



UNITED STATES ARMY

April 15, 1943

Dear Mother and Fred -

I really can't tell you how sorry I am for not writing sooner but I know that you realize I would have had time permitted. That is the reason I called last night. I'm sorry that I had to call before seven o'clock but there is such a long line there by the time I race to the telephone building, it would be silly to attempt a call before lights go out at nine. Please excuse me if this letter seems erratic but I have so much to tell I am jotting them down as they pop in my mind. Today was the first day that I really started to enjoy ⁱⁿ this man's army. I have all my clothes and some field equipment. I received the rest of the latter after I'm shipped. The helmets are quite ^{new} ~~new~~ being in three pieces: a wool cap, a plastic helmet for protection against the heat and finally the familiar metal piece which encloses the latter two quite snugly. The long underwear is small but close - a shirt still itches me so I wear the top of the underwear almost continually.

Believe it or not, every bit of my clothes fits me perfectly. That is, all except the belt which is a little too small. Fred, now I know where all this country's wool is going to. The overcoats are all just about the warmest thing out and the small field jacket is tops. Light, warm and plenty of freedom. Please excuse the bad writing but I got my injections yesterday and my left arm is pretty stiff and sore. Those are the only bad effects I suffered. All the veterans (two days) called me "needlebait" when we first arrived & I sure felt like a veritable pincushion after they finished with the tetanus, typhoid and smallpox injections. My ankles are bit sore from the high shoes but am getting used to that. So much has been said about the good food that it would be useless for me to add anything but my humble appraisal also.

The weather has been pretty bad up until this afternoon. Very cold, snowing, raining and very windy. Now it is still a bit chilly but the sun is out making things a bit more cheerful.



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We are still altogether and hope to be shipped before the week is over. Shucks! a call just came thru to get dressed for retreat so I'll have to continue later on.

Well, here I am back again and have been called out no less than three times since I first attempted to write this letter. They can think of some crazy things for me to occupy our time!

I had better sign off now before I'm called off again although there is still a lot to talk about - classification, interview and so forth. I'll phone again before I'm shipped if possible, but don't worry, please, if you don't hear from me for a few days.

I'm making some pictures along but don't exhibit them as they are pretty bad.

Love to all,
Jack.



UNITED STATES ARMY

April 23, 1943.

Dear Brother-

I have been waiting and anxious for a long time to write you a separate letter and hope I won't be interrupted in my train of thought as I have a lot to tell you.

The first thing you had better do is to convince Mother that I'm ^{not} writing two letters this time because something is wrong but I do have some things that I know you are interested in to tell you.

Today I found out my grades in the exams and they weren't so bad. "132" in Mechanical aptitude and "127" in my General Classification which is the most important. Only "110" is needed for O. C. S. and "115" for Army Specialized Training. So, all in all, I'm in pretty good shape for either.

My first days at Cumberland were miserable. There was no routine and the weather was stinkoo. I couldn't even take a good s— without being called out on some stupid detail. They had to give us something to do while waiting to be shipped. My morale hit a new low when that Southern train delayed us over three hours in Washington. We all were dead tired and very cuemmy, and hadn't slept for almost 24 hours. The Southern train was no help either as we had to try and sleep sitting straight up in day coaches with barracks bags and luggage piled all around us. We didn't even know where we were going as I said previously.

When we arrived at Croft, and discovered this was an Infantry unit, our faces were longer than the Empire State is high. Every single one of us had gotten high nacks and one fellow even hit a "152." We went around that way for two days with a chip on our sold shoulder until our sergeant set us straight.



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He was a graduate of college and held a Master's degree in Electrical Engineering so I guess I shouldn't kick too much. The Army needed men here and I happened to have the misfortune of being available at the time. I don't believe I can ever get out of this outfit. My interviewee told me that after I finish O. C. S., I can transfer to a certain branch of the Infantry suitable to my talents such as Ordnance. The Infantry, as other branches, has its own Quartersmaster, Signal Corps, Medical and so on. However, if I am sent back to College, a different situation will be presented.

I guess by now you must think from the tone of this letter that I feel pretty low. On the contrary, I never felt better for a long time. Although ^{today} I had an hour of calisthenics, an hour of drill, followed by a three and a half mile hike, I am in the best

of spirits. I can feel that I have gained weight already and it has been a long time when I get up in the morning feeling refreshed and ready for a day's work. I am still with our group of thirty eight in the barracks and made friends with a couple of older fellows (29+30) from New Mexico and Oklahoma who are really swell. Above all, I am not lonesome. I think I should be so far from home but adjustment to a new routine is fairly lay down here. The officers and non-coms are swell to all of us.

I'll try to write you as many letters as possible, Fred, but my course starts on Monday and they keep us stepping. There are certain things about my training such as bayonet course, obstacle course, and other bits of rough stuff that I won't tell Mother about and will leave to your discretion as to whether I should or not. There's one particular course where they fire live ammunition over your heads while you run over all sorts of rough ground. Some stuff.

Write again soon and send my love to Anita.
your kid brother,
Jack.



UNITED STATES ARMY

1
May 2, 1943.

Dear Brother -

Sitting in the Service Club waiting for a call to go through to home. When I called last ~~night~~ week, no mention was made of calling this week, but Mother wrote a few days ago telling me to be sure to reverse the charges this Sunday, so I'm putting this call down now. I know no one will object.

I know you are wondering about my financial situation. Well, it is fairly good having about eleven dollars left from the original twenty. Money doesn't go too far here and it is hard to account for all of it. Out at "Cumberland" I didn't have many expenses. I purchased a belt, cokes, those lousy pictures and took in a few naves. However, the filthy stuff started to vanish during the transfer to Craft.

We were not fed until we transferred

trains at Washington and when we arrived there, we were very hungry. Stopped at a Service Club there and bought a fair dinner which, under the circumstances, satisfied us. Back on the Southern train, we had three meals and were expected to tip the waiters, which we all did, and the absolute minimum, too.

Here, I have taken in a few ~~monies~~ monies all of which were very recent and some of which were in Phila. when I left. More "cokes," ice cream and a few odds and ends such as laces for leggings and shoes, some socks to be no ones until Mollie's package arrives and some newspapers made up my nine dollars spent. I don't think that is too bad, do you? After I get my photograph and send it home, I'll be sort of low but believe I can manage until I get paid either a "supplementary" on the 12th, or in full at the end of the month. Since I was put on that voluntary sugar diet to clear up my face, I have lost almost all desire for sweets.



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Mother's most recent package was most ~~recent~~ welcome although I was dismayed at her sending me chocolates after I told her not to. I guess my letter did not arrive in time. Well, that's the financial standing.

My cold has cleared up and am in perfect health. Rapidly becoming brown - my hands, back of neck and whole face except forehead. Very amusing. Also, my hands are very calloused now and was fortunate that no blisters developed as on other fellows. The weather is ideal for our training. Cool enough to be comfortable, although the early mornings are very cold.

Our training is very strenuous as you can presume from my letters. Particularly brutal is bayonet drill and close combat training. Brutal in the moral sense, as I am getting accustomed to all ^{other} phases of our routine. They teach us to ~~be~~ ~~have~~

no mercy and all idea of fair play is ordered forgotten. When a man is down, you butt him in the head with your rifle to bust out his brains. When he attacks you, you first jab him in the throat with a long thrust of your bayonet. You follow up with a short thrust into the midsection and, if he still lives, jab upward with your entire bayonet being carried and forced with your entire body behind it through his lower ^{jaw} ~~foot~~ into his skull.

When you or both are disarmed and he tries to grasp you, push his head back by cupping your hand and forcing it against his chin. Surprisingly effective. Raise your foot as high as possible and, with the edge of your heel, bring it down sharply on his breech. This rips it off and, when carried thru, will tear most of the skin off his skin. Continue the downward action and smash all of your weight on the top of his arch, twisting at the same time. This will break every bone in his foot.



