at the 11th Evac. for supper and to deliver some mail to one of the men who is in with a recurrent case of malaria. Then when I got back here I found Roos had arrived for a visit of several days while arranging his final transfer here before returning to Schleswig-Holstein. He wanted

to see the G-2 badly and asked me to accompany him, and that took care of your earnest correspondent up until a few minutes ago when we returned and ate a snack that Lena had left in my room.

I found out today some information that may be of far-reaching importance to us or may just fizzle out. The next two weeks may see some definite action on my coming home. They may set me on the first lap of the journey, anyway, along with some of the men.

Please excuse again my too short letter and save me a thousand kisses.

I love you ever so much.

Al

JILL TO AL JUNE 23, 1945

Darling --

I got three-quarters of the way through a V-mail form to you last night and then abandoned it for some reason or other, and the cleaning woman came today and probably threw it out. Anyway, it is just as well to make a fresh start, even if it deprives you of one day's mail. I think most of it was devoted to a tirade against Kathy, or at least, a discussion of her temper. And as I had and still have quite a cold in the head, maybe it was my temper that needed to be discussed, because today she was practically a lamb. I think that mainly I described her behavior with other children. I think it was yesterday I took her over to school to sit in the afternoon, and she got into several fierce altercations with other kids. She is extremely possessive about her toys -- a stage, they tell me,, they all go through, except Kathy, as is typical of her, is going through it earlier and more violently, because she does everything that way. She laughs louder, jumps higher, runs faster and bawls more vociferously than any

kid in a group she happens to be in, except Joey perhaps. And Joey doesn't yell so much because he is older and has an extensive vocabulary with which to propagandize. Kathy threw a fit yesterday which practically brought Adler out of his ivy-covered walls because she developed an attachment to somebody else's tailor tot and when the mother started to leave with it, Kathy climbed in and had to be removed. I finally had to quiet her with some noxious chocolate drink from the book store.

I didn't write you Thursday night because of my cold too. It has developed from Kathy's, which is gone now, and mine is now on the wane. I decided to ignore it and went swimming today, my first time in the lake. The cleaning woman came today so I spent my usual nap time down at the lake alone, and got a good tan. After much deliberation I went in the water. It was cold but not unbearable and felt really wonderful. I crawled around for a while and it was not until I'd been out fifteen minutes that I remembered that the doctor in San Francisco had told me to do a side stroke for the next few months. So now the affair of my collar bone is closed for all time, and I will never be able to use it for an excuse for not dusting the house.

I am generally embarking on a strenuous strength through joy program (that doesn't make sense -- didn't they mean joy through strength?). Anyway, my fat friends Bea and Lucille are taking a reducing course from some salon downtown and they come home and tell me about the exercises, and now I am starting to do them. I think that my tail needs reducing and that, in any case, my prolonged session of sitting and playing rummy in San Francisco didn't do my figure any good, so I just lay down after a big meal before and writhed around for about ten minutes, the longest ten minutes of my life, I might add. I don't know what will come of all this, whether I will have legs like Betty Grable or just a very stiff back, but it is very good for my morale, because it is somehow tied up with the hope that you are coming home (and that therefore, I should be fit). I had a queer dream about you the other night. I dreamt that I got a letter from you all marked up on the envelope, as if it had been

airmailed and special delivered ten times, and inside was just a single sheet of paper, all marked up inconsequentially, as if doodled by a nervous and expectant man, with just one word on it, "Me". I understood immediately what it meant -- that you were the one chosen to go home in the next quota, and felt very happy about it, although skeptical. Since I haven't gotten a letter from you for about three days, some fuel has been added to the fire of my hopes, to coin a brilliant metaphor. On the other hand, I keep running into dreary women with children whose husbands have been overseas 30 months without respite or hopes of same. So my emotions are still teeter-tottering, as they will anyway until the very day I see you again. I saw Mrs. Richardson, the lady I used to room with, on 55th St. today. Her son Ambrose is still in Italy with the 12th Air Force. She asked for you and commented on Kathy's great beauty. Oh, I sent the professional pictures I had taken of her to you today and hope you get them soon. I made a deadly mistake and forgot to send the package air mail, but perhaps it won't make so much difference in the time, as the package is very light.

I have been counting up and figure that Kathy knows about 20 words as of today, which she has used at one time or another, though only about half of them with any consistency. However, they have all of them been used meaningfully, else I wouldn't count them. The "Daddy" refers to your picture, of course. Do you want the list? Here it is:

Mommy, Daddy, Joe, Ed, Kathy, Ann, Bea (for Ann's sister-in-law), baby, bird, ball, blimp, airplane, dog, bow wow, mee-ow, Goodbye, good morning, good night, good, no, yes, oh!, cracker, cookie, there, this, I dropped it, mine, book, light. She also says some kind of gibberish that sounds like such sentences as, there it is, is this the book, etc. Of course, the whole works probably would sound like gibberish to any but the most trained and attentive ear. The words she uses most frequently and meaningfully are mine, book, I dropped it, no and airplane (only she still says a-ba for the last). I guess there are more than 20 there. As I started to write them I thought of more.

I've also discovered that kids her age and older can be divided roughly into those that are interested in objects and manipulating them and those that are interested in people or animals. She is of course the virtual prototype of the latter group. Most of her play around the house, where she is freest in one sense and least distracted, concerns putting her dolls to bed, wrapping her blankets around them and diapering them. At least, that's what she does when she is out of bed. I don't know what she plays with in bed -- I leave her a lot of toys but don't go in the room to observe her, because once I do, she wants to get out, and if I didn't put her back to bed in the morning I'd never get any breakfast, because no matter how much she eats at her own meal, if she sees me eating she wants more. She really eats man-size meals too -- a whole bunch of asparagus for supper tonight and a dish of rice that would last a Chinese coolie a week. Yet she is far from fat and has, in fact, lost most of her babyish chubbiness so that now she looks pretty much the way she will when she is grown up -- long-legged, broad-shouldered and rather small-boned.

