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## Pat (Jennings) Hitchcock correspondence.

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From my mother's  
best friends  
daughter, you  
older than I was  
in the Red Cross



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Janet Pulker  
Burma  
Monday, April 9

Pat dear ---

Welcome, welcome!! It was wonderful to get your letter yesterday 'n to hear that you're in the process of joining our harried ranks. I certainly do remember just what it feels like -- I don't think I'll ever forget the excitement of saying "I do" before that fearsome hiring board (is round-faced owl-eyed Mr. Brown still the one who does most of the talking?), and the way I grinned to myself all the way home on the train, and the madness of collecting all those girdles (incidentally, in this theater it's too hot for girdles or stockings -- mine are merrily rotting in my foot locker!), and then the bewilderment of trying to soak in all the stuff they throw at you in Washington (practically all of which is now completely forgotten, by the way!) Isn't it terrific??

I just can't tell you how glad I am that you decided on Red Cross. You're going to love it, Pat -- and it will love you even more, I think!

By the time you get this, you will have decided whether it's to be hospital or club work. I honestly don't know too much about hospital work -- in many respects it must be more satisfying than this branch of the service. On the other hand, if you're like me the misery of it all would be too much to take! Club work is a nebulous sort of thing -- it keeps you busy, and your hours are long and tiring, but you don't do much of anything but talk! Well, that's not quite right, for you do have to do a lot of planning 'n organizing of this and that and the other, but the results aren't always obvious.



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Life's largest problem in this racket is dating. When you find yourself horribly outnumbered in the ratio of males to females, you suddenly become unbelievably popular. Everybody wants a date and hounds you incessantly, and you have to figure out some way of being politic about the whole thing. That in itself is a full-time job, so be prepared! The other thing that I wish Red Cross had warned us of is the way Red Crossies get talked about. You're not sensitive -- or not abnormally so at any rate -- but do be prepared to have yourself called everything from a you-know-what to a you-know-what, and to hear wild and gruesome tales of the things you do and the sort of person you are. That's one little item that throws a lot of the girls and, I must admit, even set me back on my heels a bit 'til I realized that it's inevitable and not worth worrying about. But it can be sort of disillusioning to have your motives in having gone overseas misjudged. Howsomever, there are plenty of very swell people to make up for the unpleasant characters, of which there always seems to have to be one in every crowd!

It seems to me that Washington paints too grim a picture of life overseas -- also too glamorous a one sometimes. It is fun, Pat -- it's exciting to feel yourself a part of the war, or at least to be near enough to it so that it makes some sense instead of being just a horrid sort of nightmare as it is from a Stateside point of view. And it's wonderful to be seeing all the strange and different things there are to see -- and living as you've never thought of living -- and meeting 'n knowing so many people of all kinds, backgrounds, sizes, and shapes. Prepare yourself to be spoiled -- we've found that the age of chivalry is very definitely not dead. You'll find yourself waited on ahnd and



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foot, and eventually, no matter how rugged and independent you are at heart, you begin to feel awfully fluttery and feminine!

And of course there are always the days when you'd like to chuck the whole business 'n head for home and Mamma p.d.q. And then you get a heavy dose of what-good-is-the-Red-Cross-anyway from some disgruntled GI, and you wonder a bit just what good it is! But those days are rare, and somehow you always come out on top.

One thing you'd better do is think up a good answer to the inevitable "Why in hell do you girls come overseas anyway?" You'll hear it from everybody constantly -- and by the way, if you do think up a good answer, please let me know! I haven't yet!!

Red Crossies are, on the whole, a very swell bunch of gals. There are characters here and there, but there are in every organization. One nice part of it is that once you're out of the States 'n have shown R.C. that you like the work and can do it to their satisfaction, the Powers That Be are wonderful about trying to put you in assignments that you will like. If you get stuck in a situation which drives you mad, they really will move you around -- which is sensible, since you don't do them any good if you're not happy yourself.

All this, of course, is my own personal opinion and reaction to the whole business. Undoubtedly a lot of the girls wouldn't agree with me -- but knowing me, maybe you can figure out how it is going to strike you.

Don't worry too much about the awe-inspiring list of necessities Washington wishes on you. A lot of it you'll never use (that belly band



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idea is one of the quainter ones!) -- on the other hand, the seemingly silly items like nails, hammer, knife, cord, etc. are invaluable.

I keep just taking it for granted that you're coming to this theater -- probably you'll end up in New Guinea where none of what I've written is true! Do come to our nice CBI, Pat. Renée and I want to get to China before we're through, and it would be pure heaven to have you with us. You'd love her -- Gad! wouldn't that be positively excruciating?????

As for us, we're still morale building with the Tenth and loving it. We've been here since the first of February, which is practically a record, but will undoubtedly be on the move ere long since the Tenth just can't sit still long enough to really settle in anywhere! Our club is still another primitive tarp, hessian cloth, mosquito netting, dirt floor affair, but it's full to overflowing all the time. And our doughnuts and coffee are by far the best in the theater. We don't do as much with programs as The School will try to teach you, principally (that's pretty, isn't it?!) because it's so hard to get supplies and equipment -- and we're not all as ingenious as they'll try to tell you Red Crossies have to be! However, the routine of Bingo games, ping pong tournaments, jam session card tournaments, community sings, birthday parties, 'n such seems to satisfy our many customers. We've also added bi-weekly (does that mean twice every week or once every two weeks? I never can remember! Anyway, it's meant to mean twice a week!) tours through a nearby native village and temple area which are out of bounds 'n therefore inaccessible to the boys for their beloved picture taking and exploring. And our Sunday afternoon icecream has made us the darlings of the area! Please don't get the impression



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that we think our establishment is perfect, for it is far from that. However, it is needed here and it is used a lot, which is, after all, the point of the thing.

As for me myself, I'm getting tremendously fat (another thing to prepare yourself for -- all the girls seem to either get awfully fat or awfully thin. Why couldn't I have been in the latter category?!), turning yellower every day from atabrine (another thing -- you don't have to worry about your health if you do what you're told to), not getting enough sleep (Red Crossies never do!), and loving every bit of it. At this point I'm also suffering from a slight tinge of homesickness (another inevitable fact!) as the result of a letter from home yesterday telling me that West is practically home and that Mom had a few days in the hospital for some minor fixing up (don't women lead an awful life?!). I know she's all right, and I'm thrilled that my fat brother is going to get a bit of Stateside rest (he's surely earned it), but I want to be there too!!!! I certainly can remember what America is like -- as a matter of fact, I think most people overseas remember more about America than the people who are right there! Which reminds me, be sure to eat a lot of the food you like best before you leave -- you get awfully tired of the Army's canned meat, dehydrated potatoes, etc. Most of all, drink gallons of milk -- you really will miss that most of all!

Do keep me posted on your doings. Have a wonderful trip to wherever you go (I'll keep my fingers crossed and hope it's in this direction), and please think of me when you're boarding ship. My chic tin hat wouldn't tighten up enough, so I went on board with the darn thing bobbing up and down 'n sliding down to bump my ample nose -- and I was so excited I couldn't even yell my name back at them as you're supposed



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to. That, by the way, is one of the biggest moments you'll hit. Golly, how I'd love to be starting out again with you! C'mon over here -- I'll be looking for you!

Good luck to you, Pat. I'm so glad you belong to the gray seersucker clan now!! Time for me to go 'n shower 'n get into my malaria control slacks again. I'll be looking for a communication from you!

Much love to you --

Jan

Thanks for the writing paper -- I will indeed find a use for it! My love to your family -- they sound so happy 'n healthy. Did you get that Trig accomplished? What a woman you are!! Congratulations on your ability to plow into mountains 'n conquer them!!



Dearest Family: <sup>May 5</sup> <sup>1945</sup> I Queen Mary trip 5:30 ~~Jan 1945~~  
at last - I'm able to tell you something  
interesting, we hope - that is if they let me send  
this when we get to England. -

2 and  $\frac{1}{4}$  hours ago - to the minute  
they <sup>engines of the Queen Mary</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>gave</sup> a smooth but sudden lurch and  
we were on our way - This is a real thrill -  
let me tell you - but a sober one because I  
have always been able to get home before and  
this time I suddenly realized there will be  
miles & miles of ocean between - plus a job that  
doesn't take "no" for an answer. - We were  
all off the rails for several hours before the  
plank was finally lifted - but the only  
people on shore - whom we could see  
were sailors - <sup>on a train</sup> docked alongside us. - They  
yelled - and waved - and said they'd keep  
the homefires burning - I somehow always  
thought my first trip abroad would mean  
a like - a knapsack and lots of fanfare, with  
you alongside to say goodby - but this way  
it's better I guess because my next one will  
be a real pleasure joint - with my family  
right there at the rails too. -

This has been exciting from start to finish -  
although nothing is finished by any means.  
But the preparations are most interesting  
and certainly simple if you let the Red Cross  
and Uncle Sam do it for you. - Patience is  
the first & most important prerequisite for  
this job I think - but if you don't let the  
waiting get you down. - It's really fun. - After  
packing yesterday we had nothing to do  
until 8 this AM so I went to the movies with one



of the girls - and in the evening we went to  
Katherine Cornell + Brian Abrome in "The Barretts  
of Wimpole St." - very good but it didn't take  
me long to get to sleep afterwards. - New York has  
been a new experience for me. - We walked  
down the great Broadway after the play  
but personally - I'd take the stars. -

And now I'm in the upper bunk <sup>2nd day</sup> again - after  
a superb breakfast of grapefruit - puffed rice all  
kinds of rolls - real butter (lots of it) - the most  
delicious omelet and fried bacon <sup>in a long</sup> time  
and coffee. - We get everything - They treat  
us all like queens and we're fast being completely  
spoiled. - They stewards even make our beds +  
fold our clothes. - We're on the main deck - and  
that means a good night's sleep in luxury  
quarters in any language. - These were the <sup>pride</sup>  
proud + beautifully furnished staterooms -  
Now they have from 8 to 30 bunks in them - 3  
layers deep but we're going over with many of them  
empty - for the first time! - This is the first  
voyage for many years that they've allowed  
the port holes to be opened - smoking - and walking  
on <sup>one of</sup> the decks after dark. and the first time  
they haven't zig zagged every 6 minutes to  
avoid submarines. - They say it takes 7  
minutes for a sub to line up the sites - aim  
+ fire so every 6 minutes the old lady would  
give a terrific lunge and people would end  
up on the floor with broken legs and arms  
and a wish that they'd been old women +  
children. - They say the aisles were lined with  
troops and they even slept in the sunbathing  
pool before D Day. - Now we're carrying "casuals"  
mostly British evacuees. (this is the first time  
the Queen has been used for them they say. and  
many have been waiting 2 years for passage. - Some

VI

were in St. Thomas in Maimla - others have been stranded in the states or came over like the catchpools - I can't wait till we get within sight of land altho they say we dock in Scotland - not England first. It will be thrilling to see their reactions)

2:30 - and I still have so much to tell you about yesterday - I don't know where to start but the voyage is fascinating to me - even tho it may seem dull to many others, and there <sup>always</sup> seems to be something to do. - Maybe its because I love to stand up near the bow and just look at the water. - Its beautiful - and big - this ocean. - The ship rolls some but not half as much as she did when they changed the course every 6 minutes. - I felt a little peculiar this morning because for some reason - you feel the list a lot more down here than you do on deck - watching the water and breathing fresh air. - Besides - unfortunately enough I came aboard with an unsettled stomach, from overeating in New York - without any decent exercise. - Last night I got more physical exertion during a <sup>level</sup> walk on the deck with the chaplain - than I have had since our old Mass State swimming class. - The British go all out for hitting on deck before they go to bed - we are only allowed on the port side with the officers & much to our dismay we've been told we aren't allowed to fraternize with enlisted men but you can't help talking to them. - Am glad I brought plenty of clothes (warm ones) because so far - we haven't seen the sun. - There's been a heavy overcast all day and now a slight rain but we have a few more days to test the weather. - They've sand scoured the decks all morning so maybe that's a good sign that a sun bath is in store for us.

10:30 - the midnight.

Am in my good little old upper bunk again - with a light to the left of me - It isn't after that I can be alone here so I like to take advantage of it when I can. - Being in the middle of the ship (both ways) gives us a big advantage over other parts because we get very little up and down motion - and a minimum of side roll altho I can hear creaking all over the ship when we give from side to side - and the tremor of the motors is quite noticeable - Our bunks are suspended from side posts by chains - so they can be hooked up if not needed. We have only 5 in here - and room for 4 more. No porthole unfortunately but it's been so cold we couldn't have had it open anyway. The sea today has been comparatively calm but it still swells enough for a beginner - I have been on long enough to know though that a sea worthy sloop is a "must" for our post war plans - I am completely sold on this sea life althrough I always was anyway even on land.

Well I must tell you about the events of yesterday and catch up on this chronological business or I'd forget some of the interesting details.

We donned our battle dress and were led downstairs to the dining room (through the back halls - around 8 o'clock A.M.) All was supposedly most secret. - You should have seen us - especially the short stout ones which includes me - with a gun belt - <sup>on our hips</sup> - a first aid kit - a canteen full of cold water - that heavy musette bag - a pocket book, a gas mask, tied around the middle with a helmet strap (~~which~~ <sup>helmet</sup> hung below) and a ramcoat flung over our arm - Some of the gals carried musical instruments if you can imagine

it - but praise Hannah we didn't have to lug  
the suitcase. They were all in our rooms when  
we got here - sometimes the Army + R.C. can  
really be efficient if they want to. - We sat with  
all this paraphernalia (sp?) for about 3/4 of an  
hour - wishing we had been allowed to sleep  
longer - Then the Saison Off. came and out  
we hobbled onto a bus which was to take  
us to the point where we <sup>would</sup> climb aboard that  
unknown quantity. - Of course every body's  
guess was as good as the next persons but  
each had his own special little theory  
and each knew her answer was the right  
one because she had <sup>had</sup> a date with an officer  
the night before + he had spilled the real beans  
in true Vanderbilt style! - That's the trouble  
with this game - You get so sick of hearing  
"the inside story" (which turns out to be  
Blarney's own mother) - you could scream.  
Well it was funny watching the girls load  
into that bus. If you've ever tried to sit down  
with a life preserver around your waist - a  
grocery ~~box~~ basket in one arm and 3 weeks  
laundry in the other ~~with~~ an adirondack  
back over your shoulders - you'll know what  
we felt like. - (in part) - But somehow that  
old C.O. has a way of making his orders effective  
when he said "clear the aisles for 7 more"  
miraculously the aisles opened up but I  
felt sorry for all the kids next to the windows.  
They were squashed pigeons - completely. -  
We had a peeing - after riding past several  
piers - it would be eventually Pier 92 which  
meant either the Mary or the Eli. - all of  
the girls seemed thrilled to pierce over our  
final assignment. altho a smaller ship might

have been more exciting (also for some - more lethal) We could never have ~~greater~~ <sup>greater</sup> comforts we have right now, though.

We had to stand in lots of lines: signs papers and eventually leave our little gas masks and helmets in a pile on the dock - much to our complete dismay - I didn't care about the gas masks so much but the helmet was part of the whole adventure and by this time I part of us. - Anyway - perhaps you'll feel better about everything since - the latest order has been: no gas masks or helmets for E.T.O. - The grey ladies were at the pier with coffee and doughnuts - for us! - can you imagine that - and if we hadn't been so excited we might have fully realized how important that little "symbol of America" was to us but at that point we were a little more than anxious to feel the old deck under our feet. -

As we went - without ceremony - straight to our little rooms and were told to stay there until we heard otherwise - all of which made you feel like a Brownie at her first day in camp. That was around 11 o'clock. - at noon we went down to C deck - 3 below us - to the Officers mess - and there were assigned to tables - 4 - 8 at each (I'm with 3 of my roommates) which we sit at all the way over. Have never had such pleasant meals - One waiter (British) for every 2 tables - We're served immediately - all we can eat - and piping hot. It's delicious too - This noon we had steak spinach <sup>crushed</sup> tomatoes - fr. fries - (soup first) delicious rolls + all the butter we want - and rhubarb + custard for dessert with coffee. - Tonight we had clams (cold) soup (chouder-like) - turkey or sweetbread <sup>or fish</sup> (always about 3 or 4 choices - and a peach melba which meant a peach on

vanilla ice cream with raspberry sauce. -  
In the afternoon we were allowed to roam all  
over the ship except below decks and on the  
starboard side of the Promenade deck which  
is reserved for the enlisted men. It was cloudy  
but lots of fun - as it has been all day today.  
We had some sun late this afternoon. Beautiful  
yesterday - had a meeting of all passengers  
where the C.O. laid down the laws & said he  
hoped we'd have a good time. Then had a boat  
dual. We had to put on our mae weats - which have  
been extremely simplified - down to the bare details  
which leaves only a neck choker and makes you look  
like a little on the top heavy side. - Women & children  
line up in front of the men - So there will be men in  
each boat. Staff members checked our apparatus and  
that was all there was to it much to my dismay because  
I'd hope to jump over the side into one of those little  
tubs. - Howwah - leave us hope we never have  
to overwork the idea. - We then volunteered to help  
some G.I.'s <sup>entertainers</sup> who are on the ship from the play  
"Winged Victory" - They're really big time men with  
Broadway - Tommy Dorsey's Band & Hollywood ~~and~~  
experience under their belts and no-one would  
even know it from their looks at least. Lots of fun  
and very unsophisticated. - I'm in a septet which  
started out as a trio and has now wound  
up as 5. - We're awful but maybe they won't  
care. - Have to perform tonight for the <sup>men</sup> officers. - Practiced a lot and spent too much time  
hanging around for a few temperamental people  
to get to rehearsals and things. - Sang on the  
promenade deck with some Scotch boys who were  
lots of fun - there were about 30 of us - and a boy  
with the yuke - and amazingly enough - they knew  
all the American songs - Had been training in  
Texas - and were they glad to be going back. - We're  
considered officers here - 2nd floor - and guests so that  
means no work. - Consequently all the entertaining we

do is voluntary. They blow the good old bugle at 6:30 A.M. and it is hard to get up on the ship. - We all wonder if we'll ever be able to do a decent day's work when we have to because of the lazy life this is, but it's still hard to get up. - Breakfast at 8. - Reg (a grand pal from Brooklyn who has been my constant source of pleasure + companionship since extension) and I get up early enough to do a turn or two around the deck before breakfast - and then do we eat! - We spend as much time alone as possible - yesterday we watched the roll + pitch from the bow for hours - and believe it or not - saw our first flying fish. They are white - smaller than I expected but it's hard to tell exactly because we don't know how far away from them we were - I thought they looked like Bass size - They soar gracefully close to the water - dipping in and out like porpoises? - We hope to see lots of those too incidentally & since they have gone through schools 4 miles long sometimes. We're in the gulf stream now and it's a lot warmer - Reg & I are on deck sunning ourselves altho the overcast is catching up again. - Had a fast game of volleyball on deck today with some A.F. fliers and a few of our boys. Passed several ships which is quite a thrill but other than that - the horizon is void of anything but sea - and more sea. - The men were stoning the deck with rough sand stones and soap and then brushing them over and over again before they finally holed them down and now they shine like new. - They say these decks are teak wood - and each crack is caulked solid. - They never use varnish because it wouldn't last. - Every few feet there are patches of new wood where guns have been removed. That's why the Queen was in the harbor so long this time they say - and because of that also - we are having a much smoother voyage. - Not so much weight above. - We're making excellent time. - The motors are full steam ahead day and night because the rumor has it the captain

wants to make a wartime record. - Wish I had some shorts today but probably wouldn't want them again. One of the medics was just talking to us - a grand fellow. He says he'll mail this when he gets home so it won't have to go through the censor so I'll keep talking just like I am although 9/10<sup>th</sup> of what I'm saying is restricted at present. - Of course censorship over there might loosen up enough to allow me to send things is but now I won't have to worry and you'll have the diary complete. -

Hate to have to keep pushing my watch 1 1/2 hrs a head every night because it's rather disconcerting to go to bed at 12 and find it's 1:20 - We had a 12 o'clock supper but most everything closes at 11 - the Officer's lounge and all. So that's so good a time as any to get in extra sleep. However I find myself sleeping in the morning and in the afternoons too - just can't stay awake. - I forgot to tell you about the salt water and fresh water baths we have plus a lovely little black eyed English steward who makes our beds! - mends our uniforms and in general makes us think we are at loss pet horses. Have an 8 o'clock performance tonight at which we wear our summer uniforms for the first time since I went home. - It's been terribly cold ever since. - Incidentally - had pork chops - brockery - mashed carrots - baked potatoes with 3 cubes of butter and more if desired - tea!! (getting nearer) and apple pie with cheese - for lunch - just lunch. - But din started again and I've eaten a Chocol. bar + an orange since - It's the salt air I guess. - Ah - this is the life - Start looking for a good buy Dad. You know what we need - More later. - Wish you were here.

Had a howl of a time at the show last night, Those GI boys are real showmen. We felt the least professional of all - as you can imagine but it was lots of fun and the boys all enjoyed it. You can't put anything over on them either.

Slept all morning upon the sun deck (in the fog!)

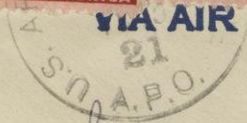


but the air was much better and we had plenty  
of privacy. Went down on the deck to entertain the G.I's  
this afternoon. - Played cards, sang and the usual  
which they seemed to enjoy very much. Then went  
up on the sun deck for a good game of volley  
ball. - Saw a movie in the evening and filled  
in the rest of the day with food. - More tomorrow

The sleeping hours are much too short! and  
it is hard to get up in the morning. - We're getting  
closer. Lots of fog still - and colder and amazingly  
enough - light until about 11:30. - The stewards  
on the ship are wonderful to us - do our ironing  
and soak our wash! - Plan to play some more  
with the G.I's this afternoon down on their deck. -  
Have been challenged to a volley ball game with  
some of the staff and have another entertainment  
tonight. Guess that will keep us busy. - They  
say we get off at ~~London~~ Guicks or somewhere like  
that in Scotland - just above or around Glasgow  
+ take an all night rickety train to London.  
We all have to live on a K ration then  
because the British have had no dining car  
service since the beginning of the war. - It will  
be some different from those that we've had  
on shipboard. -

Well - more later - my dearest family.  
I hope you get this without too much  
delay. - Will try to tell you all I can. - Love  
you so much and wish you were with me. -  
Hope I'll see the catches - write as often as you  
can. - Much much love -  
Pat.

P. Jennings 58533  
ARC Hdqts Delta Base  
APO 772  
4<sup>th</sup> PM - N.Y. City



VIA AIR MAIL

L. E. Jennings  
Somers,  
Conn.  
U.S.A.

Jul 2



OPENED BY

*Letter #.1*

**MINER**

**U. S. ARMY EXAM**

JENNINGS, PATRICIA

CIV.

NAME & RANK

ROOM

M-93

KEEP THIS CARD

May 5, 1945

Queen Mary Trip

5:30

Dearest Family:

At last I am able to tell you something interesting. We home - that is, if they let me send this when we get to England.

Two and ¼ hours ago to the minute, the engines of the Queen Mary gave a smooth but sudden lurch and we were on our way. This is a real thrill - let me tell you - but a sober one because I have always been able to get home before and this time I suddenly realized there will be miles and miles of ocean between plus a job that doesn't take "no" for an answer. We were all at the rails before the plank was finally lifted but the only people on shore whom we could see were sailors docked along side us. They yelled and waved and said they'd keep the home fires burning. I somehow always thought my first trip abroad would mean a like a knapsack and lots of fanfare with you along side to say good bye, but this way it's better I guess because my next one will be a real pleasure point with my family right there at the rails too.

This has been exciting from start to finish although nothing is finished by any means. But the preparations are most interesting and certainly simple if you let the Red Cross and Uncle Sam do it for you. Patience is the first and most important prerequisite for this job I think, but if you don't let the waiting get you down, it's really fun. After packing yesterday, we had nothing to do until this AM so I went to the movies with one of the girls and in the evening we went to see Katherine Cornell and Brian Ahern in "The Barrett's of Wimpole Street" very good but it didn't take me long to get to sleep afterwards. New York has been a new experience for me. We walked down the great Broadway after the play but personally; I'll take the stairs.

2<sup>nd</sup> day -

And now I'm in the upper bunk again - after a superb breakfast of grapefruit, puffed rice, all kinds of rolls, real butter (lots of it), the most delicious omelet and broiled bacon I've eaten in a long time - and coffee. We get everything. They treat us all like queens and we're fast becoming completely spoiled. The stewards even make our beds and fold our clothes. We're on the main deck and that means a good night's sleep in luxury quarters in any language. These were the once proud and beautifully furnished staterooms. Now they have from 8 to 30 bunks in them - 3 layers deep, but we're going over with many of them empty for the first time. This is the first voyage for many years that they've allowed the port holes to be opened, smoking and walking on one of the decks after dark, and the first time they haven't zigzagged every 6 minutes to avoid submarines. They say it takes 7 minutes for a sub to line up the sites, aim and fire. So every 6 minutes the old lady would give a terrific lunge and people would end up on the floor with broken legs and arms and a wish that they'd been old women and children. They say the aisles were buried with troops and they even slept in the swimming pool before D-day. Now we're carrying

“casuals” -- mostly British evacuees (this is the first time the Queen has been used for them they say and many have been waiting 2 years for passage. Some were in St. Thomas in Manila – others have been stranded in the states or came over like the catch pools – I can’t wait till we get within sight of land although they say we dock in Scotland – not England first. It will be thrilling to see their reactions.

2:30 p.m. – and I still have so much to tell you about yesterday – I don’t know where to start, but the voyage is fascinating to me even though it may seem dull to many others and there always seems to be something to do. Maybe it’s because I love to stand up near the bow and just look at the water. It’s beautiful and big – this ocean. The ship rolls some, but not half as much as she did when they changed the course every 6 minutes. I felt a little peculiar this morning because for some reason, you feel the lisp a lot more down here than you do on deck – watching the water and breathing fresh air. Besides, unfortunately enough I came aboard with an unsettled stomach from overeating in New York without any decent exercise. Last night I got more physical exertion during a brisk walk on the deck with the chaplain than I have had since our old Mass State swimming class. The British go all out for hiking on deck before they go to bed. We are only allowed on the port side with the officers and much to our dismay have been told we aren’t allowed to fraternize with enlisted men, but you can’t help talking to them. Am glad I brought plenty of clothes (warm ones) because so far we haven’t seen the sun. There’s been a heavy overcast all day and now a slight rain, but we have a few more days to test the weather. They’ve sand-scoured the decks all morning so maybe that’s a good sign that a sun bath’s in store for us.

10:30 p.m. – The 2<sup>nd</sup> night

Am in my good little old upper bunk again with a light to the left of me. It isn’t often that I can be alone here so I like to take advantage of it when I can. Being in the middle of the ship (both ways) gives us a big advantage over other parts because we get very little up and down motion and a minimum of side roll although I can hear creaking all over the ship when we give from side-to-side – and the tremor of the motors is quite noticeable. Our bunks are suspended from side posts by chains so they can be hooked up if not needed. We have only 5 in here and room for 4 more. No porthole unfortunately, but it’s been so cold we couldn’t have had it open anyways. The sea today has been comparatively calm, but it still swells enough for a beginner. I have been on long enough to know though that a sea-worthy sloop is a “must” for our post-war plans – I am completely sold on this sea life although I always was anyways even on land.

Well I must tell you about the events of yesterday and catch up on this chronological business or I’ll forget some of the interesting details.

We donned our battle dress and were led downstairs to the dining room (though the back halls around 8 o’clock A.M.) All was supposedly most secret. You should have seen us – especially the short, stout ones which includes me – with a gun belt on our hips, a first aid kit, a canteen full of cold water, that heavy musette

bag, a pocket book, a gas mask tied around the middle with a helmet strap (helmet hung below) and a raincoat flung over our arm. Some of the gals carried musical instruments if you can imagine it. But, praise Hannah, we didn't have to lug a suitcase. They were all in our rooms when we got here. Sometimes the Army and R.C. can really be efficient if they want to. We sat with all this paraphernalia (sp?) for about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour – wishing we had been allowed to sleep longer. Then the Liaison Officer came and out we hobbled onto a bus, which was to take us to the point where we would climb aboard that unknown quantity. Of course everybody's guess was as good as the next person's, but each had his own special little theory and each knew her answer was the right one because she had had a date with an officer the night before and he had spilled the real beans in true vaudeville style. That's the trouble with this game – you get so sick of hearing “the inside story” (which turns out to be Blarney's own mother) you could scream. Well it was funny watching the girls load into that bus. If you've ever tried to sit down with a life preserve around your waist – a grocery basket in one arm and 3 weeks laundry in the other, an Adirondack pack over your shoulders, you'll know what we felt like (in part). But somehow that old C.O had a way of making his orders effective when he said “clear the aisles for 7 more.” Miraculously the aisles opened up, but I felt sorry for all the kids next to the windows. They were squashed pigeons –completely—we had a feeling after riding past several piers, it would be eventually Pier 92 which meant either the Mary or the Elizabeth – all the girls seemed thrilled to pieces over our final assignment although a similar ship might have been more exciting (also for some, more lethal). We could never have greater comforts than we have right now though.

We had to stand in lots of lines, sign papers and eventually leave our little gas masks and helmets in piles on the deck much to our complete dismay. I didn't care about the gas masks so much, but the helmet was part of the whole adventure and by this time part of us. Anyways, perhaps you'll feel better about everything since the latest order has been no gas masks or helmets for E.T.O. – the grey ladies were at the pier with coffee and doughnuts – for us! Can you imagine that – and if we hadn't been so excited we might have fully realized how important that little “symbol of America” was to us, but at that point we were a little more than anxious to feel the old deck under our feet. On we went – without ceremony—straight to our little rooms and were told to stay there until we heard otherwise—all of which made you feel like a Brownie at her first day in camp. That was around 11 o'clock. At noon we went down to C deck (3 below us) to the Officer's mess and there were assigned to tables, 4 to 8 at each (I'm with 3 of my roommates) which we sit at all the way over. Have never had such pleasant meals. One waiter (British) for every 2 tables. We're served immediately, all we can eat, and piping hot. It's delicious too. This noon we had steak, spinach, broiled tomatoes, French fries (soup first), delicious rolls and all the butter we want and rhubarb and custard for dessert with coffee. Tonight we had clams (cold) soup (chowder-like), turkey or sweetheads or fish (always about 3 or 4 choices) and a peach mella, which meant a peach on vanilla ice cream with raspberry sauce. In the afternoon, we were allowed to roam all over the ship except below decks and on the starboard side of the Promenade deck, which is reserved for

the enlisted men. It was cloudy, but lots of fun – as is has been all day today. We had some sun late this afternoon. Beautiful. Yesterday we had a meeting of all passengers where the C.O laid down the laws and said he hoped we'd have a good time. Then had a boat drill. We had to put on our Mae vests, which have been extremely simplified down to the bare details, which leaves only a neck choker and makes you look like a little on the top heavy side. Women and children live up in front of the men. So there will be men in each boat. Staff members checked our apparatus and that was all there was to it. Much to my dismay because I'd hope to jump over the side into one of those little tubs. However, leave us hope we never have to overwork the idea. We then volunteered to help some G.I entertainers who are on the ship from the play "Winged Victory." They're really big time men with Broadway, Tommy Dorsey's Band, and Hollywood experience under their belts and no one would even know it from their looks at least. Lots of fun and very unsophisticated. I'm in a sextet which started out as a trio and has now would up as 5. We're awful, but maybe they won't care. Have to perform tonight for the men and Saturday for the officers. Practiced a lot and spent too much time hanging around for a few temperamental people to get to rehearsal and things. Sang on the promenade deck with some Scotch boys who were lots of fun. There were about 30 of us and a boy with the yuke and amazingly enough – they knew all the American songs. Had been training in Texas and were they glad to be going back. We're considered officers here and 2<sup>nd</sup> Loo's and guest so that means "no work." Consequently all the entertaining we do is voluntary.

Thursday, 4:00 p.m.

They blow the good old bugle at 6:30 AM and is it hard to get up on this ship. We all wonder if we'll ever be able to do a decent day's work when we have to because of the lazy life this is but it's still hard to get up. Breakfast at 8. Peg (a grand pal from Brooklyn who has been my constant source of pleasure and companionship since extension) and I get up early enough to do a turn or two around the deck before breakfast and then do we eat! We spend as much time above as possible. Yesterday we watched the roll and pitch from the bow for hours and believe it or not saw our first flying fish. They are white – smaller than I expected, but it's hard to tell exactly because we don't know how far away from them we were. I thought they looked like Bass size. They soar gracefully close to the water dipping in and out like porpoises. We hope to see lots of those too incidentally since they have gone through schools 4 miles long sometimes. We're in the Gulf Stream now and it's a lot warmer. Peg and I are on deck sunning ourselves although the overcast is catching up again. Had a fast game of volley ball on deck today with some RAF fliers and a few of our boys. Passed several ships which is quite a thrill, but other than that the horizon is void of anything but sea and more sea. The men were stoning the deck with rough sand stones and soap and then brushing them over and over again before they finally hazed them down and now they shine like new. They say these decks are teak wood and each crack is caulked solid. They never use varnish because it wouldn't lat. Every few feet there are patches of new wood where guns have been removed. That's why the Queen was in



the harbor so long this time they say – and because of that also – we are having a much smoother voyage. Not so much weight above. We're making excellent time. The motors are full steam ahead day and night because the rumor has it that captain wants to make a wartime record. Wish I had some shorts today, but probably wouldn't want them again. One of the medics was just talking to us – a grand fellow. He says he'll mail this when he gets home so it won't have to go through the censor so I'll keep talking just like I am although 9/10<sup>th</sup>'s of what I'm saying is restricted at present. Of course censorship over there might loosen up enough to allow me to send this as is, but now I won't have to worry and you'll have the diary-complete.

Hate to have to keep pushing my watch 1 ½ hours ahead every night because it's rather disconcerting to go to bed at 12 and find it is 1:30. We have a 12 o'clock curfew but most everything closes at 11 -- the Officer's lounge and all – so that's as good a time as any to get in extra sleep. However, I find myself sleeping in the morning and in the afternoon too. Just can't stay awake. I forgot to tell you about the salt water and fresh water baths we have plus a lovely little black-eyed English steward who makes our beds! Irons our uniform and in general makes us think we are Astor's pet horses. Have an 8 o'clock performance tonight at which we wear our summer uniforms for the first time since I went home. It's been terribly cold ever since. Incidentally – had pork chops, broccoli, mashed potatoes, carrots, baked potatoes with 3 cubes of butter and more if desired, tea!!! (getting meaner) and apple pie with cheese for lunch – just lunch. But I'm starved again and I've eaten a chocolate bar and an orange since. It's the salt air I guess. Ah. . . this is the life. Start looking for a good buy, Dad. You know what we need. More later. Wish you were here!