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Another, is to bring your knee sharply up into his groin and inactivate his "family jewels." When his head is down to you and held by you, put your fingers way into his eyes and pull down sharply. This will blind him and also rip his face off.

Never hit an enemy with your clenched fist. Always use the section of muscle below your last finger and swing with horizontal palm. Stretch your hand flat and feel it. Fred, mine is particularly hard. Probably due to piano playing. Swing from your opposite shoulder putting all your weight behind the stroke. Good spots are the Adam's apple, guts, heart, back of ear. The striking force is terrific! All of the latter is what your kid brother has

been learning these past weeks. Quite a change from Drexel.

They are pretty strict down here. One poor fool threw his cigarette butt on the ground without breaking it up first. He had to dig a hole five by two by two and bury the damned thing. Another did not know his "Manual of Arms." He had to run around our drill field five times at double time with his rifle raised horizontally high over his head. Quite tiring. At night we had to make small tents over our heads to protect the other fellows when we cough. If some dope forgets, all of us are accused by the Barracks Guard and have to watch the dumb jerk put his tent up. Sometimes at one o'clock in the morning.

The sexual problem is pretty bad in the main town, Spartanburg and a whore isn't a whore unless she takes on at least ten a night. Don't worry about me.



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If I get the "fungus" and want to indulge in some horizontal refreshment, I'll bat my head against a wall rather than get diseased by some stinking woman. Enough of this, please.

This letter must sound plenty morbid but the mentioned phases of my training is just that. All in all I am making out swell. I have yet to be reprimanded for anything and my lieutenant knows me by my first name and doesn't need to be told my last when I am not wearing my helmet which has it printed on an adhesive band. This does not go the same for many of the others. Quite a few times he takes my rifle and demonstrates its functioning and non-existence to the platoon and a little while

later will ask me to demonstrate what he has
previously done. I have yet to fail.

That's all for now, Fred, and my call
has not gone through yet. Guess I'll write
some more letters. Tell Anita I asked for
her.

Your kid brother,

Jack.



UNITED STATES ARMY

May 26, 1943.

My dear Brother-

I waited to write this letter until now because I wanted to tell you exactly what is going on. First, let me tell you how good it is to be able to write to you like this. Since being in the Army, many fellows have expressed surprise when I tell them how you and I correspond ^{now} and acted toward each other in civilian life. There are, as I have learned here, few brothers that are as close so guess we'll just chalk one up for Mother. What a wonderful woman.

Two Sundays ago, to start my story, I woke early, put on my fatigues, and spent the whole morning cleaning my rifle, oiling it, washing my messkit and finally making up my field pack - all in preparation for Monday at the firing range. I did want everything to go right. After noon chow, I shaved, put on my best set of khakis and went over to the Senior Club to take my picture. Most of the fellows then decided to go to Town and make a night of it. Another

Jewish fellow and myself didn't want to because the others usually come here drunk and I don't see any sense in that. We went back to the barracks and slept until chow. After that we took in a shower and turned in as we had to be up early the next morning.

When I awoke Monday morning, the whole area around the hole that protrudes on the right side of the left ankle was red and tender. As sick call wasn't until seven, I thought it best to get dressed and prepare to leave. If it wasn't any better, I decided to then fall out. By the time the call to form for the march came, all tenderness had disappeared and the ankle felt normal so I decided to go along as it isn't possible to make up any work missed on the Range - only by changing Battalions - and I didn't relish that. About two miles out, while climbing a rocky hill, I turned the damn thing which started the fire. It was better to finish up as the ground was much smoother and a First Aid Station is right on the Range. Now I marched the remaining two miles and stayed in line in regard me but it was hell.

When I arrived at the Range, I reported to my Lieut., told him what happened, and asked



UNITED STATES ARMY

permission to go to the First Aid Station. He did and I walked over there. The Doctor looked at it and because I couldn't stand anymore told the Ambulance Driver to take me to the Hospital. When I arrived there, the entire ~~ankle~~ ankle was black and blue and swelled to twice its size. They took two sets of X-Rays before deciding there were no broken bones and just lay there the rest of the week. About Thursday, it started to swell again and puss pockets formed on the area around the bone. The Doctor said he would open it up Monday and ^{let} ~~left~~ me lay there with ice packs. By the time Monday rolled around, the whole foot was puffy and the muscles in my leg were sore and stiff.

I was transferred to the Infection Ward and had it opened that noon. Fred, I never want to go thru that again. He novocained it and then opened my skin for about 2" along my ankle. Then widened the cut and started to

apply pressure to the whole area. Dark, dirty blood just gushed out mingled with puss. I felt it through the drug but just held on and shut my mouth as there wasn't need else to do.

After bandaging it up, it felt 100% better as a lot of pressure was taken off the base. Now I feel swell but my ~~ankle~~ ankle and foot is still swelled and the muscles are stiff. The Doctor said it became abscessed because of the poor circulation and I had a terrific sprain and bruise. What caused the swelling Monday morning and whether it had any later effect I couldn't say. Every morning it is opened again and the fun starts without any drugs. But it is worth it as it feels so much better when the Doctor is finished. I am allowed out of the Ward in a Wheel Chair and hobble around here but sleep most of the day besides writing letters. I still have my bandages on which are changed twice a day to allow for drainage.

When I am allowed out for good, I wouldn't ~~not~~ venture to say. A conservative guess would be a ~~new~~ ~~month~~ month as I haven't had my foot on the ground since I first



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Come here and this draining business is long and drawn out. That's the complete story, Fred, and am still not sure whether it was right to tell Mother. I minimized it as much as possible and only told her because she would wonder what was taking so long for just a sprain. Was I doing right? I leave it to your discretion to show her this letter but hate to think of her worrying. I check a lot about that and takes me about two hours to write just short letters home.

I'm glad Mother had Anita over, and can just imagine that guess, pleased give you probably had all right. Anita Abrams writes me and says she is very sweet and sure is attracted. She wouldn't tell me that on your letter. Please tell her or mother sends her my birthday greetings and why didn't you tell me earlier so I could send her a card. Consider yourself thanked.

Nona started to write me almost every day but it seems her Mother didn't like it and she, Nona, now writes two or three times a week.

From the tone of her letter, it seems she really has
a crush on me but I don't like to start anything
so answer about one to her two. Budge & also
write quite a bit so does Elaine so you can
imagine how much correspondence I have.

You asked if I need anything. Well I don't
need a thing. I have plenty of tobacco and Mrs.
Wilson is sending me more when I need it. I would
like to have your picture as they would complete
my fire set and want it damn quick, too.

That's all and am now going to struggle
thru a letter to Mother.

Your hid brother,

Jack.

Dear Mother-

Sorry that I missed writing last night as we had a ball game and I didn't get back to the area until late. There isn't much of unusual interest around here to talk about except the topic of the day - Invasion. It probably means more to us here as almost all of us have buddies over there and certainly realize what it is to establish a foothold on enemy soil. I have quite a few friends who I am almost certain were right in there with the first couple of waves and am certainly praying that they come out on top. During basic training, I doubt that any of us realized how serious all of our training was and I must admit that I, myself, did not take to heart many of the warnings and preachings of my Officers but that always seems to be the way until one gets close to the real thing and "smarts up". The boys here are still reviewing basic training and chafing at the bit, so to speak, especially the older ones but this show is not to be ours for awhile.