Darling, a great hot bath is awaiting me and I am quite run dry with talk at the moment. How I wish you could be here to spend this Saturday night with, rustling through the Funnies and climbing in between clean sheets with. But as usual, I've got to climb in alone, and can only write, I love you ...

Jill

JILL TO AL JUNE 24, 1945

Darling --

This is the end of a long tough Sunday in the sun. I guess that's why they call it Sunday. Despite all precautions my shoulders are lobster red while your daughter, under exactly the same conditions, is a mellow brown. Talk about sibling rivalry -- don't the psychiatrists have any name for mother and daughter

competition? She really was a lamb though today. I had her out until past two this afternoon, and she ate quantities of cream cheese sandwiches and cadged many potato chips from other settlers down at the lake and had a good time running barefoot and mostly bare-assed, since her pants kept falling off, on the grass. She also expressed a desire to go in the lake but changed her mind when I dipped her foot into the icy waters. The Park Dept. says the water won't be warm enough for safety until the middle of July and I can well believe it.

We came home and she had a nice nap and then we took one of our erotic mother and daughter baths together. She enjoys taking a bath with me very much and is very helpful about washing me, although I still can't get her to scratch my back. I'm sure bathing together must be a very unsanitary procedure, since we are both always so dirty after a day in the outdoors and I'm sure she goes to the bathroom surreptitiously in the bath water. However, it's fun for us both. I always was a great advocate of communal bathing anyhow -- there is something so absolutely monk-like about bathing behind a locked bathroom door. And I can remember how distressed you used to be with my following you dog-like into the can, so that you could never get a minute alone for the more private functions. You'll have to get a big lock and shackle put on this bathroom door since there will be two of us following you in, and Kathy won't understand why she can't sit on her little potty seat, to watch you and cheer you on, the way she does with me. I don't know if I told you, but I bought her this device the other day -- a little chair-like contraption with a pot inside, which she can climb into by herself. She still doesn't use it for the intended purpose but enjoys sitting on it anyway, using the right words but with the wrong, or rather, with no action.

I dropped by Ruth Shil's house later this afternoon. She is running this survey in the neighborhood I think I wrote you about, of post-war employment, and I was supposed to work as a volunteer interviewer but find it's just too damned hard for me to get free time at the time of day the survey should be done. Ed was there, busy pouring over his books, and nearly cut off

Kathy's hand at the wrist when she made a pass at one of his books. Ruth was in her room dressing when I arrived and he said hello and went right back to reading, and there was Kathy giggling and stamping her feet in her usual silly way, in all this funereal quiet. It was really quite funny. Finally Ruth appeared and the atmosphere cleared. I can see why guys like him don't have children. He did ask about you and wondered what your plans for the future were. I answered brilliantly, I don't know. He also wondered if you enjoyed your travels through Europe and I kind of giggled about that and said that you hadn't said. People ask the silliest questions, don't they?

I see by the papers that telephone service between London and Chicago has been resumed. Maybe they will start it soon with other European cities and if they do, please get in line first. I can't imagine what it would be like to talk to you by trans-Atlantic telephone, whether I would be happy or whether it would be the most devastatingly frustrating experience imaginable, but I wouldn't mind trying anyway. I have been in a mood of rare optimism the past couple of days anyway, partly due to my not hearing from you for a few days. Every time the telephone rings I think it is you calling from New York and it usually turns out to be Joan Kelley. We conversed tonight and for the umptyumph time re-counted your points. We could only figure 105. Joan says you get the other five, making it 110, for being married to me. Tom is still at a P. of E., doing KP daily. He is still a buck private too. He should get 100 points outright for being the most snafued guy in the Army.

The Doberman Pincher next door, whose only friend and admirer in the neighborhood is Kathy, is going into the Marines Tuesday and it will be quite a loss to her, though the rest of the community's gain. He is a large formidable beast with a tremendous bark which has brought in the police many times, and that she does not fear him is a tribute to something or other, probably me. She is always sneaking in the people's house, through the screen door which she can get open, to play with him. Actually he is just a silly dog and not nearly so apt to bite her or anybody as Cooney. I am sort of sorry he is going

too because he is the only classy item in an otherwise unclassy area. The man who owns him is the one who took pictures of Kathy last summer and he took some more today, which will probably not come out as he is so broken up about Zippy's enlistment.

Well, I ought to put some balm on my shoulders and go to bed. Darling, please surprise me and come home soon. I love you very much, in fact, terrifically. I dreamt about you again last night but it was just sexy and not for publication.

Always your

Jill

P.S. Thought you might be interested in enclosed article on Paul Douglas -- he sure looks different, doesn't he?

P.P.S. What are the other 5 points for.

39 mos in service

24 mos overseas

12 Kathy

30 Battle stars

= 105 No?

Nat'l Guard?

Purple Heart? (dog food)

JILL TO AL JUNE 25, 1945 V-MAIL

Darling -- Still no letter from you, and today is Monday, when letters usually come. I'm not saying that complainingly either since I persist, in my foolishness, in regarding the absence of mail as a good portent, now that peace has come in your

theater. I'm really working myself up into such a state of self-delusion that every time the phone rings I listen carefully to see if it isn't long distance. Oh well, it feels better this way, anyway.

WE didn't do much today except listen to the phone tinkle because Kathy caught back by cold so I decided to give her a restful day at home. In the afternoon we went out and I bought myself a luscious gray sweater, to satisfy my current yen for spending money on self-improvement. Tomorrow is my day off, when Mir takes Kathy, and I'd been planning all sorts of extravagant projects, like getting a facial or going to the health salon Bernice goes to and getting exercised, but the 10.95 I plunked out for the sweater makes me feel beautiful enough for the time being. Anyhow Bea told me that just one session at the salon wouldn't do much good -- you have to take a whole course of exercises. Anyway I get enough exercise from the ten minutes a day I toss fitfully on the floor. You'd think I'd have my fill anyway from all the bike riding I do, but I think that bike riding slowly around the city streets with a baby balanced precariously on the handlebar is no workout, except for the nerves. I could go horseback riding tomorrow, but honestly, it is a terrible bore riding in the city, especially when they give you just any old nag. I guess I'll never be a great equestrienne, as long as I stay in Chicago.