Had a howl of a time at the show last night. Those G.I. boys are real showmen. We felt the least professional of all – as you can imagine, but it was lots of fun and the boys all enjoyed it. You can't put anything over them either.

Slept all morning up on the sun deck (in the fog!) but the air was much better and we had plenty of privacy. Went down on the deck to entertain the G.I.'s this afternoon. Played cards, sang and the usual, which they seemed to enjoy very much. Then went up on the sun deck for a good game of volleyball. Saw a movie for the evening and filled in the rest of the day with food! More tomorrow.

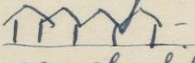
The sleeping hours are much too short! And it's hard to get up in the morning. We're getting closer – lots of fog still and colder and amazingly enough – light until about 11:30. The stewards on the ships are wonderful to me – do ironing and soak our wash! Plan to play some more with the G.I.'s this afternoon down on their deck. Have been challenged to a volleyball game with some of the staff and have another entertainment tonight. Guess that will keep us busy. They say we get off at Gerick or somewhere like that in Scotland just above or around Glasgow and take an all night ricket train to London. We all have to live on a K ration then because the British have had no dining service since the beginning of the war. It will be some different form than we've had on board.

Well, more later my dearest family. I hope you get this without too much delay. Will try to tell you all I can. Love you so much and wish you were with me. Hope I'll see the Catches. Write as often as you can. With much love,

Pat

Dearest Family: -

June 11, '45

This is really exciting - Our orders were for London as you can see - This morning we had to get up at 6 o'clock - eat an early breakfast - our last on the beautiful queen - and have our bags ready by 7. We lined them all up in the hall and along came a gang of G.I.'s - and picked them up (single file.) It was funny to see some of them walk by the big ones and grab the tiny ones. Then we gathered all our gear - stuff - belts - etc. and marched down to the bottom of the slip and stepped off onto a small ferry boat. There were the group of us - and some American officers - most of the troops had gone earlier but were waiting for us on the same train. - The harbor was full of all kinds of ships - the Ile de France which has been changed into a troop ship and was waiting to leave with its cargo of injured returnees. - The little boats putted in and about - seemingly very busy. - There were hundreds of beautiful big (black backed) gulls (for Eric's benefit) hovering around for refuse. - The harbor was so peaceful and cozy. - The fog was heavy at times but lifted enough so we could see lovely little Zurich - one of the few harbors large enough or deep enough to hold Queen Mary - but not spoiled by lots of factories and dirty slum looking buildings like New York. - The hills were a beautiful pea green - and dark in spots where the small trees hadn't been cut. - Then at the foot of the hills snuggled in next to the water were these beautiful - neat little stone houses - many painted white - and many stone colored with red roofs - just like the pictures in "My Book house" -  - They were in neat rows like this - each one very much like the other - chalet looking but all with gardens and lovely flowers. - No ugly skyscrapers - Even the little shops along the wharves were tidy and very "Williamsburg" ish! - It was just like a dream - a real fairy tale come true.

I had such a hard time knowing our stay in Scotland would be a matter of minutes. - Oh for a bicycle and a chance to roam these lovely hills. I wish I could describe it to you. It was quite cold and rainy at times but you could see the hills. It looked like some parts of America but a mixture of lots of places. The distant hills looked like the Green Mts. The hills close to made you think of Wyoming - some of them - because in parts they were brownish + barren. Then on the lower sides of them would be luscious green fields - with their trim little white farm houses ~~set into~~ a cluster of dark green trees. - I'd have given my footlocker, suitcase and last 50¢ to have had a horse and plenty of time. - Well - we finally pulled out. - away from the big ship and what a magnificent thing it is. - She looked like a Mother hen with her brood of tiny boats next to her. Loading + unloading cargo + men. - A big tanker had pulled up along the right side to refuel. But the farther away we got - the more that great giant looked like a little toy - and so did all the rest in a play pool of water. - On the quirk dock we were greeted by 2 Red Cross girls - coffee and doughnuts. and lots of Britishers - Scotchmen and along with them - all the local color and dialect. We stepped right onto the train at the dock - and were assigned to compartments - 4 each. These trains seat people in 4's like we try to - get at home if we're travelling together. But these <sup>seats</sup> can't be changed. Some of the cars are like the colony cars in Canada. We'd heard how dirty Quirk was - how dirty the trains were - how awful the ride was, how terrible the Lines are and enough talk to make anybody wonder if Americans can ever say anything nice about anything but New York. - Everything they didn't like on the Queen Mary was "Britain's grudge against America" - It makes me so mad I'm almost ashamed to say I'm an American sometimes because it's so obvious to these other people and we're their guests! It gives us all such a bad start. - But I'm not sorry I'm an American, one

minute. - I'm only sorry these people see so much of what should never be called "typical U.S." - If they only knew the country - and the West and the real genuine Americans. - Well - enough of that. - We pulled out of Zurich at about 9:30 - after leaving the ship about 8:05 and spending 1/2 hr. on the tender at the docks. - I have a map I'm sending to you to show you our route down. It was funny. I bought it at Carlisle - gave the little girl 25¢ for it at first until I found 3 shilling meant 60¢ instead. - I couldn't imagine paying 60¢ for a map. - but it was worth it.

Wrote the above at 2 this morning while we were waiting for a train but keep getting ahead of my story. - Traced our train route (said that before. - That's the trouble with this haphazard epistle but I hope you will overlook a few of those unletterary mistakes. - The people waved to us all the way out of Zurich - Glasgow isn't half as bad as they say it is! - Even the slum parts have small - neat stone buildings + gardens. - They look like our New settlement houses only in old English style - well built and only 2 family's to a house. - The flowers along the road were beautiful! - Rhododendron or its European cousin - in large purple clusters - lots of Buttercups - daisies - heather and in the cultivated plots - flowers that look like lupin or tall delphinium I guess. - Poppies - ~~red~~ (red) and other lovely blue + purple small flowers - laurel too I think altho I thought it was native to America. The fields look like New England - only much neater - the walls are of square stone - and there are many. Not much woods but lots of little green fields bordered by <sup>these</sup> stone walls - and the fields look as tho they'd been cultivated for centuries - (as they have) - But I noticed the absence of any rough pasture - tree stumps + rocky boulder-like grazing fields like we have. - Their pastures look like the Blue Grass Country on a small

scale. - Then the strange part of it all is the mixture of Wyoming in this picture too. The lowlands are these lovely green fields spotted with cattle - mostly Ayrshires + <sup>part</sup> Holsteins - and rising right out of them are these barren - moorland hills - covered with heather brown - and void of much vegetation yet they never have any snow in Scotland. - It was light - incidentally - until 11:30 the night before - just like Canada - There were many wild rabbits in some of the fields - Most every farm has a goat or 2 and a horse. The lanes are just as you picture them in that song, "There will always be an England". - Narrow but many paved with asphalt - Everyone rides a bicycle or walks. - Toward evening we saw many couples walking over the fields - with beautiful collies. - I don't know when Scotland ceased + England began - but N. England is just like the above - As we came farther South we got into the horse country - lost some of the more rugged scenery of the North. - It is truly like riding a magic carpet thro' fairy land. - One would never know this country has been at war - up in those parts. - It reminded me of home - a lot - as far as crops, etc. are concerned - Potatoes - vegetables - lots of hay fields - some real Conn. Valley country except for the absence of woodchuck holes. -

Played some Rummy + cards with <sup>U.S.</sup> ~~an~~ officer + my seat-mates. - toward evening - The country we were then riding thro' looked like Ohio. . . We had seen our first bomb shelters - grass covered and neglected - so they looked now, and were beginning to get into the buzz bomb areas. - Made a so-called grand slam or whatever you could - in Hearts you know - by taking all the bad cards. - It was funny. Had never been able to do it before but I must put this in to show em what a card shark I'm getting to be. - Incidentally - if I ever see a pack of cards when I get home I'll commit a great but nasty suicide. - Our orders were somewhat confused. We got off at Kensington - just outside of London. - I had seen one of those lakes like the had in N. A. - at a station <sup>at 10 PM.</sup>

stopover - injured as to price and found I could buy one in London for £50! or 10 lbs so had made all my future plans around that - and thrown in several hostel trips on the side. However more of what makes this life so interesting came along (and also a bit trying at times when you've done the above - in any detail) and I found myself with the others on another train bound for Southampton where we embark for the continent + Paris. It was a blow to lots of us because we'd hoped to see London but ~~never~~ let it be said we didn't see something! I always try to make the most of my time - you know. - Were taken in large buses (left hand driven of course) over to the other side of the town to another station. - On the way we saw just enough to make us want to come back. It was just past twilight but we could see the Palace spires - Hyde Park entrance - Kensington Park - small English cars + funny carriage-like taxis - the outline of Westminster Abbey + Parliam. Buildings - Big Ben - St. Thomas Hospital + the Thames. - When we got to the other station a club-moble met us - with the usual morale builder. Then we had about 2 hours so Peg + I walked back thro the R.R. tunnel to a corner where we met two Bobbies (wonderful) who walked us back to the Abbey + Thames so we could see it as it's pictured on the post cards. - We heard Big Ben strike 1:15 - Saw where the St. Thomas hospital had been gutted, and the parli. buildings too and building near the station. - It is still (to us) black in England because they are conserving fuel but to them there is much light. - They said until the last 2 weeks one could see absolutely nothing - in front of him. They had flashlights so we could see some. - And Big Ben (which had only been alight for 2 weeks) shone like a big moon across the Thames. - The sky was

brought enough to show the spires of the cathedrals  
 + Parl. Buildings. - After seeing the bombed areas  
 we wondered how on earth these people ever could  
 smile now - and carry on the way they have. -  
 People are still living in the shelters they say -  
 unable to find quarters or "a flat" as they put it  
 because they don't have time to look. - The women  
 army + Navy are being released - as are many of  
 the men. They are so friendly here is you show  
 them you can be halfway polite + appreciative. I  
 sick to think I won't be able to see the Catches  
 this time but maybe I can soon, if I get a  
 furlough. - Jack Catchpools - Founder of British Youth Hostelling.

Guess where I am now - on an English freight  
 converted into a troop ship - in an upper bunk  
 again - writing in the dark. - All 75 of us are asleep  
 Its 9 AM and we just got to bed about 3/4 hrs ago  
 so we are all really weary + dirty. Everyone wants  
 to sleep now so they can see us leave at 2  
 this afternoon. - We got a few cat naps on the  
 way down to Southampton but they weren't worth  
 much as you can imagine. - The men troop had  
 to lie on the floor. - Have been living to day on K  
 rations - Lunch we had the one marked supper -  
 canned corned beef + carrots mixed, 4 concentrated  
 crackers that taste like animal crackers - chocolate  
 gum, cigarettes - lemon juice (powd) - sugar.  
 Tonight we had dinner - can of cheese - 8 smaller  
 crackers - candy bar (Milky Way made for tropical  
 weather) cig. - sugar. Bullion - coffee that you can  
 mix in your canteen in cold water + have  
 iced coffee. - The chief interest seems to be "What  
 kind of cigarettes did I get" - so I hang onto mine  
 + swap for chewing gum and the wonderful  
 dried fruit bar that comes in the breakfast kit. - It's  
 chopped apricots - prunes - raisins - currents - peaches  
 pears etc - all pressed into a cake. They have



dried breakfast food to - and the ham + egg mixture or sausage + egg in a can - with crackers. - Very good. - The fellows just brought down some blankets so were all disturbed again but some are regular enough to take it. - You can certainly tell what people are made of in times like this. - Were still alongside the pier - and will stay there till more troops come aboard - I've eaten. Get hot food this noon. - Southampton has been badly bombed around here - Watched some of the men fishing off the dock for "Whitings" or something like that. of ill looks all over - rubbish - twisted wire etc.

Wed. 13 -

Just hope I don't skip anything - so much is doing and it's all so thrilling. - I am now sitting under a small canopy of this kind of a tree - whatever it is - They are trimmed like an arbor of grapes - and are shading a newly built picnic table - which is sheltered to the sea side - by a stone wall. - Behind me to my left is an ugly - undestroyed gillnet - camouflaged with ropes and twisting vines. - Behind me - is our first stop over in our next homeland (France) a once beautiful French chateau sp? which now houses some Army nurses - girl stenographers + tele. operators from Algeria and any other lady transients from America. - This must have been one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. I wish you could be here to see the view from the hilltop where we overlook all of the Harve. We've been here since 3:30 - It's now 7 o'clock and the sun is still  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the way above the horizon. From the village below comes the chimies of a bell which as far as I can see, must be the only survival of one of the deadliest and most ~~of~~ ruthless series of bombings ever to hit any

single town. - I enclose a postal which may give a poor idea of what this seaside city once used to be and the pictures I am sending soon will show you what lies below us tonight. The destruction is undescrivable and yet altho the heart of the town is gutted beyond recognition its people are back and life has been resumed <sup>again</sup> in the same quaint French fashion. The stores are small, many gutted but people are trading just as they ~~did~~ did before, the children are going to school and the prisoners are trying to make some impression on the rubble at their feet. - There are boats in the harbor - with only their crows nest above the water line. - As the tide changes - more derelicts show their bare outlines. Children are playing on the beaches and swimming in amongst some of the piles of broken cement. We were loaded into large army trucks at the port and driven through the worst parts of the town to this hilltop haven so we had a hasty closeup of what has to be done to restore the village - if that is humanly possible. - I snapped pictures left and right, so much of what you'll see (and please dear god. deliver my films safely and uncensored!) will be Le Havre. - I wish now I had taken pictures all the way and let them take the films if they wished because they say anything is alright now and some of the boys were taking them all the way over. I finally got up courage enough to start taking them on the voyage from Southampton so you will see a few of the ship as we enter Le Havre. - There will be none of Scot. or England and the green-wood luck but I'll go back again someday. - It's not the same though. - The pictures will show us debarking the city - the Chateau here where we're staying this evening until we have orders to move on to Paris - (probably about 10 o'clock) the view through the

arbor - the view from the pillbox above here and  
 of pillboxes just above there which command the  
 whole harbor. - Pierre is the girl in the mother.  
 After we landed we were allowed to walk down  
 into the town to see the people and shops and for  
 the first time I felt a little strange. - It makes  
 you uneasy - to know many of the people hate  
 you because of the destruction but you can't blame  
 them in a way. - Some are very friendly tho - too.  
 I had my first experience in trying to speak  
 French! - Imagine me speaking French!!! -  
 I went into a bicycle shop and believe it or not  
 I managed to get out something about "Combien est  
 ce que ~~vous~~ <sup>une</sup> bicyclette?" OK. Mademoiselle  
 Jurning - anyway - I got "Non" "rationne" for  
 an answer and something about the absence of  
 tires so right now I feel like quite a fluent  
 conversationalist and just guess I can <sup>can</sup> <sup>amplacem</sup> in  
 France - without an interpreter. - Must admit  
 tho he rushed for a little dictionary as soon  
 as he said we couldn't say "Bon soir" instead  
 of "Bonjour". - Everyone is walking or cycling.  
 Of the G.I.'s have cars <sup>(steps)</sup> or trucks - and incidentally  
 they sure seemed glad to see us. Most of them  
 can't realize we were in N.Y. not too much more  
 than a week ago. Pierre & I biked up on the hill  
 after we came back from town, to get the picture  
 and she fell at the bottom of corner bombed  
 out steps and sprained her ankle terribly. It  
 was very painful. A big lump of blood as big  
 as your fist collected there but she was a wonder-  
 ful sport about it. - A guard from the pillboxes  
 came out & carried her until she fainted while  
 I rushed back <sup>behind</sup> the hill and went to a first  
 aid station ~~in~~ that was part of a large defense  
 unit - behind huge cement & brick walls, now


manned by us. They finally got her into a  
truck and up to the doctor who has bandaged  
it till we get to Paris but she didn't want to  
have to leave the group here. Guess she'll have  
to go to the hospital there and have it sprayed.  
They say we have been very lucky as a group - as far  
as sickness is concerned. <sup>There are 2 little boys in front of me</sup>  
and <sup>have heavy wooden soles on their shoes; part leather, part</sup> <sup>They're adorable</sup>  
And now to back track a bit to S. Hampt. I'm  
sorry this isn't more consistent but I don't want  
to forget anything - and it's fun to write in the  
present for a change. -

We pulled out of S. Hampt. about 2 AM. -  
after about 3 hours sleep. At the pier the boys  
(about 300 with us) threw <sup>fairthings - stillings</sup>  
everything to the little boys on the docks. There  
was an empty invasion flat boat - fast & so  
whatever they are - between us & the pier & the  
boys would jump into it and wade ankle  
deep in the water for the money - gum - candy  
and everything. - ~~The~~ boys have so much - and  
give most of it away - but they say the people  
object very much to this little practice because  
the kids get pretty unruly - and obnoxious.  
They begged all the way down - at every station  
stop from Zurich to S. Hampt. - "Any gum,  
Crumm?" They've been taught and "Souvenirs?"  
Those 10 kids must have made a good day  
pay out of the toes over - Even old men were  
there chasing them - and it was a little  
disgusting. - It made us look like Manor  
lords feeding their slaves, or tossing corn to  
the chickens for sport. The boys laughed at them  
and then they'd throw a washer and laugh  
more when ~~they~~ kids discovered what it was.  
But the boys were thrilled to the skies to see  
American girls - They were mostly returning  
hospital men who were being sent back  
to their units and then perhaps home or perhaps  
left with the Army of Occ. Most of them had

been home for 1 or 2 years. - We heard the men  
would love us ~~no~~ matter what we looked  
like - and I can really believe it now. - They  
wanted to talk - and talk they did - all about  
their wounds - battle - "Remember when my  
dursin was <sup>caught</sup> in the bulge," they'd say. - I  
was in the company that held this + such -  
and then we'd shout with praise - wondering  
all the time if they'd ask us any more about  
what they did - and where this + such was  
anyway. - The first thing was " - Any of you  
from N. Carolina" - "Oh - a Georgia peach  
Wahoo - look at that Gal!" - They're all  
like that in Georgia" But they loved most -  
They thought I was from Texas - and almost  
insisted I should be - We ate in shifts  
in the officers mess - steak - fr. fries +  
good food I thot but anything that's  
not cooked by Americans is terrible so  
the kid had a lot to say about it. The  
English cooked it - (we were on a small  
Eng. ship) - Must admit tho - their puddings  
are a little heavy for us. - (The birds here  
are magnificent! - I've heard nothing  
but warblers I guess + thrushes - all  
singers anyway - and not just amateurs  
either) - My face is windburned from  
the storm we hit last night. For charrm  
the weather we had a calm voyage - but we  
rocked a lot more than on the queen  
and to make things interesting several  
loose mines floated off either side at  
a distance of 200 yards or so - We wouldn't  
realize it until they'd fire on them to set them  
off and then - the worst part of all - they'd  
miss. Both times they missed - which  
meant both mines floated on - to perhaps  
hit some other ship. It was a most un-  
comfortable feeling and for the first time

I realized much of the "war" was still "at  
large." - When I went to bed finally I  
found myself wondering where the ship  
would buckle - how well the steel deck  
would hold up - how far above water line  
my bunk was and what would happen  
to the big steel beam over my head. I felt  
better after the survey - Had it all figured  
out - I'd be blown out to the middle - im-  
harned or pinned into a nice little  
compartment all my own - but nothing more.  
We had boat drill again - early - and then  
had to carry our preservers all the time.  
At night they gave us a little red light to  
pin on our shoulder straps with a wire &  
battery to put in your pocket. - By handling  
a little plug - ~~touching~~ the battery we could  
flash it on & off. - The sunset was lovely  
but the wind blew terrifically - We  
wheeled into it and rode it out so didn't  
make Le Havre at 10 P.M. as planned. When  
the boat turned everybody gasped and looked  
for another mine. - Every buoy from then  
on was a mine. - At night it wasn't a very  
comfortable feeling tho - to know they were  
still floating around but in perspective  
(reflecting on what had gone before -) we ~~felt~~  
knew it was just a joy ride, especially  
with the men there to tell you how bad  
it could be. I met a marvelous older  
fellow - Joe White - from near Detroit -  
who wished he had been a professional  
violinist. - He reminded me of Gene Cullum  
talked a lot like him and was getting the  
most out of his travels. - He was really a prince  
of a guy - and made me realize there are  
some left who don't talk saloons & women

every minute - "and who ~~is~~ are older & still quite eligible. - He really had sense. We talked quite late - on the upper deck - and I loved it. - We anchored ~~at~~ within sight of land. - This morning stayed there until noon - Sang on deck with a fellow from Texas who looked just like them. - The real thing - guitar - square chin & all. - Everybody had such fun. The men couldn't hear enough new songs - enough of good old U.S. - They roared at anything we said - Whity (another good pal from N.Y. who took me to N.B.C.) and I swept the decks to amuse them and did they get a bang out of it. -

Now I'm on the train <sup>with 2 others.</sup> in a compartment that seats 8! - One more just added <sup>but</sup> we still have enough room to stretch out and sleep. - The seats are like this  and so on until the end of the car. They run across the car - not lengthwise - There's there is no John - and thus you have to have good kidneys or something. - A couple of G.I.'s came up to the chateau so I got pulled in on a walk as much as I wanted to avoid that tonight. Most of the other girls went to a dance for the boys but I wanted to stay & wait then hike upon the hill again for the sunset alone - France. As it was I ended up in the day room of these boys - very nice dancing and then in a little liquor place with a glass of red wine - Very mild <sup>(the wine)</sup> but stupid (the fun). That's one thing about this business - I'll be lucky if I can find any time to myself to do the things that mean the most to me. Incidentally, Em - one of our other visitors at the chateau was none other than a guy in a grey - Coast guard uniform - who stood leaning on a small French car - talking to a Wac and just gabbling with some of the officers - Victor Mature!! - What a droop. - Bob Hope & Frank Sinatra have reservations on the cars behind us - with their troop shows but they didn't show up!! For

once the show did not go on <sup>12</sup>! We've just started so if this is a little rough - please forgive - We've been waiting for them a half an hour.

Where was I - Oh yes - this morning - we sang and all - Then - after lunch - sang some more until we pulled into the harbor - It was just like pulling up alongside of a set in Hollywood - on location. We had to be backed into <sup>the</sup> anchorage pier place - to allow the SS Brazil to go in ahead of us with its load of civilians which we later heard were Hope and his gang of troupers. - The pictures will tell the story from here on. - Well gotta have sleep! - will try to keep this up to date. Love you all very much and Hope I get some mail soon.

June 12

Fell asleep immediately but nearly froze to death. - Woke up in time to see daylight and hideous ghosts of ruins which were caused by street fighting & land attacks I suppose - as well as air. - This was Rouen. as far as I can guess. - Then fell asleep again and had a terrible dream about bombings & prisoners and all the rest. If that happens to me from just looking - what happens to those who have to live through it. - Seeing cities like Le Havre in ruins - really hits you but when you see shell holes thro a barn - parts of a country stone wall chipped out and trees splintered - you know how far reaching war can be. - Pierre hobbled around bravely! We were met by <sup>the</sup> Red Cross & taken in trucks to the Hotel Normandie which is right in the center of everything. Don't know how long I'll be here but I hope long enough to see a lot. How I wish I had some hostel addresses. Paris is as beautiful as they say it is - and a relief to see after Le Havre. As the picture show - everyone is on bicycles or a foot. - We have a wonderful room with a private bath and even a foot bath! 3 to a room (Pierre got a single fortunately, with bath) I as usual have



a cot but wouldn't know what a bed felt like or how to sleep in one. - We eat at a Red Cross club - wonderful meals - and what fun it is to talk French?!! - I had a glowing conversation with a taxi driver this morning about "Quel ce que c'est le sa?" or something - He'd blubber away and end up with the word "Université" - so I'd give a quick glance at the enclosed map and "We - tres beau - Magnificent!" back to him and the kids with me that I was colossal - It was a howl - Amazing what you remember when you have to tho - Was in a taxi because Peg had to have a tooth out. - We were going to take a tour for \$1.20 but decided against it and were just as glad when we found out the R. Cross furnished a taxi over and back to a dental clinic which was miles away. We had a free tour for nothing!!! - (hold your nose please when you say that) and it only cost Peg a cigarette. - Haven't done any sight-seeing yet. Am living with Bertie again & Peg, the Pugs, Ed girl (alone) & they are both asleep - Guess most of the kids are. Wish I could get a bike somewhere - because I don't feel like going out tonight & loading up. - Want to get some pictures while the sun is good - Also need sleep. - Can't send you these for a long while I guess but will keep writing so you'll have something more than "I am well" - to look forward to. -  
Love you all - Don't know how long I'll be here or what happens next - Sort of like this unsettled business - but it will come to an end shortly -

Much much love again

P.S. Please send me some soap if possible - Pat I can trade hit song hit sheets & some things. - also any cigarettes if you don't go out of your way to get them for some times. Not important tho

P. Jennings A.R.C. 58533  
Adjts. Delta Base Sect.  
APO 772  
90 P.M. N.Y. City



L. E. Jennings  
W Somers,  
Conn.

June 11  
June 28

ARMY EXAMINER

PASSED BY  
BASE  
2181  
ARMY  
EXAMINER  
Patricia  
Jennings

Letter #3

OPENED BY

June 11, 1945

Dearest Family:

This is really exciting. Our orders were for London as you can see. This morning we had to get up at 6 o'clock, eat an early breakfast – our last on the beautiful Queen – and have our bags ready by 7. We lined them all up in the hall and along came a gang of G.I.'s and picked them up (single file). It was funny to see some of them walk by the big ones and grab the tine ones. Then we gathered all our gear stuff, belts, etc. and marched down to the bottom of the ship and stepped off onto a small ferry boat. There were the group of us and some American officers. Most of the troops had gone earlier but were waiting for us on the same train. The harbor was full of all kinds of ships. The Ille de France, which has been changed into a troop ship and was waiting to leave with its cargo of injured veterans. The little boats putted in and about seemingly very busy. There were hundreds of beautiful big (Black backed) gulls (For Em's benefit) hovering around for refuse. The harbor was so peaceful and cozy. The fog was heavy at times, but lifted enough so we could see lovely little Gurich – one of the few harbors large enough or deep enough to hold Queen Mary – but not spoiled by lots of factories and dirty slum-looking buildings like New York. The hills were a beautiful pea green and dark in spots where the small trees hadn't been cut. Then at the foot of the hills snuggled in next to the water were these beautiful neat little stone houses – many painted white – and many stone-colored with red roofs just like the pictures in "My Book house". They were in neat rows like this. Each one very much like the other – chalet looking, but all with gardens and lovely flowers. No ugly sky scrapers. Even the little shops along the wharves were tidy and very "Williamsburg"ish. It was just like a dream, a real fairy tale come true. I had such a hard time knowing our stay in Scotland would be a matter of minutes. Oh for a bicycle and a chance to roam these lovely hills. I wish I could describe it to you. It was quite cold and rainy at times, but you could see the hills. It looked like some parts of American but a mixture of lots of places. The distant hills looked like the green Mts. The hills close to made you think of Wyoming -- some of them -- because in parts they were brownish and barren. Then on the lower sides of them would be luscious green fields with their trim little white farm houses set into a cluster of dark green trees. I'd have given my footlocker, suitcase, and last 50 cents to have had a horse and plenty of time. Well, we finally pulled out – away from the big ship and what a magnificent thing it is. She looked like a mother here with her brood of tiny boats next to her loading and unloading cargo and men. A big tank had pulled up along the right side to refuel. But the farther away we got, the more that great giant looked like a little toy, and so did all the rest, in a play pool of water. On the Gurich dock we were greeted by 2 Red Cross girls, coffee and doughnuts and lots of Britishers, Scotchmen, and along with them – all the local color and dialect. We stepped right onto the train at the dock and were assigned to compartments – 4 each. These trains seat people in 4's like we try to get at home if we're traveling together. But, these seats can't be changed. Some of the cars are like the colony cars in Canada. We'd heard how dirty Gurich was, how dirty the trains were, how awful the ride was, and how terrible the Limies are and enough talk to make anybody wonder if Americans can ever say anything nice about anything but new York. Everything they didn't like on the Queen Mary was "Britain's grudge against America." It makes me so mad I'm almost ashamed to say I'm an American sometimes because it's so obvious to these other people and we're they're guests! It gives us all such a bad start. But, I'm not sorry I'm an American, one

bit. I'm only sorry these people see so much of what should never be called "typical U.S." If they only knew the country and the West and the real genuine Americans. Well, enough of that. We pulled out of Gurich at about 9:30 after leaving the ship about 8:05 and spending ½ hour on the tender at the dock. I have a map I'm sending to you to show you our route down. It was funny. I bought it at Carlisle – gave the little girl 25 cents for it at first until I found 3 shillings meant 60 cents instead. I couldn't imagine paying 60 cents for a map, but it was worth it.

Wrote the above at 2 this morning while we were waiting for a train but kept getting ahead of my story. Traced our train route (said that before – that's the trouble with this haphazard epistle but I hope you will overlook a few of those unliterary mistakes. The people waved to us all the way out of Gurich. Glasgow isn't half as bad as they say it is even the slum parts have small, neat stone buildings and gardens. They look like our new settlement houses only in old English style; well built and only 2 families to a house. The flowers along the road were beautiful! Rhododendron or its European cousin in large purple clusters, lots of Buttercups, Daisies, Heather and in the cultivated plots – flowers that look like Lupine or tall Delphiniums I guess. Poppies (red) and the other lovely blue and purple small flowers. Laurel too I think although I thought that it was native to America. The fields look like New England only much neater. The walls are of square stone and there are many. Not much woods but lots of little green fields bordered by these stone walls and the fields look as though they'd been cultivated for centuries (as they have). But I noticed the absence of any rough pasture -- tree stumps and rocky boulders – like grazing fields like we have. Their pastures look like the blue grass country on a small scale. Then the strange part of it all is the mixture of Wyoming in this picture too. The lowlands are these lovely green fields spotted with cattle – mostly Ayrshires and some Holsteins – and rising right out of them are these barren moorland hills covered with heather and void of much vegetation. Yet, they never have any (arrow???) in Scotland. It was light incidentally until 11:30 the night before. Just like Canada. There were many wild rabbits in some of the fields. Most every farm has a goat or 2 and a horse. The lanes are just as you picture them in that song, "There will always be an England" narrow but many paved with asphalt. Everyone rides a bicycle or walks. Toward evening we saw many couples walking over the fields with beautiful collies. I don't know when Scotland ceased and England began, but N. England is just like the above. As we came farther South we got into the loose country – lost some of the more rugged scenery of the North. It is truly like riding a magic carpet through fairy land. One would never know this country has been at war up in these parts. It reminded me of home a lot as far as crops, etc. are concerned: potatoes, vegetables, lots of hay fields, some real corn valley country except for the absence of woodchuck holes.

Played some rummy and cards with a U.S. officer and my seatmates toward evening. The country we were then riding through looked like Ohio. We had seen our first bomb shelters – grass covered and neglected – so they looked now and were beginning to get into the buzz bomb areas. Made a so-called grand slam or whatever you could (in Heart's, you know) by taking all the bad cards. It was funny. Had never been able to do it before but I must put this in to show Em what a card shark I'm getting to be. Incidentally, if I ever see a pack of cards when I get home I'll commit a neat, but hasty suicide. Our orders were somewhat confused. We got off at Kensington just outside of London at 10:00 p.m. I had seen one of those bikes like they had in R.A. at a station stopover – inquired as to price and

found I could buy one in London for \$50! Or 10 lbs so had made all my future plans around that and thrown in several hostel trips on the side. However, more of what makes this life so interesting came along (and also a bit trying at times when you've done the above – in any detail) and I found myself with the others on another train bound for South Hampton where we embarked for the continent and Paris. It was a blow to lots of us because we'd hoped to see London, but never let it be said we didn't see something! I always try to make the most of my time, you know. Were taken in large buses (left hand driver, of course) over to the other side of town to another station. On the way, we saw just enough to make us want to come back. It was just past Thirty Ct. (??), but we could see the Place spires – Hyde Park Entrance, Kensington Park, small English cars and funny carriage-like Taxis. The outline of Westminster Abbey and Parliament buildings. Big Ben. St. Thomas Hospital and the Thames. When we got to the other station, a club mobile met us with the usual morale builder. Then we had about 2 hours to Peg and I walked back through the Abbey and Thames so we could see it as it's pictured on the post cards. We heard Big Ben strike 1:15 – saw where the St. Thomas hospital had been gutted and the parliament buildings too and building near the station. It is still black in England because they are conserving fuel but to them there is much light. They said until the last 2 weeks one could see absolutely nothing in front of them. They had flashlights so we could see some. And Big Ben (which had only been alight for 2 weeks) shone like a big moon across the Thames. The sky was light enough to show the spires of the cathedral and parliament buildings. After seeing the bombed areas we wondered how on earth these people even could smile now and carry on the way they have. People are still living in the shelters they say, unable to find quarters or "a flat" as they put it, because they don't have time to look. The women's Army and Navy are being released, as are many of the men. They are so friendly here as you show them you can be half-way polite and appreciative. I'm sick to think I won't be able to see the Catches this time but maybe I can soon if I get a furlough (Jack Catchpool's – Founder of British Youth Hostelling.)

Guess where I am now – on an English freighter converted into a troop ship in an upper bunk again, writing in the dark. All 75 of us are asleep. It's 9 AM and we just got to bed about ¾ hours ago so we are all really weary and dirty. Everyone wants to sleep now so they can see us leave at 2 this afternoon. We got a few cat naps on the way down to South Hampton, but they weren't worth much as you can imagine. The men troops had to lie on the floor. Have been living today on K rations. Lunch we had the one marked supper – canned corn beef and carrots mixed, 4 concentrated crackers that taste like animal crackers, chocolate, gum, cigarettes, lemon juice (powder), sugar. Tonight we had dinner – can of cheese, 8 small crackers, candy bar (Milky Way made for tropical weather) cigarettes, sugar, bullion, and coffee that you can mix in your canteen in cold weather and have iced coffee. The chief interest seems to be "what kind of cigarettes did I get" so I hang onto mine and swap for chewing gum and the wonderful dried fruit bar that comes in the breakfast kit. It's chopped apricots, prunes, raisins, currents, peaches, etc. all pressed into a cake. They have dried breakfast food too and a ham and egg mixture or sausage and egg in a can with crackers. Very good! The fellows just brought down some blankets so we're all disturbed again but some are regular enough to take it. You can certainly tell what people are made of in times like this. We're still alongside the pier and we'll stay there till more troops come aboard and we've eaten. Get hot food this noon. South Hampton has been badly bombed around

here – watched some of the men fishing off the dock for “Whiteys” or something like that. Pill boxes all over rubbish-twisted ?? etc.