The Company has mixed feelings here and it is very interesting to study the different personalities and their reactions to the latest events. Married men want to get home more than ever, and feel that they have done their job no matter how small it has been in actual output and return. The old fellows who have been with the Division since its activation are all for action as I have said before - and the recent arrivals from ASTP and the Air Corps are more cautious realizing their ignorance of the necessary essentials and wanting to know more before voicing any opinion on their desires for action. I am a bit afraid that I fall in the category of the older men having gone over and over on this basic training stuff but have succeeded in the past and will try in the future to overrule my desires in the face of more important things - especially the feelings of those at home who I wouldn't want to hurt just because of my own selfish opinions. The men from overseas are anxious to get out of the service and that as quick as possible. Most of them have malaria or some other chronic ailment and are anxious to get somewhere where they can doctor themselves without continually going on sick call and falling out of formation during the day. I really feel sorry for them as they are practically forgotten men having fallen into the ways and desires of Army Classification which is rather brutal in some cases.

This invasion is more gigantic than most people realize. Latest reports state that there are 20 divisions in the battle area and that is plenty of men. Just to see this one division ship from Camp Folk up here and then magnify that by twenty times would stagger the imagination. I was on a detail loading the vehicles and thought that I would never see the end of the long line of jeeps, half tracks, trucks of all sizes, anti-tank guns, field pieces, and other stuff too numerous to go over. It sure must have been a sight to see all of that equipment making head towards the Dover Coast and loading up for the water trip over. However, here comes that continual word of caution - don't let our initial successes stir you into believing that we are won the game. Hitler is a highly skilled general and will put up a strong fight before victory is even in sight. With that entire coastal area of France to guard against the attack with Italy and Russia to guard besides it wouldn't pay him to spread his troops out along a line all over the coast but better to keep them in the rear - highly mobile and ready to move at a moment's notice and attack the best strong point and then thrust at another and then another. The main factor contributing to the success of this strategy is the ability of the Nazis to keep their line of supply continually open which will mean that the real job of the Air Corps is to continually harass his railroads and highways to

prevent as best as possible the movement of supplies and reinforcements to any weak area.

well, that's all for now, take care of yourself. Oh Yes, I nearly forgot I am going to take a chance on having a camera down here after all - some of the fellows do already so see what you can do for me. I'll try to put a call through tomorrow night while in Evansville.

Love,

Jack

P.S.: This was written two days ago but just had the chance to write out the envelope today.

No.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Mrs Harry Rosenstein
1733 Georges Lane
Phila., 31 Pa.

Rev J. Rosenstein - ~~address~~
(Teacher's name)

Co. H 2nd Inf. 33rd Div.
(Teacher's address)

St. P. M. New York

5 May 41
(Date)

My experiences in the past few days have brought me closer than ever to the actual suffering & misery of war. We of the United States are lucky ^{beyond} (beyond) description and any complaint of "rationing" would probably be treated as a joke to these people.

There isn't very much more to tell tonight, honey, as our main occupation for awhile will be getting adjusted to our new quarters. The weather is still rotten but has not shaken my opinion that Eng is a very beautiful country.

Take care of yourself & keep your skin up—

Devotedly,

Jack.

No.

PASSED BY
48118
M. J. [Signature]
(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Mrs. Hatty Resenstein
1793 Georges Lane
Phila., Pa.

Pa. J. [Signature] - 187000
(Sender's name)
Co. H-29 4th - A.P.C. 6882
(Sender's address)
4 P.M., New York
5 November 44.
(Date)

Somewhere in Eng.

Dear Mother -

Now relaxing after a very full day working on our quarters - fixing this & that to make things more comfortable. Although I have previously stated that they are better than I had ever expected, they can't compare with the worst places in which I have been stationed in the States. However, it keeps us all busy exercising our Yankee ingenuity & ability to pilfer "honestly". I am not complaining as I have seen a little of the results of the bombing raids and it just sends chills all over you and serves to increase an already high regard for the British courage & tenacity to "carry on." They are a very courageous people. All of my contacts so far have been very pleasant and am looking forward to visiting one of the local towns soon.

(First Page)



POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT FORM NO. 10

PASSED BY
48118
ARMY EXAMINED
CENSOR'S STAMP

Mrs. Harry Reinstein
1939 Georges Lane
Philad, Pa.

721111
Gen. H. Reinstein
c/o P.O., New York
11 November 44

The passing troops loaded much out of
place in that peaceful town. It is a great
experience to see these things but still more
rather new the dirty gutters and hear the
evil smells of the river at home.

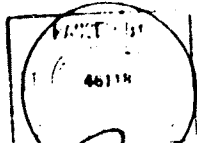
If any of the packages you send, please
include a little candy, chewing gum and soap,
also cigarettes. These are very difficult to
obtain so far and don't get much for
the English cigarettes - even if you had
done make them.

That's all for now, Love, Take care of
yourself.

I. Anteddy,
ack.



No.



Mrs. Harry Absenstein
(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Mrs. Harry Absenstein
1733 Georges Road
Phila., 21 Pa.

Dr. J. Bronckhorst-DUYLEN
(Sender's name)

Co. H. 29th Regt. A.S.C.
(Sender's address)
46 P.H., New York N.Y.

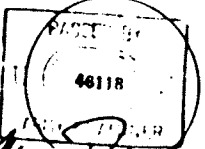
2 November 44
(Date)

mean the weather, it was always so comfortable and cozy and it really is a relief to come back to England. I'm glad too that Jerry is ordered to give you a helping hand. He is a fine fellow and sort of makes up for the gap.

I have never felt better in my life and when the weather looks a bit better now. On a hill the other day, we passed them one of the Lytton villages as we rode about on views in pictures. It was a village with a narrow, winding lane bordered by high walls covered with ivy. Each small cottage with the characteristic chimneys, was scrupulously clean and had neatly trimmed hedges behind a small garden. It was then a village with an old ruined house with some of its windows boarded by heavy beams with gables and roofs and walls covered with ivy.

(Second Page)

No.



Alvin Karpis
(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Mrs. Harry Rosenstein
1733 Georges Lane
Phila., Pa.

1314690
Geo. J. Rosenstein
(Sender's name)

Co. N-29-57/10-2200450
(Sender's address)

46 P.M., New York, N.Y.

11 November 44
(Date)

Dear Mother-

Somewhere in England

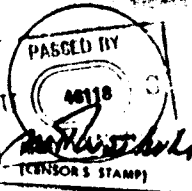
Sorry to have missed last night, but had a few things to do such as washing clothes and didn't get a chance to write. Please do not worry if there is a few days lapse between letters as it will just mean being out on training or somewhere else that would keep me away from writing.

The glorious day arrived - finally. as I received my first letter from you dated the first of November. It sure felt good to see the old, familiar handwriting and hope that it will come in regularly from now on.

I can well imagine how fine our lane looks - all fresh and clean for the winter. You always had it fixed so nicely that no matter how

(First Page)

1944 OFFICE OF MILITARY AFFAIRS FORM NO. 102



To: Mrs. Harry Rosenstein
 c/o Mr. Charles Lappe
Opt. 805-D
Holmes CT 07033
Holmes Park, Pa.

Postmaster: 15000180
 Co. H-291st Inf - A.P.O. #451
 c/o P.M. Newark, N.J.
7 January 45
 (Sender's complete address above)

PLACE HERE

Dear Mother - Somerset in Belgium

Have been receiving my mail quite regularly
 has well up in the postbox which is certainly a great
 morale builder. Christmas cards from a number of
 buddies cards from Aunt Jan, Jan, and Fred. Aunt
 Jean said she wanted to buy me a ring but let it be
 that I would rather wait until all of this is over -
 I'll be getting home - and then I can really get some-
 thing that I would really appreciate and be able to
 put into good use with some of my things.