Kathy said, "Oh, a shoe" today when she picked up her shoes, and also says door, so you can add that to your list of immortal phrases uttered by our child. And she also said "wet" when indeed, she was so. I think she is doing pretty well in the speech department although I'm sure she is still incomprehensible to anybody but me. She spends endless hours indoors, like today, sorting the wash. She takes it out of the basket, lays it on a table, pats it down, and then puts it back in the basket again. Actually you can't blame her for such random activity because to the untutored eye, I must look just as silly and scatter-brained when I get busy straightening up the house. It's funny that most of her play centers around domestic imitations of me, like putting her dolls to bed. She rarely ever plays with the toys she's supposed to play with, like fitting pegs in holes. I don't

blame her -- I find it very difficult to do myself.

I was mildly surprised by the news over the radio tonight that the German communists have come out for free enterprise in Germany. I can figure out two reasons why they should do so, both based on contradictory principles. One is that they are following the Moscow line and Russia doesn't want a Communist Germany because it would be too strong a state, and therefore a threat to Russia. The other is that the German Communists are really nationalists at heart, and figure that the best way to gain the affection and support of the western Allies is to act like a capitalist democracy. Then Germany can rebuild with our funds. What do you think?

I have to go now.

OOOXXX

Jill

(Clifton Early De Grazia). I love you

AL TO JILL JUNE 25, 1945 (A) V-MAIL

Dearest Jill,

This is Sunday morning and what better way to pass part of it than in worshipping the Goddesses of Beauty and Wisdom by writing you. It promises to be another hot day like yesterday and I have half a mind to drag myself down to a nearby lake for a swim this afternoon. Wish you and Kathy could come along. The country is very pretty and rolling and the lake is made by damming up a stream. That's what you and I will do when we get some land with a stream running through it. We'll make our private lake diverting Kathy's and any additional children's mud pie instincts to dam-making. It will be hard for us to stop, liking aquatics as we do, I'm afraid, until we are left with a house and a lake and no land to grow things on so that we'll be bankrupt and have to go back to Chicago and Jackson Park. Frankly,

nothing is a bad project as long as I have you along on it. I got a letter this morning from the Dean of Students at the University suggesting that I might return to complete my studies and that a fellowship might be possible in addition to the Government aid. There is no doubt that hanging around the U. a while would be pleasant because you and I always enjoyed ourselves there, but I don't think I would accept only a study role. I would like a teaching fellowship better. Ask Buzz if there are any of those kicking about, will you. I don't expect to make up my mind over here about anything, though. What if I feel like only enjoying you and other sports the regions of the U.S. provide when I get back? What if I like to sit back for hours in a dark cool room sucking on a bottle of Schlitz? What then? Why i'll do it of course.

Orders came through on Radcliffe and Wilson yesterday. They leave here Wednesday and within a week or two should be home. Connie Wilson is being separated at Fort Sheridan and will give you a call. If you like, you can probably arrange to meet him downtown and invite him to dinner. I think his wife and child will be at Sheridan to meet him and you can't tell whether he won't be too occupied and incoherent to do anything. I hope I won't be too far behind him. By the time he gets there, I should have some fairly definite news here as to what and when. I have hopes of getting all the high point men in the detachment home in a group which would be lots of fun all the way around and may actually be a quicker way of doing it for us as individuals. Meanwhile, I am collecting small boxes and allocating all my gear to them, so that upon receipt of orders, I will drop them all at the Post Office, pick up my little bag, and take off. This pipe dream will not be continued on the next page ...

I wish I could send you some of the flowers I have here. I get them from three sources. First Lena. Secondly the little Belgian girls. And finally the villagers who work underground via Lena to whom the ramifications of the non-fraternization policy are too difficult to explain in my limited and her even more limited German. The total effect is very splendid, however. In addition there are several pots of geraniums on a couple of the window

sills which I water whenever I get around to it.

Today both Capt. Hogie and Lt. Lankford are under the weather. Hogie has no appetite and has a fever. One of our men, Riles, went into the hospital several days ago with malaria, his first retarded case which he must have picked up in Africa more than two years ago. Strange stuff! Hogie naturally now thinks he may have it too. Lankford has trouble with his sinuses. He also has trouble trying to arrange to marry a French girl way back in Thaon, near Epinal. The mail is slow and there are a number of formalities. It will be a Catholic wedding too, and he must get around the fact that he is a heathen or even worse, an Episcopalian.

There is a movie this evening, Till We Meet Again, which will be my first since seeing To have and Have not. There seems to be a rash of verb-using literary allusions in titles these days. None but the Lonely heart is a case in point too. I read two copies of PM and found them very interesting today. Although it carries its heart on its sleeve, it is an interesting and well-rounded paper. It has so much in it and goes so much more into the background and detail of really important events than most papers. Its coverage of the field of labor relations, labor and social legislation is magnificent. And I was delighted to see a couple more strips of Barnaby, happy to see that Mr. O'Malley is as bumbling as ever. It is a pleasure to read any full American newspaper. The Stars and Stripes is so inadequate and juvenile.

Lt. Johnny Anspacher dropped in for a day and is leaving tomorrow for Shaef where his new job is. He likes it. He has to do with the control and licensing of the German press. Hans is working very hard in his new assignment I understand. He always works too hard, I think. Roos should be going back towards Denmark in a day or two. He can have it. I think I would resent the Danes who are living so well and have suffered so little. They are making fewer sacrifices than the American civilian population in the war. They ought to be forced to give until it hurts to the former occupied (i.e. really occupied)

countries.