Wednesday, June 13<sup>th</sup> 1945

Just hope I don't skip anything. So much is doing and it's all so thrilling. I am now sitting under a small canopy of this kind of a tree, whatever it is, they are trimmed like an arbor of grapes and are shading a hand built picnic table which is sheltered to the sea side by a stone wall. Behind me to my left is an ugly undestroyed pillbox camouflaged with ropes and twisting vines. Behind me is our first stop over in our next homeland (France) a once beautiful French Chateaux, which now houses some Army nurses, girl stenographers and telephone operators and any other lady transients from America. This must have been one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. I wish you could be here to see the view from the hilltops where we overlook all of our home. We've been here since 3:30. It's now 7 o'clock and the sun is still  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the way above the horizon. From the village below comes the chimes of a bell, which as far as I can see must be the only survivor of one of the deadliest and most ruthless series of bombing ever to hit any single town. I enclose a postal which may give a poor idea of what this seaside city once used to be and the pictures I am sending soon will show you what lies below us tonight. The destruction is indescribable and yet although the heart of the town is gutted beyond recognition its people are back and life has been resumed again in the same quaint French fashion. The stores are small, many gutted, but people are trading just as they did before. The children are going to school and the prisoners are trying to make some impression on the rubble at their feet. There are boats in the harbor with only their crow's nest above the water line. As the tide changes, more derelicts show their bare outlines. Children are playing on the beaches and swimming in amongst some of the piles of broken cement. We were loaded into large army trucks at the port and driven through the worst parts of the town to this hilltop haven so we had a hasty close up of what has to be done to restore the village if that is humanly possible. I snapped pictures left and right so much of what you'll see (and please dear God deliver my films safely and uncensored!) will be Le Havre. There will be none of Scotland or England and the Queen -- worse luck, but I'll go back again someday. It's not the same though. The pictures will show us debarking the city, the chateau here where we're staying this evening until we have orders to move on to Paris (probably about 10 o'clock), the view through the ??, the view from a pillbox above here and of pillboxes just above there which command the whole harbor. Pierre is the girl in them, mother. After we landed we were allowed to walk down into the town to see the people and shops and for the first time I felt a little strange. It made me uneasy to know many of the people hate you because of the destruction, but you can't blame them in a way. Some are very friendly though too. I had my first experience in trying to speak French! Imagine me speaking French!!! I went into a bicycle shop and believe it or not I managed to get out something about “Combien est ce que . . . un bicyclette?” Ok. Mademoiselle ?? anyways. I got a “Non-Native” for an answer and something about the absence of tires so right now I feel like quite a fluent conversationalist and just guess I can go anyplace in France without an interpreter. Must admit though he rushed for a little dictionary as soon as he saw e couldn't say “Bon soir” instead of “Bon jour.” Everyone is walking or bicycling. Only the G.I.'s have cars or trucks and incidentally they sure seemed glad to see us. Most of them can't realize we were in N.Y. not too much more than a week ago. Pierre and I hiked up on the hill after we came

back from town to get the pictures and she fell at the bottom of one bombed out steps and sprained her ankle terribly. It was very painful. A big lump of blood as big as your fist collected there but she was a wonderful sport about it. A guard from the pillbox came out and carried her until she fainted while I rushed back behind the hill and went to a first aid station that was part of a large defense unit behind huge cement and brick walls now manned by us. They finally got her into a truck and up to the doctor who has bandaged it until we get to Paris but she didn't want to have to leave the group here. Guess she'll have to go to the hospital there and have it X-rayed. They say we have been very lucky as a group as far as sickness is concerned. (There are 2 little boys in front of me. They're adorable and have heavy wooden soles on their shoes, part leather and the tops are made of yarn.)

And now to backtrack a bit to South Hampton. I'm sorry this isn't more consistent, but I don't want to forget anything and it's fun to write in the present for a change.

We pulled out of South Hampton about 2 AM after about 3 hours of sleep. At the pier the boys (about 300 with us) threw farthings, shillings and everything to the little boys on the docks. There was an empty invasion flat boat, or whatever they are, between us and the pier and the boys would jump onto it and wade ankle deep into the water for the money, gum, candy and everything. The boys have so much and give most of it away, but they say the people object very much to this little practice because the kids get pretty unruly and obnoxious. They begged all the way down at every station stop from Gurich to South Hampton. "Any gum chum?" they've been taught and "Souvenirs?" Those 10 kids must have made a good day's pay out of the toss over's. Even old men were there chasing them and it was a little disgusting. It made us look like Manor Lords feeding their slaves or tossing corn to the chickens for sport. The boys laughed at them and then they'd throw a washer and laugh more when the kids discovered what it was. But the boys were thrilled to the skies to see American girls. They were mostly returning hospitalized men who were being sent back to their units and then perhaps home or perhaps left with the Army of Occupation. Most of them hadn't been home for 1 or 2 years. We heard the men would love us no matter what we looked like and I can really believe it now. They wanted to talk and talk they did – all about their wounds, battle "Remember when my division was caught in the bulge," they'd say. "I was in the company that held this and such . . ." and then we'd shout with praise wondering all the time if they'd ask us any more about what they did and where this and such was anyways. The first thing was "Any of you from Carolina?" Then, "Ah, a Georgia peach. Wahoo! Look at that girl! They're all like that in Georgia." But they loved us all. They thought I was from Texas and almost insisted I should be. We ate in shifts in the officers mess: steak, French fries and good food I thought but anything that's not cooked by Americans is terrible so the kids had a lot to say about it. The English cooked it. (We were on a small English ship.) Must admit though their puddings are a little heavy for us. (The birds here are magnificent! I've hear nothing but Warblers I guess and Thrushes all singing anyways and not just amateurs either.) My face is wind-burned from the storm we hit last night. For Channel weather we had a calm voyage but we rocked a lot more than on the Queen and to make things interesting several loose mines floated off either side at a distance of 200 yards or so. We wouldn't realize it until they'd fire on them to set them off and then the worst part of all, they'd miss. Both times they missed which meant both mines floated on to perhaps hit some other ship. It was a most uncomfortable feeling and for the first time I realized much of the war was still "at large." When I



went to bed finally I found myself wondering when the ship would buckle, how well the steel deck would hold up, how far above the water line my bunk was and what would happen to the big steel beam over my head. I felt better after the survey. Had it all figured out I'd be blown out to the middle then hammered or pinned into a nice little compartment all my own but nothing more. We had boat drill again early and then had to carry our preservers all the time. At night they gave us a little red light to pin on our shoulder straps and a battery to put in your pocket. By handling a little plug touching the battery we could flash it on and off. The sunset was lovely but the wind blew terrifically. We wheeled into it and rode it out so didn't make it Le Havre at 10 PM as planned. When the boat turned everybody gasped and looked for another mine. Every theory from then on was a mine. At night it wasn't a very comfortable feeling though to know they were still floating around but in perspective (reflecting on what had gone before) we knew it was just a joy ride especially with the men there to tell you how bad it could be. I met a marvelous older fellow, Joe White, from near Detroit who wished he had been a professional violinist. He reminded me of Gene Cullman – talked a lot like him and was getting the most out of his travels. He was really a prince of a guy and made me realize there are some left who don't talk saloons and women every minute and who are older and still quite eligible. He really had sense. We talked quite late on the upper deck and I loved it. We anchored within sight of land. This morning stayed there until noon. Sang on deck with a fellow from Texas who looked just like them – the real thing: guitar, square chin and all. Everybody had such fun. The men couldn't hear enough new songs – enough of good old U.S. They roared at anything we said. Whitney (another good pal from N.Y. who took me to NBC) and I swept the decks to amuse them and did they get a laugh out of it.

Now I'm on the train with 2 others in a compartment that seats 8! One more just added but we still have enough room to stretch out and sleep. The seats are like this: and so on until the end of the car. They run across the car not lengthwise. There's no John and you have to have good kidneys or something. A couple of G.I.'s came up to the charter so I got pulled in on a walk as much as I wanted to avoid that tonight. Most of the other girls went to a dance for the boys but I wanted to stay and write and then hike upon the hill again for the sunset alone for once. As it was, I ended up in the day room of these boys – very nice dancing and then in a little liquor place with a glass of red wine. Very mild (the wine) but stupid (the fun). That's one thing about this business I'll be lucky if I can find any time to myself to do the things that mean the most to me. Incidentally Em, one of our other visitors at the Chateau was none other than a guy in a grey Coast guard uniform who stood leaning on a small French car talking to a Wac and just gabbing with some of the officers – Victor Mature!! What a droop. Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra have reservations on the car behind us with their troop shows but they didn't show up!!! For once, the show didn't go on!!! We've just started so if this is a little rough, please forgive. We've been waiting for them a half an hour.

Where was I? Oh yes. This morning we sang and all. Then after lunch, sang some more until we pulled into the harbor. It was just like pulling up alongside of a set in Hollywood – on location. We had to be backed into the anchorage pier place to allow the SS Brazil to go in ahead of us with its load of civilian, which we later read were Hope and his gang of troupers. The pictures will tell the story from here on. Well gotta have sleep! Will try to keep this up-to-date. Love you all very much and hope I get some mail soon.

June 12, 1945

Fell asleep immediately but nearly froze to death. Woke up in time to see daylight and hideous ghosts of ruins which were caused by street fighting and land attack I suppose as well as air. This was Rouen as far as I can guess. Then fell asleep again and had a terrible dream about bombings and prisoners and all the rest. If that happens to me from just looking, what happens to those who have to live through it. Seeing cities like Le Havre in ruins really hits you, but when you see shell holes through a barn parts of country stone wall chipped out and trees splintered, you know how far reaching war can be. Pierre hobbled around bravely! We were met by the Red Cross and taken in trucks to the hotel Normandy, which is right in the center of everything. Don't know how long I'll be here, but I hope long enough to see a lot. How I wish I had some hostel addresses. Paris is as beautiful as they say it is and a relief to see after Le Havre. As the pictures show, everyone is on bicycles or on foot. We have a wonderful room with a private bath and even a foot bath! 3 to a room. Pierre got a single, fortunately with a bath. I as usual have a cot, but wouldn't know what a bed felt like or how to sleep in one. We eat at a Red Cross Club. Wonderful meals and what fun it is to talk French?! I had a glowing conversation with a taxi driver this morning about "Que ce que c'est le sa?" or something. He'd blubber away and end up with the word "Universitie" so I'd give a quick glance at the enclosed map and "We, tres bean. Magnificent!" -- back to him and the kids with me thought I was colossal. It was a howl. Amazing what you remember when you have to though. Was in a taxi because Peg had to have a tooth out. We were going to take a tour for \$1.20 but decided against it and were just as glad when we found out the Red Cross furnished a taxi over and back to a dental clinic, which was miles away. We had a free tour for nothing! (hold your nose please when you say that!) and it only cost Peg a cigarette. Haven't done any sight-seeing yet. Am living with Berty again and Peg, the Phys Ed. (above) and they are both asleep. Guess most of the kids are. Wish I could get a bike somewhere because I don't feel like going out tonight and loading up. Want to get some pictures while the sun is good. Also need sleep. Can't send you these for a long while I guess but I will keep writing so you'll have something more than "I am well" to look forward to.

Love you all. Don't know how long I'll be here or what happens next. Sort of like this unsettled business, but it will come to an end shortly. Much love again, Pat.

P.S. Please send me some soap if possible. Latest song hit sheets, Em and the stockings. Also any cigarettes if you don't go out of your way to get them. I can trade them for things sometimes. Not imports though.

BY  
Patricia Jennings  
A.R.C. Hdqts. Delta Base Section  
APO 772  
90 P.M. N.Y. City



VIA AIR MAIL

L. E. Jennings  
Somers,  
Conn.  
U.S.A



Patricia  
Jennings

May 20 1951

54

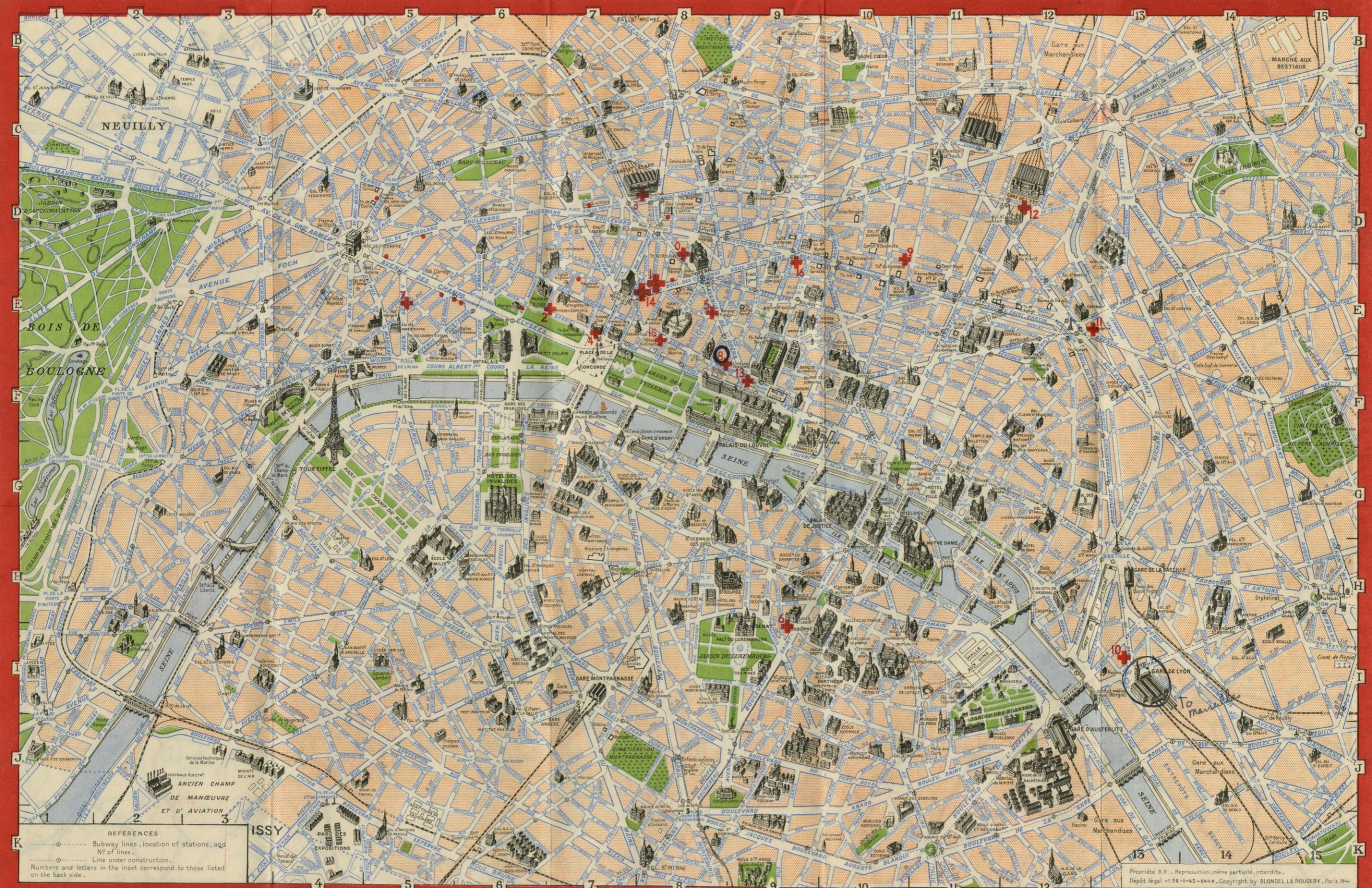
OPENED

# Lisnaskea

Anschluß: Blatt Nr. 45 Enniskillen

1:50 000





REFERENCES  
 - - - - - Subway lines, location of stations, and N° of lines.  
 - - - - - Line under construction.  
 Numbers and letters in the inset correspond to those listed on the back side.

Propriété B. R. - Reproduction même partielle, interdite.  
 Dépôt légal n° 36-1-45-6449 - Copyright by BLONDEL LA ROUGERY, Paris 1944

# AMERICAN RED CROSS CLUBS

N°	Key	CLUB NAME	STREET NUMBER	Tel. Number	Metro Station	N°	Key	CLUB NAME	STREET NUMBER	Tel. Number	Metro Station	N°	Key	CLUB NAME	STREET NUMBER	Tel. Number	Metro Station
+ 0	D 8	Central Registration Bureau	11, rue Scribe	OPE 93-09	Opéra	+ 6	I 9	Left Bank Club (Negro-Staffed)	1 bis, rue de Vaugirard	DAN 88-10	Odéon	+ 11	E 12	Transatlantic Club	8 bis, Pl. de la République	OBE 58-20	République
+ 1	E 8	Rainbow Corner	8, Boul. de la Madeleine	OPE 03-80	Madéleine	+ 7	E 5	Mayflower Club (Off.)	53, rue François-I <sup>er</sup>	ELY 79-86	George V	+ 12	D 12	Union Terminal	5, rue de Strasbourg	BOT 58-50	Gare de l'Est
+ 2	E 7	Columbia Club	2, rue de l'Élysée	EUN 52-91	Concorde	+ 8	F 8	Officers Club for Women	37, rue de l'Échelle	OPE 04-80	Palais-Royal	+ 13	F 9	Washington Club (Off.)	Place du Théâtre-Français	LOU 63-00	Palais-Royal
+ 3	D 8	Grand Central Club	Gare Saint-Lazare	EUR 36-80	Saint-Lazare	+ 9	D 10	Pavillon Club	36, rue de l'Échiquier	PRO 17-15	Stra-Si-Denis	+ 14	E 8	Continental Headquarters	12, Boul. de la Madeleine	OPE 66-90	Madéleine
+ 4	E 9	Independance Club (Off.)	10, Place de la Concorde	ANJ 24-10	Concorde	+ 10	I 13	Potomac Club (Negro-Staffed)	11, rue de Lyon	DID 09-09	Gare de Lyon	+ 15	E 8	Patio Club (Wac)	239, rue Saint-Honoré	OPE 41-92	Palais Royal
+ 5	E 8	Lafayette Club (Officers)	39, Avenue de l'Opéra	OPE 58-16	Opéra							+ 16	E 9	Boulevard Club	9, Boulevard des Italiens	RIC 75-35	Montmartre

AMERICAN RED CROSS  
WOMEN OFFICERS' CLUB  
HOTEL NORMANDY PARIS

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## EXCURSION to VERSAILLES

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### ITINERARY

Following the Seine we reach SEVRES, passing the famous porcelaine Manufactory — CHAVILLE — VIROFLAY — VERSAILLES — The Palace of VERSAILLES, built under the reign of Louis XIV, and used as a residence for the Kings of France, has been for the last three centuries, the center of great historical events. Its Hall of Mirrors, King's Apartments and Gallery of Battles have to be visited, as well as its famous gardens, the Petit Trianon, Marie Antoinette's Hamlet and the State Carriages.

On the way back to Paris, we drive through VILLE D'AVRAY, where COROT lived, and through the Forest of SAINT-CLOUD.

*Bus leaving every day at 9 a. m. from the  
Women Officers' Club and returning at 12.30 p. m.*

**FARE : 85 FRs.**

■

**EXPLANATIONS GIVEN by COMPETENT**  
**ENGLISH-SPEAKING LECTURER.**

# HOW TO ASK YOUR WAY

## QUESTIONS

### ENGLISH

To go to ?  
At what station should I get off ?  
Where do I change trains ?

### FRENCH

Pour aller à ?  
A quelle station faut-il descendre ?  
Où est la correspondance ?

### PRONUNCIATION

Poor alay ah ?  
Ah kel stas-iong foh tiel  
desangdr ?  
Oo a lah correspondance ?

## ANSWERS

### ENGLISH

Take train  
Get off  
Change at

### FRENCH

Prendre la ligne  
Descendre à  
Changer à

### PRONUNCIATION

Prandgr lah leenie  
Desangdr ah  
Shangjay ah

## FOR DIRECTION

Entrance  
Way out  
Go downstairs  
Go upstairs

Entrée  
Sortie  
Descendre l'escalier  
Monter l'escalier

Angtray  
Sortee  
Desangdr lescahlier  
Mongtay lescahlier

Turn to the right  
Turn to the left  
Straight on  
In the middle

Tourner à droite  
Tourner à gauche  
Tout droit  
Au milieu

Tournay ah drwat  
Tournay ah gawsh  
Too drwah  
O meelieu

## GENERAL INFORMATION

**MAPS.** — Large maps are to be found :  
a) outside, at the entrance of every Metro station ;  
b) near the ticket Office ;  
c) on every platform.

On the maps each line carries a number. Directions, however, are usually given by indicating the name of the end-stations of the lines.

### DIRECTIONS.

The name of each station, in large white letters on a blue background, is repeated on the walls between the advertisement frames. In the middle of the platform, hanging from the ceiling, a poster indicates the name of the last station towards which the trains are going.

The way out is indicated by a sign lighted in yellow, reading « SORTIE ». (Exit.)

The corridors leading to the platforms of other lines are indicated by signs hanging from the ceiling, lighted in yellow, reading « CORRESPONDANCE ».

Elevators where they exist, are indicated by lighted signs reading « ASCENSEUR ». (Elevator.)

- By means of its 14 lines stretching over 86.4 miles underground, 6 miles in the open air and its 348 stations, the Metro can take you almost anywhere in Paris and the suburbs.
- There are a few Stations that are closed ; do not plan on getting off at these Stations.

THIS MAP MAY BE MAILED HOME IF UNMARKED

Anschluß: Blatt Nr. 117600

Blattblätter

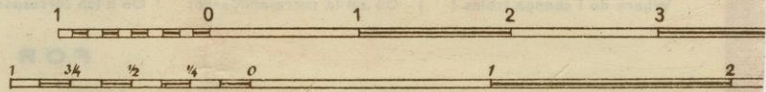
45	46
57	58
68	69

Politische Übersicht



Maßstab 1:

(2 Zentimeter der Karte = 1 Meile)



Höhenangaben in engl. Fuß über dem Meeresspiegel  
 Abstand der Höhenlinien 50 Fuß

THIS MAP MAY BE MAILED HOME IF UNMARKED



Room 428

come to Hdqts -

Tues - Jennings -  
9 AM - R.C. Garage  
Report to Mr. Carlyle  
get to Hdqts - at 8:30  
Passes on ground floor

WELCOME

TO ALL NEWLY ARRIVED PERSONNEL IN PARIS.

Your arrival on the Continent is greatly welcomed. There is still a great job to be done over here, and your services are sorely needed at this time. We of the General Staff are sure that it is obvious to you that with the cessation of hostilities, the need for Red Cross Service to the men is greater than ever before.

Again, a hearty welcome - and please be assured that the Personnel Department and all other Headquarters Departments are here to help you should you need their help.



Schubert E. Smith  
Director of Personnel

INFORMATION FOR NEWLY ARRIVED PERSONNEL:

ADDRESS OF HEADQUARTERS - - - - - 12 Blvd. de la Madeleine  
TELEPHONE NO. - - - - - OPE 6690-1-2-3  
OPE 5632-3-4-5

MEALS - - - - - Two Red Cross Messes in Paris:  
1 - Le Potiniere  
30 rue de 4 Septembre  
2 - Hotel Vouillemont  
15 Boissy-Anglais.

NOTE: Red Cross personnel are not authorized to eat in any civilian restaurants, by a direct military order. As guests of officers, Red Cross personnel are permitted to eat in the various officers' messes.

No tipping is allowed in Red Cross Messes.

SICKNESS - - - - - Contact the Staff Health Dept.  
Room 304 Headquarters Bldg.  
Nurse - Miss Mary Dodd  
Day Phone - Anjou 7990  
Night " - Passy 4634

DISPENSARY - - - - - 11 rue Holder

NOTE: Before reporting to Dispensary, Staff Health Department should be contacted.

PX - - - - - Enlisted Mens': (larger and better of the two)  
Location: Au Printemps  
Rue de Provence  
Officers': 65-67 Champs Elysees

NOTE: PX card is obtainable at Room 229, Headquarters.

LAUNDRY - - - - - Ascertain if your Hotel has laundry facilities. If not, civilian facilities will have to be used.

DRY CLEANING - - - - - 1 - Civilian Establishments  
2 - PX (Au Printemps) - 1 wk. service  
3 - Hotel Vouillemont - 1 wk. service

Note: Laundry and Dry Cleaning are voucherable items, up to a maximum of 800 francs per month. When submitting monthly vouchers, however receipts for payment of laundry and/or dry cleaning must be attached.

QUARTERMASTER - - - - - In event uniforms items have been lost contact Uniform Dept. Room 428. However, in other cases no re-issue will be made for a period of 90 days. Location: 3 Avenue Friedland.

LOCATION, RED CROSS PERSONNEL - - Staff Room, Room 325, Headquarters.

LOCATION, MILITARY PERSONNEL - - Seine Base Section, located 2 Place de l'Opera, directly across street from le Potiniere, ARC Mess address given above.

MAIL - - - - - Ground Floor, Headquarters

Note: Outgoing mail, if stamped, can be mailed at this location. Otherwise, stamps, money orders, the mailing of package, etc., can be handled at Seine Base Section, direction and location given above.

APO - - - - - APO No. for Paris is 887.

SECURITY - - - - - It is permissible to advise friends and relatives of your exact location. Further, picture postcards may be mailed.

TAXI SERVICE - - - - - Red Cross transportation may be obtained for official reasons or in emergencies by contacting Transportation Dept., Ground floor, Headquarters.

STAFF WELFARE - - - - - The Staff Welfare Department is located in Room 227, Headquarters. Mrs. Curtis Munson and Mrs. Albert Gregg are Directors of this Department and are interested in the personal welfare of all personnel. Please contact them at any time in regard to any problem you might have.

NOTE: THERE IS ATTACHED HERETO A MAP OF PARIS AND THE METRO SYSTEM. THERE ARE NO TAXIS IN PARIS AND ALL TRANSPORTATION MUST BE MADE VIA THE METRO (SUBWAY). NO CHARGE IS MADE FOR TRANSPORTATION OF AMERICAN PERSONNEL.

ANY OTHER INFORMATION WHICH CAN BE OF ASSISTANCE TO YOU WILL BE GLADLY RENDERED EITHER BY CALLING PERSONNEL DEPT., HEADQUARTERS, EXT. 219, OR BY CALLING BY THE OFFICE.

**SOLUBLE COFFEE  
PRODUCT**

Net Wt. 5 Grams

DISSOLVE CON-  
TENTS IN 1/3 CAN-  
TEEN CUP (8  
OUNCES) HOT OR  
COLD WATER. STIR  
WELL. ADD SUGAR  
IF DESIRED.



**SOLUBLE COFFEE  
PRODUCT**

Net Wt. 5 Grams

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TENTS IN 1/3 CAN-  
TEEN CUP (8  
OUNCES) HOT OR  
COLD WATER. STIR  
WELL. ADD SUGAR  
IF DESIRED.



**SOLUBLE COFFEE  
PRODUCT**

Manufactured by  
**GENERAL FOODS CORP.**  
New York, U. S. A.

---

Directions On Other Side

---

Packaged by  
**HENRY HEIDE, INCORPORATED**  
New York, N. Y., U. S. A.



**SOLUBLE COFFEE  
PRODUCT**

Manufactured by  
**GENERAL FOODS CORP.**  
New York, U. S. A.

---

Directions On Other Side

---

Packaged by  
**HENRY HEIDE, INCORPORATED**  
New York, N. Y., U. S. A.



**SOLUBLE  
PROI**

Manufac  
**GENERAL F**  
New York

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Directions On

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Packag  
**HENRY HEIDE, I**  
New York, N



Letter # 2

**XAMINER**

**U. S. ARMY E**

Dearest Family: - entrance to Scotland ~~at~~ June 28 '45

To continue the long epistle - - Am now on a little train enroute to somewhere? - from the post - a lovely little town in Scotland. - There is a lot to tell you about. So much has happened in the last 2 days. - I'm in love with Scotland and England already. - Yesterday we got up early - washed and the rest of it and I managed to go to church. - The service held in the Officers lounge on the ship. - During a hymn we heard a series of loud reports toward the stern which had some of us wondering - but it turned out to be land - our first sight of it in 4 1/2 days. - And from then on we hugged the rail every second of the time. - Talk about Bugeat Sound! - I was standing as near to the front of the bow as possible - right in the middle of the 3rd deck. - Just below us was another short deck and then the deck with the hold - and the booms which lift out the luggage - the ladders ropes, and all the wrenches etc. - then in front of that is the short deck as high as the 2nd one with the anchor wrenches etc. - A cross section looks like this and I stood at X. -



written June 12 in Paris - before finishing next letter.

Hope I haven't forgotten anything. Everybody says I write too much but I'd rather do that than go somewhere - sometimes - and often the only time I have alone to concentrate is while they're all asleep.

I'm afraid I have missed a lot of what I was going to tell you about our grand entrance into Scotland but I'll try to recollect. As we went between the narrows at Millport (see map) we fired five salutes to a little old lady who stood near the wall of her immaculate white - low swang farm home - waving a flag. - That point is very narrow as you can judge by the scale but the Queen went right up her just the same. - Oh how I wish I had more than just a mental picture of the scenery there but I've been fusive enough about it I guess. - Anyway - we must all see it together, some time. We stood on the front deck all afternoon watching

the land change - warning to passing ships - one  
of which was a transport headed home - watching  
for people on shore and trying to catch a glimpse  
of their lives by the sea. - An English (ambassador  
we later found out or attache' to Brazil) was on  
deck with his field glasses - I'm afraid we  
Americans did our worst at that point because  
we practically confiscated the glasses and  
the poor old chap didn't have a chance  
to even focus them. - It was disgraceful he  
probably thought - but he was very generous  
anyway - and we had fun sighting in  
all the ships - carriers - islands as they  
appeared and for me - ducks + gulls!! - Saw  
my first Puffins - which are the cutest + sounce  
(??) birds you ever saw. - They're tiny anyway  
and look just like baby ducks. Saw thousands of  
Great Black Backed gulls (feel like I'm repeating  
so I must be but I can't stop to read all the  
letter every time - I'll catch up this trip. <sup>know</sup> <sup>again</sup> <sup>the</sup>)  
I'm will appreciate hearing about the birds.  
We finally anchored late at night - and stayed  
on till the next morning. - We watched the  
men run up the ladders to untie ropes  
which helped swing up those booms  
to hoist the luggage from the hold. - The  
anchor went out so fast it flew dust all  
over the deck. They began to unload as soon  
as we anchored ~~and~~. So we watched the  
little boats come up alongside - for their  
business. Some carried important people who  
were coming aboard. - some took away <sup>propt</sup>  
cases and others took off generals and the great  
crippled singer who was pushed around the  
deck on a wheel chair whenever the going  
was good - Margaret <sup>It was sold</sup>  
and we were all tired. It was nice to have a fairly  
decent sleep in the bunk without hearing  
the throb of the motors and also minus the  
roll - however slight. - We loved every second  
of the queen Mary's voyage only wish we had been

able to fraternize<sup>3</sup> with the boys more. They tho't  
we were all out for the British Officers because  
many of the girls went with some but the  
colonel said "No talking to enlisted men".  
However - these are ways & ways & so far I've  
been able to get around it. Towards the  
end of the last evening I met a wonderful  
sailor by the name of Stewart - from N.I.  
who owned & managed a dude ranch -  
Lored Paliminos - had been to the farm  
in Pa. - and was just a grand guy whom  
I wished I'd seen long before but that's  
the way of this man's war. - We talked horses  
till I began to want to turn right around  
and head back for good old U.S. -  
That afternoon we were on deck again -  
singing with them - and I in particular  
helped a <sup>queen snary</sup> permanent P. Cross worker with  
crafts. She was not like Helen Joy, same  
build & lots of fun. - Had been on the  
ship a year. I'd amaying how those  
fellows went for the craft part of it. They  
love to make things - She was doing just  
the thing I had done with mother in  
quip braiding - making bracelets with  
that plastic stuff that looks like leather.  
It certainly kept them occupied. - We  
also had a little birthday cake for  
one of my roomates who's a peach of a  
girl from Indiana. named Bertie Horbell.  
I'm trying to write down names because  
we all may be separated and it's nice  
to have some record.

well - so much for this one - Am  
enclosing something for you to try with cold  
water (as we did) or hot. - This comes in our K.  
ration. Wish I could send you a whole box -  
more soon - Follow the maps if you can - <sup>Please patch if not done</sup> Heavens  
knows when <sup>you'll get this tho</sup> - Love you all - Pat  
K. ration sealed in paraffin - Everything packed in this heavy cellophane



June 1945

Dearest Family:

(Entrance to Scotland)

To continue the long epistle – am now on a little train enroute to somewhere from the port -- a lovely little town in Scotland. There is a lot to tell you about. So much has happened in the last 2 days. I'm in love with Scotland and England already. Yesterday we got up early, washed and the rest of it and I managed to go to church. The service was held in the officer's lounge on the ship. During a hymn we heard a series of loud retorts toward the stern which had some of us wondering – but it turned out to be land, our first sight of it in 4 ½ days. And from then on we hugged the rail every second of the time. Talk about Puget Sound! I was standing as near to the front of the bow as possible right in the middle of the 3<sup>rd</sup> deck. Just below us was another short deck and then the deck with the hold – and the booms which lift out the luggage, the ladder ropes and all the wenches, etc. Then in front of that is the short deck as high as the 2<sup>nd</sup> one with the anchor wench, etc. A cross section looks like this: and I was standing at x.

Written June 12<sup>th</sup> in Paris –before finishing next letter

Hope I haven't forgotten anything. Everybody says I write too much, but I'd rather do that than go somewhere sometimes and often the only time I have alone to concentrate is while they're all asleep.