I expect to take a short trip next week
 too - all of that capital money that I have
 none but food will be needed for the trip and
 when I'm again. I'm sure you'll be a
 "up there" and I'm sure you'll be a
 Belgian people. I'm sure you'll be a
 at all and the things that I see here
 are surprisingly modern. I'm sure you'll be a
 with experience in the field. I'm sure you'll be a
 That's all for now. I'll be in touch again.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT FOOT

Print the name, address in care of, telephone number, postal address, and occupation of sender in the space

Print the complete address in plain letters in the space below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

TO: Harry Weinstein
133 George Lane
31 Pa.
SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM: Pfc J. Rosenheim
Co H 291st Inf A.P.C.
40 P.M. New York
21 JANUARY 49
(Sender's complete address above)

Dear Mother
Some love in Belgium
My letters will be few and far between, but I'll try my best to keep writing. The West you find me in a country which, under different circumstances, could be called beautiful - with its perfect winter setting - but all that does is cause the good to grow. I feel pretty good & am sporting the longest hair I've had in a long time and ease of my life. Our outfit is doing fine and I try to lead that all of this misery of war will end soon. I want to forget the roar of artillery, men huddled in mudholes, and unshined cinchons wondering which side is going to trample through their bones next. I don't want to despise the Germans more than the words can describe. I expect the package to arrive soon which will certainly be a pleasure to supplement our rations. It's almost too cold to write - our writing material is scarce so I'll have to limit my letters to you & Fred. Keep your chin up and thanks for the Britches
Love,
Dorothy, Dad.

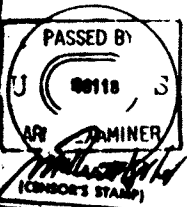
HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V - MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1947 O-38-02-4

on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for postage.



TO: Pfc Fred Rosenstein-33805190
~~Co T-S M D E T~~
~~Fitzsimons Gen. Hosp.~~
~~Denver, Colorado~~
SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM: Pfc J. Rosenstein-1111
Co M-291st Inf. P. B. Co.
6 P.M., New York
6 January 45
(Sender's complete address is required)

Dear Fred-

Somewhere in Belgium

The New Year finds me in a country which, under different circumstances, could be called beautiful but all I can see is the roar of artillery and sight of men huddled in mud holes trying to keep warm and dry. I certainly hope that next New Year's you and I will be going out together you and Anita together and me next of course heartless. I'm really going to raise my hell that and none more hell that wonderful day when I see the "Old Lady" appear over the horizon. - Our outfit is doing its job rather nicely - I'd like to tell you the rest but all of that will have to wait. I feel pretty good and am keeping as fit as possible in this weather of cold and snow. I hope that you're still doing as good work as before. Reports from home still are doing just

Thanks for the birthday card which I received yesterday. I also got a. from Mother and a Christmas Card from Uncle Ted.

That's all for now. See you later to Anita

Your Lily

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1945



UNITED STATES ARMY

12 January 44.

Somewhere in Belgium

Dear Mother -

I see letters today, honey, which really made me feel good. I trust that Aunt Jean is alright now - it is a shame that her birthday dinner went slightly awry. She always planned things so nicely it is one of the main items I plan to enjoy when I get home. But good food and drink set up so nicely.

I am going to try to make this a longer letter than usual - V-Mail seems more like a postal card to me, anyway. I am now in a better situation than ever before as I expect to follow the troops about five miles behind the lines and take care of the mail. This may change all subject to the current conditions but I know that it would make you feel better.

I was up at the front on Christmas and New Year so can't boast of a very good time. We had a dinner which helped our morale a great deal. None of your packages have arrived as yet - in fact the only packages I have received have been tobacco and cigarettes from England.

I'm glad that Aunt Joan wrote to you - she was very nice and hope that I will be able to see them

again regard coming home. I have no real work
for money. The Army supplies our basic needs
we get candy and cigarettes at intervals
all pray for the arrival of packages from
It was certainly nice of Aunt Daisy to offer
to send me some money, but I absolutely had
no use for it now.

Our outfit is doing good work and so far
have found the weather a tangled mess to
cross than the fjords. My gloves and heavy
woolen socks will probably arrive in May.
All it seems to do around here is snow and
stay cold. I can't do much complaining about
either now but had my fill of it for the
short time I was at the port.

The people of Belgium are wonderful and
I shall never forget them. One woman in a
house we stayed at, made me a pair of
mittens out of my blanket and a small hood
which covered my whole head, face and neck is a
small opening for my eyes and nose. She also
washed out my dirty clothes and kept feeding
me bread and coffee (which was so hot that
I only drank it to be polite).

The sun mild in the evacuated towns -
which are usually all torn up - and some
fenny sights are usually present. "G.I." riding
around on bicycles, loading their packs on
sleds from the houses and pulling them along
after them, prancing about in straw hats and
clubbies make me double up with laughter. There
are always the same old scenes but I want no
part of it. All I want done with me is me just



UNITED STATES ARMY

as I can't see and to be able to forget all of this mess.

I received a letter from Monty today - he is probably in the So. Pacific by now - and a couple of letters from Jack Ridman. He is leading a dull, monotonous life among the islands for which he should be thankful. If Fred gets his proposal, you will really be a busy one. Opening up the house, cooking and all. We are certainly going to have a busy-up time when I get home, aren't we?

That's about all for now - if mail is sent faster than air mail and a package of just stuffed with candy, nuts, and cookies would be enjoyed. Also a few pairs of socks and handkerchiefs would help.

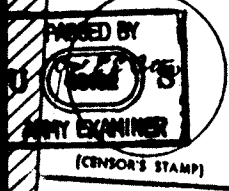
Take care of yourself, honey.

Devotedly,

Jack.

Thanks for buying Gladys' present

Write the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.



To: Mrs Harry Roscastain
 c/o Mrs Charles Leger
 117 21st
 Hoboken, N.J.
 With Mrs Leger
 Hoboken Park, N.J.

From: Mrs L. Roscastain-ALM 720
 Co. H-8th Inf. A.R.C. #461
 c/o
 P.M. New York N.Y.
 16 January 47
 [Sender's complete address above]

See instruction No. 1

Dear Marie -
 Somewhere in Belgium
 Little Bading a d. U., restaurant and very lively
 life of Mail Club. I took the mail up last night
 to the front and it was the first big load of
 packages which is finally coming up with the outfit.
 You can imagine the excitement and the good feeling
 which went down all. It really made me feel good
 and sort of a Santa Claus.

My diet of C. Ration ended last night with a
 real fit for a day. We went out and shot about
 five plump chickens, pulled a sack full of potatoes
 found in the cellar of the house we took over,
 made up some coffee and topped it all off with
 ice cream made out of mouse rights, powdered milk
 and lemon juice powder (from the C. Ration).

A package arrived from Aunt Jean, filled with
 candy, gum, etc. I was very happy to receive it
 which gave me a little something to eat.
 I hope you are all well and happy. Write soon
 as far as any of you are. Love, after the usual
 that. This is all for now - Tell everybody of yourself.
 Dorothy

HAVE YOU FILLED IN THE ADDRESS AT THE BOTTOM?



1st Lt Fred W. [unclear] [unclear] - AR 1100
 [unclear]
 [unclear]
 [unclear]

Serial [unclear]
 [unclear]
 [unclear]
 [unclear]

Dear Fred -

Still leading the life of a pig - a bit about a few miles behind the lines. Always forming a pig club, being as close to the front as you can considering yourself as safe but it is a hell of a lot better than sitting on an outpost in this freezing weather behind a machine gun.

To say that war is hell is very mild. All around here is half torn buildings with gaping holes from artillery. Blasted dead cows in the ditches, mangled civilians walking down the road not knowing exactly where the hell they are going. Occasionally a few P.O.'s pass by - hands on their heads looking down like soldiers than the civilians with puffed eyes. Mangled uniforms and we all wonder why in the hell they were not shot instead of being sent back to the states for an easy life of [unclear] and cleaning P.O.'s. I managed to [unclear] but I just could see a promise of better things.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Post Office Box 111400
New York, N.Y. 10001

Post Office Box 111400
New York, N.Y. 10001

Post Office Box 111400
New York, N.Y. 10001

Post Office Box 111400
New York, N.Y. 10001

Dear Madam -

Received your 4. Mail of the 30th and pleased to
 know that Elvira is well as she used to be.
 I see well she puts a leg in my nail, especially
 while I was up at the front, but hope that even
 just a little will be coming change to you. The
 mud had for a long time not cured but am
 still looking for it.