A very tender kiss to you, dearest, with all my love. Give my best to Kathy.

As ever,

Al

AL TO JILL JUNE 25, 1945 (B) V-MAIL

Darling Jill,

The mail poured in today, letters from you for June 10, 12, 13, 16 and 17. Out of the whole detailed panorama of family life you painted, about the only thing I can think of that needs some sort of more specific response than a nice warm feeling of participation is the matter of bond saving, or, how to ensure the U. S. Treasury a profit. But I won't say a word. The sound you hear is merely the gnashing of teeth. I hope you've found it by this time or figured a way out. I didn't actually buy the bond here. I sent the money from here to the Treasury in Washington which sent you a bond. I believe that's how it works. I'll see if I have the number of my receipt around here somewhere. [*In margin, with arrow: May 8, 1945. Form no. 38*]. Cheer up, though. I'll take it out of you in kisses. I always felt they were so good that I should have been paying an enormous price for them.

You must admit that reading such a string of letters puts me in a bad position to write. I am in a prostrate receiving mood. Life here is uneventful. I'm still watching at a helpless distance the progress of a certain letter I put in for the readjustment of some of us. Wilson is as nervous as can be. He told me he hasn't slept since he got the news a couple of days ago and doesn't give a damn anyhow. Roberto is being broken in as the company clerk to take his place when he leaves Wednesday. Wilson has been on edge for months, he's a nervous, skittish

type, very sensitive under his southern politeness, looks a lot younger than he is, but can work hard and faithfully if he believes he is getting a square deal. Lt. Lankford is driving him and Radcliffe to the reception point and then proceeding on to pick up Scott who is being released from a hospital near Paris. I wish I could tell you more about some of the people here, but I know that you will be less interested for not knowing them. You have the advantage on me of describing so many people I know already. The funny collection of dogs we have is interesting, for example. I went into the kitchen late last night to scrounge something to eat and was met by fierce growling from the brown puppy who is about two months old. I turned on the light expecting to see him standing before me braving the hostile stranger, but instead he was underneath the farthest cabinet where not even a mouse could squeeze in to get in. From there he was directing his psychological warfare. At another end of the basement Farina keeps her three ugly little pups and she is always near enough to where she can hear anyone who goes near. She then comes running, barking and growling, and wagging her tail all together. She won't bite you if you pet one of them but she insinuates in a terribly anxious way that they must be handled ever so gently. The remaining dogs, if you can call them such, are two, a puppy about the age of the brown one but of the most bizarre texture and habits, and a great brown, emasculated hound dog who is friendly, incompetent and gluttonous. Crusenberry, Legget and I took him on a hunt the other evening and although he was indefatigable, running alongside the jeep like a carriage dog of old, he had no conception of his mission. His only virtue was a certain quietude and amiability. A tiny fawn leapt up five yards from him and he paid her no attention whatsoever. After we returned, he drank about five bowls of water and settled down to sleep in my room. I soon disillusioned him of that. He snores and grunts like a bear.

We had several good volley ball games this evening, and tomorrow we have a game scheduled with a field artillery outfit which I think we ought to win. I never got such fun from sports

when I was a boy as I do now. Sport then seemed so serious a thing. Errors were terrible and to win was everything. Now I am highly amused by all the funny errors our motley players make and count a game dull that is played well but doesn't have us roaring with laughter a good part of the time.

Is Ed going into ground crew training in Mississippi? I know you must not like to see him go. He was never a bothersome fellow. Perhaps we can take Vic on some trip with us after I've been back awhile to woo him from the muse among other things. His type of character is a splendid thing to have, provided it is founded on intelligent principles and not on reactions and fads. Maybe Bill ought to explain Aristotle to him. Maybe Bill ought to explain Hutchins' latest V-E day speech to me, too, while he's at it. Hutchins is always thinking in terms of bad and good and here he is perplexed. He cannot actually analyze the problem dispassionately as one of gaining a certain result. And if Mr. H. thinks there is any more reason for punishing an ordinary criminal than there is for punishing the SS, he ought to know better. But it's all too long and involved for this letter. I merely want to register disapproval. I'll discuss it with you over a beer at the UT some night soon.

There is barely enough room to tell you that I love you and will be crossing off the remaining days very eagerly. I want to get home before Kathy learns to say, "That stinker, my old man, when is he going to raise my allotment so I can throw more government bonds down the toilet." At the rate she's progressing if may not be long. I can't think of anything to send her since Germany is no longer the land of toys.

Good night, dearest.

Al

JILL TO AL JUNE 26, 1945

Al darling --

My busy dream that you were on your way home, since I hadn't heard from you for three or 4 mail calls, was dispelled today by your letter of May 18, in which you were still very much an uninvited guest of the Reich. I guess the reason I haven't heard so frequently from you this past week was because of the delay in shipping you alluded to. Oh well, I can still keep hoping. Maybe the quota you spoke of several weeks ago came up and you were on it.

In re your Informal Routing Slip, which looked formal enough to me except for the lousy mimeograph job, I herewith reply:

Subject: Your clothes

Date: June 26, 1945

From: B. Jill O. DeGrazia (wife of Alfred J. Jr.)

To: A. J. DeGrazia Jr., Capt. CA (AA) commdg (me?)

You have:

Suits: four -- tux, gabardine, horrible brown and white pin stripe, Finchley with one pair of pants, Ed has other which Cooney bit.

Coat: Finchley, Dad has it.

Hat: Ditto

Underwear: none. Were you supposed to?

Shirts one nice striped job. I gave away all the horrible white ones with detachable collars a couple of years ago and damn it, I'm still not sorry. Maybe the kids have the other ones. Were there others?

Conclusion: Don't worry. You can still buy shirts, anyway. Mom can.