I'm afraid I have missed a lot of what I was going to tell you about our ground entrance into Scotland, but I'll try to recollect. As we went between the narrows at Millpoint (see map), we fired five salutes to a little old lady who stood near the wall of her immaculate white low swang farm home waving a flag. That point is very narrow as you can judge by the scale but the queen went right up her just the same. Oh how I wish I had more than just a mental picture of the scenery there, but I've been effusive enough about it I guess. Anyways, we must all see it together sometime. We stood on the front deck all afternoon watching the land change, waving to passing ships – one of which was a transport headed home – watching for people on shore and trying to catch a glimpse of their lives by the sea. English (ambassador we later found out on attaché to Brazil) was on deck with his field glasses. I'm afraid we Americans did our worst at that point because we practically confiscated the glasses and the poor old chap didn't have a chance to even focus them. It was disgraceful, he probably thought, but he was very generous anyways and we had fun sighting in all the ships, carriers, islands as they appeared and for me – ducks and gulls!! Saw my first Puffins – which are the cutest 8 ounce (??) birds you ever saw. They're tiny anyway and look just like baby ducks. Saw thousands of great Black Backed Gulls (feel like I'm repeating as I must be but I can't stop to read all I've written every time. I'll catch up this trip. I know Em will appreciate hearing about the birds

again.) We finally anchored late at night and stayed on till the next morning. We watched the men run up the ladders to untie ropes which helped swing up those booms to hoist the luggage from the hold. The anchor went out so fast it flew dust all over the deck. They began to unload as soon as we anchored so we watched the little boats come up alongside for their business. Some carried important people who were coming aboard. Some took away hospital cases and others took off generals and the great crippled singer who was pushed around the deck on a wheel chair whenever the going was good—Margaret. It was cold and we were all tired. It was nice to have a finally decent sleep in the brisk without hearing the throb of the motors and also minus the roll – however slight. We loved every second of the Queen Mary's voyage only wish we had been able to fraternize with the boys more. They thought we were all out for the British Officers because many of the girls went with some, but the Colonel said, "No talking to enlisted men." However, there are ways and ways and so far I've been able to get around it. Towards the end of the last evening, I met a wonderful sailor by the name of Stewart from N.J. who owned and managed a dude ranch -- loved Palominos – had been to the farm in PA and was just a grand guy whom I wished I'd seen long before but that's the way of this man's war. We talked horses till I began to want to turn right around and head back for good old Wyoming. That afternoon we were on deck again socializing with them – and I in particular helped a Queen Mary permanent R. Cross worker with crafts. She was a lot like Helen Toy, same build and lots of fun. Had been on the ship a year. It's amazing how those fellows went for the craft part of it. They love to make things. She was doing just the thing I had done with Mother in group braiding – making bracelets with that plastic stuff that looks like leather. It certainly kept them occupied. We also had a little birthday cake for one of my roommates who's a peach of a girl from Indiana named Berty Howell. I'm trying to write down names because we all may be separated and it's nice to have some record.

Well so much for this one. Am enclosing something for you to try with cold water (as we did) or hot. This comes in our K. ration. Wish I could send you a whole box. More soon. Follow the maze if you can. Heaven's knows when you'll get this though. Love you all. (K. Ration sealed in paraffin. Everything packed in this heavy cellophane.) Pat

Dearest Family: -

June 16 '45

You don't know how good it felt to get a nice bath and have some clean things on for a change. I'd slept & lived in mine for 3 days, and you know what that does. Paris is beautiful. After De Haane and London I wondered if we'd see anything over here but ruins but Paris of course was declared an open city and with a few exceptions such as the one I wrote to Em about. everything is as it always must have been except for the vehicles. - There seem to be more cars now because of the army jeeps and taxis are beginning to pop up. - Also some civilian cars are now on the road. - After washing everything in sight and writing that last letter I felt asleep and none of us woke up until supper time. We eat in one of 2 places for nothing, but we cannot buy any food at other places nor rationed goods. That must be for civilians and also because of sanitary reasons. No one would want to eat some of the gasty and salty they <sup>(peddle)</sup> serve in the subways. It isn't at all uncommon to see people walking down the streets with long <sup>long</sup> rolls of bread - slapping them on their knees and kicking them around in the dust. A Red Cross Man sat at our table and before we knew it we had an invitation to see Paris at night. - The other kids were all for it - but I had a hard job convincing myself it would be fun. - Well to make the long story short we finally went and had a wonderful time. - But that's enough to hold me for the duration. Paris is not immoral - it is amoral. It's just wide open and our boys seem to lap it up, much to some peoples disgust - including the French. - However - to retrace. we went over to the ARC main hotel while he changed his clothes - and waited in the lobby with some good old G.I.'s who were having a real jam session - drums & all. They were lots of fun. and 2 of them would have come along if the cover charge hadn't been \$10. a head! It was my first chance at seeing how money talks in this army life and I didn't like it. We went in a subway - all American's ride free. - Incidentally we have taken over all the best clubs in Paris - hotels and all to billet our men. If it weren't for the Red Cross tho - the boys on leave would have no place to go. We have really done a terrific job over here and I think most of the boys appreciate it. Well. I

2

always digress - We went to the club lido - as the pictures  
I am sending will show. (I hope) or perhaps I should  
hope they will be censored. - Don't be alarmed - just art  
in the form of burlesque but unfortunately they won't show  
what went on behind us. - Several officers came over to our  
table - and though slightly tipsy - were very nice and  
respectful all of which would either make or break the  
evening for me. - The funny part of it was the Red Cross  
Man - one of these married adventures who was about  
to go back home after spending 2 1/2 years over here.  
All I can say is I hope the R.C. man in charge of our  
unit will command a little more respect than the ones  
I've seen so far. - Well - after figuring it all up - we decided  
they spent 48.00 on champagne (3 bottles) and the A.R.C.  
man got lit for 430. more to get us in. - And yet they  
do it every night if they could I guess. - What a terrible  
waste. - But everything is relative - All depends on  
how you look at it. - A very nice Lieut. asked me  
for a date tonight but I knew it would be the  
same thing all over again & I am not anxious to  
burn myself out too soon - so reneged. - Got home  
at 2:30! and was what you might call a wee  
bit weary! - Had to get up for a 9:30 meeting  
at Headq. - where we filled out vouchers and  
hundreds of sheets - one of which was the sole decider?  
of my future. - After lunch we went back and  
were told whether or not we were club or clubmobile  
and from Em's card you know what I got. - Thank  
heavens I didn't set my heart on either because  
some of the girls were terrifically disappointed but  
as a state I am thrilled to piece with clubmobile  
and as I reflect back - it was just what I'd wanted  
clubmob. in ETO. - How things do work out, of  
course - club is the lasting thing and I will  
have a chance at that later but this way - I will  
learn a lot about the country and have plenty of variety  
Capin Bill will probably have a fit but I'm going to  
try to make it more than just coffee + doughnuts.  
It can be done. - We go in groups of 3 - We had our  
pictures taken with the Commissioner of all club work  
in the ETO from Boston! - Must tell you how we were  
chosen for it though & as I was standing in line

waiting to change my money from Am. to French  
I overheard the conversation of the 4 who were  
deciding our fate. - The man read from the  
papers we had just filled out - to 3 women  
who each had files in front of them. - "Patricia  
Jennings" - he said - "Age 25" - then he lifted  
the sheets to the one where it said "~~Gene~~ Effeneice"  
and where we were to list very briefly - anything  
we wished. - Assuming they knew all about us  
I had scribbled off a couple of things - which to  
me were very insignificant as far as time or  
length of experience but I did mention my job  
with Mr. Pease. He read hastily thro' - Range  
Naturalist - guide (that meant all the stuff about  
Canada) leader of R.Y.H. - inspector - farming -  
truck driving - soda clerk - etc. - Rec. training  
but when he came to the 2 words "Truck  
driving" - a lady snatched the papers from  
him and yelled "Truck driver" - so I knew  
then & there I would be Clubmobile even  
tho I thot all such jobs were saved for old gals,  
guess there are lots of them who don't want the  
harder life after all. - That's how much good all  
the ballyhoo in Wash. did us. - However - I'm  
not sorry in the least bit. - This has been the most  
thrilling experience I've ever had. - (Almo +) And  
I'm glad - if I can't be a Prog. director. that  
I'll have a chance to do mobile work for a  
while. It sounds fascinating - greeting and  
sending home boys at Port of E. ml. etc.  
More about that when I know myself. Got our  
instructions today and a chance to change our  
minds - or have an interview - also got  
what is called Battle dress - a pretty royal blue  
Eisenhower like jacket & pants & hat like the  
volunteer caps & boots. - Have to go to the R.C.  
Garage Tuesday & drive a truck all day. If  
we are good enough we go right out there next day.

If not we have to have more training. We all would like to go to Germany eventually but I'd like to stay in France long enough to learn to speak it some - and to get to know the French.

After that statement was over yesterday we had a tea at 5 where we met the Personnel woman and health officer. - Then went to supper where we enjoyed the company of a woman who was eating by herself until we asked her to join 3 of us and it turned out to be the one who is written up in "At his side" Ma. She has been over 31 months - is now in charge of <sup>clubs</sup> supply. Gave us lots of wonderful advice and then took us over to her hotel where we met a little refugee she's caring for until the girl gets back to the state. - She was a slave labor in Germany - is only 18. - but an Amer. citizen. We all walked down the beautiful Jardin des Tuileries - while Ma aired her dog + talked to us some more. Wish I had time + room to tell you all she said but it will be so helpful. It all boiled down to "Remember the Am. boys over here must never be allowed to forget we at home love decency + honor." Came home + read my mail. Had lots - and so much from you. - Am glad Em is there to help remodel but wish I could too. Think things are working out the way they should with Uncle Willy and all. - Hope the Schlapps are happy there + you with them. Don't get too tired fixing it up tho. Suppose by now Em has gone to camp. - Did the boys finally come. I'll find out before you get this I suppose. That's the trouble with this business. - these will be stale when you get them. - Can't send my films yet. Think I'd better start my list of necessities for winter especially since it takes so long for things to get here they say.

Dearest Family:

Found out today we can tell about Paris so I'm sending this letter # 4. 30 others are about our trip over which I can't send until later. Last night I found a bicycle to ride and believe me that's a job here because it's like borrowing a car - and had a lovely ride down to the Eiffel Tower and back along the Seine. - Saw a little old man feeding the birds - English Sparrows no less. That would slay cap. Bill. - The flowers are out in full force in Paris - and much to my dismay I ran out of film. - Our suitcases have been temporarily lost which for me means my film too. - I really felt it today because I took the 9:00' clock tour to Versailles. Oh - mother + dad - we must all come over here when I get home. - Versailles just simply dwarfs anything we have in the U.S.A. as far as historical magnificence is concerned. - Em would love history this way. - Versailles of course personifies the glory of France in the past. You can't imagine how colossal it is - how many billions of dollars and hours must have gone into each little corner of the place and grounds. I was overcome by the fairy - tale beauty of the little village of Marie Antoinette which was built for her as a retreat from Versailles + although it is within easy walking distance of all the palace grounds it is completely different. - It reminds you of the stage settings in Hansel + Gretel. - She wanted a peasant atmosphere where she could escape in the summer time from her burdens at Versailles. - And King Louis came through in the usual Louis style. - Of course, now it looks somewhat unkempt perhaps because none of the Parks in Paris were showed or kept up during the war. They are just beginning to set things aright again. - To show you what a

5  
significant hour we are living in - today was  
the first day Versailles was opened to civilians  
yesterday the first day the Eiffel Elevator was  
opened too. - In the Palace - the paintings  
are slowly finding their way back to bare  
ugly walls but many of them are still  
sublimely - The French hid them from the  
Germans - But the murals are still there -  
magnificent and the tapestries have been hung  
most of those are 25 x 18 or so feet - It takes  
1 year to make 10 square yard so you can  
imagine what they're like. - No carpets as yet  
but we walked thro the hall of mirrors which  
overlooks miles & miles of beautiful <sup>avenues of</sup> courtyards  
gardens with fountains as you see in picture I - Every-  
thing is marble - pink and all colors - Each room  
in the palace stands for a god - like Apollo -  
Jupiter etc and on each ceiling there is a huge  
mural of same. - ~~see steps~~ I've explained some  
of it on the pictures which will give you a  
little idea but I'm going back there on a trajek  
with film and spend all day. The pictures on  
the second film some of them - make me weep  
when I think what they should have been but  
I'll learn - you can't send me enough film. -  
This afternoon I slept - because we were all  
so very tired. - I was planning to go biking  
again tonight but Bertie + Peg are leaving tomorrow  
so I let them take it because Bertie hadn't been  
anywhere today. - They have a marvelous assign-  
ment - Betches garden - ! - and they are both thrilled  
to pieces. - I'm so glad they can be together. -

At this point tho - I'm thrilled to pieces too - Have  
been hunting all over for someone who knows any-  
thing about hosteling. I've been so anxious to get  
out into France on a bike and to find some  
French people more like us - and Caramba! - I've  
found one - a perfectly charming little French  
girl that looks like Allison - who has invited me



to go Campuig! - & <sup>6</sup>hosteling with her on weekends. Unfortunately I won't be here but now I have found a friend - and if I ever get a leave - I can come up to see her I hope. She has invited me to the home tomorrow night and I am so excited about it. Imagine her even thinking of it with food the way it is but she told me she would meet me tomorrow night at her stop, and in the meantime would ask "Mama" if it was alright. I'm dying to get into a nice French home. Fortunately for me she can speak English. And do you know how I found her? On the street. She and a nice fellow were stopped in front of an eating place. They had their bikes loaded with a tent - saddle bags and all. I just went over to them - asked them if they could speak English - and mentioned something about tours and there we were - old friends - They were sunburned - had been gone all weekend - told me of the beautiful hostel with swimming pools + all - still opened - & they'd take me to them. I'm so excited I could scream. - Now if only I can find her again. The address was a little complicated but I've managed to get along so far. Must go out to see Pierre too tomorrow. Now if only my bags would come with the film.

Well - want to mail this in the morning & get some sleep too. Love to you all - & write often -

Wrote to Mrs. Catchpool and sent it to England by an Army Nurse who went by plane last night so it will get there sooner. But she's going to put it in an A.P.O. -

More tomorrow

~~Pat~~ (Forget!)

Enclosed - 14 pictures

Pat



P. Jennings A.R.C.  
General Hdq's. APO 887-70 P.M.  
New York, N.Y.



VIA AIR MAIL

L. E. Jennings June 16  
Somers,  
Conn.

Patricia Jennings

June 16 1945

Dearest Family:

You don't know how good it felt to get a nice bath and have some clean things on for a change. I'd slept and lived in mine for 3 days and you know what that does. Paris is beautiful. After Le Havre and London, I wondered if we'd see anything over here but ruins, but Paris of course was declared an open city and with a few exceptions such as the one I wrote to Em about everything is as it always must have been except for the vehicles. There seem to be more cars now because of the army jeeps and taxis are beginning to pop up. Also some civilian cars are now on the road. After washing everything in sight and writing that last letter, I fell asleep and none of us woke up until suppertime. We eat in one of 2 places for nothing, but we cannot buy food at other places - more rationed goods. That must be for civilians and also because of sanitary reasons. No one would want to eat some of the pastry and rolls they peddle/serve in the subways. It isn't at all uncommon to see people walking down the streets with long bare rolls of bread slapping them on their knees and kicking them around in the dust. A Red Cross man sat at our table and before we knew it we had an invitation to see Paris at night. The other kids were all for it, but I had a hard job convincing myself it would be fun. Well, to make the long story short we finally went and had a wonderful time. But that's enough to hold me for the duration. Paris is not immoral - it is amoral. Oh it's just wide open and our boys seem to lap it up much to some people's disgust - including the French. However, to retract, we went over to the ARC main hotel while he changed his clothes and waited in the lobby with some good old G.I.'s who were having a real jam session - drums and all. They were lots of fun and two of them would have come along if the cover charge hadn't been \$10 a head! It was my first chance at seeing how money talks in this Army life and I didn't like it. We went in a subway - all Americans ride free. Incidentally we have taken over all the best clubs in Paris - hotels and all to billet our men. If it weren't for the Red Cross, though, the boys on leave would have no place to go. We have really done a terrific job over here and I think most of the boys appreciate it. Well I always digress. We went to the club Lido as the pictures I am sending will show (I hope) or perhaps I should hope they will be censored. Don't be alarmed - just art in the form of burlesque but unfortunately they won't show what went on behind us. Several officers came over to our table and though slightly tipsy were very nice and respectful all of which would either make or break the evening for me. The funny part of it was the Red Cross man, of these married adventurers who was about to go back home after spending 2 ½ years over here. All I can say is I hope the R.C. man in charge of our unit will command a little more respect than the ones I've seen so far. Well, after figuring it all up, we decided they spent \$48.00 on champagne (3 bottles) and the ARC man got hit for \$30.00 more to get us all in. And yet they'd do it every night if they could I guess. What a terrible waste. But everything is relative -- all depends on how you looked at it. A very nice Lieutenant asked me for a date tonight, but I knew it would be the same thing all over again and I am not anxious to burn myself out too soon - so renigged - Got home at 2:30! And was what you might call a wee bit weary! Had to get up for a 9:30 meeting at

Headquarters where we filled out vouchers and hundreds of sheets one of which was the sole decider of my future after which we went back and were told whether or not we were club or club mobile and from Em's card you know what I got. Than heavens I didn't set my heart on either because some of the girls were terrifically disappointed, but as a starter I am thrilled to pieces with club mobile and as I reflect back it was just what I'd wanted club mobile in ETO. How things do work out. Of course, club is the lasting thing and I will have a chance at that later, but this way I will learn a lot about the country and have plenty of variety. Captain Bill will probably have a fit but I'm going to try to make it more than just coffee and doughnuts. It can be done. We go in groups of 3. We had our pictures taken with the commissioner of all club work in the ETO from Boston! Must tell you how we were chosen for it though. As I was standing in line going to change my money from American to French, I overheard the conversations of the 4 who were deciding our fate. The man read from the papers we had just filled out to 3 women who each had piles in front of them. "Patricia Jennings," he said. "Age 25" - then he lifted the sheets to one where it said "Experience" and where we were to list very briefly anything we wished. Assuming they knew all about us, I had scribbled off a couple of things which to me were very insignificant as far as time or length of experience but I did mention my job with Mr. Pease. He read hastily this - "Range naturalist guide (that meant all the stuff about Canada), leader of YH, inspector, farming, truck driving, soda clerk, etc. Recreational training, but when he came to the 2 words, "truck driving" - a lady snatched the papers from him and yelled "truck driver" so I knew then and there I would be a club mobile even though I thought all such jobs were saved for old girls. I guess there are lots of them who don't want the harder life after all. That's how much good all the ballyhoo in Washington did us. However, I'm not sorry in the least bit. This has been the most thrilling experience I've ever had. (Almost) and I'm glad if I can't be a program director that I'll have the chance to do mobile work for awhile. It sounds fascinating - greeting and sending home boys at Ports of Emb. Etc. More about that when I know myself. Got our instructions today and a chance to change our minds or have an interview. Also got what is called Battle dress - a pretty royal blue Eisenhower -like jacket and pants and hat like the volunteer cap and boots. Have to go to the R.C. garage Tuesday and drive a truck all day. If we are good enough we go right out the next day. If not, we have to have more training. We all would like to go to Germany eventually, but I'd like to stay in France long enough to learn to speak it some and to get to know the French.

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explained some of it on the pictures, which will give you a little idea but I'm going back there on a trap with film and spend all day. The pictures on the second film – some of them make me weep when I think what they should have been but I'll learn. You can't send me enough film. This afternoon I slept because we were all so very tired. I was planning to go biking again tonight but Berty and Peg are leaving tomorrow so I let them take it because Berty hadn't been anywhere today. They have a marvelous assignment. Berchtesgaden! And, they are both thrilled to pieces. I'm so glad they can be together. At this point though, I'm thrilled to pieces too. Have been hunting all over for someone who knows anything about hostelling. I've been so anxious to get out into France on a bike and to find some French people more like us and Caramba! I've found one – a perfectly charming little French girl that looks like Allison who has invited me to go camping! And hostelling with her on weekends. Unfortunately I won't be here but now I have found a friend and if I ever get a leave, I can come up to see her I hope. She has invited me to the home tomorrow night and I am so excited about it. Imagine her even thinking of it with food the way it is, but she told me she would meet me tomorrow night at her shop and in the meantime would ask "Mama" if it was alright. I'm dying to get into a nice French home. Fortunately for me she can speak English and do you know how I found her? On the street. She and a nice fellow were stopped in front of an eating place. They had their bikes loaded with a tent, saddle bags and all. I just went over to them, asked them if they could speak English and mentioned something about tours and there we were – old friends. They were sunburned had been gone all weekend – told me of the beautiful hostels with swimming pools and all – still opened and they'd take me to them. I'm so excited I could scream. Now if only I can find her again. The address was a little complicated, but I've managed to get along so far. Must go out to see Pierre too tomorrow. Now if only my bag would come with the film.

Well, want to mail this in the morning and get some sleep too. Love to you all and write often.

Wrote to Mrs. Catchpool and sent it to England by an Army Nurse who went by plane last night so it will get there sooner. But she's going to put it in an A.P.O.

More tomorrow. Enclosed 14 pictures.

Pat

Dearest Family: -

June 19 - 45

Yesterday was a busy one and full of new experiences - There was a holiday here for all of Paris commemorating the anniversary of De Gaulle's Liberation speech. - He was here - plus the Sultan of Morocco and every soldier in the French Army I think from Algerians to the Foreign Legion. A parade to the French is like the Rose Bowl game is to the Californians only with 10 times as much patriotism thrown in. if you can imagine it. Fortunately, I did not have to do anything yesterday so I tried to get near enough to the thing to see at least the hats of the passersby. - After much milling around (some people came with seats at 5:30) I found myself on the top of a rickety old slatted covered wagon with my mind more on my collapse than on the parade. Finally ended up on a balcony in an American exchange depot - where I had a wonderful view and met another lovely French girl who said I was the first American she met ~~and~~ <sup>who</sup> said anything good about the French & Paris! Every one in her opinion said New York had buildings 10 times as high - parades 3 times as long - lights 5 times as bright etc. etc. She thought Americans forgot France had been in the war for 5 years - She was perfectly charming - and invited me to supper Sun. night if I was still going to be here. I'm going to ask Monroe to send her a pass. - and I wondered if you could send him some money to cover the cost of one for her and one for Lilian but on second



thought, I'll send him some stamps just for some literature because a pass wouldn't do them any good. Please excuse the writing but I am now on a train headed for Southern France. - Have a lot to catch upon and this is the only chance I'll have to do it. Because when we get to our destination we'll all have to spend most of our time soaking in the tub + sleeping. Have been riding since 5 yesterday with 7 others in a tiny compartment with all our luggage so you can imagine what sleep we got. -

To go back to Jeanine Chevalier - her address is 39 Av. E. Zola, St. Maur - Seine, France in case I lose it. - She said yesterday her whole family would be disappointed because she told them all I was coming. - but I must remember her. -

The countryside is beautiful here. It's amazing to see what France has done with her land. There isn't an inch of space wasted - we are now passing through the vineyard country. Lots of peaches (small papriots - wheat near little thatched stone houses. Much of it is very flat but in the distance we can see rugged - cultivated foothills. - Even the trees (mostly poplars) have been planted in the forest areas. - No scrub or underbrush. Every village has a tall church or cathedral in it. - And almost every village has been bombed or shelled some-where. - Saw them spraying the trees dead - but don't know with what.

Give up - these trains really bounce along - so I'll have to count on the stopovers. -

Must continue now. after the parade I got a bike and Peg and I rode through Paris - along the Seine and up to the cathedral. - She's a catholic so I understood the joint more. Bought a french medal then for Sellen and it blessed by some padre. - The church inside is really stupendous. - You don't realize how high it is until you get inside and look up. - We then liked out of the city about 4 miles to see Peire who is in the hospital with her ankle and I have since heard has to have an operation on it. - It was certainly a tough

break. - I don't know where I shall end up. - Peg + Bertie  
got a perfect assignment - Bentebergarten a really choice  
place as you know from picture. (in the Bavarian  
Alps) I hope to get something like that later. This is  
just temporary. - Now the country begins to look like  
S. Calif. - dry + warm. - Big white chalk cliffs where  
they are milling out cement I guess. - Am glad I'm  
assigned to France for a while so I can learn French.  
They grow beautiful little red poppies here mixed  
into the hay so it makes the fields look pink.

After our trip out to see Pierre - who seemed in  
good spirits. - I went back and had one of the most  
interesting evenings imaginable. - In the other letter  
I told you about meeting Lilyan - the little French  
girl who had camping equipment on the back  
of her bicycle. - Well, I went out to supper at her  
home - and really, it was unbelievably interesting  
and pleasant. - I stopped for her at her little  
shop - and discovered she is one of the youngest  
dress designers in Paris! - She makes beautiful  
clothes and the dress she had on was worth \$400.  
or 50. a yard in Am. money. - She was working  
on a Volant suit - one of those wrap around ones.  
I'm would have loved it because the material  
was out of this world. We haven't seen any at  
home like that for a long time. - She showed  
me some of her designs + then we biked out of  
Paris to her home. - On the way out she told me  
Mama + Papa were so anxious to have me come  
+ when they had enough to eat she could often  
ask company. - Her brother was home from the  
Ski troops and was anxious to meet an American  
girl who liked the outdoors. - She told me how she  
had worked for the Fr. underground. How her older  
brother joined De Gaulle's forces - and how the Germans  
took their auto + Chateau home etc. - It was all

quite realistic and interesting coming from someone first hand. Fortunately both she + her brother speak English. I felt quite hesitant about going because of the food situation but she was so insistent and I did want to see a real French home + family, so I could know France wasn't all "Le Lido" club. I took my K rations along, some chocolate (which they loved!!) and some lemons I got at lunch. They gave us lemons every meal for vitamins etc but I've had plenty of lemon juice lately. I have never been more warmly welcomed and never have I had a better time. They lived in a little house quite a ways out of Paris proper. It had a high gate, garage and lots of flowers in the back yard and a summer house with an outdoor ping pong table in the front. The grounds around it were small even so. - The buildings to the left and right had both been bombed and all while Guyan was in the house (by Americans) Mama came to meet us when we rang the bell at the gate. It was very late - 8:30 about but Mama had supper all prepared. - The atmosphere was just like home. - Her brother Daniel is a wonderful fellow - lots like an American boy - a real skier - ~~on~~ the Paris Hockey Team - one of the best fencers in France and a real outdoors guy. He plans to travel after the war so he did before selling bicycles like the kind I always raved about which Papa makes. - He wants so much to come to America and he would like addresses of people there who might be interested in cycling. Would you look up that cycling magazine in my bureau drawer I think from the one with the red cover and write to the Nordquist Publish. Co

for another copy and send it to: -

<sup>copyright</sup>  
Daniel Guignon  
Poste restante,

BARC. ELONNETTE

Basses - Alpes - if they can't send you an extra copy (because of its antiquity) will you send him mine because it has so many cycling addresses in it. - He will be there for 2 months anyway I think. - On second thought (Sore I have second thoughts but perhaps this is a better one: - I was going to ask you if it would be too much of a difficulty both ration wise and other wise - to save up a few cans of spam or dried beef chocolate, maybe some jam - dried corn etc and send it to them whenever it is convenient - after finding out from the post office if you can send it and if you are restricted to amts. - Perhaps it would be better to put the magazine in the box with the food because then Papa could read it and the whole family could see it before sending it to Danny. - Also - would you ask Em to pick out 2 or 3 good new pieces of sheet music from Oklahoma or "Candy" - "Kum & Coca Cola" - or something else on the peppy side to send to the girls in the same package. - Both Lil and her sister Hugette (who by the way is an expert & champion figure skater) love to sing American songs. They learn them from sheet music they get somehow and harmonize just like the Andrus sisters - really good too - They sang "Rio Roncho Grande" - "Bese' ma mucho" and also the peppy one - but old. - This box doesn't have to leave until Christmas if you can't send it before then but I'll tell you now why I'd love to have you send it.

For supper we had - 1st course - bread - & a bowl of radishes - 2nd course - some canned meat from Madagascar

which students of Mad. had sent to the students of  
 France last Christmas - It was Huzette but they  
 wanted to save it for company. - It was like a good  
 beef! I really felt badly to think they had it  
 just for me but Danny had a friend from the  
 ski troops there too so it wasn't so bad. - 3rd -  
 a bowl of cooked carrots. 4 - a bowl of lettuce  
 + 5. some apricots + green peaches. - Those are  
 just the things you see on the streets which  
 people line up for by the hundreds. - and  
 I know this was a high class - family  
 who could have had more were it available  
 Lyl. said they looked healthy but they had been  
 very hungry at times - and had less now than  
 before - They get meat only once a month. They  
 are really starved as far as omnivals etc are  
 concerned. - No fats - & no sugar. - yet they  
 shared every bit with me - and we laughed  
 + kidded *papa* and had a wonderful time.  
 After we played a game + sang and then  
 Danny + Lyl rode home with me. - They are  
 a most fusive people as you can see  
 from the pictures but they are really very  
 close to me now. and they made my stay in  
 Paris a most happy one. - Will you please  
 return the pictures when you've finished. - They  
 are all coming to America to see us after the  
 war. - Also - forgot one thing. I promised Lyl  
 + <sup>Danny</sup> a picture and wondered if I could find  
 among my things - the negative taken by  
 Warner Bros. - of the group with the bridge  
 + Boggy. There is one smiling one I think - and she  
 would like that because she loves American actors

and has pictures of her favorites. - Hope Em can find it and have several prints made - Thank her for the ones she has already sent which I appreciated so much. - Also - in your monthly box from you can add a little "Speaker" - Heated stove about 4" x 3" like the ones we used to call something else - The pills come with it but maybe you could send an extra set of them. Never realized how handy such a little thing might be but one of the girls has one and we use it all the time for heating our K + C rations. - Also - some of my good cotton socks - white + colored to wear with slippers because where I am working now it is hot! - Clear air like Colorado but very warm.

I hope we can date our letters now Next day - June 23.

The weeks are flying by - and I am thinking of you at home - the garden + what the house looks like and what Em is doing. - It must be getting real warm there too and you are probably having lots of good old ice tea + ice cream with strawberries. - We have been very well cared for and have had plenty to eat. The ride down on the train was a very dirty one but we all felt so much better after a thorough scrub and some cooked food + a good sleep. However - I got a touch of dyspeach (sp?) today so had to stay in bed while the others went out on our first assignment. - 2 others of the 6 clubmobile girls were out too unfortunately but we had a chance to meet some of our leaders and they are wonderful! - We are taking the places of 6 who want to go home - transfer to club or something else. All of them have been in a long time and are at least 7-10 years older than we are. It is easy to see how tough they were in the beginning.

The following day - after I went to Lykins - I drove the truck all day - there were 5 of us and we all took turns. Had a cookney instructor who said

8

I was the best driver he ever had but that is not saying too much if you could have seen some of the others! - One girl had never driven before. - I don't know how they gave us our assignments but I do know our records evidently meant nothing to them which is more or less discouraging when you think of what the future ~~could~~<sup>probably</sup> bring and ~~probably~~<sup>probably</sup> might bring. Anyway - whatever our work is - it will be worthwhile I hope, and so far - I've had a marvellous experience. -

Peg, Bertie & I asked Darny & Lylian to dinner and you should have seen them eat - especially Lylian. The waiter, a french man - told them he knew what it was like to be hungry but since he'd been working for the S.R.C. he had had enough. - We afterwards had some fruit juice at a sidewalk cafe. (Lylian said the nice girls in Paris never drank anything stronger on the street.) and Darny had some kind of peppermint stuff. That's the only way you can get ~~use~~ in a drink - either in fruit juice or cognac. (and how I hate that stuff.) It was rather embarrassing later when we tried to find a place to dance and got put out of all the clubs because one joint supposed to take civilians into any A.C. Club. - but I did have a dance with Darny and he's a beautiful dancer - a real Frenchman alright, and he could even jitterbug!! -

The next morning Darny came down & we looked around the Doune - went up to Lily's shop where she showed us lots of pictures and then went out to the Racing Club for a picnic. (Peg, Bertie, Lily & Darny<sup>+2</sup>) (see map). Then came time to say goodby. I had to report for "briefing" so to speak and get some more clothes etc. - Spent the evening saying goodby to the other girls who will be spread all over Europe. - Ran around the next morning on last minute details and then left about 5.

for our new work. - I don't know much about  
it yet or what anything is like but will let  
you know when I can.

Be sure you have the new address - APO

772 -

Will have some pictures to send to you  
soon - Am so glad the Dauries liked their  
and hope too many weren't off center -

Just think - it will almost be the  
4<sup>th</sup> of July when you get this. My love  
to all the neighbors -

and write -

Your letters mean so much -

Keep the camera - you can send the books  
of maps anytime - Keep Casino Bills for a  
while &

Love to you all -

Pat.



P.J. ARC 58533  
ARC Hdqtr. Delta Base Section  
A.P.O. 772 90 P.M. N.Y.C.

Letter #

P. Jennings ARC 58533  
gen. Adgls APO 887  
90 P.M. N.Y. City



VIA AIR MAIL

L. E. Jennings  
Somers,  
Conn.

Marseille  
June 19

Patricia  
Jennings

June 19 1945

Dearest Family:

Yesterday was a busy one and full of new experiences. There was a holiday here for all of Paris commemorating the anniversary of De Gaulle's liberation speech. He was here and plus the sultan of Morocco and every soldier in the French Army I think from Algerians to the Foreign Legion. A parade to the French is like the rose bowl game is to the Californians only with 10 times as much patriotism thrown in. If you can image it. Fortunately I didn't have to do anything yesterday so I tried to get near enough to the thing to see at least the hats of the passersby. After much milling around (some people came with seats at 5:30) I found myself on the top of a rickety old slatted covered wagon with my mind more on my collapse than on the parade. Finally ended up on a balcony in an American exchange depot where I liked a wonderful view and met another lovely French girl who said I was the first American she met who said anything good about the French and Paris! Everyone in her opinion said New York had buildings 10 times as high, parades 3 times as long, lights 5 times as bright, etc., etc. She thought Americans forgot France had been in the war for 5 years. She was perfectly charming and invited me to supper Sunday night if I was still going to be here. I'm going to ask Monroe to send her a pass and I wondered if you could send him some money to cover the cost of one for her and one for Lilyan but on second thought, I'll send him some stamps just for some literature because a pass wouldn't do them any good. Please excuse the writing but I am now on a train headed for Southern France. Have a lot to catch up on and this is the only chance I'll have to do it because when we get to our destination we'll all have to spend most of our time soaking in the tub and sleeping. Have been riding since 5 yesterday with 7 others in a tiny compartment with all our luggage so you can imagine what sleep we got.

To go back to Jeanine Chevalier - her address is 39 Ave. E Zola. St. Muar Seine, France in case I lose it. She said yesterday her whole family would be disappointed because she told them all I was coming but I must remember her.

The countryside is beautiful here. It's amazing to see what France has done with her land. There isn't an inch of space wasted. We are now passing through the vineyard country. Lots of peaches (small), apricots, wheat, neat little thatched stone houses. Much of it is very flat but in the distance we can see rugged cultivated foothills. Even the trees (mostly poplars) have been planted in the forest areas. No scrubs or underbrush. Every village has a tall church or cathedras in it. And almost every village has been bombed or shelled somewhere. Saw them spraying the trees dad - but don't know with what. Give up. These trains really bounce along so I'll have to count on the stopovers.