The weather is the same - cold and the
 ground is still very hard. The day
 is very bright and warm and
 the sun is shining. I think it is
 very good and just what for this type of
 weather.

After looking at your thoroughly
 examined and I am sure you will
 be very satisfied. I hope you are
 all well and happy. I am still
 glad that the weather is so warm and
 bright. I hope you will be able to
 enjoy it. I am still looking for
 the mud. I hope you will be able
 to find it. I am still looking for
 it.

Yours truly,
 [Signature]

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE
 ADDRESS AT TOP

Print the complete address in plain letters in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

PASSED BY
 11 0810R S
 CENSOR STAMP

To: Mrs Myrtle Rosenstain
 c/o Mrs Charles Jaffe
 Apt 305A Mahara Cot Apt
 York Rd + Wilton Ave
 Yonkers, N.Y.
 See instruction No. 2

From: Ben J. Rosenstain - 1284290
 C. H. - 291 1/2 - 890, 2401
 c/o P.M. New York, N.Y.
 14 January 44
 (Sender's complete address shown)

down here in Belgium

Dear Maxie -

No mail today but there is a load of packages coming in tonight and can't wait to hand it in and see if any of them are mine. I haven't received as many letters as I thought as the depts mail just arrived and still no packages. Some of the boys did get a few - it's surprising how many friends a fellow acquires when the old cartons start rolling in.

Life is certainly a change now - dull and monotonous with only the sounds of our own artillery and the debris of war lying around tells us of a battle not too far away. It leaves one tant with a sort of tired waiting for reports to roll in and meeting out our accomplishments. Mine doing pretty good so far.

I'm glad to hear that you're staying with Aunt Jean is working out so well and it looks to me you of a bit of your lastness. When in't need work to tell, say, take care of yourself and a package of love helps for candy & nuts would be well.

Devotedly,
 Ben

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

11 0810R S
 CENSOR STAMP

25

Print the complete address in plain letters in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

PASSED BY
 11 0810R S
 CENSOR STAMP

To: Mrs Harry Rosenstain
 c/o Mrs Charles Jaffe
 Apt 305A Mahara Cot
 York Rd + Wilton Ave
 Yonkers, N.Y.

From: Ben J. Rosenstain - 1284290
 C. H. - 291 1/2 - 890, 2401
 c/o P.M. New York, N.Y.



(POSTAGE STAMP)

10
Via Paid Reservation - 1000170
Co. 1st Inf. Div.
FITZGERALD, Gen. Corp.
Porter 2 Co.

10
Via Paid Reservation - 1000170
Co. 1st Inf. Div.
FITZGERALD, Gen. Corp.
Porter 2 Co.
P.O. New York, N.Y.
21 JANUARY 45
1000170 (No. of address stamp)

See instruction No. 1

Downloaded in Belgium

Dear Fred -

Tomorrow my life of some ends as I have been called up to the Company and assigned to the Motor, my old position. I doubt that I'll go in as a burner - probably Asst. burner - due to my long absence from the weapon. The boys have done a splendid job with the coat not being too tight. There are many faces that I will see all again. Already, many of the fellows have changed - they are quiet. All very high strung and nervous to a certain degree. I hope I shall not change too much, but already I have seen enough houses and buildings destroyed and wrecks to make my jaws a little earlier than normal. I pray to God that all of this will end soon and we all can return to home and resume our normal ways. All of us are just plain sick and tired of battle - but there is a job at hand to complete.

Small packages of soap, cigarettes, candy, etc. are really needed. I don't know much more besides but will write you again. Good luck, Fred.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?



The Post Office
 Co. To
 P.O. No. 100
 New York, N.Y.
 For Instructions No. 1

Dear Fred -

Tomorrow my life of some make as I have been
 called up to the Company and assigned to
 Motor, my old position. I don't think I'll go in
 as a runner - probably Asst. runner - due to my
 long absence from the weapon. The hope has been
 a splendid job with the cont. not being too high.
 There are many faces that I will see again.
 Already, many of the fellows are getting
 all right. All very high strong and need to a
 certain degree. I hope I shall not change too much,
 but already I have seen enough to see that
 destruction and death is coming and that
 earlier than normal. I pray to God that
 this will end soon and we all can get home
 and resume our normal ways. All the best
 please write and tell of battle - but don't
 get at hard to complete.

Small packages of soap, cigarettes, etc.
 W. Hail, are really needed. I don't
 see how they can be sent. I don't
 know how to send them.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETELY
 ADDRESS AT TOP

No.



Mr. Harry Rosenstein
1722 George Ave
Phila, Pa

1777170
Genl. B...
Co. No. 224
40 P. M.
12 December 44

that what was issued and our ret. of the
promise it was surely way of being that I had
originally expected. I may be wrong but
in asking for your help on my pipe and
tobacco - but will take that chance.

I still have not received any mail since
the first and am hoping that quite a bit
will come shortly.

That's all for now. - Larry, take care of
yourself

Sincerely,
Jack.



provided. Use typewriter, Galt ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very short writing is not certain.

No. _____



Alvin Karpis
(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Mrs. Hattie Rosenstein
1733 Georges Lane
Philadelphia - 2 - Pa.

Rev. J. Abrahamson - 1905 1/2
(Sender's name)

C. A. 24, 46, R.R. 271
(Sender's address)

4 P.M., New York, N.Y.

12 November 21
(Date)

Forwarded in England

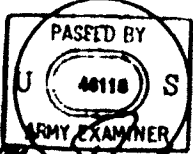
Dear Mother -

Armistice Day, yesterday, and it went practically unnoted here beyond a few words here and there. It just makes me think that the World has not progressed very much more since most of the fellows are fighting a World War in practically the same ground as their fathers forty six years before then did.

The good news finally came out that the day power may become effective in the near future. Maybe a trip to London will be more than just an idea after all.

I know that you must be wondering why I am caring for all of that stuff - but I didn't bring with me all that I wanted to as we were told not to carry along much more than

(First Page)



ARMY EXAMINER (CENSOR'S STAMP)

1732 George Lane
Philadelphia, Pa.

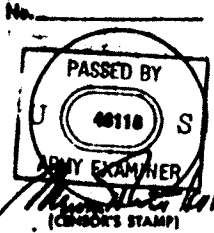
7 November
(Date)

Dear Mack-

Remember in England

Still the same old story - rather restless, too. We are told that this stuff will keep up all winter which doesn't sound so good. My activities have changed a bit as I am now out in the field about all of the time and only do that Office Work essential to the handling of the Mail. The post few days have indicated to me that this outfit in conducting itself in the same old manner as back in the States - conducting order and the same old apparatus all over again. I have just about lost all hope of going back to the Mountain Platoon and any chance for my seeing some more army as ever before.

Best, truthfully, love, I don't give one little but unless the Army please me or I can't stay - this was needed and really and I
(Post 1940)



Mrs Harry Roseman
1722 Congress Lane
Phila, Pa.

Pa. 1000
C. H. ...
46 P.M. ...
7 November 1918

will be able to return to the best home left
conducted by the dearest mother a fellow
could want. That, the Army can't take away
from me, and as long as those pleasant
memories of the past days remain fresh in my
memory, these days will pass much quicker.

I feel fine, minus the early loss which
will be much easier to get than here and
there is not much more left to complain about.

We took a short hike today and passed
through some of the most beautiful countryside
I have seen for a long time. The people
seem to talk in rather for granted - nodding
pleasantly as we passed by.