Now take me, I don't need any clothes at all, hardly, because I am developing a very classy sunburn. Today was my day off from Kathy and I spent it in a busman's holiday down at the point, all afternoon, and then topped off by a fudge sundae. It seems silly to do on my Tuesday aft. what I do almost every other day of the week but I just don't have the strength to go down town these warm sunny days. And there is nothing so resuscitating as a good long sojourn in the sun, nor nothing so boring, I might add. But I was tired from the rigors of last night -- Kathy and I both have coughs and I seemed to be getting up every hour on the hour to give one of us cough syrup. Now I feel wonderful, my legs burning like pancakes and the rest of me racked by chills and enveloped in my pretty new sweater. I dashed into the water again today and was dashed right back up, by the cold and the force of the waves. But I shall still make dogged attempts to swim until the water warms up, somewhere in the middle of August at this rate.

The big news is that Daisy is coming out next week, Thursday I think to be followed Friday by Walter who has business in Indiana. He's stay the weekend and Day will stay for a whole week, I think. I'm really very happy about it because it will afford a pleasant change -- even Walter will afford that. I can just see him now, looking around our universally admired apartment -- by standards of interior decorating around here it looks pretty good -- and saying comfortingly, well, after the war, you can get really nice things. Like a Chinese harpsichord, I presume. (Walter is a great expert on Chinese art of the Ming Foo Yung Dynasty, or didn't you know).

Some insurance man was here tonight to talk me into a hospital insurance plan. I am interested but don't know anything about his company and Fritz Neugarten is going to help me find out. I just called him a little while ago and that ass Sam Kraines was there and answered the phone and gave me a long line of babble. They should have screening tests for Army psychiatrists. I think he is a major now.

Vic is on the south side now. Apparently on the little vacation

Buss took with him last week Buss talked him into mending his ways so at the moment he is staying with them and deciding whether he will start school here in the fall. I think it is a swell idea. Meanwhile he may go to high school around here to make up an English course he flunked at Lakeview and perhaps work around the University. Mom is very glad he is down here, recognizing the benign influence this environment can work. I think it is swell too. Vic has a good mind but it is wasted around Lakeview and his friends up there. I think he will stay with them rather than with me as a general rule because they have two bedrooms, and while they really don't have much more room in terms of floor and closet space than I do, two bedrooms make for greater privacy for all. The trouble when Ed stayed here was that I had to sleep in Kathy's room to afford us any privacy, and that is sheer hell, because she wakes up around six. If she doesn't see anybody in the bed next to her she goes back to sleep or plays quietly in her bed. But if she does, God help us all. She is up prattling, demanding her breakfast at unholy hours when she could just as well wait until eight.

I wish I could remember the exact time we met the first time, I mean, when you took me to an Aid the Allies meeting in the spring of 1940, and later, when you walked with me to Int. House and I told you I was going to the west coast maybe that summer. (I didn't go subsequently.) I also remember when I stopped you in the Social Sci. library, bubbling over with enthusiasm at getting an A from Ogburn, and you were the first person I told because you were the first person I saw, and you told me kindly that maybe I could get a fellowship on the strength of grades like that (Little did you know what an intellectual you were dealing with). Those meetings made little impression on me except that I made a mental note that you were a very nice guy (little did I know how much more there was than met the eye) until later, when we had our first evening together, when you came for Janice and she wasn't there and I asked you back for supper. Oh brother, I had plenty of impressions then. It must have been your Machiavellian reticence, but whatever it was, I was certainly happy the next

time to came to call, when you came for your blanket you'd left behind. I guess it's an experience encountered by a billion lovers or former lovers -- since many people who get married don't stay that way. You remember your first kiss and then you look at yourself now, bound in the golden chains of that kiss, with a baby and a home and a love that orders your life through all eternity. Peace, it's wonderful -- or anyway, it would be wonderful if we only had peace.

So you see, darling, there's not much I've forgotten, except where I put that damned old war bond. I hope you wrote the number down, but I doubt it.

Anyway, I don't doubt loving you --

Jill

JILL TO AL JUNE 27, 1945

Darling --

Two more letters from you today, the 14th and 16th, which I'll answer right away because I have some foolish meeting tonight and won't have time, I guess. I'm happy you're sending a lot of crap home. It's always exciting to open packages from you, both for the novelty and for the fact that they give me an idea of your life and times, supplementing your letters in that respect. I'll probably wear all of your clothes that I can but I'll take reasonable care of them, certainly as good as you and your foreign-born laundresses can. You always write me instructions like that as if you expect me to burn everything you send me, or throw them away. I only do that by accident. And look, brother, I've been washing dishes for two years steadily now without ever throwing one away out of sheer pique, ditto for clothing.

Listen, if you're so flush with dough, how about sending me some? Our checking account does not exactly increase as the months go by, what with Momma's little accidents and baby's

new shoes. As for sending the money to the family, Dad is doing fine now and a gift would probably be in much better order later on in the year, when and if Vic goes to school. I figure each according to his current need. And you might as well face it -- prices are going up all the time and if I spend 233.33 bucks a month for just Kathy and me, I don't know what I'll do when you get back. Well, I know one thing I'll do -- I'll be more careful. And I'll get by on the clothes I have now, which are many if dull. One thing I realize is our good fortune and that's the rent on this little hole. If I had to plunk out sixty or even 55 now instead of 42.50 I'd really have cause to complain. It's a good thing when one's fixed expenses are relatively low. One thing that is a relatively large item in this household, or any middle income group where people go to private doctors instead of clinics, is medical expenses. Between Kathy and me and all the medicines we get between us, we really manage to throw the bananas around. And, except for my shoulder, these expenses are quite normal, that is, normally high.