Must continue now. After the parade I got a bike and Peg and I rode through Paris along the Seine and up to the cathedral. She's a catholic so I understood the jaunt more. Bought a French medal there from a seller and had it blessed by some padre. The church inside is really stupendous. You don't realize how high it is until

you get inside and look up. We then biked out of the city about 4 miles to see Pierre who is in the hospital with her ankle and I have since heard has to have an operation on it. It was certainly a tough break. I don't know where she'll end up. Peg and Berty got a perfect assignment. Bertergarten, a really choice place as you know from the pictures (in the Bavarian Alps). I hope to get something like that later. This is just temporary. Now the country begins to look like Southern California - dry and warm. Big white cliffs where they are milling out cement I guess. Am glad I'm assigned to France for awhile so I can learn French. They grow beautiful little red poppies here mixed into the hay so it makes the fields look pink.

After our trip out to see Pierre who seemed in good spirits, I went back and had one of the most interesting evenings imaginable. In the other letter, I told you about meeting Lilyan, the little French girl who had camping equipment on the back of her bicycle. Well, I went out to supper at her home and really it was unbelievably interesting and pleasant. I stopped for her at her little shop and discovered she is one of the youngest dress designers in Paris! She makes beautiful clothes and the dress she had on was worth \$400 or \$50 a yard in American money. She was working on a bathing suit - one of those wrap around ones. Em would love it because the material was out of this world. We haven't seen any at home like that for a long time. She showed me some of her designs and then we biked out of Paris to her home. On the way out she told me Mama and Papa were so anxious to have me come and when they had enough to eat she could often ask company. Her brother was home from the ski troops and was anxious to meet an American girl who liked the outdoors. She told me how she had worked for the French underground. How her older brother joined De Gaulle's forces and how the German's took over their Châteaux home etc. It was all quite realistic and interesting coming from someone first hand. Fortunately both she and her brother spoke English. I felt quite resistant about going because of the food situation but she was so insistent and I did want to see a real French home and family so I could know France wasn't all "Le Lido" clubs. I took my K. rations along, some chocolate (which they loved!!) and some lemons I got at lunch. They give us lemons every meal for vitamins etc. but I've had plenty of lemon juice lately. I have never been more warmly welcomed and never have I had a better time. They lived in a little house quite a ways out of Paris proper. It had a bright gate, garage and lots of flowers in the backyard and a summerhouse with an outdoor ping-pong table in the front. The grounds around it were small even so. The buildings to the left and right had both been bombed and all while Lilyan was in the house (by Americans). Mama came to meet us when we rang the bell at the gate. It was very late - 8:30 about, but Mama had supper all prepared. The atmosphere was just like home. Her brother Daniel is a wonderful fellow - lots like an American boy - a real skier - on the Paris Hockey team - one of the best fencers in France and a real outdoor guy. He plans to travel after the war as he did before selling bicycles like the kind I always raved about which Papa makes. He wants so much to come to America and he would like addresses of people there who might be interested in cycling. Would you look up that cycling magazine in my bureau drawer I think Mom? The one with the red cover and write to Nordquist Publishing Co. for another copy and send it to Daniel Guyonneau; Poste restante. B.A.R.C. ELONNETTE.

Bassess-Alpes—if they can't send you an extra copy (because of its antiquity), will you send him mine because it has so many cycling addresses in it? He will be there for 2 months anyway I think. On second thought (sorry I have second thoughts) but perhaps this is a better one. I was going to ask you if it would be too much of a difficulty both ration wise and otherwise to save up a few cans of spam or dried beef, chocolate, maybe some jam, dried corn, etc and send it to them whenever it is convenient after finding out from the post office if you can send it and if you are restricted to amounts. Perhaps it would be better to put the magazine in the box with the food because then Papa could read it and the whole family could see it before sending it to Danny. Also, would you ask Em to pick out 2 or 3 new pieces of sheet music from Oklahoma or "Candy" "Rum and Coca Cola" or something else on the peppy side to send to the girls in the same package. Both Lil and her sister Hugette (who by the way is an expert and champion figure skater) love to sing American songs. They learn them from sheet music they get somehow and harmonize just like the Andrew sisters - really good too. They sang "Rio Ron de Grande" "Bese ma mucho" and another peppy one, but old. This box doesn't have to leave until Christmas if you can't send it before then but I'll tell you more why I'd love to have you send it.

For supper we had: 1<sup>st</sup> course - bread and a bowl of radishes, 2<sup>nd</sup> course - some canned meat from Madagascar which students of Mad. had sent to the students of France last Christmas. It was Hugette's but they wanted to save it for company. It was like corned beef! I really felt badly to think they had it just for me but Danny had a friend from the ski troops there too so it wasn't so bad. 3<sup>rd</sup> course - a bowl of cooked carrots, 4<sup>th</sup> course - a bowl of lettuce and 5<sup>th</sup> course -- some apricots and green peaches. Those are just the things you see on the streets which people line up for by the hundreds and I know this was a high class family who could have had more were it available. Lyl said they looked healthy, but they had been very hungry at times and had less now than before. They get meat only once a month. They are really starved as far as minerals etc are concerned. No fats and no sugar. Yet they shared every bit with me and we laughed and kidded Papa and had a wonderful time. After we played a game and sang and then Danny and Lyl rode home with me. They are a most effusive people as you can see from the pictures but they are really very close to me now and they made me stay in Paris a most happy one. Will you please return the pictures when you've finished? They are all coming to America to see us after the war. Also, forgot something. I promised Lyl and Danny a picture and wondered if Em could find among my things the negative taken by Warner Brothers of the group with the bicycles and Bogy. There is one smiling one I think and she would like that because she loves American actors and has pictures of her favorites. Hope Em can find it and have several prints made. Thank her for the ones she has already sent which I appreciated so much. Also in your monthly box, Mom, you can add a little "speaker" heated stove about 4" 3" like the ones we used to call something else. The pills come with it but maybe you could send an extra set of them. Never realized how handy such a little thing might be but one of the girls has one and we use it all the time for heating our K and C rations.

Also some of my good cotton socks white and colored to wear with dresses because where I am working now it is hot! Clear air like Colorado but very warm.

I hope we can date our letters now. Next day – June 23.

The weeks are flying by and I am thinking of you at home, the garden and what the house looks like and what Em is doing. It must be getting real warm there too and you are probably having lots of good old ice tea and ice cream with strawberries. We have been very well cared for and have had plenty to eat. The ride down on the train was a very dirty one but we all felt so much better after a thorough scrub and home cooked food and a good sleep. However, I got a touch of diarrhea today so had to stay in bed while the others went out on our first assignments. 2 others of the 6 club mobile girls were out too unfortunately but we've had a chance to meet some of our leaders and they are wonderful! We are taking the places of 6 who want to go home, transfer to club, or something else. All of them have been in a long time and are at least 7 to 10 years older than we are. It is easy to see how tough they were in the beginning.

The following day after I went to Lylian's, I drove the truck all day. There were 5 of us and we all took turns. Had a Cockney instructor who said I was the best driver he ever had but that is not saying too much if you could have seen some of the others. One girl had never driven before. I don't know how they gave us our assignments but I do know our records evidently meant nothing to them, which is more or less discouraging when you think of what the future could bring and what it probably might bring. Anyways, whatever our work is, it will be worthwhile I hope and so far I've had a marvelous experience.

Peg, Berty, and I asked Danny and Lylian to dinner and you should have seen them eat especially Lylian. The waiter – a French man – told them he knew what it was like to be hungry but since he'd been working for the A.R.C. he had had enough. We afterwards had some fruit juice at a sidewalk café (Lylian said the nice girls in Paris never drank anything stronger on the street) and Danny had some kind of peppermint stuff. That's the only way you can get ice in a drink – either in fruit juice or cognac (and how I hate that stuff!) It was rather embarrassing later when we tried to find a place to dance and got put out of all the clubs because one isn't supposed to take civilians into any RC Club, but I did have a dance with Danny and he's a beautiful dancer – a real Frenchman alright and he could even jitterbug!!

The next morning Danny came down and we biked around the Louvre, went up to Lyl's shop where she showed us lots of pictures and then went out to the racing club for a picnic (Peg, Berty, Lyl and Danny + 2 others) (see map). Then came time to say good-bye. 2 had to report for "briefing" so to speak and get some more clothes etc. Spent the evening saying good-bye to the other girls who will be spread all over Europe. Ran around the next morning on last minute details and then left about 5 for our new work. I don't know much about it yet or what anything is like but will let you know when I can.

Be sure you have the new address - APO 772. Will have some pictures to send to you soon. Am so glad the Dourses liked theirs and hope too many weren't off center. Just think - it will almost be the 4<sup>th</sup> of July when you get this. My love to all the neighbors -

And write -

Your letters mean so much -

Keep the camera. You can send the book of Mary's anytime. Keep Captain Bills for awhile.

Love to you all -

Pat



Marseilles

June 26 - 45

Dearest Family, -

By the time you get this it will be July 4<sup>th</sup> and then some I guess. - We here in Marseilles are really hot and with a heavy winter battle uniform it makes us all the hotter. - I have 3 days to catch up on now so guess I'll do that before I am too rudely interrupted. -

I told you about having dyspeah sp? - or the little thing the Army calls gut burn. - well - everybody else got hit too and since that day I've been the only healthy new girl around. - Sunday was my first working day down on the docks. - We never know when we have to be ready because everything depends on loading time for the boys. - A GI. takes us down to the doughnut kitchen where we load on the doughnuts + lemonade and then off we go to the wharfs. - This is a new operation for the old girls also so its rather disorganized. - We sometimes have to wait 3 hours after we get there or sometimes we're right on the dot. - Much depends on the good old army which has the standing motto "Hurry up + wait." - Of course Red Cross does its share of that too. -

Yesterday I had a real job out in a little village called Saint Victorette or something like that. - I went out early in the morning about 15 miles toward the sea - just a tiny place and there we sewed men (from the Clubmobile) had a marvelous time eating with them (stood up) under tents - and taking pictures of the surrounding country. - These old girls are grand. - Whity is still with me - and she + I are going to try to go back to Germany with 4 of the older girls when they go next month. - May

haven't stay here tho. because there is much to be done for a while. - Have never seen so many American soldiers in my life.

Next day I did some mose dock work, - and went to a party given by Jargants - at their own special club. - Was lots of fun and believe me - these fellows really appreciate American girls. - They all rave about how wonderful it is to hear a ~~girl~~ speak English. and when you stop & talk to them on the street they just stand there with their mouths open. It's really pathetic to know some of our men haven't heard a girl speak good old American for over 14 months. - And they are so polite and cute when they do talk to you and they'll give you anything. It is almost necessary to ignore a beautiful ring or belt or bracelet because they'll insist on giving it to you if you even so much as admire it. Out at St. Vict. - one of the boys said he'd go through his trunk that night and have a whole basket of things for me the next day. - Souvenirs are ~~not~~ quite so difficult to accept as the so called "liberated" material. ~~What~~ Unfortunately our boys have done their share of the looting, not that it wouldn't be expected, but some of them are confused now - on what they may take (if you can say that they ever "may") and what they should pay for. - It tears your heart out to know many of these men aren't going to have a chance to go home to reorient themselves, ~~target~~ back their sense of what is right and fair and what is wrong. - before going to C B I theater.

But on the other hand - by contrast to the way they have had to live and scrounge around for themselves - they may appreciate the way things should be - far more than we do. - A lot of them worry about how they'll get along at home but that sensitivity should make them all the more adjustable - I'll bet life at home will seem pretty tame to most of them. But if they have a chance to get a good job and have pleasures of their own, they'll make the best husbands in the world - bar none.

June 28

Life has been too easy so far but they say after the 4th our rolling days are numbered. I won't mind because this "vacation" is not what I came over for. Took some pictures of my first clubmobile assignment (the one I spoke of before) so when + if you ever get the slides you'll see one of the "crow line" from the inside-out and one of us taken by the fellows - plus the view we had of the bay and the touch of California hillsides. It's been quite warm here ever since we came but there is always a cool - heaven sent breeze which makes living easily bearable. Met a Kenneth Parker - friend of Roy Cooley's - + the Racroix's and Markham who was in the automobile business - in Springfield. - Nice fellow. and so glad to see someone "from home" - He got stood in line 6 times just so he could come up to the window and say a few words more. So many do that and you

just want to spend hours with all of  
them. When they ask if you're from Oklahoma  
it just about slays you to say "no." (but  
you've been through there) <sup>Wish we could send</sup> <sup>them all home</sup>

Yesterday, <sup>I slept</sup> after having spent 5-6 hours  
far into the wee morning with 2 Hamburg  
kating Sergeants from the party and  
a Captain who turned out to be an ex-  
Kod Jeffrey Amherst. - We sang his "dear  
old Alard Mater until we were Blue  
& Gold" from head to foot. - I had my  
first straight Scotch which I couldn't  
even get to my lips because my eyes  
watered so. - That's one thing I'll never  
be able to stand up to the drinking pace  
of the Army so I try to joke them out of it  
and fortunately find many men who  
are pleasantly surprised because I do.  
They are evidently the exception but they  
make it worth the trouble. -

In the afternoon yesterday we sat in on  
a court martial and once again I was  
reminded that the Army is not one of the  
most democratic institutions in the world,  
altho we at least give men a chance to state  
their case. - The judge was the biggest  
bear I've ever seen. We wondered if he  
put on that show just to impress us but  
we heard later he was in one of his better  
moods! - Most of the cases tried are  
negroes - who get terrific sentences.  
There are no enlisted men on the jury  
and only one negro officer. (the junior  
member) as he is called. The Captain Kod  
Jeff <sup>who</sup> is a lawyer for the court here - was

5  
reviewing some of the cases for us and  
each time the officer guilty - had a  
very noticeably different verdict -  
for the same crime committed by an  
enlisted man. We heard a manslaughter  
case - a truck driver ran over a French  
child. - but he was acquitted fortunately.  
Gosh, it seems truly cruel to keep these  
men over here after they've spent 2-3  
years fighting in the army - without insisting  
they go home for a good 30 days at least  
if not ~~a~~ discharged. - I wish you could  
see this Marseille. It's a real melting  
pot - with millions of soldiers - almost  
as many French prostitutes - far too  
little <sup>nearby</sup> entertainment, no colored girls  
for the large number of negro troops  
and a virtual reservoir of cognac - Of  
course - it's a jumping off place - and  
has just recently swollen its ranks  
from little to much because of V-E  
day. - The men are quartered in huge  
stagnant areas or camps - live in tents  
for 2-3 weeks and have that time  
for relaxation before slipping out.  
Special Service tries to keep up but the  
job is stupendous now. - When I think  
I'm only serving coffee & doughnuts in the  
midst of so much need I turn a pale  
green but there are many advantages  
to this job - and one of them is to know  
you're the brief "Hello America" - they  
need desperately. - Perhaps this way we  
reach many more men. However short  
the time with each may be. - Also - it

soothes my restless feet. - Never the same job - never the same place - always new faces - different hours and that "surprise package" anticipation for what's ahead. - I love it - altho I know I can and must do more. -

Last night we went out to an adorable villa by the sea - belonging to the Sargents who took us to the party the night before. All the boys are just like Jersey Cream - each with at least 2-4 years overseas and each one a gem in themselves. - They restore every faith you ever thought you might lose - We had a real hamburger + "coc" feed. with some delicious sweet wine if we wished - and apricots - we danced and then went out on the rocks to sing. It was a beautiful moonlight - starlight night. if the ~~duo~~<sup>is</sup> possible and ~~it~~ ~~was~~ last night. That's the thing the boys really love and miss so much. They had a French soldier with them - who speaks "Brooklynese" - if you can imagine it. ~~and~~ We teased him ~~all~~ the time about our terrific American customs, which he was trying so hard to avoid and miserably failing. He was even drinking coc with lemon in it before the evening was up. -

Today I'm going to catch up on mail if nothing more - and back I go tonight to the Clubmobile + Saint Victorette - We're working nights too - Forgot to tell you last night before going over to see the fellows at the villa

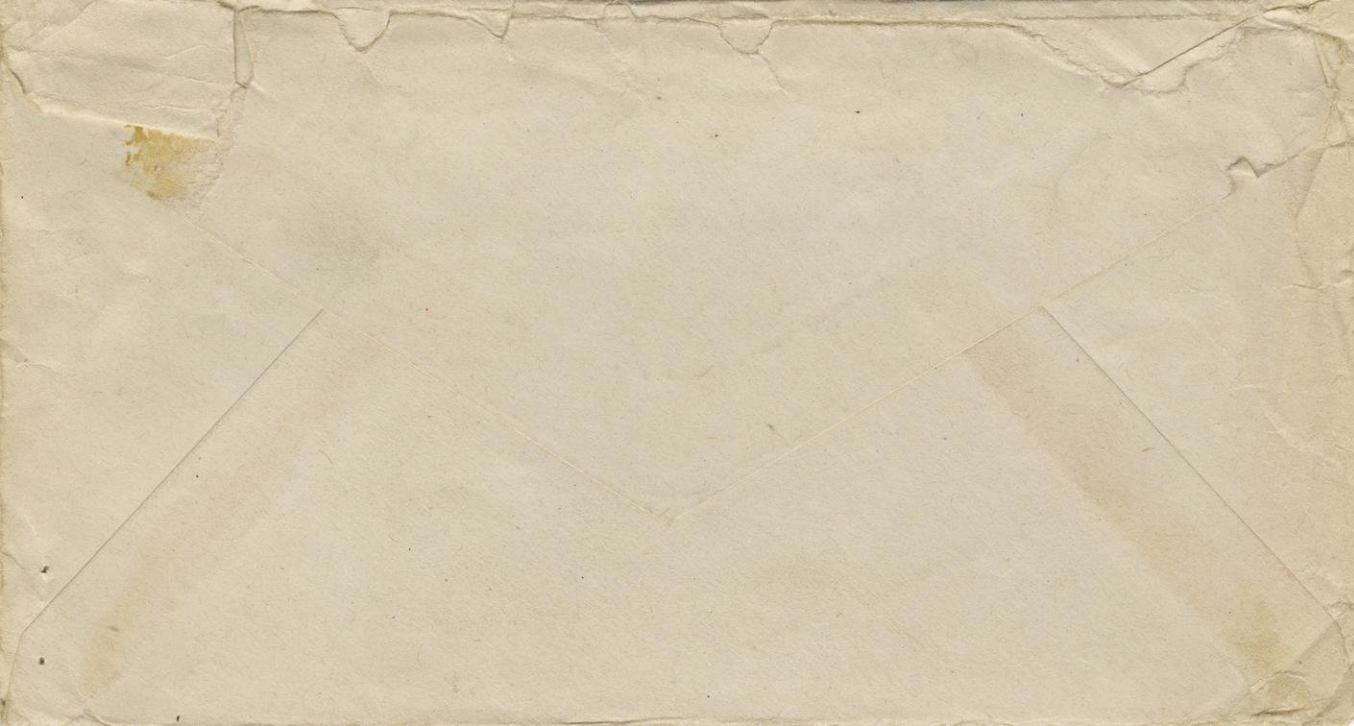
we went up with a clubmobile to a point near the R. R. station where the men leave the city to go back to camp. It was the first time we did it and they loved it. so guess we do it again. We wish we had more CM's - There are only 2 and there should be about 8 - However - we're lucky to have 2 I guess.

Was glad to hear Marsden is on his way out of that awful mess, but hope he isn't too badly upset. - Haven't gotten any mail since leaving Paris but it will catch up to us soon. - Can't wait to hear more about the garden - how the house is coming along and what Em is doing. Don't send me any of my allotment please - because there really isn't any place to spend it - I'll have plenty as it is now - and if I need more - can cable for some but I'm sure that won't be necessary because I have a good reserve of travelers checks in case I ever get stuck.

give my love to all - & write when you can. - Would love it if you could stick a package of Peds in a letter Mon. - Miss you all - so much already -

2 great big hugs & all that goes with them - Pat. -

P.S. If you have a map of the world you can int in where I'd been & follow me. - Gurock or Greenock Scot. - by way of N. Ire. Glasgow - Manchester, London Southampton - Le Havre, Paris Dijon, Lyon, Arignon, Marseille - so far - Love again Pat





L. E. Jennings  
ARC Hdqts.  
Delta Base Section  
APO 772 - 90 PM.  
N.Y. City.



L. E. Jennings  
Somers,  
Conn.

Patricia  
Jennings

Marseilles

June 26, 1945

Dearest Family:

By the time you get this it will be July 4<sup>th</sup> and then some I guess. We here in Marseille are really hot and with a heavy winter battle uniform it makes us all the hotter. I have 3 days to catch up on now so guess I'll do that before I am too rudely interrupted.

I told you about having diarrhea or what the Army calls G.I. runs. Well everybody else got hit too and since that day I've been the only healthy new girl around. Sunday was my first working day down on the docks. We never know when we have to be ready because everything depends on loading time for the boys. A G.I. takes us down to the doughnut kitchen where we load on the doughnuts and lemonade and then off we go to the wharfs. This is a new operation for the old girls also so it's rather disorganized. We sometimes have to wait 3 hours after we get there or sometimes we're right on the dot. Much depends on the good old Army, which has the standing motto "Hurry up and wait." Of course Red Cross does its share of that too.

Yesterday I had a real job out in a little village called Saint Victorette or something like that. I went out early in the morning about 15 miles toward the sea to just a tiny place and there we served men (from the club mobile). Had a marvelous time eating with them (stood up) under tents and taking pictures of the surrounding country. These old girls are grand. Whity is still with me and she and I are going to try and go back to Germany with 4 of the older girls when they go next month. May have to stay here though because there is much to be done for awhile. Have never seen so many American soldiers in my life.

Next day I did some more dock work and went to a party given by Sergeants at their own special club. Was lots of fun and believe me these fellows really appreciate American girls. They all rave about how wonderful it is to hear a girl speak English and when you stop and talk to them on the street they just stand there with their mouths open. It's really pathetic to know some of our men haven't heard a girl speak good old American for over 14 months. And they are so polite and cute when they do talk to you and they'll give you anything! It is almost necessary to ignore a beautiful ring or belt or bracelet because they'll insist on giving it to you if you even so much as admire it. Out at St. Vict. One of the boys said he'd go through his trunk that night and have a whole basket of things for me the next day. Souvenirs are not quite so difficult to accept as the so called "liberated" material. Unfortunately our boys have done their share of looting, not that it wouldn't be expected, but some of them are confused now on what they make take (if you can say that they ever "may") and what they should pay for. It tears your heart out to know many of these men aren't going to have a chance to go home to reorient themselves, to get back their sense of what is right and fair and what is wrong before

going to CBI theater. But, on the other hand, by contrast to the way they have had to live and scrounge around for themselves, they may appreciate the way things should be far more than we do. A lot of them worry about how they'll get along at home, but that sensitivity should make them all the more adjustable. I'll bet life at home will seem pretty tame to most of them but if they have a chance to get a good job and have places of their own, they'll make the best husbands in the world – bar none.

June 28

Life has been too easy so far but they say after the 4<sup>th</sup> our lolling days are numbered. I won't mind because this "vacation" is not what I came over for. Took some pictures of my first club mobile assignment (the one I spoke of before) so when and if you ever get the slides you'll see one of the "chow line" from the inside out and one of us taken by the fellows plus the view we had of the bay and the touch of California hillside. It's been quite warm here ever since we came but there is always a cool heaven sent breeze, which makes living easily bearable. Met a Kenneth Parker – friend of Roy Cooley's and the Lacroix's and Markhaurs who was in the automobile business in Springfield. Nice fellow and so glad to see someone "from home." He stood in line 6 times just so he could come up to the window and say a few words more. So many do that and you just want to spend hours with all of them. When they ask if you're from Oklahoma it just about slays you to say "no (but you've been through there)." Wish we could send them all home.

Yesterday I slept after having spent 5 to 6 hours far into the wee morning with 2 hamburg- eating Sergeants from the party and a Captain who turned out to be an ex Lord Jeffrey Amherst. We sang his dear old Alma Mater until we were "blue and gold" from head to foot. I had my first straight Scotch, which I couldn't even get to my lips because my eyes watered so. That's one thing -- I'll never be able to stand up to the drinking pace of the Army so I try to joke them out of it and fortunately find many men who are pleasantly surprised because I do. They are evidently the exception but they make it worth the trouble.

In the afternoon yesterday, we sat in on a Court Martial and once again I was reminded that the Army is not one of the most democratic institutions in the world although we at least give men a chance to state their case. The judge was the biggest bear I've ever seen. We wondered if he put on that show just to impress us but we heard later he was in one of his better moods! Most of the cases tried are Negroes who get terrific sentences. There are no enlisted men on the jury and only one Negro officer. (The junior member) as he is called. The Captain, Lord Jeff, who is a lawyer for the court here reviewing some of the cases for us and each time the officer was guilty – had a very noticeably different verdict – for the same crime committed by an enlisted man. We heard a manslaughter case – a truck driver ran over a French child, but he was acquitted fortunately. Gosh it seems truly cruel to keep these men

over here after they've spent 2-3 years fighting in the Army without insisting they go home for a good 30 days at least if not discharged. I wish you could see this Marseilles. It's a real melting pot with millions of soldiers almost as many French prostitutes far too little healthy entertainment, no colored girls for the large number of Negro troops and virtual reservoir of Cognac. Of course, it's a jumping off place and has just recently swollen its ranks from little too much because of V.E. Day. The men are quartered in huge staging areas or camps – live in tents for 2 to 3 weeks and have that time for relaxation before shipping out. Special Service tries to keep up but the job is stupendous now. When I think I'm only serving coffee and doughnuts in the midst of so much need, I turn a pale green but there are many advantages to this job and one of them is to know you're the brief "Hello America" they need desperately. Perhaps this way we reach many more men however short the time may be. Also, it soothes my restless feet. Never the same job, never the same place – always new faces, different hours and that "surprise package" anticipation for what's ahead. I love it. Although I know can and must do more.

Last night we went out to an adorable villa by the sea belonging to the Sergeants who took us to the party the night before. All the boys are just like Jersey cream – each with at least 2-4 years overseas and each one a gem in themselves. They restore every faith you ever though you might lose. We had a real hamburger and "coc" feed with some delicious sweet wine if we wished and apricots. We danced and then went out on the rocks to sing. It was a beautiful moonlight-starlight night, if the two are possible and it was last night. That's the thing the boys really love and miss so much. They had a French soldier with them who speak "Brooklynese" if you can imagine it. We teased him all the time about our terrific American customs, which he was trying so hard to avoid and miserably failing. He was even drinking coc with lemon in it before the evening was up.

Today I'm going to catch up on mail if nothing more and back I go tonight to the club mobile and Saint Victorette. We're working nights too. Forgot to tell you last night before going over to see the fellows at the villa we went up with a club mobile to a point near the R.R. station where the men leave the city to go back to camp. It was the first time we did it and they loved it so guess we do it again. We wish we had more CM's. There are only 2 and there should be about 8. However, we're lucky to have 2 I guess.

Was glad to hear Marsden is on his way out of that awful mess but hope he isn't too badly upset. Haven't gotten any mail since leaving Paris, but it will catch up to us soon. Can't wait to hear more about the garden, how the house is coming along, and what Em is doing. Don't send me any of my allotment please because there really isn't any place to spend it. I'll have plenty as it is now and if I need more can cable for some but I'm sure that won't be necessary because I have a good reserve of travelers checks in case I ever get stuck.

Give my love to all and write when you can. Would love it if you could stick a package of Peds in a letter, Mom. Miss you all so much already. 3 great big hugs and all that goes with them

Pat

P.S. If you have a map of the world you can ink in where I've been and follow me. Gurock or Greenock Scot., by way of N. Tre Glasgow, Manchester, London, South Hampton, Le Havre, Paris, Dyon Lyon, Avignon, Marseille so far.

Love again,

Pat

Married

Sat night -

Dearest Mom + Dad:-

Believe me - just finished a long letter (for me) to Em and now hope to get this one to you before I'm interrupted a thousand + one times. As you can see from the preceding - it's a sort of stop-go process with short sentences - a variety of ink and much repetition but I hope they are understandable and partly interesting if you stretch your imagination a little.

Just got 3 letters from your other little girl and 2 more supers from you plus Cap's Bills - one from Papa boy - and a nice note from Peasy - who is near enough to Paris to get in and in a while. I'm going to try to make the

be so thrilled to see me  
if I do get up there - oops.  
(pardon me censor)

Pearcy was one of  
my father's Boy  
Scouts - from Somers

connection and will have a  
heyday - all I can say <sup>is I hope</sup>  
I don't see him in Marseille  
because that means only  
one thing probably. - By the  
way - just remembered that  
in my usual absent mind-  
edness I wrote on both  
sides of this paper & Em so  
if she doesn't get the letter  
(I am) I'll know the reason  
why. Don't think it will  
need censoring tho. - Got  
the Passy and have it  
stuck in my Bureau so  
all can enjoy & know a  
little because of my thought-  
ful & wonderful Mom &  
Dad. Will keep Mrs. Davis  
note on hand and hope  
I get to Lyon. It's about  
200 miles from here but  
one never knows - and I'd



Never knew the Davises  
called their place "Deerholm"  
Explanation please - if you  
can. -

Guess what, went to an  
Officers Club the other night  
with a perfectly wonderful  
married? Warrant officer  
by the name of Bob Hardy  
(Cheer up - it seems to be  
done over here & if it's strictly  
on the dancing partner  
level it's O.K. with me -  
The men like it that way  
too and spend most of their  
evening raving about their  
New/ born baby proteges.  
Well - to make the long  
story short - who should  
come over to me at the  
table but a gal with the  
"isn't your name Pat Jennings"  
look on her face. Bless

me if it wasn't the best  
dwell Northfield ever had -  
Edith Bender. - a nurse,  
lieutenant on her way to the  
C.B.T or home - obviously -  
Anyway - she's here now  
for a while and we're  
both thrilled to pieces to  
find each other. - Spent  
most of the night scream-  
ing in each other's faces  
about the pots & pans -  
and fellow classmates who  
don't know enough to stay  
single - (No sand grapes -  
believe me - but I'd like  
to find <sup>out</sup> where the single  
ones are if there are any)  
and we had a gay old  
fest - with our dates bearing  
up nobly. - In fact - they  
even offered to get us all  
together again, bless their  
dear heads. -

Sure - sign me up for talks  
if you wish - but by that  
time I get home they will  
probably have heard the story  
from 50 other girls. Anyway  
I'll have colored slides to go  
with it which is more than  
most I think - so far. There  
is plenty of black + white  
film over here but no  
color -

Every time you talk about  
rasberries + strawberries I  
turn a pale sea green +  
greyish homesick. - Tell  
Lancy <sup>eat</sup> he'd better reform  
because when I come  
home there'd better be  
birds or else. - and that  
goes for Lunnies too -

Loved Ems "Hoving Arms"  
stationary with picture  
included as I mentioned

before. - Wish I could see Mr. Holt's slides too.

Yes I remember Janet Harrington & thanks for the clipping -

Tell em to hold up on the song sheets till I find out what happens to me henceforth. Remember me to Bib Adams, Em - please - Meant to tell her many is the guy who hopes to forget his experiences but Marsden sounds like a case by itself. I don't see how he could go thro something like that without being psycho completely. - Incidentally what happened to Freddy Madley? & Bud?

Am sending Dad a sheet for his Scouts and wonder if when he finishes with it he could send it to Cap'n Bill - Nat. Camp - Sussex, N.J. - Its the sheet all boys must read &

Had my first motorcycle ride last night with a sailor and got the old bug again. . . How about invest-  
ing Dad so I'll have something to ~~use~~ use on those happy little furloughs. Don't worry - you will probably have enough time to go through that month by month installment <sup>program</sup> ~~plan~~ but I'm not trying to be too pessimistic. - Stranger things have happened. -

Was sure sorry to hear about our new tenants but hope it doesn't make too permanent a change for them. - Would love nothing more than a good chat a la Scotland over a glass of ice tea + chocolate

Cake. Wish you'd send some  
of that rain over here.

Only the boys from Kansas  
could love the stazing area  
we've been in all week long.  
I have to wash my hair every  
night! - but the little pin  
is still going strong - however  
dried up & beat out I look.

Will drop Red a note  
but chances for seeing him  
are somewhat remote.

Do go to Aunt Irene's if you  
can or up to see Em. - Hope  
Whit <sup>Boy from home in Kansas</sup> <sup>James</sup> Pullen.

By the way Mom could  
you send about \$1. to the  
Am. Red Cross Uniform Dept.  
Hecht's Dept. Store - Wash. D.C.  
and ask for as many Red  
Cross pins like the one I sent  
Em - as you can get for \$1. ? - get  
it.) There are none absolutely  
over here and 2 of mine broke  
(defective clasps.) I still have one to send  
if they need 'em.

## Marseilles Saturday Night

Dearest Mom and Dad:

Believe me – just finished a long letter (for me) to Em and now hope to get this one to you before I'm interrupted a thousand and one times. As you can see from the 2 preceding – it's sort of a stop and go process with short sentences – a variety of ink and much repetition but I hope they are understandable and partly interesting if you stretch your imagination a little.

Just got 3 letters from your other little girl and 2 more supers from you plus Cap'n Bill's one from Papa Roy and a nice note from Peasy [Peasy was one of Pat's father's Boy Scouts from Somers.] who is near enough to Paris to get in once in awhile. I'm going to try to make the connection and we'll have a heyday – all I can say is I hope I don't see him in Marseilles because that means only one thing probably. By the way – just remembered that in my usual absent-mindedness I wrote on both sides of this paper to Em so if she doesn't get the letter, I'll know the reason why. Don't think it will need censoring though. Got the Pansy and have it stuck in Bureau so all can enjoy and brag a little because of my thoughtful and wonderful Mom and Dad. Will keep Mrs. Darveses note on hand and hope I get to Lyon. It's about 200 miles from here but one never knows and I'd be so thrilled to see her if I do get up there – oops (pardon me censor). I never knew the Darveses called their place "Deerholm." Explanation please if you can.

Guess what – went to an officer's club the other night with a perfectly wonderful married Warrant Officer by the name of Bob Hardy (cheer up – it seems to be done over here and if it's strictly on the dancing partner level it's ok with me – The men like it that way too and spend most of the evening raving about their new born baby protégé. Well – to make a long story short, who should come over to me at the table but a gal with the "isn't your name Pat Jennings" look on her face. Bless me if it wasn't the best diver Northfield ever had – Edith Bender – a nurse lieutenant on her way to the C.B.T. or home obviously. Anyway, she's here now for awhile and we're both thrilled to pieces to find each other. Spent most of the night screaming in each other's faces about the pots and pans and fellow classmates who don't know enough to stay single (No sour grapes – believe me – but, I'd like to find out where the single ones are if there are any) and we had a gay old fest with our dates bearing up nobly. In fact, they even offered to get us all together again, bless their dear jeeps.