I took out an additional thirty (\$30.00)
allowance which will be mailed directly to you.

(Second)

No. _____
PASSED BY
U.S. 00118
ARMY EXAMINER
W. H. [unclear]
(CENSOR'S STAMP)

Mrs. Harry [unclear]
1722 [unclear]
Phila., Pa.

Please put this money in the bank and keep
it there as an additional sum of money to
save up for "after this is over" still
looking forward to my first mail.
That's all for now, baby, take care of
yourself and keep your chin up.

Devotedly,
Jack.

6 December 44.

Dear Mother -

One day away from completing a third year of our country, being at War. That day remains very vivid in my mind, - leaving of the top attack on Pearl Harbor that fateful Sunday and everyone being so excited and suddenly patriotic.

The next day I attended school but there was that understanding of pent-up excitement. We all went to the Student Union Bldg that morning, to hear the President's speech and still remember each face - listening attentively. There were no loud remarks or "flag-waving" as all of us, even then, realized - how much our lives would be changed in the coming months.



UNITED STATES ARMY

2 December 47.

Dear Mother -

A dismal night which may be turned
up later by a dawn to be held later.

I see really isn't need to write about
today other than I am well and hope
that this will find all of you in perfect
health.

I am enclosing your birthday message
to be put in one scrap book along
with my railroad ticket from Sandon
to a small town near Uncle Ted's home.
Also, in the near future, you will receive
two checks - \$25, and one for \$10. The
\$25 card is yours, honey, for your
birthday. I tried to get something in
Sandon, but, when a shortage of
time, and a lack of something really
nice to send you this is all I can
offer. My heart is with you - always
figure that each passing day bumps
brother and myself closer to you

and sup your cin up. Between all of
you doing your job there and me doing
Ours here, "Freedom Day" will be-
come an actuality. We are truly the best
fed, paid, and clothed soldiers in the
World and, believe me, I can say that
truthfully.

That's all for now, take care of
yourself.

Devotedly,

Carl.

26 November 44.

Dear Mother-

Sorry for the delay in writing but I was very fortunate to be able to get a three day pass and visited London. I was able to spend two full days there and had a perfectly wonderful time.

After getting settled at a Red Cross Center I began a two - day search for "Caenus". The factory is rather prominent and which decreased the difficulty of finding it. I first saw Uncle Eddie and later on both Uncle Paul and Ted. I was invited to eat dinner with the Board of Directors later on so went back to the Red Cross - got a kit cleaned up which included a full hair session with the barber, and went back to Caenus about one o'clock. The dinner was very good and was then shown through the factory which took about four full hours. It is truly a "wonder source of naivety" boasting a very complete Air Raid shelter for all of the some 3,000 workers,

Captains on each of the three floors and
the most modern methods for producing
cigarettes.

While Ted then took me under his
wing, although I was supposed to go to
dinner and a show with that Paul and
his wife. As you will see later on, I
was very glad that I stayed with that
Ted.

After that Ted finished up, we drove
over to his flat which had been damaged
slightly during the "blitz", had a few
drinks and pulled up Aunt Joan at
a sort of Private Night Club. A most
delicious dinner followed at the
Bailey and proceeded to the train
station about twelve midnight. A few
hours journey brought us to a small
town north of London where we pulled
up another car of that Ted's and
drove out to his country home.

That home is the most beautifully
furnished I have seen - complete with
leaving oak rafters, large open fireplace,
and just about the best in everything
to make a home most comfortable and

loosely furnished. I was quite tired by that time so went to bed immediately. It certainly was a pleasure to relax with clean, white sheets, warm room, and a soft bed.

I didn't get up 'till eleven thirty the following morning - faintly awakened in a hot bath and had breakfast in bed at Aunt Davis' insistence. After dressing, I roamed around the house, put on a pair of Uncle Ted's boots and took a stroll through the grounds until two o'clock.

Dinner was splendid; I had never expected because it included a big steak, and chocolate pudding (about as good as yours). I then learned that William was situated nearby, so we drove out to the audience. He certainly looks well and seems to be thriving on the "hot" rail these past years. Five of us together were very quiet as we tried to catch an early train back to London. Aunt Davis had no time to see us, and bid me a small "goodbye" with a

a little lighter and a couple of thin of
pipe tobacco. I was certainly the saddest
soldier going back to home after such
a splendid home.

All of them need more than rich to
my legs and do hope that I have the
opportunity to see them again. Their faces
particularly remembered. Fred is really
such a corker when an infant. It is one
of few old. Meet Paris was just swell.
If you can get some cigars as the
bulk of them cannot get any and would
like to have some.

I am glad that you are coming up to
home as it will be quite home when
they leave - but when the "day" comes,
I want to see it exactly as I left it.

I received a letter from Fred and
had written him a couple of lines now. Am
looking for hats the hacket and other
knackies.

Write all for now, love, take care of
yourself.

Truly,
Paul

Paul



UNITED STATES ARMY

19 November 1944.

Somerset in England

Dear Mattie -

Today was certainly the most pleasant I have spent in England as the bulk of the mail finally reached us which included three letters from you - 24th, 25th and 26th of October. I just lined them up in order and read each one slowly and after finally read them all through again. I hope that one mail will be coming in next year now but don't expect it to until after the Christmas holidays. The broadcast must be no longer heard at all world wide as I have not as yet received it.

I am pleased to hear that Dick is really out so well and hope that he gets a little something out of his new position. How is little? I hope to write you again.

So today I finally went out on a picnic to a neighboring town and had a very enjoyable afternoon and evening. This time

beats of an ancient castle and spent a few
hours roaming through it. The smoothness
of the walls, height of the towers and
width of the stair cases and passages -
was really impressed me. ~~After~~ ~~the~~
Upon reaching the highest tower, I could
see the countryside for quite a distance
and it made any countryside seen in the
States.

I roamed around the window, trusting
street looking for something new to eat
here but luncheon are very rare and are
expensive. I visited the "Cherists", the
"Pub", a few tobacco stores, and finally
ate dinner at a N.G.G.F. which consisted
of "chips" (French-fried potatoes),
bread and butter, "meat pasties" (which
are nothing more than good old soups,
and a cup of tea.

After that, I went to a dance with a
few fellows. This started my heart
beating as I am judging just one
month from the country, but due
to the ravages of the War on the



UNITED STATES ARMY

lack of guides and such, our girls at
home, as a whole, certainly has it over
all of these girls here. They play all of
the music very fast and have gotten
-bugging which they call "hop & skip."

After the conclusion of the dance, I
finished off the evening with a "spot of
tea" and a luncheon at a small cafe. It
really was of course to sit there by the
open fireplace, sipping tea and talking for
about an hour until I came back to
Camp.

Practically all of this money was
spent foolishly with those cursed English
shops and wretched clothes. I intend to
spend the rest of the day today at home and
worry nothing - particularly to the American
Disney.

That's about all for now, - say, take
care of yourself.

Respectfully,
Paul.

I'M MUM. HUN

Dear Folks, I'm censored,
Can't write a thing,
Just that I'm well,
And sign my name.

Can't tell when it's sunny,
Can't tell when it's rain,
All military secrets,
Must secrets remain.

Don't know where I'm going,
Don't know where I'll land,
Couldn't inform you,
If met by a band.

Can't tell where we sail from,
Can't mention the date,
And can't even remember,
The meals that I ate.

Can't keep a diary,
For such is a sin,
Can't keep the envelopes,
Your letters come in.

Can't find a flashlight,
To guide me at night,
Can't smoke a cigarette
Except out of sight.

Don't know for sure,
Just what I can do,
Except sign this envelope,
And mail it to you.