I always thought that if you were to come home, you would probably pick, out of these two years of yearning and loneliness, the one time when it would be inconvenient for me to see you. That was one of the motives for my going to San Francisco -- I thought, God, if I get far enough away from him, with all the physical difficulties of getting back, he's sure to come home, just the way you made the surprise trip home from Tyson once and I was up at Mom's. By the same token, you should come home within the next two weeks, because God darling, as anxious as I am to see you, I'd rather not have you see me. I forgot to write you this yesterday but I went to have my beautiful long hair trimmed slightly and started to read Harper's Bazaar, and when I next looked up, I was shorn like a dust mop. My heart is broken. It's no comfort to say that it will grow in eventually. Meanwhile every time I look at myself, and now my image has the repulsive fascination of a snake for a rabbit, I want to crawl away in a hole. Well, if you don't mind I don't mind (much) so come home anyhow. AT least, don't let this act as a deterrent.

Well, in between the time I started to write you this afternoon,

and tonight, when I'm finishing up before going to that meeting, I got Kathy up and we went to the rocks. I submerged myself in the icy waters of the lake, thinking it would at least stimulate hair growth, but it's still as short as ever. It's just long enough so that I don't know what to do with it either, and I have to wear it pinned up over my ears, like those slatternly housewives on 55th St. Well, the water was nice. Kathy appropriated a doll from a nice 9-year-old girl who lives in the building -- it was just a loan but I can't get it away from her. She is certainly mad about dolls and I hope that when Day comes out here she will succumb to hints and buy Kathy the biggest most beautiful doll in Chicago. It's amazing to me how nicely Kathy plays now by herself. She kisses her dolls and washes their faces and is continually wrapping clothes about their waists, to simulate a diaper. She has gotten so nice in the past few weeks. She's given up a lot of the ill-natured crying from frustration she did for such a long time, dating from the time we left for Cal. Now she's so handy and well-coordinated that she doesn't feel the way she did on the Coast, except for just a moment after she is through playing and before she is ready to go to sleep. Then I go in, take the toys out of her bed, and she is fixed for the night. In the morning she plays quietly until she hears me get up, and then lets out one squawk until I get in there and get her up. Just now I went in to perform the last rites, which always include completely removing her complicated pajamas, changing her diaper and putting the pajamas back on, and she sang along with me -- I was giving an exquisite rendition of Laura -- and then gave me a kiss and said goodnight dear. I can only attribute her current good nature to the sublime conditions of her life -- a maximum of fresh air and amusement and a minimum of frustration and clothing.

I've notice one thing about her, that she doesn't take kindly to masculine rough house. Maxine was over for lunch today with her new husband, a very nice guy who is an MP captain, and he tossed her around with much masculine heartiness, and she resented it. She also resents it from Fritz, whom she knows pretty well. I don't blame her -- it must be awful to be suddenly

removed from one's base of operations and tossed in the air. The funny part is that sometimes we play very rough together, but it is only at her instigation, as when she climbs on my shoulders when I'm sitting on the floor and we play Horse. However she's really not used to aggressive masculine behavior or to having things done to her. I think one of the reasons that she was so fond of my brother and Ed is that both are rather reticent quiet people, yet kindly disposed to her. She would rather have the decision as to what games are to be played left up to her. People are always jangling keys in her face, thinking that will make a big hit with her, and of course it's ridiculous, since a child of her age and capabilities can find her own keys to jangle if she's interested in the subject.

Today she said water and Where's Mommy? Her vocabulary is increasing by leaps and bounds. I expect her to be able to recite the Gettysburg Address when she is two. I did when I was 10 and fell down and broke my elbow.

Well, I must buzz off now, darling. More tomorrow.

I love you too --

Jill

AL TO JILL JUNE 27, 1945

Dear Jill, my Love,

The wind is kicking up a real fuss outside the castle tonight. Now that summer is here and the trees are full bloomed they can make a maximum rustle and the noise is only a little short of terrific. Tom just got back an hour or so ago from PWD, Shaef, where he left some of our no longer needed equipment and made arrangements for his trip back home. He is one civilian who really deserves that blessed voyage and I'm glad that he has finally resolved to take the step and get back into civilian life, although I can't think of any one I would miss more

in the outfit. I hope that this isn't the last I'll see of Tom and that if I have anything to do with work of his nature I'll be associated with him. Ruskin would be proud of him and yet Tom always asserts that he is purely and simply a mercenary.

The day passed quietly enough. The early morning hike I called off because of a great victory we scored last night in a baseball game against a field artillery battalion which hasn't been beaten this year yet. They were finely equipped and practiced, and it must have infuriated them to see our lack of organization and planning. They had a huge rooting section of a couple hundred men on the field they had nicely laid out. But by a combination of excellent fielding and well-spaced hitting we won 7-4. I played third base and did all right despite the fact that I prefer second base where I don't have to peg so hard with my right arm.

This morning I passed in some administrative work after arising at the late hour of eight thirty and wrote a letter owing to Hank Danenberg, whose previous difficulties have diminished but who now has another baby on the way. Hank is a perfect "soap-box opera" subject or "In and Out of the Red with Sam". Then around noontime I got an endearing letter of yours from June 18 (just over a week away, my dear love) and one from Bill of an earlier date, plus the New Yorker that had the item about George Peck about whose escape I was very happy to learn. Bill said you looked rested and better from your trip and that your hair is long and beautiful. What a lucky fellow he is to be able to see such things but again how unlucky not to have the same relationship to them that I have. It is probably useless to emphasize here how passionately I want to see you again and love you again in more than words.

You know that I would be delighted to assume any responsibility of Bill and Liz's child in any event that may occur.

This afternoon I was down to Army HQ but there was little except routine stuff for us. Some one higher up wanted us to examine some Nazi they thought our prisoner cage had but we didn't have him so we couldn't very well look into the nature of

the beast. On the way the command car had a leaky valve which backfired and split the muffler so that the vehicle now sounds like a prime mover, but that's a minor item.

For supper we had boiled beef which I like very much (ask Mom how I used to enjoy her soup meat) and peach pie. I got after the cooks the other day to make the coffee stronger and the improvement is noticeable. Now it's after midnight and I'll be getting to bed. Last night I started to read De Sanctis' Storià della litterature Italiana and find it fascinating. It's published in English if you're interested by Harcourt Brace around 1931.