Sure – sign me up for talks if you wish, but by that time I get home they will probably have heard the story from 50 other girls. Anyway, I'll have colored slides to go with it which is more than most I think – so far – There is plenty of black and white film over here but no color.

Everytime you talk about raspberries and strawberries, I turn a pale sea green and grayish homesick. Tell Lancy he'd better reform because when I come home there'd better be

birds or else and that goes for bunnies too. Loved Em's "Loving Arms" stationary with pictures included as I mentioned.

Had my first motorcycle ride last night with a sailor and got the old bug again. How about investing Dad so I'll have something to use on those happy little furloughs. Don't worry – you will probably have enough time to go through that month-by-month installment business, but I'm not trying to be too pessimistic. Stranger things have happened.

Was sure sorry to hear about our new tenants but hope it doesn't make too permanent a change for them. Would love nothing more than a good chat a la Scotland over a glass of ice tea and chocolate cake. Wish you'd send some of that rain over here. Only the boys from Kansas could love the staging areas we've been in all week long. I have to wash my hair every night! But, the little plain is still going strong however dried up and beat out I look.

Will drop Rod a note but chances for seeing him are somewhat remote. Do go to Aunt Gene's if you can or up to see Em. Hope Whit, (Boy from home in Burma) sees Janet Pullen.

By the way, Mom, could you send about \$1.00 to the American Red Cross Uniform Dept., Hecht's Dep't Store, Washington D.C. and ask for as many Red Cross pins (like the one I sent Em) as you can get for \$1.00? Get it?) There are none absolutely over here and 2 of mine broke (defective clasps). I still have one to send if they need proof.



Dearest Mom & Dad, <sup>This letter held up, as it</sup>  
<sup>didn't come until much later</sup>  
<sup>(than dated)</sup>

Haven't done much of any consequence lately but want to write to you just the same.

Miss you both very much and Em too -

For the past 3 or 4 days we have been what they call "sweating out" a bigger job which is to come after the 5<sup>th</sup> of July. From then on we should be busy 24 hours a day, in shifts - because the men will begin loading and we will have lots of doughnuts & coffee to dish out. - That just is anything but stimulating but there are compensations which make up for it. - such as meeting certain very interesting people. - touring around a bit - learning to speak French and hearing the boys say you're just the tonic they need before leaving. (Flattery always helps but these kids are really starved for some decent female company) -

Missed my trip to Nice which was disappointing but will get there again soon I'm sure of that. - Got the job of transportation officer for the whole group here which is in a terrible mess at present but at least I'm sure I won't be footless for the next few months if I have anything to say about it at all.

We are now living in a villa - or half living there, - Some of the girls are out that way and some are still in the hotel because there is no food out there at present and no clean running water. - It is a lovely little place though with a beautiful view of the Medit. Bay - and lots of green around the place. Will send you some pictures of it soon. - There is a wonderful lady next door who speaks both French & English + who said I could come over to her place anytime - for a rest. - So many of the boys say they dislike the French but I am beginning to realize what a barrier language is. - When you find some who can speak English they are delightful and want to do everything for you.

Well - old dears - want to mail this right away - so you'll know I'm still in the land of the living. - Have to go to a General's Reception July 4th. Every body is supposed to have a day off but we'll work all the more - Write and let me know if you're getting my mail. Incidentally - did I send my bathing suit home? - I can't find it and it's essential!! 40. for one and £100. for a cotton dress - Love you all so much - Pat.



P. Jennings ARC Hdqts.  
Delta Base Section  
APO 772-90 PM.  
N. Y. City.



L. E. Jennings  
Somers,  
Conn.

Patricia  
Jennings

(This letter held up as it didn't come till much later than dated)

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Pat

July 5-45

Dearest Mom + Dad: -

How I wish you were with me now. Am sitting out on a little path - sun bathing in one of the most beautiful French villas I have ever seen. - It is the most so far - and I don't expect to see another any better. - The lady who owns it is Madame Didal - a young French girl who lives here alone most of the time with a 5 months old baby. - She is a neighbor of ours but the others don't know it and I don't aim to tell them because I don't think they'd appreciate it. - I offered to take one of them over and I heard her tell one of the girls she'd rather sun bathe than talk to a Frenchwoman so this is what she's missing - a magnificent palace - subdued by tall white pines, coconut trees - fig + plum trees - with all the fruit I want to eat. - a swimming pool - flowers - winding paths - with all kinds of greenery - subterranean passages with fountains + flowers - a full view of the Medit. just below us. - tomatoes - onions - lettuce - everything + anything - and complete privacy. - Mrs. Didal said I could take off all my clothes + relax completely anytime I wanted to. She's really charming. - Speaks English and is just what I need to come back to normal. - I'll send you some pictures soon of it here

Will you please send Capin Bill several of my letters, to be returned when he's finished with them. I haven't had a chance to write him a decent letter and I want him to know a little something about things. -

Have to work tomorrow out at St. Victorette - Just met a girl in club mobile here - ~~she~~ came from U.S. last week - Eli Duffield - who was at AYH with me all summer during the training course!! Am wondering what happened to Pierre -

The birds are real singers here - too, -  
More later when I can - love  
to you all  
Pat.

Have started a letter to Janet 4 times.

The enclosed was snapped on the street here





P. Jennings 58533  
ARC Headquarters  
Delta Base Section  
APO 772-90 PM. NYC.



L. E. Jennings  
Somers,  
Conn.

Patricia  
Jennings

July 5, 1945

Dearest Mom and Dad:

How I wish you were with me now. Am sitting out on a little path sunbathing in one of the most beautiful French villas I have ever seen. It is the most so far and I don't expect to see another any better. The lady who owned it is Madame Vidal - a young French girl who lives here alone most of the time with a 5 month-old baby. She is a neighbor of ours, but the others don't know it and I don't aim to tell them because I don't think they'd appreciate it. I offered to take one of them over and I heard her tell one of the girls she'd rather sun bathe than talk to a French woman so this is what she's missing - a magnificent palace subdued by tall white pines, coconut trees, fig and plum trees with all the fruit I want to eat - a swimming pool, flowers, winding paths with all kinds of greenery - subterranean passages with fountains and flowers - a full view of the Medit. Just below us - tomatoes, onions, lettuce, everything and anything and complete privacy. Mrs. Vidal said I could take off all my clothes and relax completely anytime I wanted to. She's really charming. Speaks English and is just what I need to come back to normal. I'll send you some pictures soon of it here. Will you please send Cap'n Bill several of my letters to be returned when he's finished with them? I haven't had a chance to write him a decent letter and I want him to know a little something about things.

Have to work tomorrow out at St. Victorette. Just met a girl in club mobile here (came from U.S. last week). Elizabeth Duffield - who was at AYH with me all summer during the training course!! Am wondering what happened to Pierre.

The birds are real singers here too. More later when I can. Love to you all -

Pat

Have started a letter to Janet 4 times. The enclosed was snapped on the street here.

Dearest Mom + Dad:-

Monday, July 8

Just finished reading my "jacketpot" as the kids called it. - Am in the dog house for getting 13 letters today but I've waited since Paris - to get even one so I don't feel too greedy. You last one is dated June 23rd - and yet you still haven't heard from me - evidently. Hope to get word soon that you've had mail from way over here. They say our letters to you come much faster than yours to me - because I have changed my #00 a few times but whenever they come they're so worth waiting for. - How I'd love to be down in the garden with you picking peas + strawberries and taking care of the baby chicks. I sure miss the farm - so very much. I am glad Em is having such a wonderful program. - Sounds terrific - I know she'll get so much out of it and her summer. - The house sounds like a "vacation well earned" coming up. - Have to laugh at Dad. - He just works himself into another job by doing such a good one on the room before. - I certainly haven't been much help to you lately but I approve of all you're doing, believe me - Sounds wonderful, + wish I could see it.

Am sitting on the porch of that beautiful villa I told you about last week. - It's just like spending a vacation on the Riviera - or sitting in the sand at Palm Beach. - Hope you get the 2 films I sent the other day plus one I will be sending very soon.

2

This week has been an extremely hectic one. They put me in charge of transportation here without telling me anything about it and "knowing" anything about it in the first place - so I've had to run all over the place plus doing the regular dock work and it hasn't been too easy. The girls I'm with are all pretty good scouts altho I think a few could stand a good discharge. They have done their share in Clubmobile and are now about ready to give in completely. The old girls are pretty disgusted with this assignment because it was what they broke in on in England and it isn't easy to find yourself back where you started, but the job is here to be done and somebody must do it. I'm having a wonderful time so far - and feel some of what has gone on in my work is worth while. This morale business is rather intangible but when you have a chance to date men who say you're the first Am. woman they've heard in 12 years - it all seems very important and you wish you were 2 million girls. Yesterday I had a day off and took full advantage of it. - Remember my telling you about plans to go to Nice last Sunday which fell through because of the transportation job & I just decided then & there that if I had a chance to go anywhere I'd go! - Yesterday one of the boys

from the Judge Advocate <sup>3</sup> court: the mess  
sergeant for the Headquarters and the mess  
sarge for the Chief of Staff, no less - took a  
Wac and another EC gal + little me on a  
wonderful jaunt to a little coastal town  
called Casis - The boys brought all the food  
including an "out of this world" chocolate cake.  
We stayed at the Chief of Staff's villa swan  
in the officers pool down by the sea and  
laked along the shore. I got a beautiful sun  
burn out of it but not enough to keep me  
from sleeping like a baby when we got  
home. The ride out there and back along  
the med. - was just like the descriptions  
Cooke has in his pamphlets only better.  
Those jeeps are just the thing (next to a  
motorcycle) especially when they're upholst-  
ered like ours was. - The night before some  
of the girls went to Casis to have a real  
French meal - 250 francs or about \$5. but it  
was good and there was plenty, surprisingly  
enough. In the country there seems to be  
an abundance of any vegetable - fish +  
chicken but the cities are starving except  
in <sup>the</sup> block market world.

One thing you can't do here is to keep your  
hair clean. - The water is hard and the  
wind is full of dust all the time. but will  
have to try again this afternoon.

Finally got Janet's letter from Les - so  
will send it along to you. It's so wonder-  
ful I want to share it with every-  
body - and many is the time I've read  
it to bolster up a few of my own weak  
spirits (which I do have occasionally)

Thank Em for the magazine - and  
my long letter - keep them coming -  
Nearly laughed myself sick over the picture  
she sent but think it's a gem and so  
indicative of something wonderful about  
my poor Dad.

Not much more news but will  
let you know where I am - & when -

Love you all very much & hope  
you're getting my letter - soon.

Pat.

Monday, July 8

Dearest Mom and Dad:

Just finished reading my "jackpot" as the kids called it. I'm in the dog house for getting 13 letters today but I've waited since Paris to get even one so I don't feel too greedy. Your last one is dated June 23<sup>rd</sup> and yet you still haven't heard from me evidently. Hope to get word soon that you've had mail from way over here. They say our letters to you go much faster than yours to me because I have changed my APO a few times, but whenever they come they're so worth waiting for. How I'd love to be down in the garden with you picking peas and strawberries and taking care of the baby chicks. I sure miss the farm so very much. Am glad Em is having such a wonderful program - sounds terrific. I know she'll get so much out of it and her summer. The house sounds like a "vacation well earned" coming up. Have to laugh at Dad. He just works himself into another job by doing such a good one on the room before. I certainly haven't been much help to you lately but I approve of all you're doing - believe me. Sounds wonderful and wish I could see it.

Am sitting on the porch of that beautiful villa I told you about last week. It's just like spending a vacation on the Riviera or sitting in the sand at Palm Beach. Hope you get those 2 films I sent the other day plus one I will be sending very soon. This week has been an extremely hectic one. They put me in charge of transportation here without telling me anything about it or knowing anything about it in the first place so I've had to run all over the place plus doing the regular dock work and it hasn't been too easy. The girls I'm with are all pretty good sports although I think a few could stand a good discharge. They have done their share in Club Mobile and are now about ready to give in completely. The old girls are pretty disgusted with this assignment because it was what they broke out of in England and it isn't easy to find yourself back where you started but the job is here to be done and somebody must do it. I'm having a wonderful time so far and feel some of what has gone on in my work is worthwhile. This morale business is rather intangible but when you have a chance to talk to men who say you're the first American woman they've seen in 2 years, it all seems very important and you wish you were 2 million girls.

Yesterday I had a day off and took full advantage of it. Remember my telling you about plans to go to Nice last Sunday, which fell through because of the transportation job so I just decided then and there that if I had a chance to go anywhere I'd go! Yesterday one of the boys from the Judge Advocates Court, the mess Sergeant for the Headquarters, and the Mess Sarge for the Chief of Staff no less, -- took a WAC and another RC gal and little me on a wonderful picnic to a little coastal town called Casis. The boys brought all the food including and out of this world chocolate cake. We stayed at the chief of Staff's villa, swam in the officer's pool down by the sea and hiked along the shore. I got a beautiful sun burn out of it but not enough to keep me from sleeping like a baby when we got home. The ride out there and back along the Med. Was just like the descriptions Cooke has in his pamphlets only better. Those jeeps are just the thing (next to a motorcycle)

especially when they're upholstered like ours was. The night before some of the girls went to Casis to have a real French meal – 250 franks or about \$15. But it was good and there was plenty, surprisingly enough. In the country there seems to be an abundance of any vegetable, fish and chicken, but the cities are starving except in the black market world.

One thing you can't do here is to keep your hair clean. The water is hard and the wind is full of dust all the time, but will have to try again this afternoon.

Finally got Janet's letter from Les so will send it along to you. It's so wonderful I want to share it with everybody and many is the time I've read it to bolster up a few of my own weak spirits (which I do have occasionally).

Thank Em for the magazine and nice long letter. Keep them coming. Nearly laughed myself sick over the picture she sent but think it's a gem and so indicative of something wonderful about my Mom and Dad.

Not much more news but will let you know where I am and when. Love you all very much and hope you're getting my letters soon.

Pat



Dearest Family: -

July 14

Bastille Day  
Saturday

Have been rushing around like mad again because  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour after I wrote you last we moved again!! This has been a crazy set-up here with little or no organization all of which is most unsettling to a new-comer but you get used to it after a while and are almost happily surprised if something planned ahead of time works out as it should.

The villa we're in now is truly a magnificent place - a Vanderbilt affair with a long tree paved driveway - plenty a wooded trails, tennis court - volley ball court - built in dance floor (outdoors) large gardens - hot house - loral - Swan pool - & ponds - large house with a billiard room, music room - huge lounge and all the comforts of home - except for the fact that there are about 20 too many people. Arrangements are being made to get another villa which may mean I have to move again but here's hoping not for the moment.

The days are warm here but there's always a beautiful breeze. Have gotten

a good tan since my sunburn at  
Casise. - Worked like crazy that night  
to move and the next day also. - Dock  
operations still continue - full steam  
ahead which means all our outside  
business such as packing, unpacking  
and the one big item of letter writing  
must come in between times. - I still  
haven't heard from you saying you  
know where I am but hope to Mon.  
Could sure use my bathing suit too.  
<sup>but no hurry</sup> Am lying on my cot now.

Listening to the frogs - peepers and  
watching the fire crackers & flares  
shoot up between the stars. Can  
hear some big guns going off in the  
distance and can't help but feel these  
people should have had enough of that  
by now but the French love to celebrate.

Have found an adorable little  
French boy about 14, the son of  
our caretaker & cook here who by  
the way, has an assistant and

a laundress to help her. - We are really spoiled - you can see that. - There are 3 others in my room now but I'm slated for a single in the very near future as soon as the other villa is found. -

The girls had a meeting about the disorganization here and ended up by going to the head man of this area - and hence getting some temporary results at least which makes all feel much more like working.

Hope you get my letter from Janet. - Went to an enlisted man's dance last night had a chocolate milk. Tonight had some spare time so tried the little kayak here in the fish pond. I know one of the girls & her date that I was crazy. Date of tomorrow so plan to sleep. Love you & miss everything so much. - More later.

**OPENED BY**

P. Jennings 58533  
AFC. Hdqts. Delta Base Section  
APO 782-90 P.M. N.Y.C.



U. S. ARMY EXAMINER

L. E. Jennings  
Somers,  
Conn.

early - Newcastle



July 14

Bastille Day, Saturday

Dearest Family:

Have been rushing around like mad again because ½ hour after I wrote you last we moved again!! This has been a crazy set up here with little or no organization all of which is most unsettling to a newcomer but you get used to it after awhile and are almost happily surprised if something planned ahead of time works out as it should.

The villa we're in now is truly a magnificent place – a Vanderbilt affair with a long tree paved drive-way, plenty of wooded trails, tennis court, volleyball court, built-in dance floor (outdoors), large gardens, boat house, corral, swimming pool and ponds, large house with a billiard room, music room, huge lounge and all the comforts of home – except for the fact that there are about 20 too many people. Arrangements are being made to get another villa, which may mean I have to move again, but here's hoping not for the moment.

The days are warm here but there's always a beautiful breeze. Have gotten a good tan since my sunburn at Carlise. Worked like crazy that night to move and the next day also. Dock operations still continue full steam ahead, which means all our outside business such as packing, unpacking, and the one big item of letter-writing must come in between times. I still haven't heard from you saying you know where I am, but I hope to soon. Could sure use my bathing suit too but no hurry. Amy lying on my cot now listening to the frogs and peepers and watching the fire crackers and flares shoot up between the starts. Can hear some big guns going off in the distance and can't help but feel these people should have had enough of that by now but the French love to celebrate.

Have found an adorable little French boy about 14, the son of our caretaker and cook here who, by the way, has an assistant and laundress to help her. We are really spoiled. You can see that. There are 3 others in my room now but I'm slated for a single in the very near future as soon as the other villa is found.

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Hope you get my letter from Janet. Went to an enlisted man's dance last night – had chocolate milk. Tonight had some spare time so tried the little kayak here in the fish pond. I know one of the girls and her date thought I was crazy. Day off tomorrow so plan to sleep. Love you and miss everything so much. More later,

Pat

Tuesday -

Dearest Family: -

Came home last night after a long day at one of the staging areas and found 8 wonderful letters from you, 2 from Frankie, a U-Mail from Helen Joy, one from Timmie and 1 from the little French girl I met in Paris. - You don't know what a marvelous feeling it is to get your long awaited words from home in such abundance. Am so glad to hear finally that you know where I am and know I am enjoying myself so thoroughly in spite of any unpleasantness I may have mentioned before about no organization, etc. That's all part of the game I guess - Army included and I keep trying to remember the words of the Field Director in Steiger who said you learn to be "patient". You sure do but there is so much to be thankful for when you are willing to take the bitter with the sweet. - I love it here in Marseilles and am having one of those "never forget" experiences people tell you about when they get back home. - Have so much to tell you I don't know where to start.

Guess where I'm sitting now! just outside the women's john at the staging area. - It's the only place I can find where ~~men~~ men are completely hesitant about giving you the good old "Mom - she speaks American" one-two. It's way up on top of a hill overlooking the whole camp. - There must be thousands of tents below me. All you can see for 2 square miles

is Kaski - and then below the tents is the Mediterranean. - I've tried to write letters on my day off and in the afternoons sometimes but something or something always interrupts, so now I can truthfully say - I've found the solution. - I'm waiting for the clubmobile to be loaded with doughnuts & coffee. For some reason the men really appreciate the little wagon so we try to give them as much time as possible. From 6 to 6 when we come out here and then someone is always waiting for you when you get home so I just decided to bring my equipment out here and hunt like mad until I found a quiet little corner to use between loadings for just this. - Was I kidding!

Can see an airfield near here - down by the sea where planes come in <sup>low</sup> by 3's - peel off and go around our heads again for a landing. They're beautiful to watch and more beautiful because they're going home - no doubt.

Sunday was my day off because we work every day at St. Victoret this week. - No dock work for me until I get through with this assignment. The girls who are on here regularly have taken their 4 day leave which comes every 4 months. - We get one day a week - 2 days every month - 4 days every 4 months and more than that I don't know. However. - must tell you about Sunday - Marcelle - the little French boy who lives with us. - and I went fishing! - and caught 9 fish! - (sardines) It was a real change for me. - lots of fun trying to talk French to him and to a French man of 20 who



understood my "C" French well enough to take us out in a boat all afternoon for gratia - with hooks lines poles & bait ~~etc~~ furnished too. - It was lots of fun - and I will say again - in answer to your query about our friendships with them - if we show these people we are interested in them for what they are - not for what they can throw at us garnished with flowers - they in turn show us the same. almost all the soldiers here say they love Germany best - it is the most beautiful country in Europe - they can't wait for non-fraternization etc etc - but they hate the French - the country is filthy (which it is in some places) the French rook them for all they can get etc. - I think the language has much to do with it. Men who can't speak French or who don't want to learn - hate France. - They're the gripping type anyway and are always ready to tell you they like something else better. - The fellows remember how the French threw kisses at them when we came into Paris - and how the wine flowed freely - Now they still think the French should be ~~spelling~~ jacking out all kinds of luxuries. High prices can be explained easily by the story I told you about G.I.'s throwing money to the children. - We came in and threw money all over the place - Naturally somebody's going to try to cash in on a set up like that - and some of the boys are so stupid about the money they do spend. - I saw one the

other day who paid the equivalent of \$5.00 for  
one of those plaster moulded things you get at  
a carnival. - I've seen so many in perfume  
stores in Paris paying \$15. for some stuff  
they could get for 50¢ in the country some  
where. -

Two days later -  
I thought surely I'd finish this long ago  
because I do so hate to have any time lapse  
between letters. - Have so much to tell you  
and I'm so afraid I'll miss something if  
I don't keep up but the Victrol business  
is exhausting. - Have had absolutely no  
time to myself in 3 days and I'm completely  
worn out. - Had a chance to go out ~~at~~ times  
tonight but insisted I stay in to write  
home as it is. - I'm starting <sup>in</sup> again at  
10:05 P.M. - which means - with what  
I've got to say, I'll probably be at it all  
night. -

Guess I'll start afresh. - Have your  
letters and will try to answer some  
questions in the next one.

Oh for some of those pears & straw-  
berries - and a big juicy melon  
am so glad my letters are  
reaching you - Much much love -

Pat.

Please Return

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Tuesday

Dearest Family:

Came home last night after a long day at one of the staging areas and found 8 wonderful letters from you, from Frannie, a V-Mail from Helen Roy, one from Timmie, and 1 from the little French girl I met in Paris. You don't know what a marvelous feeling it is to get your long awaited words from home in such abundance. Am so glad to hear finally that you know where I am and know I am enjoying myself so thoroughly in spite of any unpleasantries I may have mentioned before about no organization, etc. That's all part of the game I guess. Army included and I keep trying to remember the words of the Field Director in Steigers who said you learn to be "patient." You sure do but there is so much to be thankful for when you are willing to take the bitter with the sweet. I love it here in Marseilles and am having one of those "never forget" experiences people tell you about when they get back home. Have so much to tell you I don't know where to start.

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Can see an airfield near here down by the sea where planes come in by 3's, peel off and go around our heads again for a landing. They're beautiful to watch and more beautiful because they're going home no doubt.

Sunday was my day off because we work everyday at St. Victoret this s week. No dock work for me until I get through with this assignment. The girls who are on here regularly have taken their 4 day leave, which comes every 4 months. We get one day a week, 2 days every month, 4 days every 4 months and more than that I don't know. However, must tell you about Sunday. Marcelle - the little French boy who lives with us - and I went fishing! - and caught 9 fish! (Sardines) It was a real change for me. Lots of fun trying to talk French to him and to a French man of 20 who understood my "C" French well enough to take us out in a boat all afternoon for gracias with hooks, lines, poles, and bait furnished too. It was lots of fun and I will say again in answer to your query about our friendship with them - if we show these people we are interested in them for what they are - not for what they can throw at us garnished with flowers - they in turn show us the same. Almost all the

soldiers here say they love Germany best – it is the most beautiful country in Europe. They can't wait for non-fraternization etc., etc., but they hate the French – the country is filthy (which it is in some places), the French rook them for all they can get, etc. I think the language has much to do with it. Men who can't speak French or who don't want to learn – hate France. They're the griping type anyway and are always ready to tell you they like something else better. The fellows remember how the French threw kisses at them when we came into Paris and how the wine flowed freely. Now they still think the French should be passing out all kinds of luxuries. High prices can be explained easily by the story I told you about G.I.'s throwing money to the children. We came in and threw money all over the place. Naturally somebody's going to try to cash in on a set up like that and some of the boys are so stupid about the money they do spend. I saw one the other day who paid the equivalent of \$5.00 for one of those plaster mold things you get at a carnival. I've seen so many in perfume stores in Paris paying \$15 for some stuff they could get for 50 cents in the country somewhere.

--- Two days later ---

I thought surely I'd finish this long ago because I do so hate to have any time lapse between letters. Have so much to tell you and I'm so afraid I'll miss something if I don't keep up, but the Victoret business is exhausting. Have had absolutely no time to myself in 3 days and I've completely swung in. Had a chance to go out 4 times tonight, but insisted I stay in to write home. As it is I'm starting in again at 10:05 p.m., which means with what I've got to say, I'll probably be at it all night.

Guess I'll start afresh. Have your letters and will try to answer some question in the next one.

Oh for some of those peas and strawberries – and a big juicy melon. Am so glad my letters are reaching you.

Much, much love,

Pat

Dearest Mom - Dad & Ann: -

Wed. — 25  
June 45

Am so glad you finally got my 4 letters from the boat and hope they weren't too heavily censored. - Ate lunch this noon and dashed out to Victrola with our club-molife Captain - Tomorrow I do some touring around in a weapons carrier to deliver doughnuts & coffee to isolated groups. So I probably won't have too much time to write.

for a few days -

Got the letter with the other sock - telling all about your wonderful lawn party & the new tenants, the Holts etc. - Don't send me much more now Mom until you hear from me as to plans for a visit to Paris - Got the grand letter from Ann and can just imagine her diving off the Birminghame Board at 75 years of age - The bathing suit situation sounds tough but please don't fail to send her \$25. from my fund which she can use to get another suit if she wishes because when you live in suits all day you like to have some variety.

Ann getting a little on the dark side too for a change - Hope I get real black tho. - Thanks for sending me the thing, Haven't come

yet that all will be greatly appreciated.  
Thanks for the poem Mom - that's a lot  
to live up to but I am confident I can do  
more and do more ~~in~~ well, somehow.

Tell Em so far I have found no skunks  
in Europe - The enclosed are choice bits of her  
letters to me so you can see how one daughter  
writes to another overseas. - I am incidentally  
lying down while doing this so don't be  
alarmed if you can't read it. - Took me  
10 minutes to figure out what Em meant  
by "labre" - Great story after you decipher  
the ~~open~~ manship!! And the pictures - Gypsies!  
especially the captions behind. Anyway old  
dear - thanks a million - Do it again.

Love the pheasant! You think of everything  
The flowers sound beautiful & the berries  
too - Wish I were there to see & eat!  
First hand but keep the home fires burning  
You never can tell -

Love you all -

Write when you can

Pat.

Wednesday, June 25, 1945

Dearest Mom, Dad, and Em:

Am so glad you finally got my 4 letters from the boat and hope they weren't too heavily censored. Ate lunch this noon and dashed out to Victoret with our Clubmobile Captain. Tomorrow I do some touring around in a weapon's carrier to deliver doughnuts and coffee to isolated groups. So I probably won't have too much time to write for a few days.

Got the letter with the other sock telling all about your wonderful lawn party, the new tenants, the Holt's, etc. Don't send me much more now, Mom, until you hear from me as to plans after I visit Paris. Got the grand letter from Em and can just imagine her diving off the Birchmere board at 75 years of age. The bathing suit situation sounds tough, but please don't fail to send her \$25 from my fund which she can use to get another suit if she wishes because when you live in suits all day you like to have some variety.

I'm getting a little on the dark side too for a change. Hope I get real black though. Thanks for sending me the things. Haven't come yet, but all will be greatly appreciated. Thanks for the poem, Mom. That's a lot to live up to but I am confident I can do more and do more I will somehow.

Tell Em so far I have found no skunks in Europe. The enclosed are choice bits of letters to me so you can see how one daughter unites to another overseas. I am incidentally lying down while doing this so don't be alarmed if you can't read it. Took me 10 minutes to figure out what Em meant by "babe" – great story after you decipher the penmanship!! And the pictures – Yikes!! Especially the captions behind. Anyway, old dear – thanks a million. Do it again!

Love the pheasant. You think of everything. The flowers sound beautiful and the berries too. Wish I were there to see and eat! It's hard, but keep the home fires burning. You never can tell.

Love to you all –

Write when you can,

Pat



Wednesday 25

June 45

Dearest Mom + Dad + Em:

Just got another windfall from you so will start by answering some of the questions etc. and keep up to the minute as I read. - It's so good to get your letters. - Have just come back from the airport after taking 3 girls to a plane - homeward bound! - You don't know what a thrill it was - especially since one of them will be calling you soon I hope - from Berlin, Conn. - She's a great horsewoman - Bunny Buncie - we call her and had a lot to do with Ted Buell + the Trail Riders Assoc. Red + Scotty are in down at Hartford. - she's a character! I sure hope she calls but if she doesn't within the next 30 days or so - call her home in Berlin (Buncie) and she'll tell you all about us here. - The girls heard yesterday they were going and left this morning at 9 A.M. Bunny wasn't going to go because her dog!! I was sick - Can you imagine. But she's on the way. One of the girls gave me her jumping boots (Paratrooper) with 27 jumps to their credit - and lots of Bastogne mud so they have a real history + I'm very proud of them. - Also her bed roll. - Thus another <sup>Red Cross</sup> chapter is written and a good one too. - Can't help but feeling I wish I'd been with them but hope I don't have to stay over as long as they have - almost 3 years!

The house sounds lovely - even if  
Laney will have to get acquainted all  
over again. - I sure do feel sorry for Aunt  
Emily because when she complains you  
can be sure the rope is wearing thin.  
Too tho' am more than relieved to know  
you don't have him right under your  
feet - to put it crudely. Thanks for the clipping  
mom. - The mail comes in fits + starts  
as you can tell from the answers probably  
because I am now getting more with APO  
887 on it - having already gotten some  
with 772 also. Could stand at least 2  
films every month - if not more. Use  
my money. That's what its for, please -  
just read the letter with the AYH card in  
it from the Hutchings. - How perfect! and  
what a good picture to take along with  
me. Reminds me of many pleasant hours  
with some wonderful friends. Wish I  
could help Dad with the garage + you to Mom  
because that's not going to be an easy job.  
Am so glad Johnny + Buddy got together -  
Incidentally - what furniture are you selling  
Am glad the Blisses found you ad because  
they can put it to good use. - The garden  
sounds like something too remote to imagine  
I've just eaten a banana one of the boys  
brought to me so you see we aren't fasting  
too badly but I eat strawberries + nice new  
peas from our yard anytime.

Haven't had to change any tires yet but may.  
Incidentally Dad, if you get a chance to buy  
a jeep please do because I think it  
would be one of the best investments you  
could make. They can do anything and  
are not half as uncomfortable as people  
lead you to imagine. Hope you had fun  
at Art's. - Tell me more. Just looking over  
Ernie's letter in blaring red ink about the  
lovely experiences at Camp Manhattan.  
Gad. nothing like a few sloppy  
broken bones to make you feel confident  
but guess we have to take it the hard  
way sometimes. What a terrific schedule!!  
I'd like to try it myself sometimes just to  
see if I could do it but ain't getting any  
younger so they say. Nothing like having  
medicines?? instructors - gyps - all they'd  
do is give me a complex I'm afraid.

Incidentally old dear - can you do a back  
swan? Teach me - s'il vous plait. I'm  
eager but dumb. Ah yes, I can see you  
know how to dive my dear - Read your  
letter to the kids here & they nearly died  
at the thoughts of your strenuous life which  
is 10 times as rugged as Ours. They want  
to know when you went to the john. I can  
just hear you groaning along about 4:30  
or 5 o'clock - Gyps

Enjoyed the letter from Fran & the clipping  
about Mr. Stocker which made me wish we'd

Known him even more than we did. - If you  
are wearing liquid stockings Mom you're  
one upon this daughter. Don't wear any  
now. Bet Mae + Bob had fun at dinner. Was  
it their first time? Sonny's hear about Uncle  
Frank H. + Fran's. math which is no joke  
at this point. I'll bet Capin Bill was disgusted.  
If shell couldnt pass this spring I don't see  
how shell ever make it in the fall after  
lying idle on it all summer. Boy - I'm  
lucky. that's all I can say. Monday is my  
day off so far but am taking an extended  
weekend to Paris this coming Sunday.

Your letters mean so much - too Dad. Hope  
you both don't get so tired you don't find  
time to keep them coming often - Use  
the room by all means. and the  
candle equally as much -

Bong for dinner just rang so  
I'll sign off now + continue if  
another letter later on when I have  
a chance to read the July letters! -  
This is sure fun.

Guess what - Guy Robertson, Mom,  
an old North. classmate Brad  
spoke about is here with us now.  
Came in yesterday! - Wait till Brad  
hears that - love to you all -  
Pat.

Wednesday, June 25 1945

Dearest Mom, Dad, and Em:

Just got another windfall from you so will start by answering some of the questions etc., and keep up to the minute as I read. It's so good to get your letters. Have just come back from the airport after taking 3 girls to a plane – homeward bound! You don't know what a thrill it was – especially since one of them will be calling you soon I hope – from Berlin, Conn. She's a great horsewoman, Bunny Bunce, we call her and had a lot to do with Ted Buell and the Trail Riders Association [that] Red and Scotty are in down at Hartford. She's a character. I sure hope she calls but if she doesn't within the next 30 days or so, call her home in Berlin (Bunce) and she'll tell you all about us here. The girls heard yesterday they were going and left this morning at 9 A.M. Bunny wasn't going to go because her dog!!! Was sick. Can you imagine? But she's on the way. One of the girls gave me her jumping boots (Para troopers with 27 jumps to their credit and lots of Bastogne mud so they have a real history and I'm very proud of them. Also her bedroll. Thus another Red Cross chapter is written and a good one too. Can't help but feeling I wish I'd been with them but hope I don't have to stay over as long as they have – almost 3 years!