*Love
Carl*

Nov. 5 - 1944



UNITED STATES ARMY

19 October 44.

Dearest Mabel -

I received your first letter today with my new address and know that, if you have not heard from me, by the time you receive this letter, you will be very anxious as to my whereabouts. The only thing that I am permitted to tell you is that I am "somewhere on the Eastern Coast" as of the above date. I know that you will not expect any news from me, my present work and so forth, but there will come a day which I hope will be very soon that I'll be ^{able to} tell you many of my past experiences and sights that I have seen. More than likely, I'll be all too anxious to forget about biology, content of my education, wonder whether it shall be Elaine or Gladys, and the other big problems faced about by a youth returning to a ~~life~~ life he has not enjoyed for a while.



UNITED STATES ARMY

2

I still feel the same way about my present work and will still be only too glad to rid myself of it and return to the Montauk Plateau even if it means remaining as a lonely Pfc for the rest of this titanic struggle. I came into the Army with high hopes of putting my past knowledge and experience to full use in order to contribute my best. My work at Capt and its results helped out immensely in my efforts and later entered into St. John's left me completely satisfied. Later events, I took as a matter of course and a thing to be expected in these days. Assignment to this outfit left me, originally, with a childlike curiosity and a desire to do my best.

After six months at Breckbridge, I was left disgusted with Army Adm. and endeavored to return to the field, as I have told you before, and with which you heartily disagreed.



UNITED STATES ARMY

Now, it may be too late to expect a change but whenever I go or whatever I do, I shall live up to ~~the~~ all the things you have taught me to be right. I know that your chin will slip a little at times but keep it up as you have done all these years. God's and my past conduct attest to the result of your work. I shall never forget whenever I may be and whatever I do to be all that you expect.

Take care of yourself, say, it won't be too long, and that good day which we all are continually praying for will come by steadily. Please send my love to all and will try to write as often as possible.

Devotedly,
 Dad.

I lost my wrist watch and would like to have another of the same kind with a luminous dial. (I'll be "21" in Dec.) Kinest ---.



UNITED STATES ARMY

10 October 44.

Dear Mattie -

Back to the old grind again and it sure was hard to get into the old lanes after such a very enjoyable sojourn in Chicago. My decision to spend the three-day pass was made on the spur of the moment due to the persuasion of a buddy of mine, Alar Hunt, from Rochester, N.Y.

We didn't know a soul in Chicago but since neither of us had ever been there, decided to see what it was like.

We parted thirty-five dollar each and vowed to do the best in everything - there would be no limit. Our only disappointment was the difficulty in securing hotel accommodations.

Everywhere we travelled we went by cab and had a sumptuous meal at the Titania Room of the "Palmer House." Sunday evening we saw "Oklahoma!" and all that has been said of it in here and there some.

After the show we started on all night long of the night spots. We finally finished up about six Monday morning feeling very, very happy and

gay and just a little loose. We dragged our weary
bodies back to the Hotel and slept until eleven.

We then caught the one o'clock train back to
Evansville arriving there about seven in the evening.

I wound up a perfect evening by taking in a
show and dance with outfit entire from
Evansville arriving back at home in the fore
noon.

That will be just about the most full, full
weekend for a long time to come as our preparation
for meenit are becoming more and more advanced.

I received a package of candy from Aunt
Gave and one from Aunt Minnie. Besides some
packages of substitutes. I am sending the latter
back to you as I only have use for the

"Athletic" substitute with the salt sauce and
high melting. I was plenty of the latter. I had
sent the "Athletic" substitute as quietly as
possible as I don't want them coming all over
the country.

I can well imagine how disappointed you
were after seeing that I would not be able to
get home. I could have taken a chance but
decided that it was foolhardy at this stage of
the game.

That is all for now. Say take care of yourself.

I love,

Carl.

2 October #4.

Dear Mother-

Just a short call after a very busy day. It is now around eleven o'clock and expect to be up until early tomorrow morning, but I just had to get this letter off before going on in my work any further.

I still haven't heard anything about my third day pass but expect it to start this week. I am going to try to make it for next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and sneak out of camp this coming Saturday with a weekend pass.

I know how very anxious you are to see me and don't give a dang on how I get home but there are certain factors which make me hesitate. It is an awful lot of money to spend and frankly I expect to be shipped to an Eastern City and will probably be able to get home quite a bit while remaining up there.

However, that is all your work and I would feel bad knowing that I had the chance to get home and passed it up. It is all up to you, honey, but if you are low on funds don't even consider sending me any money. I'll then either go to Chicago or St. Louis.

Please answer quickly as I have to arrange for transportation if I do go home - priorities and such.

I am mailing a large parcel tomorrow with quite a bit of excess stuff and will probably send it by Hallway Express.

That's all for now and am waiting for your reply.

Love,

Jack.



UNITED STATES ARMY

13 Sept 44.

Dear Mother -

Here is some clothes and other articles that I won't be needing for awhile. Take care of them for me until I get some orders for them after transferring to my new post. We are just about through our training, change into moccasins in two more weeks, and don't want to ruin any shoes stuff as I did with down in La.

I know that you are very concerned as to just exactly what's going on down here - but I know just about as much as you do. Maybe I'll be able to tell you all later but in the meantime, as ever before, keep that study chin up. I'm just thinking about seeing these cursed moccasins again. God, they itch!

Love,

Jack.

19 August 1944.

Dear Mother -

Just a few lines before turning in for the night. Have been working late tonight as we are going out on a problem tomorrow afternoon until Sunday afternoon. Received your Money Order this evening and went to the Service Club to get it cashed. It will be plenty and thanks a lot. I'll have to postpone my trip to St. Louis this weekend as the problem will interfere with my plans and will not give me enough time to make the trains and all of that to make it worth while. However, I am certainly going to try next weekend.

Maneuvers are drawing closer and plans are being completed. Where or when I couldn't tell you for obvious reasons or how we will travel. You know how I am about such things but can tell you that we will probably leave Camp Breckinridge for good around the first week of next month. After that it is hard to tell what is in store for us. I hate to see this Division go over as it certainly is not prepared for combat duty and probably never will be because of the men that are in it. Including both the Enlisted Men and the Officers. The Officers are almost all green at their job and the Enlisted Men are disgusted with their assignments all around and tired of laying around for an average of a year and a half taking basic training over and over again. The morale is low and hope that it will buck up quickly. They'll probably ship us to another Camp and use the outfit as a replacement pool as before. In that case ~~we~~ I won't be touched as in the past, but in the case we are sent to a Staging Area all of us will go over. It still is pretty far away so please don't get too concerned. I know you will ~~and~~ am only telling you all of this so as to let you get a half decent idea of how I stand and the hopes of easing your mind. I can't tell you anymore even if I did know as it just wouldn't be right. I know you will understand.

The work is still going along as usual. The First Sgt returned from his furlough feeling rather good and in a jovial mood so things have been going along rather nicely. The Company Comdr is now on leave for about two weeks and can't wait till he ~~just~~ gets back as the Executive Officer who is taking the Old Man's place is a pip. He gets so darn excited over nothing that it makes hard times for everyone concerned.

I'll try to call Sunday afternoon all depending when we get in and how fast I get through typing up passes for the evening and other work that will turn up. That's all for now, honey. take care of yourself and will write again Sunday evening.

Love,

Jack.

Dear Mother-

Sorry that I missed writing last night as we had a ball game and I didn't get back to the area until late. There isn't much of unusual interest around here to talk about except the topic of the day - Invasion. It probably means more to us here as almost all of us have buddies over there and certainly realize what it is to establish a foothold on enemy soil. I have quite a few friends who I am almost certain were right in there with the first couple of waves and am certainly praying that they come out on top. During basic training, I doubt that any of us realized how serious all of our training was and I must admit that I, myself, did not take to heart many of the warnings and preachings of my Officers but that always seems to be the way until one gets close to the real thing and "smartens up". The boys here are still reviewing basic training and chafing at the bit, so to speak, especially the older ones but this show is not to be ours for awhile.