If you approve of the enclosed gift to the Alumni Fund, would you send it in?

So long for now, darling, and good night.

Always your

Al

JILL TO AL JUNE 29, 1945

Al darling --

I am torn between taking a walk in the cool summer evening and writing you, but maybe if I hurry up with this, I can do both, using the trip to the mailbox as an excuse. These days have been hot and sultry and the cool evening is refreshing, although I no more mind the heat than a fish does water. I wonder what it would be like to live in a hot climate all year round. I certainly do love Chicago summers, even to the extent of missing them when the cool weather rolls around in the fall. I guess I wouldn't like the summer if I had to work, but this life I lead is ideal in the heat. I don't have to put many clothes on Kathy and me -- and that is always our bête noire -- and we can spend all the time we want outdoors. Kathy is getting so that she plays equally well indoors or out -- her dolls are her consuming interest these days

-- that and arranging my laundry and clothespins -- but I get kind of bored watching her in the house, and life does not progress smoothly enough so I can undertake any major domestic projects, like washing the windows, the leading item on the agenda of undone things at the moment. Well, you can do them when you come home. Our fancy cleaning woman won't. It's just not something a high-class cleaning woman does these days, and these are not the time when you can say, well screw you.

Today has been a happy mail day too. I got your letter of June 19, in which you gave the good news that two of your men were going home, and then I got a letter from Herz too, in which he told me that you were presiding over the liquidation of your team. I didn't know that the group was being disbanded from what you told me. From all I could tell from your letters, the 7th Army PWB would survive in perpetuity. Herz is a major now, as you probably know, and said he was supposed to come home for two weeks before taking up an assignment in Austria. He said that the chances of your coming home were pretty good, if the Army didn't perversely find you a new assignment. Well, any old word is a good word these days for me.

God, your description of your life and quarters makes my mouth water. I don't know if we can find a dispossessed castle here but any old hole would be good enough, I guess. Even if we had to stay here, there will be wonderful picnics at the lake, and perhaps tours into the hinterland. You know, I know very little about the Middle West, except from reading Life on the Mississippi. I'd love to take a trip around that section of the country. I saw a little of it on the trip back from California, and the lush green beauty of the Mississippi basin is a wonderful thing to behold.

In your letter you said you wondered about what to do with Kathy when you come home. I don't think it's much of a problem. All you have to do is say "Hi Kathy" and sit back and the rest will be easy. She'll be so happy to have a man around her all the time she won't be able to see straight. I think the

natural diffidence you'll feel at being suddenly presented with a half-grown daughter will really turn the trick because, as I've said before, a strong-willed child like ours really prefers to make all the first moves. And she's heard the word "Daddy" enough so that she will be pretty excited to find somebody to use it on. I'll probably point out tricks of the trade as we go along, although it seems to me that I've written you about everything there is to know about her, but if I do sound a little didactic at time, please overlook it because after a month, you can figure that you'll be running the show for the next sixty years. You'll have to expect that she'll be a momma's baby. Even Joey yells for his mother first and foremost. At least, that's what Vic says, and he's been staying with them. The great man himself was over last night for dinner and a pleasant beery gab afterwards. He's really quite a boy, expansive, egotistical, and giving every promise of fulfilling the amazing potentialities he showed when he was a little boy. It's refreshing to find a boy who likes to talk about himself after the tight ingrown personalities of my brother and Ed. He is hot on the trail of self-improvement now, after the advice given him by Buss, and makes all sorts of efforts with his enunciation and grammar, not always very successful. He's very excited about the possibility of going to school here in the fall. Altogether he's a pleasant surprise, well, not exactly a surprise, since he really hasn't changed much. The only thing that is different is his enthusiasm about academic life. He quotes Shakespeare with the bombast of a John Kieran. Although I have a great deal of sympathy and affection for Ed, I really must admit that Vic is a lot brighter and easier to talk to. Vic thinks so too, needless to say. It's really quite exciting to have all these developing young eggs, or should I say yeggs, around me. I really got a superlative bargain marrying you -- not only a man calculated to fascinate me for a lifetime but a lot of interesting or helpful or affectionate in-laws, as the case may be. So now I really don't know why I married you -- was it for your looks, your libido, your wit, your brains or your family? Well, I can't say it was for your muscles, because I am developing enough for us both. I've been swimming every day and you should see me heave around Ed's heavy old bike and the heavy old laundry

basket, to boot. I thought of the muscles (not that you're really deficient) because I met George Hussar yesterday on the street and took a walk with him and Kathy over to school. We are great friends on our semi-annual meetings, and he started telling me about his love life. He said he met the perfect woman, a complete masochist, utterly charming. The only trouble was that she was stronger than he. I thought that was pretty funny, although apparently I wasn't meant to laugh. George is a great card -- he must be a European type of some variety although I don't know enough to say which. He said his brother found a hundred million dollar gold cache in Germany, of Hungarian funds, coincidentally enough. Well, that is a coincidence, isn't it?

Oh, I didn't write you yesterday because of the cleaning woman, who kept me pretty busy, and then last night was Vic's visit. And now I ought to take a bath, since nothing hotter than lake water has touched my skin all week. But I love you and when you come home you can wash my back. Chalk that up to another of the joys of peace.

All my love, darling.

