

Somewhere in Germany
May 26 (Sat.) 1945

Dear Darling;

Hello! there! How is my pride of America getting along by now? This is Saturday night here in Germany; are you & Sis in town doing some shopping or smiling [sic] of all the cosmetics and not buy any? Darling, this old man is homesick tonite [sic], I want to go home to my baby. Prince & I walked around for awhile and come back to listen to the radio. What do you think we heard -- Bing Crosby singing. They should try that guy for sabotage because he makes all the guys homesick enough to go over the hill. Well, it's no trouble to go over the hill but where would you go or what would you do on the other side of the hill? Just more Germans and P.W.'s. All you can do is walk over the next hill. Baby, I'll stay right here and [page 2] wait till they take me home. Gee! I hope they don't fool around by taking me the long way home because I'm in a hurry.

Three letters from my little Squirt yesterday, that's the way the old man likes to get mail. I had a big laugh about your counting up my points. You said "one campaine [sic] star for the Rhine and one for the Danube." Well, to you it wouldn't be funny but when we crossed the Danube there had been other troops that had crossed it a week or two before. I might add that we rode across in trucks too. It is a beautiful, blue, calm river but it is swift. Oh! Gee! how I wanted to dance across the bridge with my Baby to the tune of 'The Blue Danube Waltz.' When we're together again, darling, we'll dance and sing it and all the rest of our favorite songs, won't we.

Darling, our being apart doesn't change our feeling at all toward each other. In fact it made me wake up and realize what a sweet wife I do have. [page 3] I used to say sassy things to you and tease you to make you mad. Well, now I lay awake at nights and think of all those little and large things that I know my baby don't hold against me. All those things you did for me, the little cute things you did and said; ah! and those jokes you used to bring in and say, "Honey, the girls at the office told them to me." Darling, to sum the whole thing up; the thing that makes these lines all run together and maybe blotch the ink is that day you left in Gainesville. Darling, you looked like a little girl with a broken heart. You had all your paper dolls in your lap and afraid someone was going to take them. Sweet, our hearts were broken that day, in fact mine felt as though someone tore it out and let that truck run over it. Remember when I walked out of the bus, that last kiss and then I walked away without looking back. I knew better than to look back because my eyes were flooding then. If I remember right, you saw me last with a smile or at least an attempt. You were sitting there with a sweet little puckered up face that [page 4] would have broken into a flood of tears at one more word and which probably did after I left. Darling, just keep brave with a stiff upper lip and the old man will come marching home again someday -- hooray!

As you already know I am on D.S., working with the prisoners of war. (R.A.M.P) Reserved Allied Military Prisoners of war. At the present time we have ten thousand Russians along with an unlimited number of Polish, French, Czech's [sic], Yugoslavian's [sic], Austrians's [sic],

Hollander's [sic], Belgians, British, Americans and no telling what else. The British & Americans aren't put in the camp's [sic]. They are put on a plane and sent on home.

The Russians are one continued headache; We have to keep them in camp while waiting for trains or they will tear the town up. You can't hardly blame them because the Germans took everything they had, even their loved ones. They starved them and if they got sick they shot them. Maybe they would take 300 but to work some mornings and come back with a 100 or 150. We [illegible deletion] used to think all of this was a bunch of stuff but everyone will tell you the same story. They [illegible deletion] didn't only do the Russians [page 5] this way, they did it to all of the nationalities.

There was a shipment of Russians came in last nite [sic] and some of the Russians recognized a Russian fellow that was colaborating [sic] with the German's [sic] where they were in concentration camps. Can you guess what happened to him? They beat him, slightly cut his single vein so he would bleed and then hung him. Our report the next morning "One dead Russian;" accident. Just about an hour or two ago they found another colaborating [sic] Russian. He was taken care of in the same manner. I've got to close pretty soon and type up a report on one dead Russian and one which was wounded also. [illegible deletion] Gee! I drew the honor of being charge of [illegible] tonite.

Darling, I have 43 points. 27 months in the States, three months over here, one campaign [sic] star before crossing the Rhine and one after crossing the Rhine. If we had gone a few more days we would have gone into Czechoslovakia or Austria.

Goodnight Sweetheart, I must close because I've run out of soap.

Lots O' Love,
Eldon