The Company has mixed feelings here and it is very interesting to study the different personalities and their reactions to the latest events. Married men want to get home more than ever, and feel that they have done their job no matter how small it has been in actual output and return. The old fellows who have been with the Division since its activation are all for action as I have said before - and the recent arrivals from ASTP and the Air Corps are more cautious realizing their ignorance of the necessary essentials and wanting to know more before voicing any opinion on their desires for action. I am a bit afraid that I fall in the category of the older men having gone over and over on this basic training stuff but have succeeded in the past and will try in the future to overrule my desires in the face of more important things - especially the feelings of those at home who I wouldn't want to hurt just because of my own selfish opinions. The men from overseas are anxious to get out of the service and that as quick as possible. Most of them have malaria or some other chronic ailment and are anxious to get somewhere where they can doctor themselves without continually going on sick call and falling out of formations during the day. I really feel sorry for them as they are practically forgotten men having fallen into the ways and desires of Army Classification which is rather brutal in some cases.

This invasion is more gigantic than most people realize. Latest reports state that there are 20 divisions in the battle area and that is plenty of men. Just to see this one division ship from Camp Polk up here and then magnify that by twenty times would stagger the imagination. I was on a detail loading the vehicles and thought that I would never see the end of the long line of jeeps, half tracks, trucks of all sizes, anti-tank guns, field pieces, and other stuff too numerous to go over. It sure must have been a sight to see all of that equipment moving down towards the Dover Coast and loading up for the water trip over. However, here comes that continual word of caution - don't let our initial successes stir you into believing that we have won the struggle. Hitler is playing a shrewd game and will put up a strong fight before Victory is even in sight. With that entire coastal area of France to guard at one time with Italy and Russia to guard besides it wouldn't pay him to spread his troops out along a line all over the coast but better to keep them in the rear - highly mobile and ready to move at a moment's notice and attack the best strong point and then thrust at another and then another. The main factor contributing to the success of this strategy is the ability of the Nazis to keep their line of supply continually open which will mean that the real job of the Air Corps is to continually harass his railroads and highways to

prevent as best as possible the movement of supplies and reinforcements to any weak area.

well, that's all for now, take care of yourself. Oh Yes, I nearly forgot I am going to take a chance on having a camera down here after all - some of the fellows do already so see what you can do for me. I'll try to put a call through tomorrow night while in Evansville.

Love,

Jack

P.S.: This was written two days ago but just had the chance to write out the envelope today.



UNITED STATES ARMY

Dear Mattie-

15 August 44.

Received the pictures today and they sure turned out nicely. I would like to keep all of them - may I? Has Fred seen them yet? If not, I'll forward them to him.

Your telling me about sixteen months in the Army really made me stop and think of all that has happened. Onebrook, Dixie, the girls I took out - all are so far distant now and seem to be a part of somebody's long since past. I know now that those days will not return entirely because I feel that I, myself, have changed and upon coming home certainly won't be affected by the same things as before.

About this business of going over and all of that. We are going to hear now & more reports of casualties and replacements are certainly going to be needed - but I doubt that this Division will break up as it has been doing but will slip out as a group and as in the past. I still believe that it is certainly not ready for combat. The men are rugged & trained but to be

very frank. The majority of the Officers aren't worth a
damn being too inexperienced. Plans may change,
but movements are coming up again and after
that, anything may happen. That is my main
reason for wanting to get home - as an
idle day pass - as I had my gun bought about
two months ago and that doesn't give
much promise of another before they take of
money to other places. There is nothing to get
too concerned about but there is no sense in
passing up a chance to get home.

That's all for Enite and will let you
know as soon as possible on how they turn out.

Love,

Jack.

29 August 44

Dear Mother:

At last a breather during a very busy day. The Company is out on a Field Problem today and will be there for the entire week. I had to remain back at Camp as the Replacements are starting to pour in and I do mean ~~that~~ pour. They are all just about nineteen but no older and have just completed their basic training. I noticed one thing in particular as I checked them in, their records and assigned them to the different platoons - they all seemed to act so much like kids to me - giggling all the time, and not seeming to take anything seriously. I then realized that even just two years ago I was the same way and really didn't realize what all of this War and Army business amounted to. It was all one big adventure to me and everything was a big novelty which I ate up. However, almost a year and a half straight of this crazy, weird life is bound to make a fellow feel older, and think along different lines. Oh well, it won't take long for these new fellows to get the same calloused attitude to all of this stuff as the more experienced men now have.

This past weekend was a dream. Everything worked out perfectly and both of us certainly did enjoy the ~~xxx~~ little time we had together. Fred is still the same old grand guy and felt very bad about having to ship way out to Washington. Still, he is to remain in the States for a little while longer and that is ample consolation. I imagine that you got quite a thrill talking to both of us at the same time Saturday morning.

We met Mort in the Station early Sunday morning after he had hitch-hiked from Camp Crowder. He is a bit stouter if you can imagine that and the three of us sounded like a trio of girls chattering away for the whole time that we together. Most of the talk was about our experiences in Camp and Fred had some interesting tales about his charges. He was fed up with that kind of life as I can well understand and do hope that he will find his new post and work much more interesting. Believe me, there can be nothing more dull than Guard Duty.

Mort and I reaffirmed our desire to get back to school and both still want to go out of town. I am not so keen on Engineering as before but time will tell. All of it is still talk as many things will probably change our ideas and desires before we get home again.

I received your letter and package today. The money wasn't necessary as I had a bit when I went to St. Louis and had a little left over from the money you sent Fred and I while we there. But, I can always use it but hope that it won't put you out any as you certainly had been sending quite a bit to both of us in the past month. The package was swell and you can imagine the expression on my face when I spotted the nuts. It has been so long since I have had pistachios that I forgot how to open them for a minute. They are gone now, but am still munching on the candy. Thanks, Honey.

Your last letters practically have me going overseas already. I hope that I haven't caused too much worry on your part, but I am still as far from that as ever before. We may still go on maneuvers and if we do go over, our outfit must first pass through a Staging Area which will probably mean a few more months in the state. If that is the case, I hope that I get further East like, Fort Meade, Dix, Slocum or the other posts.

Our inspections are still going on and will continue for perhaps another week. In the meantime, the Department expects its Regimental combat teams to meet all very heavy combat demands as they rarely know just what is going on.

I'll have to hurry along now and will try to write later.

Love,

Jack



UNITED STATES ARMY

April 14, 1944.

Dear Fred -

Yesterday marked a year in the Army for me and so much happened that it defied the occasion. The first and, by far, the most important event is that a P. O. C. list was issued and I am the only A. S. T. among the others who is Army Grade in the list. Sure then, I have had all my clothes inspected and received new ones for the slightest case of disrepair. We are going to be issued new boots at the P. O. C., and another physical, which I passed, ; and are going to be permitted to take our M-1 shirt and our M-1 pants with us when I transfer. Every sign and the general opinion is that we will be sent to England but not for a while yet - maybe even three months.

I had expected this, but not so soon. The only qualifications was six months Infantry training, 16 or 17 years of age, and the usual qualifications for reserve, infiltration course, and combat course. All of the other A. S. T.'s did not meet this. I can't say how I feel about it - truthfully, I'm not particularly eager to leave the States but if it must be let me say I'll accept the conditions as I have had before. The only thing I do need is a bit more physical conditioning, which I'm sure I'll get. This list, however, my first show that I am available and the actual list be much smaller than this one as it includes about the

whole company. If that idea is dubious, let my letter
slip out within a few weeks. I believe I'll get a
fulsome lot that, till everything else is over, is all
guesswork.

I know that you will keep this to yourself until
I feel ready to tell others. There is no real industry
people when things are as indefinite as they are now.
We all expected this so am not particularly
surprised.

That's all for now. Take care of yourself.

Your kind brother,

Jack