Jill

P. S. Kathy also says doll, truck, car and boy.

AL TO JILL JUNE 30, 1945

Dearest Love,

I've just finished seeing The Song of Bernadette which you know is a very long movie and a good one too. But it is getting on to midnight and I don't believe I'll be able to write as much as I'd like. I have a glass of whiskey and water poured and I'll drink that through while writing you. After that it's bed for I have to get up around six-thirty in the morning in order to catch a plane for Frankfurt at eight o'clock. I'll be there and at Bad Homburg,

where I may bump into Martin if I'm not sidetracked by the business of the day. The day after tomorrow I'll be back here and I hope there will be some mail from you waiting for me. Just one letter telling me you love me will be enough. I've learned in



In Bad Homburg, Germany.

these two long years to satisfy my thirst with very little, providing it comes from you. I wish I could wreak vengeance on these many months and many miles for the pain they have caused us. I wish I could even describe it all adequately. Or even how much I love you and think of you. I'm like a monk in a monastery in my devotion to the detailed systematization of all the reasons and the evidences that I love you. I could go on and on, all in passionate detail, while you lie listening, until the leaves blossom and wither and blow into the face of winter. The words and the formulae could go on and on endlessly until, as befits their infinity and complexity, they become incomprehensible, so that they might better change into chords crashing the immensity and intensity of meanings and emotions into an instant and suspiring off into the very essence of my life where the harmonics dwell and vibrate forever.

Here I am, a lost soul, wanting to regain its life. I was reluctantly ferried across the Styx, regained my right to the other side and meanwhile Charon seems to have been redeployed, taking his mouldy little bark with him. As you perceive, I have no news to give you and can only suggest that you whistle as loud as I do to drown out the painful screech of slowly succeeding days. All I know when the waiting seems unbearable is that the next day will come and my head will still be above water.

Tom Crowell is leaving tomorrow too but for good. He may be in New York shortly and will call you by phone. He is easier to talk

to and knows more than the other people who have been coming back, so you ought to enjoy talking with him. If ever you have more to ask him, don't hesitate to call him by phone. He knows all about the army and PWB for that matter.

A long tender kiss to you, dear Jill, and my best to Kathy.

Always your

Al

THE last payday of the company comes. He sits by the winch of the half-track watching as the Pay Officer hands out the Marks of the Allied Occupation Forces. He knows every face and figure, every man, so well. He is winding down the company now. What will be their future? It is hard to picture them as individuals, out of uniform, walking down the street alone, standing in some shop or factory or service station. Strange how little the men talk of their future, nor do the officers say much: it must be because they are afraid of their future, or have forgotten what life is like at home, or are enchanted with their pleasant routines.

Every morning he gets them up and marches them up the lane to and through the village and into the woods, startling the folk and deer with their "sound-off's" and smacking of gun-butts. They have become a threat at softball to the much larger battalions of infantry and ordnance and artillery. They gobble and guzzle like Robin Hood's Merry Men. They have even staked out, a few of them, the Russian DP camp below, the camp of the shoes, for many a trim ankle points a foot well-ensconced for dancing now, and sometimes they come straggling back late at night or not at all.

"Captain, the men are complaining of crabs." Crabs! You don't say! From the camp below, I suppose. The C.O. is angry, orders the mattresses turned out, the philanderers and their clothing purged, DDT sprinkled like talcum powder, and quarantines the DP camp. The Puritans among the troop are pleased. The guards are alerted to

interrogate men going and coming. Blackie is among them; like Cook, who killed a man and another time grabbed a truck on an escapade, Blackie, who almost killed the Captain, goes after the girls and violates the curfew. This is too much.

The next day, by coincidence, the French squad is at last to depart for the French First Army. Their happy time with the Americans is over. Lt. Pregre will lead them off. Blackie is pleased with his last illicit night. Not so the Captain, who orders a show-down inspection of the departing men. They stand by their packs and show what they have. This is done but rarely, and for various purposes: to recover lost or stolen objects, to discover excess gear and forbidden articles, to determine that every man's equipment is complete and in order, and so on. In the present instance, the point is at first uncertain. Lined up in the courtyard, the soldiers, at the Captain's command, drop their bags and open them for examination. The Captain passes swiftly along the line, halts at Blackie's pack. This Belgian automatic and that Italian Beretta are forbidden to an enlisted man. Sergeant, put them aside. These spoons and forks are loot, forbidden. This sweater is extra, Army property, retrieve it. O.K. Close it up! Blackie is red under his brown skin. One can only hope that he had great fun the night before. The Captain likes Blackie, a cheerful type, he'll forget it all soon.

Sadder than this morning is the day that trucks arrive at the camp below and the DP's climb into them to begin the long journey back to the Soviet Union. Promised a return to a welcoming homeland, they had learned by rumor and some reliable reporting that bad things were happening to the returnees. The American officers and men knew this even better. Here they were: prisoners of war, forced workers driven back into the Reich, and voluntary workers. Who among them had surrendered too readily, let themselves be enslaved too freely, offered their services readily to the Nazis, even helped to enslave and beat and starve their own people and people of other countries?

The Captain would have forgiven practically all of them, because they had been so severely dealt with by the Germans and by fate. It would be practically impossible and a dear waste of energies to

distinguish the shades of patriotism and desertion. But he was not of the mind of Stalin; he was not of the OGPU. He was not even of the mentality of those who had managed to stay on the right side of the Front in spite of everything. For these were vengeful, too, very often.

Two million DP's were returned to the Soviet Union in the end, and a great many of these died of suffering in the camps of the Soviet Union, were sent to Siberian settlements, and some were denounced and killed outright, probably a few even by the young tough communist organizers with whom the Captain treated. And perhaps those whom they fingered were really traitors who deserved no better.

One thing the soldiers agreed upon: the sadness of parting with Lena of Odessa. The Captain got her address, "should I ever get to Odessa." Pfc. George Glade, to whom she had become a mother, was in tears. Lena was in tears. They loaded her down with gifts. They brought her in the command car down to the camp when the trucks were loading. This was what the Allied leaders had promised. Carried out to the last wave of hands as the truck drove off.

Col. Quinn of G-2 gives a party at a villa he's taken over. He is leaving for the States and the Pacific Theater. Hardly anyone is left whom the Captain knows; his friends are being fed into other jobs. He commits excesses from malaise.

End of June 1945 letters