The house sounds lovely even if Lancy will have to get acquainted all over again. I sure do feel sorry for Aunt Emily because when she complains you can be sure the rope is wearing thin. I, too, though am more than relieved to know you don't have him right under your feet to put it crudely. Thanks for the clipping, Mom. The mail comes in fits and starts as you can tell from the answers probably because I am now getting more with APO 887 on it having already gotten some with 772 also. Could stand at least 2 films every month if not more. Use my money. That's what it's for please. Just read the letter with the AYH card in it from the Hutchings. How perfect! And what a good picture to take along with me. Reminds me of many pleasant hours with some wonderful friends. Wish I could help Dad with the garage and you too Mom because that's not going to be an easy job. Am so glad Johnny and Brandy got together. Incidentally, what furniture are you selling? Am glad the Blaises found your ad because they can put it to good use. The garden sounds like something too remote to imagine. I've just eaten a banana one of the boys brought to me so you can see we aren't faring too badly, but I'd eat strawberries and nice new peas from our garden anytime.

Haven't had to change any tires yet but may. Incidentally Dad, if you get a chance to buy a jeep, please do because I think it would be one of the best investments you could make. They can do anything and are not half as uncomfortable as people lead you to imagine. Hope you had fun at Art's. Tell me more. Just looking over Em's letter in blaring red ink about her lovely experiences at Camp Manhattan. Nothing like a few sloppy broken bones to make you feel confident but guess we have to take it the hard way sometimes. What a terrific schedule.

I'd like to try it myself sometimes just to see if I could do it but ain't getting any younger so they say. Nothing like having mediocre instructors – yipes– all they'd do is give me a complex I'm afraid. Incidentally, old dear, can you do a back swan? Teach me – s'il vous plait. I'm eager, but dumb. Oh yes, I can see you know how to drive, my dear. Read your letter to the kids here and they nearly died at the thoughts of your strenuous life, which is 10 times as rugged as ours. They want to know when you went to the john. I can just hear you groaning along about 4:30 or 5 o'clock. Yipes!

Enjoyed the letter and clipping about Mrs. Stocker which made me wish we'd known her even more than we did. If you're wearing liquid stockings, Mom, you're one up on this daughter – don't wear any now. Bet Mae and Bob had fun at dinner. Was it their first time? Sorry to hear about Uncle Frank and Fran's math, which is no joke at this point. I'll bet Cap'n Bill was disgusted. If she couldn't pass this spring, I don't see how she'll ever make it in the fall after lying idle on it all summer. Boy – I'm lucky. That's all I can say. Monday is my day off so far, but am taking an extended weekend to Paris this coming Sunday.

Your letters mean so much too, Dad. Hope you both don't get too tired you don't find time to keep them coming often. Use the room by all means and they canoe equally as much.

Gang for dinner just rang so I'll sign off now and continue in another letter later on when I have a chance to read the July letters! This is sure fun.

Guess what – Amy (???) Robertson, Mom, an old Northf. Classmate Brad spoke about is here with us now. Came in yesterday! Wait till Brad hears that.

Love to you all –

Pat

Dearest Mom + Dad + Em: -

Fri

That women's john idea was just a joke because before I knew it I had company - and there we sat - leaning up against the thing - going through the usual "where you from, soldier" - I love to do it thought and must tell you that today for some reason, I was lucky in Paris. If you will read the paper I'm sending - the only E.T.O. paper (in English) for all troops - you will see something that is enough to knock anybody out completely. How they got that choice bit of information is more than I can say but believe me I was one thrilled little girl - even if they did talk about turkeys. - You can't imagine the razzing I got! - It's on page 3 - just to give you a hint - and incidentally what damn are they talking about? I'm sending you the whole paper so you can get an idea of what we have to read for 1 franc a day. - It's really a god send to the news starved American and our only source of non-letter information. - Then - to top it off, the other half of my luck today was seeing a Belmont with Conn. written on it, I yelled to the fellow way down the <sup>long</sup> line in front of the Clubmobile. He turned around and

what should be written on the other side  
but Somerville!!!. He was a little Polish  
fellow who knew Em - he said - Johnny  
Seibert - a great friend of Peasys - Dad. John  
asked for Warren - told me about playing  
ball with the team at home - and  
talked on and on about what the kids  
were doing. He was so hungry for news  
of Alby & Alex Sanski and all the kids  
that age. - I told him I'd write and  
ask Mom to call his mother but he  
said he didn't have a phone. - I wonder  
ed if you would mind going over to  
see his mother <sup>mom.</sup> on School street opposite  
the Legion Hall. and telling her how  
I'd seen her boy looks grand and  
is still as anxious as ever to get home.  
He thought that would be a marvelous  
idea. - You don't need to tell her what a  
terrible dust bowl he's in - (just like  
the desert out there today with blinding  
sandstorms) but he's stationed there  
for a while - which at least means  
he's not going to C.B.I. for the time  
being - It's so much fun to meet people  
like that over here. -

Had a picnic on the new beach set  
up here for Beta Base Section with boats  
Hamburgs - life guards coca cola - a club  
and all the works run by Special Service



which means the need for ARC clubs is somewhat on the shrunken side also - (as well as clubmobile because the Army can do so much more with less effort - staffed by older women tho - Army hostesses and the boys have lots to say about that! Well, I started to tell you we went on this picnic with 2 wonderful boys who had been to Wyoming Univ!! - We had a howl of a time Whitty & I - the only 2 girls on the beach - There was even a man inside our john out there because women were a thing so far removed from any one's thoughts or vague imaginations. We got the old ~~whistle~~ whistle more than once - but it was fun - played ball - had hamburgs and tried to swim around the jellyfish - Must tell you how funny it was tho - to hear a guy yell from the inside <sup>out</sup> and have to carry on a "shall we ~~go~~ <sup>try you a little longer</sup> conversation with all the men standing on the beach laughing.

Thanks for sending so much to me Mom - I got the white sock - 3 pr of jeds - the little 4 leaf clover - (I could just see you picking it) and the film also so glad to hear about Syd Wilson - that you have the new boards even tho the house

is still not to your liking (Mom as far  
as our part is concerned. - It will look  
mighty good to me - all "mess" or no as  
you say - So keep the bed ready. - You  
never can tell. - Don't let the discs get  
you down. - "Take 5" and have a nice  
cold drink of lemonade. Wish I could  
send you some of the lemons & sugar  
we have here. Hope Shiril enjoyed  
my little bed. - Give her my  
best and let me know if its blue  
or pink as soon as it comes. - That  
angle on the food for my friends here  
is wonderful. I checked and found  
its the thing to do so send it any time  
with what you mentioned and I know  
it will be greatly appreciated. - She  
made a bathing suit for me which  
is on the way somewhere she said  
but I'll be glad when mine arrives  
(if I sent it home) Think I sent it  
back from Wash. - didn't I? - got  
Cajin Bill's letter. or did I tell you  
Ed seems to be having a wonderful  
time. Her letters are a joy and I just  
hope she keeps them coming. Will

you please send her \$25, from my  
next allotment to use for spending  
money this summer so she can  
have her own for school. I have  
wanted to do that for sometime  
and would send it from here if I  
thought you wouldnt - but if you do  
that for me sometimes I won't  
have to pay any M.O. rates - etc. -  
Thanks a lot. Wish I could see  
the chicks. - Am reading over your  
letters now so I can be sure to  
answer everything. Did you get  
the ones about our trip over? 3  
or 4 in all. Thanks Dad for your  
letter too. Keep them coming. -  
Was surprised to see my name  
added to the honor roll. Give Mr.  
Kays my regards & let me know  
about him too. - Good sermon. Must  
write to Warren because I plan  
to go to Paris in another 2 weeks to  
see about changing to Hospital Recreat  
or Club. - I want very much to  
get into something with more

Rec. and less doughnuts regardless.  
of the fact that I am having a  
wonderful time here. I have head-  
quarters permission to visit them  
on my monthly leave. Pierre  
is not with us. - Must try to  
locate her. Say goodby to Mrs.  
Thorp for me. Glad Ma + Bob  
had fun too. - I can buy soap here  
so don't need any more - Get  
a bar a week. No more cigarettes  
either Thanks - get, pack a day.  
Glad you took off to the cottage  
Thorn and hope you do it more  
often. Take Dad + the canoe. Wish  
I had it here to paddle on the <sup>Medi</sup>,  
which is very calm at times. No  
rain here for a month. Will look  
for a Kibler + Shullande. Thanks for  
including Dal + all my address.  
Am so glad Dad used the sleeping  
bag + hope we continue. Wish I  
could have spent Father's Day  
with all of you - but will make  
hay when I get back! - Sent another  
film - a German flag to Dicky. What  
would you like in the way of souvenirs?

Friday

Dearest Mom and Dad and Em:

That woman's john idea was just a joke because before I knew it I had company and there we sat leaning up against the thing going through the usual "Where you from, Soldier." I'd love to do it though and must tell you that today for some reason I was lucky in pairs. If you will read the paper I'm sending, the only E.T.O. paper (in English) for all troops, you will see something that is enough to knock anybody out completely. How they got that choice bit of information is more than I can savvy, but believe me I was one thrilled little girl even if they did talk about turkeys. You can't imagine the razzing I got! It's on page 3 just to give you a hint and incidentally what farm are they talking about? I'm sending you the whole paper so you can get an idea of what we have to read for a fun in a day. It's really a god send to the news starved American and our only source of non-letter information. Then, to top it off, the other half of my luck today was seeing a helmet with Conn written on it. I yelled to the fellow way down the long line in front of the clubmobile. He turned around and what should be written on the other side, but Somersville!!! He was a little Polish fellow who knew Em, he said, Johnny Seibert – a great friend of Peasy's – Dad. Johnny asked for Warren – told me about playing ball with the team at home – and talked on and on about what the kids were doing. He was so hungry for news of Abby and Alex Sonski and all the kids that age. I told him I'd write and ask Mom to call his mother, but he said he didn't have a phone. I wondered if you would mind going over to see his mother, Mom, on School Street opposite the Legion Hall and telling her how I'd seen her boy – looks grand and is still as anxious as ever to get home. He thought that would be a marvelous idea. You don't need to tell her what a terrific dust bowl he's in (just like the desert out there today with blinding sandstorms) but, he's stationed there for awhile, which at least means he's not going to C.B.I. for the time being. It's so much fun to meet people like that over here.

Had a picnic on the new beach set up here for Delta Base Section with boats, hamburgs, lifeguards, coca cola – a club and all the works run by Special Service, which means the need for HRC clubs were somewhat on the shrunken side also (as well as clubmobile) because the Army can do so much more with less effort – staffed by older women though the Army hostesses and the boys have lots to say about that!)

Well, I started to tell you we went on this picnic with 2 wonderful boys who had been to Wyoming University!! We had a howl of time -- Whity and I – the only 2 girls on the beach. There was even a man inside our john out there because women were a thing so far removed from anyone's thoughts or vague imaginations. We got the old whistle more than once, but it was fun – played ball, had hamburgers and tried to swim around the jelly fish. Must tell you

how funny it was thought to hear a guy yell from inside out and have to carry on a “shall we throw you a life line” conversation with all the men standing on the beach laughing.

Thanks for sending so much to me, Mom. I got the 1 white sock, 3 packs of peds, the little 4 leaf clover (I could just see you picking it) and the film. Was so glad to hear about Syd Wilson – that you have the new boarders even though the house is still not to your liking, Mom – as far as our part is concerned, it will look mighty good to me – all “mess” or no as you say. So keep the bed ready. You never can tell. Don’t let the discs get you down. “Take 5” and have a nice cold drink of lemonade. Wish I could send you some of the lemons and sugar we have here. Hope Shirl enjoyed my little bed. Give her my best and let me know if its blue or pink as it comes. That angle on the food for my friends here is wonderful. I checked and found it’s the thing to do so send it anytime with what you mentioned and I know it will be greatly appreciated. She made a bathing suit for me, which is on the way somewhere she said, but I’ll be glad when mine arrives (if I sent it home). Think I sent it back from Washington, didn’t I? Got Cap’n Bill’s letter. Oh, did I tell you Em seems to be having a wonderful time? Her letters are a joy and I just hope she keeps them coming. Will you please send her \$25 from my next allotment to use for spending money this summer so she can have her own for school? I have wanted to do that for some time and would send it from here if I thought you wouldn’t. But, if you do that for me sometime [then] I won’t have to pay any M.O. rates, etc. Thanks a lot. Wish I could see the chicks. Am reading over your letters now so I can be sure to answer everything. Did you get the ones about our trip over? 3 or 4 in all. Thanks, Dad, for your letter too. Keep them coming. Was surprised to see my name added to the honor roll. Give Mr. Heayas my regards and let me know about him too. Good sermon. Must write to Warren because I plan to go to Paris in another 2 weeks to see about changing to hospital Recreation or club. I want very much to get into something with more Rec. and less donuts regardless of the fact that I am having a wonderful time here. I have Headquarters permission to visit them on my monthly leave. Pierre is not with us. Must try to locate her. Say good-bye to Mrs. Thorp for me. Glad Mae and Bob had fun too. I can buy soap here so don’t need any more. Get a bar a week. No more cigarettes either. Thanks – get a pack a day. Glad you took off to the cottage, Mom, and hope you do it more often. Take dad and the canoe. Wish I had it here to paddle on the Mediterranean, which is very calm at times. No rain here for a month. Will look for a ?? and ???. Thanks for sending Sal and all my addresses. Am so glad Dad used the sleeping bag and hope he continues. Wish I could have spend father’s Day with all of you, but we’ll make hay when I get back! Sent another film – a German flag to Dicky. What would you like in the way of souvenirs?

Dearest Mom + Dad

Saturday - 28

Got some more wonderful mail today so consider myself unusually lucky. - That's my middle name anyway and I have a feeling it will be for a long time. - The breaks just seem to come if we wait long enough for them and if we continue to appreciate what we have. - Thanks so much for the package too which arrived a little the worse for wear but whole - except for a few snoods. Everything was just right and I know it will be greatly appreciated by Lillian and her family. -

Got Mary's lovely book and will read it till the pages turn grey. - It's so typically home - America - New England + down on the farm. - If you ever wonder what to send someone ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> don't fail to get Frost's "Come In" and other poems with commentary by Louis Untermeyer published by Holt. It's a nice size and so full of the things we count worthwhile. - Illustrated - too.

I'm still getting some of your June mail for what peculiar reason I don't know but I'm not complaining. - Do me a favor Mom + date your letters because sometimes I can't read the postmark - and it means a guess and by gosh for sequence and

I love sequence.

What with doing over the house and all I don't see how you've had much time to work in the shop - garden - car and take on most of the town affairs too. - What's your secret besides a 24 hour day schedule?

Incidentally - to answer some of your questions I have been driving an English truck on the American side of the road <sup>all</sup> of which is a little unsettling at times. There is a girl with us from Springfield looks a lot like Dot - <sup>whose</sup> name is Quinny and whose picture may be in the Spfd paper soon so keep your eyes open. Thanks for the clippings. - Am surprised in a way - that they are recruiting so many but we need them too I guess & the old girls should go home. - You should be getting some films by now. - We had our first drop of rain yesterday and do I mean drop - Not even the car seat got wet. It's a terrible dust bowl here. What's Billy Finley doing home? Got a nice letter from Ruth which I must answer. - I wish I would hear that you'd gone to Calif. - It wouldn't hurt my feelings a bit to know you'd found B. Col. either but for heavens sake if you think anything more drastic than that is going to happen - please let me know long enough in advance so I can fly



home. 3 girls have been told (by cable)  
of deaths in the family - one message  
was 6 weeks old. - Thanks so much  
for the Chinese business - I wondered  
what it was - very interesting. - Thanks  
too for sending the check to Monroe - also  
for the peanut blossoms which must  
be lovely if they're very abundant. That  
dad of mine will try anything - won't  
he - Now I can't wait to get the  
fruit of those little <sup>orange</sup> things. Your right -  
Willa my north is Chateau. We love it  
here but there are far too many now + more  
coming all the time. - Those raspberries  
sound too divine to be earthly but keep  
canning 'cause I may drop in for  
a nice long afternoon tea. - Will send  
Sally a card <sup>what a spy my little girl is</sup> + thank her for the beds. -  
The stamps too - find a brassy outlet.  
as you well know - I hope. Will be  
looking for Leroy Filkins - Oh for a glass  
of milk - but must tell you I went  
to a Navy dance last night - and had  
ice cream - real American chocolate  
ice cream so don't think we're being too  
mistreated - Drove to the docks + were  
taken out to the US Memphis - small  
cruiser - on a landing large - very  
expecting and a pleasant change to see

spotless navy whites instead of dust  
bowl black. The Navy really get the  
best of everything alright. Never saw  
so many French girls in my life and  
you should have seen them go for the  
food! We had ham & cheese sandwiches  
and delicious fruit juice which they  
squealed over and ate in gulps so they  
could go back for more. We Americans  
have so much and think its so little  
sometimes. <sup>Saw lots of chiefs in swanky whites & wondered</sup>

<sup>how John would look in one of them</sup>  
The news of the fire has reached me  
finally - through you and that's just  
what I suspected. The only turkey  
farm in Somers big enough to make  
the Stars & Stripes would be Gerishes.  
My heart aches to think that lovely  
old barn with all its history is  
no more. - I can still see Monroe  
Stebbins throwing em over the rail  
to the hay now without the hay. <sup>And now what?</sup>  
Had to smile at what you said regard-  
ing our feeble Uncle and the also  
much bemoaned F. F. - Gad what  
bridges we cross that dont need crossing.  
No - would love to have you send Shirl  
a picture and that will be fine - because  
she put in a special request this last  
letter. She has a splendid gol by

the way and seems to be very happy  
in it. - Will send the letter too - plus  
one from Capin Howes. - Am glad the  
pictures are good. - Will you send one  
to Johnny too please. + Capin Bill. - Then  
how many will you have left?  
Guess you have the list I gave you -  
anyway - Lory + Pappy + all I can't  
remember what I said - but think  
it's a good idea to save C. Bill's for  
to Taylor. - Also - would like to have  
you send one to Capin <sup>Putter</sup> Howes + Family.  
RFD #1, Box 22 Holyoke Mass. -  
because they were so good to me  
last summer + the Hutchings.

Got a check finally - Hope I'm getting  
that waterfront woman a good drink  
some night - a push in the lake or  
a heavy egg in her beer would do it -  
either way. Soooo - just read what she  
thinks I spend too much money on  
stamps - well - by now I have redeemed  
myself with an airmail I hope so  
she can't eat her words - in haste.  
Also - mom + dad - what her men are telling  
her is going to her head. - (not about P40's  
of course but please remind her once in a  
while that she weighs a good 175.) also - not  
that she isn't sweet but I wish she'd stop sending me

those hideous pictures of myself!!  
God - I know how repulsive  
I am without having to be  
reminded in every letter.  
If she thinks I'd give one of those  
flattering god awful poses to  
any body - Jan or fossil - she  
needs a quick examination  
and a quicker assignment to  
a place in Northampton <sup>(mental institution)</sup> - and  
it's not Smith. - I get my mouth  
all whetted for some beautific  
scene of the good old fireside -  
family album affair and find  
those things staring me in the  
face - Love you my fond child -  
but it's wearing thin - Hope she  
gets the chewing gum -

Write often and let me  
know if the colored pictures are  
coming through. You should have  
the ones of Le Havre by now -  
more late - off to Paris - fat.

Saturday, June 28, 1945

Dearest Mom and Dad:

Got some more wonderful mail today so consider myself unusually lucky. That's my middle name anyway and I have a feeling it will be for a long time. The breaks just seem to come if we wait long enough for them and if we continue to appreciate what we have. Thanks so much for the package too, which arrived a little the worse for the wear but whole - except for a few noodles. Everything was just right and I know it will be greatly appreciated by Lilian and her family.

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Am still getting some of your June mail for what peculiar reason I don't know but I'm not complaining. Do me a favor Mom and date your letters because sometimes I can't read the postmark and it means a guess and by gosh for sequence and I love sequence.

What with doing over the house and all I don't see how you've had much time to work in the shop, garden, can, and take on most of the town affairs too. What's your secret besides a 24-hour a day schedule? Incidentally, to answer some of your questions I have been driving an English truck on the American side of the road all of which is a little unsettling at times. There is a girl with us from Springfield who looks a lot like Dot whose name is Ginny and whose picture may be in the Springfield paper soon so keep your eyes open. Thanks for the clippings. Am surprised in a way that they are recruiting so many but we need them too I guess and the old girls should go home. You should be getting some films by now. We had our first drop of rain yesterday and do I mean drop - not even the car seat got wet. It's a terrible dust bowl here. What's Billy Finley doing home? Got a nice letter from Ruth, which I must answer. I wish I would hear that you'd come to California. It wouldn't hurt my feelings a bit to know you'd found B. Col. either but for heavens sake if you think anything more drastic than that is going to happen please let me know long enough in advance so I can fly home. 3 girls have been told (by cable) of deaths in the family - one message was 6 weeks old. Thanks so much for the Chinese business. I wondered what it was - very interesting. Thanks too for sending the check to Monroe also for the peanut blossoms, which must be lovely if they're very abundant. That Dad of mine will try anything, won't he? Now I can't wait to get the fruit of those little things. You're right - villa up north is Chateau. We love it here but there are far too many now and more coming all the time. Those raspberries sound too divine to be earthly, but keep canning cause I may drop in for a nice long afternoon tea. Will send Sally a card and thank her for the Peds. The stamps too find a hasty outlet as you well know - I hope. Will be looking for Leroy Filkins. Oh for a glass of milk, but must tell you I went to a Navy dance last night and

had ice cream – real American chocolate ice cream so don't think we're being mistreated – drove to the docks and were taken out to the SS Memphis – small cruiser – on a landing barge – very exciting and a pleasant change to see spotless Navy whites instead of dust bowl khaki. The Navy really get the best of everything alright. Never saw so many French girls in my life and you should have seen them go for the food! We had ham and cheese sandwiches and delicious fruit juice, which they squealed over and ate in gulps so they could go back for more. We Americans have so much and think it's so little sometimes. Saw lots of Chiefs in swanky whites and wondered how John would look in one of them. The news of the fire has reached me finally through you and that's just what I suspected. The only turkey farm in Somers big enough to make the Stars and Strips would be Gerishes. My heart aches to think that lovely old barn with all its history is no more. I can still see Monroe Stibbins throwing Em over the rail to the haymow without the hay and now what? Had to smile at what you said regarding our feeble Uncle and then also much bemoaned 4 F. Gad what bridges we cross that don't need crossing.

No, would love to have you send Shirl a picture and that will be fine because she put in a special request this last letter. She has a splendid job by the way and seems to be very happy in it. Will send the letter too plus one from Cap'n Howes. Am glad the pictures are good. Will you send one to Johnny too please and Cap'n Bill. Then how many will you have left? Guess you have the list I gave you anyway. Lars (??) and Pappy and all – I can't remember what I said, but think it's a good idea to save C. Bill's for 10 Zaiglor. Also, would like to have you send one to Cap'n Luther Howes and family. RFD #1 Box 22 Holyoke, Mass. because they were so good to me last summer and the Hutchings.

Got a check finally. Hope Em gets that Waterfront woman a good drink some night – a push in the lake or a big egg in her beer would do it either way. Soooo, just read where she thinks I spend too much money on stamps. Well, by now I have redeemed myself with an airmail I hope so she can eat her words in haste. Also, Mom and Dad, what her men are telling her is going to her head (not about P40's, of course, but please remind her once in a while that she weighs a good 175.) Also, not that she isn't sweet, but I wish she'd stop sending me those hideous pictures of myself!! Gad – I know how repulsive I am without having to be reminded in every letter. If she thinks I'd give one of those flattering god awful poses to anybody – fan or fossil – she needs a quick examination and a quicker assignment to a place in Northampton Mental Institution and it's not Smith. I get my mouth all whetted for some beautific scene of the good old fireside family album affair and find those things staring me in the face – Love you my fond child, but it's wearing thin. Hope she gets the chewing gum.

Write often and let me know if the colored pictures are coming through. You should have the ones of Le Havre by now.

More later – off to Paris -- Pat

Tuesday night -  
July 31 - 6 PM

Dearest Mom + Dad + Em:

Am now in the day room of the air transportation corps - awaiting a truck to take me to Marseilles. - Judy + I have had a marvelous 3 days - and guess what - I flew to Paris + back in the nose of a B-17!!! It was one of the most thrilling experiences I've ever had - and I hope the pictures I took won't be all window and no scenery. - On the way back this afternoon I've flew above a sea of snow white billowy clouds - I took a picture of Versailles which may or may not come out - several shots of bombed areas - field + village patterns, - a feudal castle surrounded by small red-roofed houses, and the airport itself. - Had a heavenly rest at the "Noctelly" in Paris (a hotel) and accomplished my mission beautifully - all of which (in short) means I am transferring to hospital recreation work as soon as someone is found in hospital work who wants Clubmobile. - Had 3 very pleasant

interviews of the type I expected  
when I arrived and discovered one  
of the women was a Phys. Ed. teacher  
at Smith - Genevieve Caplin Bill had  
been to many Mass. State Conferences  
and thought I'd be just the thing  
they needed. It was so much fun  
talking with her because I knew  
then she understood my background  
without my having to draw it out. -  
She'd been teaching too - in Europe  
and knew many teachers at Northfield.

Paris seemed so clean + quiet  
compared to Marseilles. We spent  
much of the time sleeping - and  
eating! - and interviewing. Judy  
was the girl with me at Logan field.  
She wants to go home - because her  
boyfriend was sent back to the  
states from England and would like  
very much to marry her. How she  
makes out - we don't know until  
the day before probably. -

Haven't much news - but for  
that. - Didn't see Lillian because I  
didn't have the time but will send



them my little package soon -  
Will you please send my  
mail - from now on until  
notified further - to APO 887.  
I'll get it faster when I'm  
changed.

Love to you all - Saw Pierre  
who is still in the hospital -  
but progressing beautifully -  
I knew the moment I went  
into that hospital - that's  
where I belonged - with those  
birds.

More later - hope there's  
some mail waiting for me  
back at the villa -  
Love again -  
Pat.

**OPENED BY**

U. S. ARMY EXAMINI

P. Jennings 58533  
ARC Hdqth - Delta Base Section  
APO 772 - 40 P.M. - N.Y.C.



L. E. Jennings  
Somers  
Conn.

Line Bond  
arrived.

Patricia  
Jennings

Tuesday night, July 31, 1945 (6:00 p.m.)

Dearest Mom, Dad, and Em:

Am now in the day room of the Air Transportation Corps – awaiting a truck to take me to Marseilles. Judy and I have had a marvelous 3 days and guess what I flew to Paris and back in the nose of B-17!!! It was one of the most thrilling experiences I've ever had and I hope the pictures I took won't be all window and no scenery. On the way back this afternoon we flew above a sea of snow-white billowy clouds. I took a picture of Versailles, which may or may not come out – several shots of bombed areas – field and village patterns, a feudal castle surrounded by small red-roofed houses, and the airport itself. Had a heavenly rest at the "Neuilly" in Paris (a hotel) and accomplished my mission beautifully – all which (in short) means I am transferring to hospital recreation work as soon as someone is found in hospital work who wants Clubmobile. Had 3 very pleasant interviews of the type I expected when I arrived and discovered one of the woman was a Phys. Ed. Teacher at Smith – knew Cap'n Bill, had been to many Mass. State Conferences and thought I'd be just the thing they needed. It was so much fun talking with her because I knew then she understood my background without my having to draw it out. She'd been hostelling too – in Europe and knew many teachers at Northfield.

Paris seemed so clean and quiet compared to Marseilles. We spent much of the time sleeping and eating! And interviewing. Judy was the girl with me at Logan field. She wants to go home because her boyfriend was sent back to the states from England and would like very much to marry her. How she makes out, we won't know until the day before probably.

Haven't much news, but for that. Didn't see Lilian because didn't have the time but will send them my little package soon. Will you please send my mail from now on until notified further to APO 887? I'll get it faster when I'm changed.

Love to you all. Saw Pierre who is still in the hospital, but progressing beautifully. I knew the moment I went into that hospital that's where I belonged with those kids.

More later – hope there is some mail waiting of for me back at the villa.

Love again –

Pat



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Sat. -  
Sept. 30

Dearest Family:

Tonight I am back in Heidelberg in a lovely little hotel for R.C. personnel. Have a small room, nicely furnished, all by myself and just wish it could be transplanted to the 30 and Station Hospital.

Came here today on my day off so I would have a chance to get away from my confined surroundings and so I would also have a chance to write to you. - It has been impossible all week to do either - I have been extremely interested in my work but it has demanded far too much time. I go to bed at night - completely exhausted - more from <sup>the</sup> tension of pressing



AMERICAN RED CROSS

nothing perhaps - than any-  
thing else. - I have not written  
you since the day I saw  
my first operation - Monday  
I think. It bothers me so  
much when I don't get a  
minute to myself but I hope  
it will be a little easier from  
now on. I'll get used to the  
routine perhaps and can adjust  
my time accordingly. All I  
ask to keep one in a good  
humor is a chance to write to  
you - do up my hair & take a  
bath once a day plus a day  
a week to get beyond those  
4 walls & a courtyard. - and I  
must tell you about the  
operation! - in fact 2 - a  
hernia and probing in a leg



## AMERICAN RED CROSS

for a foreign particle. - The  
 doctor came for me on the  
 dot of 9 as he had promised so  
 I didn't dare back down altho  
 I would have gladly, but I knew  
 if I did I'd never get in there  
 under my own steam again.  
 So - I donned the white robe  
 and mask - and in I walked  
 as brave as the circus lion tamer.  
 after standing, (no chairs) for  
 5 minutes while they bathed  
 the poor patient in ether and  
 gave him a spinal - the doctors  
 came in - gave their Arms  
 a final soap suds bath -  
 flourished their hands into  
 rubber gloves - a-la-much  
 drama & ceremony - Stood with

+



## AMERICAN RED CROSS

said arms outstretched at a ridiculous angle while attendant tied on their stink gowns. - all was missing but the fanfare - By that time I didn't care whether they took me or the patient. I began to look for a stool - a window sill - anything!! There was nothing. I backed madly at that stupid mask gasping for a breath of good undiluted ozone and knowing all the time I was certainly something and probably ruining the poor boys chances for a healthy contact. - The head nurse was very upset at my presence. - In the hospital





AMERICAN RED CROSS

where she was before they  
never let anyone in to draw  
because they were a terrible  
nuisance - always fainting  
+ contaminating everything -  
The only doctor who spoke to  
me was my <sup>little</sup> anesthesiologist  
and after all - who was he  
in the middle of 2 surgeons.  
The sweat was dripping off  
my eyelashes - and down  
the back of my neck - I  
knew what they'd think of me  
if I fainted - I knew what  
a nuisance I'd be if I fainted  
But I so wanted to faint &  
get it over with - Well -  
finally at long last one of  
the surgeons spoke to me



AMERICAN RED CROSS

b

before the <sup>more generous</sup> proceedings began.  
From then on - I was able  
to "sit up + take nourishment".  
The patient laughed + kidded  
all the time - which of course  
made me feel like a stupid  
jackass. I was finally  
able to take a more objective  
interest - and believe me -  
I was glad I stuck it out. -  
It was all very interesting.  
In the next room was the  
probing business which  
too - was different and more  
spartan from the doctors point  
of view. They were all very  
jovial after the first few  
slices - seemed to treat the  
patient like a laboratory frog

7



AMERICAN RED CROSS

which all in all - was the healthy attitude. Me with my checker-hearted "touch not or it turneth to gold" - ideas would have accomplished the whole of nothing and taken twice as much time.

However - need I add - I was glad to say "Thank you very much - How do I get out of here?" - -

P.S. Please don't tell Dr. Thayer & family. They must never know.

My usual daily schedule so far amounts to arising at 8 - eating in the ARC apart. at 9 - going down into the craft shop & working till 12 - telling the 2 Germans what needs to be



AMERICAN RED CROSS

1  
done along the heavy carpentry  
lines - at 1 - going back to  
help the boys when they come  
down - until 4 - usually  
5 - lat at 5:30 - in the game  
room till 8:30 - with ping  
pong + pool and  
then off to a party till 12.

One evening we had a  
picnic along the Rhine  
River - you'll see a sunset  
picture of same with a roll  
of <sup>some</sup> pictures of the Necker  
Bible at Heidelberg last  
evening a swing band  
concert for the patients -  
some days I go onto the  
wards - love the kids - even  
the V.D.'s - ! It surprises you

8



AMERICAN RED CROSS

when you go onto that ward  
 & discover the boy you did  
 had such handsome features  
 enthusiasm - good sense  
 etc - is a V.O. - Have  
 doughnuts & coffee once  
 a week - Went to a famous  
 pottery factory here yesterday  
 & made arrangements to  
 have the <sup>corp</sup> go on a tour there  
 to have their pottery baked.  
 Also - hope to take some of the  
 ambulators to a circus &  
 have a few of the acts on  
 the wards. Yesterday was my  
 first day out of the hospital  
 on business. I'd forgotten what  
 it looked like - but today have  
 made up for it.

9



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Got to H. about noon - on a  
 shuttle truck. - Had a very  
 good lunch. Liked for mile  
 because promise of some nice  
 "hunting grounds" - Got a few  
 good views of the river. Stopped  
 to chat with some dog - one gave  
 me a ride - up thru the M's  
 & back to supper where I sat  
 down to write most of this.  
 Then he came back for me - I  
 went out to his unit for movies  
 "suspect" - (good) played ping  
 pong - rode some more & had  
 a very nice chat. Seems his  
 name is Joe "Duome" (Fr) - in  
 Intelligence here - on his way home  
 hopes to stop up to see you?? but  
 if he comes - give him a good drink  
 high Mom! + get him to talk theater +



## AMERICAN RED CROSS

writing to him - He loves it. -  
 Tomorrow must head back early  
 for an Open House date there.

Have much more to write  
 but will when I can find a  
 minute so your wonderful  
 letters will have answers to  
 boot. Bout time I said  
 "many many happy returns"  
 Mom. Hope you get the  
 lace - the cards the other  
 box I will send soon (which  
 may be late).

Wish I were going to  
 be there <sup>with you all</sup> to give Alphonse  
 some business again. Will  
 make up for it -

Much much  
 love Pat



AMERICAN RED CROSS



P. Jennings  
302 Station Ho  
APO 758 90 PM  
N.Y.C.



L. E. JENNINGS

SOMERS,

CONN.

Patricia  
Jennings

Air Mail.

Saturday, September 30, 1945

Dearest Family:

Tonight I am back in Heidelberg in a lovely little hotel for R.C. personnel. Have a small room, nicely furnished all by myself and just wish it could be transplanted to the 302<sup>nd</sup> Station Hospital.

Came here today on my day off so I would have a chance to get away from my confined surroundings and so I would also have a chance to write to you. It has been impossible all week to do either. I have been extremely interested in my work, but it has demanded far too much time. I got to bed at night completely exhausted more from the tension of pressing matters perhaps than anything else. I have not written you since the day I saw my first operation. Monday I think. It bothers me so much when I don't get a minute to myself, but I hope it will be a little easier from now on. I'll get used to the routine perhaps and can adjust my time accordingly. All I ask to keep me in a good humor is a chance to write to you, do up my hair, and take a bath once a day plus a day a week to get beyond those 4 walls and a courtyard.

Must tell you about the operation! In fact 2 – a hernia and probing in a leg for a foreign particle. The doctor came for me on the dot of 9 as he had promised so I didn't dare back down although I would have gladly but I knew if I did I'd never get in there under my own steam again. So – I donned the white robe and mask and in I walked as brave as the circus lion tamer. After standing (no chairs) for 5 minutes while they bathed the poor patient in ether and gave him a spinal – the 2 doctors came in – gave their arms a final soap suds bath, flourished their hands into rubber gloves – a-la- much drama and ceremony – stood with said arms outstretched at a ridiculous angle while attendants tied on their sterile gowns. All was missing but the fanfare. By that time, I didn't care whether they took me or the patient. I began to look for a stool, a window sill – anything!! There was nothing. I hacked madly at that stupid mask gasping for a breath of good undiluted ozone and knowing all the time I was contaminating something and probably ruining the poor boys chances for a healthy comeback. The head nurse was very upset at my presence. In the hospital where she was before they never let anyone in to observe because they were a terrible nuisance – always fainting and contaminating everything. The only doctor who spoke to me was my little anesthesia man and after all – who was he in the middle of 2 surgeons? The sweat was dripping off my eyelashes and down the back of my neck. I knew what they'd think of me if I fainted. I knew what a nuisance I'd be if I fainted, but I so wanted to faint and get it over with. Well – finally at long last one of the surgeons spoke to me before the more gruesome proceedings began. From then on, I was able to sit up and take nourishment. The patient laughed and kidded all the time, which of course, made me feel like a stupid jackass. I was finally able to take a more

objective interest and believe me – I was glad I stuck it out. It was all very interesting. In the next room was the probing business, which too – was different and more exacting from the doctor's point of view. They were all very jovial after the first few slices – seemed to treat the patient like a laboratory frog, which all in all, was the healthy attitude. Me with my chicken – hearted “touch not or it turneth to gold” ideas would have accomplished the whole of nothing and taken twice as much time. However, need I add, I was glad to say “thank you very much – How do I get out of here?”

P.S. Please don't tell Dr. Thayer and family. They must never know. My usual daily schedule so far amounts to arising at 8, eating in the ARC apartment at 9, going down into the craft shop and working till 12, telling the 2 Germans what needs to be done along the heavy carpentry lines. At 1, going back to help the boys when they come down until 4, usually 5 – eat at 5:30, in the game room till 8:30 with ping pong and pinochle, and then off to a party till 12. One evening we had a picnic along the Rhine River. You'll see a sunset picture of same with a role of some pictures of the Negev River at Heidelberg. Last evening had a swing band concert for the patients. Some days I go onto the wards. Love the kids – even the V.D's! It surprises you when you go into that ward and discover the boy you thought had such handsome features, enthusiasm, good sense, etc is a V.D. Have doughnuts and coffee once a week. Went to a famous pottery factory here yesterday and made arrangements to have some of the boys go on a tour there to have their pottery baked. Also, hope to take some of the ambulatories to a circus and have a few of the acts on the wards. Yesterday was my first day out of the hospital on business. I'd forgotten what it looked like and today have made up for it. Got to hospital about noon on a shuttle truck. Had a very good lunch, biked for miles because promise of sunshine spurred me on to good picture hunting grounds. Got a few good views of the river. Stopped to chat with some boys. One gave me a ride up through the mountains and back to supper where I sat down to write most of this. Then he came back for me. I went out to his unit for movies, “Suspect” (good), played ping pong, rode some more and had a very nice chat. Seems his name is Joe Duome. (???) On his way home hopes to stop up to see you?? But if he comes, give him a good dinner, Mom and get Em to talk theater and writing to him. He loves it. Tomorrow must head back early for an Open House date there.

Have much more to write, but will when I can find a minute so your wonderful letters will have answers to boot. Bout time I said “Many, many happy returns,” Mom. Hope you get the lace, the card and the other box I will send soon (which may be late.)

Wish I were going to be there with you all to give Alphonse some business again. We'll make up for it.

Much, much love, Pat



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Sep 30  
145

Dearest Fam. -

Got a very recent letter in  
jig time - Sent to 758 - Wonderful.  
Now have to wait to fill in the  
pieces. - Am glad you're getting  
the pictures. Hope they're good.  
This roll now may be a little off  
because the camera has fallen  
from the case several times + now  
needs a little repair. - Tell Shirley  
every that Upson Garrigus + I have  
met!! He was a champ. Baby  
cries one year - from stars. Wish  
I could see the glads + the fish'  
+ the leaves now. It's getting cold here.  
Yes - I can buy writing paper.  
But to think you suggest bartering  
with my black bathing suit Mon!!  
Tsk tsk. Am so glad you sent more  
film which I will have for a  
Bavarian Alps trip soon!! I hope  
What has Shirl - G or B! I dig now  
yes I have seen dozen naps but  
didn't know they were so profuse.

MRS. LLOYD EARLE JENNINGS

BOX 40

SOMERS, CONNECTICUT

You were sure sweet to send me a  
birthday box. Maybe they will hold  
it but I won't mind. You last  
letter said something about  
Em's neck all of which had me  
agog but I'll probably find out  
The mole no doubt but  
stitches sounds awful

Got Em's 13 day letter. The  
excitement was too much for every-  
body I guess. The enclosed pained  
me - Why didn't she buy that  
suit! dog - what a jinker.

Well -  
I have had no more in  
bill for Bach -  
pictures -  
love you  
all so much  
Pat



AMERICAN RED CROSS

- HAPPY -  
BIRTHDAY -  
MOM.

P. Jennings  
302 Station Hqs.  
APO 758 9. PM.  
N.Y.C.



L. E. JENNINGS

Patricia  
Jennings

Somers,  
Conn.

Air Mail

September 30, 1945

Dearest Fam –

Got a very recent letter in big time – sent to 758 – wonderful. Now have to wait to fill in the pieces. Am glad you're getting the pictures. Hope they're good! The roll now may be a little off because the camera has fallen from the case several times and now needs a little repair. Tell Shirley Avery that Upson Garrigus and I have met!! He was a champion baby beeper one year from Stovis. Wish I could see the Glads and the fish! And the leaves now. It's getting cold here. Yes – I can buy writing paper. But to think you suggest bartering with my black bathing suit, Mom!! Tsk tsk. Am so glad you sent more film, which I will have for a Bavarian Alps trip soon!! I hope. What has Shirl? G or B!! Do you know? Yes, I have seen digger maps but didn't know they were so profuse. You were sure sweet to send me a birthday box. Maybe they will hold it but I won't mind. Your last letter said something about Em's neck all of which had me agog, but I'll probably find out. The mole no doubt, but stitches sounds awful.

Got Em's VJ day letter. The excitement was too much for everybody I guess. The enclosed pained me – why didn't she buy that suit? Dope! What a piker.

Well. More in kitchen. Love you all so much.

Pat

I have had no bill for Bach pictures.





April 20  
Tues. night  
Mom's Birthday

Dearest Family: -

I shall believe it smart so to take full advantage - I write - madly and somewhat disconnectedly but by now you are used to filling in the gaps.

Went to Mannheim again yesterday to get a top for the jeep and a few more accessories. Mary Jackson - a marvelous gal here and a big tall Texan (the one who can ride) went with me - You'll see pictures of the 3 of us leaning on the little old jeep in front of the Clubmobile. Took Tex to dinner in Heidelberg - Stopped in the Pt to get a heavy trench coat - beautifully lined - (one that comes out) - and a pair of horrible moccasins which I had to get



in desperation because I was  
 shoeless! - completely. You  
 will shoot me when I tell  
 you I gave Lillian my other  
 pair of these hideous things I  
 hate so violently but I thought  
 I wouldn't want them. - Oh  
 well - Anyway - don't buy any  
 more because I may be able  
 to get a pair here - later. You  
 can send the ones in my drawer  
 however! -

Saw "National Velvet" with  
 the patients the other night and  
 it was all that I hoped it  
 would be. - Technicolor - and  
 what a horse! -

Had "nurses" night in the  
 Craft shop last night and drew  
 in about 14 gals - all full  
 of interest. -



AMERICAN RED CROSS

The seep is in lock now  
being winterized so I cannot  
go anywhere for a while.  
If I get to Berchsgarten  
it will be a miracle but  
miracles have happened.

Tonight is detachment  
night. coffee + doughnuts —  
for the boys. — Have been  
asked to a goodly party for  
£ of the pts. leaving for home  
but don't know if I can  
make it after 11 o'clock —  
great is the absence of  
sleep thereof —

Am so glad Em likes  
her room + studies. Sounds  
greatly encouraged and happy  
over the whole thing. Sure  
makes us all feel better too,  
doesn't it. —



How I miss being home  
to tell you what a  
wonderful place "home" is  
but I will do the next best  
thing by saying so on paper -  
will sure make up for  
it when I get back.  
Anniversaries - Birthdays  
and all -

Love you so much -  
Your letters are a blessing -  
Pat.

April 20, 1946? Tuesday night,  
Mom's Birthday

Dearest Family:

A lull – believe it or not – so to take advantage, I write madly and somewhat disconnectedly but by now you are used to filling in the gaps.

Went to Mannheim again yesterday to get a top for the jeep and a few more accessories. Mary Jackson (a marvelous gal here) and a big tall Texan (the one who can ride) went with me. You'll see pictures of the 3 of us leaving on the little old jeep in front of the clubmobile. Took Tex to dinner Heidelberg – stopped in the PX to get a heavy trench coat beautifully line (one that comes out) and a pair of horrible moccasins which I had to get in desperation because I was shoeless! Completely. You will shoot me when I tell you I gave Lillian my other pair of these hideous things I hate so violently, but I thought I wouldn't want them. Oh well. Anyway, don't buy any more because I may be able to get a pair here later. You can send the ones in my drawer however.

Saw "National Velvet" with the patients the other night and it was all that I hope it would be – Technicolor and what a horse!

Had "nurses" night in the craft shop last night and drew in about 14 gals all full of interest. The jeep is in the back now being winterized so I cannot go anywhere for awhile. If I get to Berchtesgaden it will be a miracle, but miracles have happened.

Tonight is detachment night. Coffee and doughnuts for the boys. Have been asked to a party for 2 of the Lts. Bearing for home but don't know if I can make it after 11 o'clock. That is the absence of sleep thereof.

Am so glad Em likes her room and studies. Sounds greatly encouraged and happy over the whole thing. Sure makes us all feel better too, doesn't it? How I miss being home to tell Mom what a wonderful place "home" is but I will do the next best thing by saying so on paper. Will sure make up for it when I get back. Anniversaries, birthdays and all.

Love you all so much. Your letters are a blessing.

Pat

  
AMERICAN RED CROSS

not sure of  
date but in with  
Oct 1 '45  
envelope

Dearest Dad: -

This is not to cut out  
the rest of the family or anything  
but I just finished reading  
your wonderful letter and  
think your idea is terrific.  
Roger would do a real job  
I think if he is interested  
in it and if he is willing  
to ride the bumps until  
you get everything on the way.  
It is hard for me to picture  
him doing too much shop  
work and yet - if he has a  
good head for organization -  
with your cooperation on the  
sales end he should be  
able to just supervise the  
little factory - design new  
dies - new machinery etc



AMERICAN RED CROSS

and get someone else to do the monotonous labor part. Does he want to work at home? Sometimes it scares me almost to hear you talk in terms of "partnership" again but this arrangement seems pretty solid if you can be sure Roger or whoever you get has a sound interest that will last - and also be willing to accept your suggestions and experience. I certainly hate to see you wasting away in that garage - pounding out discs when you should be out traveling, selling, meeting your old friends and getting back into your business - man's circle with



AMERICAN RED CROSS

mom along to lend her  
share to the social side.

We are at heart simple  
people - lovers of the soil  
and country life but we  
belong also to a more  
cosmopolitan group than can  
be found (by and large) in  
Somers - and that's just, as  
I see it - plain simple fact.  
Mother and you now have  
a beautiful chance to enjoy  
each other and live an  
interesting - fruitful - "middle  
aged" life. - You can stay  
there in Somers as you are -  
without widening your horizons  
benumbing your daughters'  
absence and all the rest that  
goes with it or you can find



a solution to the business "shop" angle. invest in an easy riding station wagon and have one hell of a good time.

Natch. we want a home to "come home" to but I know Em & I will feel much better if we can know you two are having fun and are also anxious to "get home for a change."

We can make this old life a merry race - you know the first one home has to put on the coffee!! and Em & I may want to go along sometimes - remember - We aren't always going to be at school or in Europe.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

You pick out the spots and  
we'll join you for fishing  
trips - Cabin building -  
and you name it -

Well old dear -  
the boys are coming in -  
Just choose your man  
carefully - that's all I  
can say - You will - I  
know and then it will  
be his responsibility to  
keep those old punches  
going - You'll send him  
the orders -

Love you so much -

Your daughter Pat

P.S. Everybody asks me where I learned so  
much about tools!! - Believe me

I'm sure proud to tell them!

J. S. K.

Thomas Nelson





Not sure about date, but in with Oct. 1, 1945 envelope

Dearest Dad:

This is not to cut out the rest of the family or anything, but I just finished reading your wonderful letter and think your idea is terrific. Roger would do a real job I think if he is interested in it and if he is willing to ride the linup (??) until you get everything on the way. It is hard for me to picture him doing too much shop work and yet if he has a good head for organization with your cooperation on the sales end he should be able to just supervise the little factory, design new dies, new machinery, etc. and get someone else to do the monotonous labor part. Does he want to work at home? Sometimes it scares me almost to hear you talk in terms of "partnership" again, but this arrangement seems pretty solid if you can be sure Roger or whoever you get has a sound interest that will last and also be willing to accept your suggestions and experience. I certainly hate to see you wasting away in that garage pounding out discs when you should be out traveling and selling, meeting your old friends and getting back into your business man's circle with mom along to lend her share to the social side.

We are at heart simple people – lovers of the soil and country life, but we belong also to a more cosmopolitan group than can be found (by and large) in Somers – and that's just as I see it – plain simple fact. Mother and you now have a beautiful chance to enjoy each other and live an interesting, fruitful "middle-aged" life. You can stay there in Somers as you are without widening your horizons bemoaning your daughters' absence and all the rest that goes with it or you can find a solution to the business "shop" angle, invest in an easy riding station wagon and have one hell of a good time.

Naturally, we want a home to "come home" to, but I know Em and I will feel much better if we can know you two are having fun and are also anxious to "get home for a change." We can make this old life a merry race. You know the first one home has to put on the coffee!! And Em and I may want to go along sometimes. Remember, we aren't always going to be at school or in Europe. You pick out the spots and we'll join you for fishing trips, cabin building, and you name it.

Well, old dear. The boys are coming in. Just choose your man carefully – that's all I can say. You will I know and then it will be his responsibility to keep those old punches going. You'll send him the orders.

Love you so much – Your daughter Pat

P.S. Everybody asks me where I learned so much about tools!! Believe me – I'm sure proud to tell them.

Monday Oct 1, 1945

Dearest Family;

Had an interesting trip back from Heidelberg yesterday in a jeep. Had to get from the town out to the Autobahn which is Germany's word for super-highway. and there got a ride almost immediately with 3 boys - 1 an American who was caught over here in 1939 and sent to a concentration camp. He hopes to get home soon when his papers have finally cleared but there seems to be so much of that here you almost harden to it after a while.

Had to get back for an Open House here - tea etc. - which turned out very well in spite of being rather poorly planned. - These kids here sure don't overwork I've discovered. -

Traveled around on the woods last night with cookies and thus ended another day. - Surprisingly enough it is quite tiring because you have to be on your toes every minute. -

Mom - I don't know whether you'll get this for your birthday or not but it is all I could find in the way of a German Birthday card. I so hope you

get the box with the things I  
sent from Belgium. It shouldn't  
take too long.

Enclosed is a wonderful letter  
from Skipper. How I'd love to  
be visiting them again up there.  
Am so glad for her that Joe is out  
and perfectly healthy too. - Am wonder-  
ing about Wes Pullen.

What's news from Shirley? - Hope  
Em & Dad finally got down on the  
river with the canoe before Campo  
~~put~~ it back. - What will the Davis  
boys be doing incidentally - Just hope  
the third package you sent gets here  
I got 1 more film last night. As far  
as I know the Duffield girl is not  
married yet so hold on. She may  
not be because I understand the  
army gave them some trouble.

Thank Em for writing to the Belg. girl.  
When does she go back to school. -  
Incidentally Mom will you get some-  
thing for Becky <sup>Walker's baby</sup> and ship the wooden  
shoe idea because I'd rather have you  
keep them, anyway. <sup>if they ever get there.</sup>  
Well - gotta get my laundry out -  
Love you all so much - More later Pat



Monday, October 1, 1945

Dearest Family –

Had an interesting trip back from Heidelberg yesterday in a jeep. Had to get from the town out to the Autobahn, which is Germany's word for super-highway and there got a ride almost immediately with 3 boys – 1 an American who was caught over here in 1939 and sent to a concentration camp. He hopes to get home soon when his papers have finally cleared, but there seems to be so much of that here you almost harden to it after a while.

Had to get back for an Open House here – tea, etc., which turned out very well in spite of being rather poorly planned. These kids here sure don't overwork I've discovered.

Traveled around on the wards last night with cookies and thus ended another day. Surprisingly enough it is quite tiring because you have to be on your toes every minute.

Mom, I don't know whether you'll get this for your birthday or not, but it is all I could find in the way of a German birthday card. I also hope you get the box with all the things I sent from Belgium. It shouldn't take too long.

Enclosed is a wonderful letter from Skipper. How I'd love to be visiting them again up there. Am so glad for her that Joe is out and perfectly healthy too. Am wondering about Wes Pullen.

What's news from Shirley? Hope Em and Dad finally got down on the river with the canoe before (camp puts??) it back. What will the Davis boys be doing incidentally? Just hope the third package you sent gets here. I got 1 more film last night. As far as I know the Duffield girl is not married yet so hold on. She may not be because I understand the Army gave them some trouble.

Thank Em for writing to the Belgium girl. When does she go back to school? Incidentally, Mom, will you get something for Becky Walkin's baby and skip the wonder shoe idea because I'd rather have you keep them, anyway if they even get there.

Well, got get my laundry out. Love you all so much. More later.

Pat



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Oct 3rd.

1945

Dearest Family: -

Have just come home from a circus! - yes - a good evening circus too - (German entertainment) and a real treat to the patients. It was a 2 hour affair - with lots of well trained horses - acrobats and even elephants. - Much of it was semi-vaudeville stuff but the boys would rather look at a pair of legs than an elephant any day - and what they want is what the Germans will give - believe it or not. Have never seen so many chocolate bars + candy in a heap in my whole life overseas. These people are clever because they put some adorable children in all the acts and so they collect! - Caramba -

Have been hard at it in the craft shop and will do the same



AMERICAN RED CROSS

for a good long time because Christmas is coming and that means work.

Tomorrow however - I'm changing the routine a little with a trip to Stuttgart and Heidelberg for any and every available tool I can possibly find - plus linoleum - brass etc.. Dad, I saw something over here which would break your heart. Within 2 blocks of this hospital lies some of the most beautiful machinery you can imagine - lathes - band saws - metal stretchers - forge, planers and you name it. - All these for the asking and your not near enough to ask. - It's too big for the craft shop - at least it takes too much electricity to run all of them and their size would be enough to scare most

3



AMERICAN RED CROSS

amateur craftsmen. Its terrific  
what you can get over here  
in the way of German liberated  
material plus a lot that the  
detachments leave behind  
as they disband to go home. I  
wish I could send you a  
whole shop full of stuff - and  
it wouldn't be hard either  
if there were some way to get  
past the "censor!" -

Talks in the wind that I  
will have a chance to go to  
Berchtesgarden next week! for  
3 days. - Have to go soon or the  
snow will be too deep to get  
to Hitler's Eagles Nest and that  
would never do. Now have 7  
rolls of unused film - 6 of  
which arrived with all the  
mail - plus a large package  
with delicious apricots etc. in  
it - many thanks - and the  
box of shampoo - encore.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

am so pleased with every-  
thing including the stationary  
and will do my best to use  
it in the right place.

If you want to know what  
I need - <sup>or will</sup> sometime soon -  
you can think in terms of that  
other pair of black shoes I  
didn't want but have in  
my drawer. - some more  
pictures from the bottom of  
my desk - white ankle socks -  
some cotton - some athletic  
socks. - and about 3 cotton  
T shirts - (the Navy kind - white)  
with the crew neck. - Would  
also like a pair of brown  
loafers like Em & I had - with  
the <sup>insert</sup> sewing down the middle  
(not moccasins but more like  
a slipper. - size 6 B should  
do it or 5 1/2 C. - They stretch.  
Thanks a million for being



AMERICAN RED CROSS

so thoughtful about sending  
things & mail in particular  
I do so much - look forward  
to your letters. - Don't worry  
about me staying over here  
too long - I won't. - Would  
like to get the ball rolling  
here if at all possible - "Crafts"  
can almost carry itself if  
the men have any desire to  
learn or are the least bit  
handy. - Hope to see some of the  
country in the meantime -  
and then it will be home!  
I feel now that the war is  
over - that I have another  
job to do - Still there is much  
to be done here and perhaps  
I can learn something while  
I contribute my wee - little  
share - sometimes it seems  
pretty little. - but it's fun -  
more later -  
much love  
Pat.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Oct 10 45

Mon.

Dearest Family: -

This is another rainy day worse luck, but I don't care as long as I don't have to go very far. - my hair is as straight as a string however - must do something - but definitely.

Am thrilled to think Mr. Kaps sold you the proj. - because now you can see them when you please and show them to others. without always having to ask to borrow one. - What kind is it - was it the new one he got last year? . How does it work etc. - Also - hope the screen is beaded - did you say yes? - I can't recall. -

You must have a bulging cellar Mom - with all the things you've put away. - I'd love to see it and get a picture of the colored jws. Am so glad you're using my clothes for

✓



AMERICAN RED CROSS

something worth while - keep it up. Have you gotten the film of Richard Schurman yet - plus the box from Belgium? - Hope so.

Did you hear from Shirl yet? Am so glad you all got down on the river - must have been beautiful - got Daddy's letter and loved it. - Can't you just see him struggling away. -

So glad Bud thinks the pictures are Nat. Geo.!! material but as long as they're easy on my families' eyes - that's enough for me. -

Incidentally - did you send Skipper a picture? Want her to have one because aside from just that - she hasn't heard from me for some time she says - Doesn't



3



AMERICAN RED CROSS

even know I'm in the R.C.  
and I know I wrote her  
several times -

Appreciate the enclosed -

More later - again -

Someday I'm going to  
shock you by saying -

No more later -

The next time you ~~hear~~  
from me I'll be there! -

Love to you all -

Pat.

Monday, October 10, 1945

Dearest Family:

This is another rainy day – worse luck but I don't care as long as I don't have to go very far. My hair is as straight as a string. However, must do something but definitely.

Am thrilled to think Mr. Heaps sold you the projector because now you can see them when you please and show them to others without always having to ask to borrow one. What kind is it? Was it the new one he got last year? How does it work, etc.? Also, hope the screen is included. Did you say yes? I can't recall.

You must have a bulging cellar, Mom – with all the things you've put away. I'd love to see it and get a picture of the colored jars. Am so glad you're using my clothes for something worthwhile. Keep it up.

Have you gotten the film of Richard Schuman yet? Plus the box from Belgium? Hope so.

Did you hear from Shirl yet? Am so glad you all got down on the river. Must have been beautiful. Got Dickie's letter and loved it. Can't you just see him struggling away?

So glad Bud thinks the pictures are Nat. Geog.!! Material but as long as they're easy on my families eyes – that's enough for me.

Incidentally, did you send Skipper a picture? Want her to have one because aside from just that, she hasn't heard from me for some time she says. Doesn't even know I'm in the R.C. and I know I wrote her several times.

Appreciate the enclosed. More later – again – someday I'm going to shock you by saying – No more later. The next time you hear from me I'll be there!

Love to you all – Pat



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Sun. -  
Oct

Dearest Family: —

Have much to tell you about the last few days - the biggest news of which is that your little wandering daughter has a jeep! - Yes - you suggested it and I always do what my parents tell me! -

Well it's a long story. Heard about some tools I could get Thursday so chased up to the 7th Army collecting point where outfits morning out hand in lots of supplies and there I found a sergeant - a sergeant who has the world at ~~his~~ finger tips over here. - It was not very difficult to get tools - Dad would have heaved a real <sup>sigh of dismay</sup> ~~if~~ if he could have seen what lay out in this open shed - exposed to the rain and sunshine. Hundreds of dollars worth of tools lay there - rusting.

2



AMERICAN RED CROSS

We beaved into the back of a truck - all we could carry - No motor tools but lots of files - saws planes - hammers vice etc. - all over a 10 acre field lay trucks and tanks and ambulances of any namable description. - I casually mentioned our need for transportation and before I had time to think of pressing my cause I had a jeep which I was to collect the next day. - Wahoo - and then the girls here say getting transportation is difficult to get. - They just have to ask. - I went up the next day and drove it home (from Mannheim). Had I been two people I could have had another one. The boy promised me a heater and radio plus <sup>new</sup> a good wind shield wiper <sup>new</sup> top and any




AMERICAN RED CROSS

other accessories necessary to make the little thing comfortable. Were these gals ever surprised! - And frankly - I was too! - We hope to have it winterized (covered in by Wednesday) so one of the other girls - Ann - and I can go to Berchtesgarden Wed! - I'm so excited I can hardly wait. - Hope the weather is good, because they say it's been raining there and they've had heavy snow storms much of the time lately to block the roads. -

We had a birthday party Friday night - 12 piece orchestra - KKKKA girls and lots of fun. - These kids never put too much planning behind anything - at least they don't make too many noticeable preparations in advance so I ended up by being semi-master of

4



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Ceremonie - plugging in a few  
mizers plus <sup>displaying</sup> models and  
announcing the  
winners of our plane building  
contest. Had beautiful prizes  
made by 2 of the boys. out  
of plastic. Wish I had the  
time to do some for all of you  
too because plastic is such a  
fascinating medium. and  
takes such a beautiful finish.

Love my work and feel I'm  
making some progress altho at  
times I wonder. - The boys make  
it worth while tho because some  
of them are so responsive -

Yesterday was a big day  
for the hospital - a wedding  
and many goodbyes - to 12 who  
were leaving for home. - 2 were  
my roomates - am now changing  
to a room with the physio  
therapist which will be more  
pleasant perhaps because there



AMERICAN RED CROSS

will be just the two of us - and perhaps I can learn something on the side - The 3rd nurse in my room was quite upset because along with plans for her own wedding was the difficulty of saying goodby to the other two who had been such good friends for 7 years. They went in training together and have been together ever since.

Went to the circus again last night with 2 of the boys from the hospital - one from Calif. - who loves horses - and one big tall handsome Texan who really knows his stuff. - It sure made me wish I were back in Wyoming! -

Today has been quiet so far but that's the way it goes on Sundays - and I'm just as glad I have to go after a



AMERICAN RED CROSS

6  
roof for the jeep this afternoon -  
play a few games of ping pong  
wash - iron - move - clean  
up the craft shop - make  
posters - write a dozen letters  
and support a pinochle  
of some - Oh for another day in  
the week but that would  
probably shorten our lives a good  
5 years all over again -

What do you hear from  
Shirley? - Am all ears!

Love you so much -  
and can't wait to  
get your letters -  
More soon -

Pat.





AMERICAN RED CROSS

P. Jennings APO  
302 Station Hosp  
APO 758  
90 PM NYC.



L. E. Jennings  
Sooners,  
Conn.

Pat  
Jennings

AIR  
MAIL

Sunday, October

Dearest Family:

Have much to tell you about the last few days – the biggest news of which is that your little wandering daughter has a jeep! Yes, you suggested it and I always do what my parents tell me!

Well it's a long story. Heard about some tools I could get Thursday so chased up to the 7<sup>th</sup> Army collecting point where outfits moving out hand in lots of supplies and there I found a sergeant – a sergeant who has the world at his finger tips over here. It wasn't very difficult to get tools – Dad would have heaved a real sigh of dismay if he could have seen what lay out in this open shed exposed to the rain and sunshine. Hundreds of dollars worth of tools lay there rusting. We heaved into the back of a truck all we could carry. No motor tools but lots of files – sans planes – hammers, vices, etc. All over a 10 acre field lay trucks and tanks and ambulances of any nameable description. I casually mentioned our need for transportation and before I had time to think of pressing my cause I had a jeep, which I was to collect the next day. Woohoo – and then the girls here say getting transportation is difficult to get. They just have to ask. I went up the next day and drove it home (from Mannheim). Had I been two people, I could have had another one. The boy promised me a heater and radio plus a good windshield wiper, top and any other accessories necessary to make the little thing comfortable. Were these gals every surprised! And, frankly, I was too. We hope to have it winterized (covered in by Wednesday) so one of the other girls – Ann – and I can go to Berchtesgaden Wed.! I'm so excited I can hardly wait. Hope the weather is good because they say it's been raining there and they've had heavy snow storms much of the time lately to block the roads.

We had a birthday party Friday night – 12-piece orchestra – RNNRA girls and lots of fun. These kids never put too much planning behind anything at least they don't make too many noticeable preparations in advance so I ended up by being semi-master of ceremonies – plugging in a few mixers plus displaying models and announcing the winners of our plane building contest. I had beautiful prizes made by 2 of the boys out of plastic. Wish I had the time to do some for all of you too because plastic is such a fascinating medium and takes such a beautiful finish.

Love my work and feel I'm making some progress although at times I wonder. The boys make it worthwhile though because some of them are so responsive.

Yesterday was a big day for the hospital – a wedding and many good-byes to 12 who were heading for home. 2 were my roommates – am now changing to a room with the physiotherapist, which will be more pleasant perhaps because there will be just the two of us and perhaps I can learn something on the side. The 3<sup>rd</sup> nurse in my room was quite upset because along with plans for her own wedding was the difficulty of saying good-bye to the other two who had been such good

friends for 7 years. They went in training together and have been together ever since.

Went to the circus again last night with 2 of the boys from the hospital – one from California who loves horses and the big tall handsome Texan who really knows his stuff. It sure made me wish I were back in Wyoming!

Today has been quiet so far but that's the way it goes on Sundays and I'm just as glad. Have to go after a roof for the jeep this afternoon, play a few games of ping pong, wash, iron, move, clean up the craft shop, make posters, write a dozen letters and support a pinochle for some. Oh for another day in the week, but that would probably shorten our lives a good 5 years all over again.

What do you hear from Shirl? Am all ears!

Love you so much and can't wait to get your letters. More soon – Pat

Oct 12 1945

Dearest Family..

That article about good jobs going unfilled is extremely interesting. - He has some good ideas - that Mallon - and especially the one about Emily being a maid!

Am wondering how Shirley is making out and what she has to offer these days in the way of something new in children. Can't wait to hear.

So Abe is on his way home. - I haven't heard from him in some time. - I just hope things work out for him - He should be much happier now and able to contribute a great deal in India if he gets off to a good start.

Can't imagine getting married to somebody who is about to enter the army of occupation. This is the worst place in the world for men married or single if they want to hang on to anything they love - keep their ideals - plan for the future etc. - We talk about the French not having any morals but I honestly think our army can't afford to throw stones.. -

Am so excited about your new  
dryer mom and know you can  
have lots of fun experimenting -

Am glad too Dad is back in Scouts  
again because he can give them <sup>so</sup>  
much and the boys can do lots for  
him too. Imagine Roger must be  
quite a drawing card and could  
whip up a good meeting to hold  
those kids' interests.

The men here are discussing an  
article in Star + Stripes which says  
the boats are no longer being greeted  
by a band but by a recorder and  
people are being asked to stay  
home rather than meet these boys  
in N.Y. when they arrive. I hate to  
think the people are forgetting these  
boys over here already but when  
you analyze it all - you know  
the only real reunion is at home.  
The first sight of American soil  
means a great deal though to  
each of them and I'm sure gangplank  
celebrations could do much to  
give them confidence. -  
You all sound so lousy and

interested in keeping on the old ball. -

Wish I could give you a hand  
but that will come. -

Another beautiful day - the  
4th in a row - too good to  
be true but I hope it lasts till  
we get to Bertheg. -

Love you all so much -

Pat.

Good paper - Thanks -

October 12, 1945

Dearest Family,

That article about good jobs going unfilled is extremely interesting. He has some good ideas – that Mallon – and especially the one about Emily being a maid!

Am wondering how Shirley is making out and what she has to offer these days in the way of something new in children. Can't wait to hear.

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Can't imagine getting married to somebody who is about to enter the army of occupation. This is the worst place in the world for men, married or single, if they want to hang on to anything they love, keep their ideals, plan for the future, etc. We talk about the French not having any morals, but I honestly think our army can't afford to throw stones.

Am so excited about your new dryer, Mom, and know you can have lots of fun experimenting. Am glad too Dad is back in Scouts again because he can give them so much and the boys can do lots for him too. Imagine Roger must be quite a drawing card and could whip up a good meeting to hold those kids interest.

The men here are discussing an article in "Stars and Stripes" which says the boats are no longer being greeted by a band but by a recorder and people being asked to stay home rather than meet the boys in N.Y. when they arrive. I hate to think the people are forgetting their boys over here already, but when you analyze it all; you know the only real reunion is at home. The first sight of American soil means a great deal though to each of them and I'm sure gangplank celebrations could do much to give them confidence.

You all sound so busy and interested in keep on the old ball! Wish I could give you a hand, but that will come.

Another beautiful day – the 4<sup>th</sup> in a row – too good to be true, but I hope it lasts until we get to Berchtesgaden.

Love you all so much—Pat

Good paper – thanks.



Oct 11, 1945

Dearest Mom + Dad + Em:

Will finish another letter to you tonight or throw in the whole towel and come home - Hmmm - not a bad idea - hey what. but since it isn't too easy to arrange within the next few hours I'll take this way out and be happy with it.

Can't get over the way you two "old folks" are gadding about - Vermont - football games and everything else! - you don't know what it means to me to hear you tell about it all and to know you aren't grinding away all the time.

Strange how long my mail takes sometimes. Guess most of yours has arrived on this side now. Can't expect any more huge windfalls until I move again.

Must tell Dad <sup>model A Ford with Bumble Bee</sup> that I agree on the puddle jumper if he wants to sell it. As it is now. Coming winter it will be a car and will lose its value - whatever that is! - Les files in Amherst - near the boys wanted to buy it any time if you

have no other offers Dad.

Am so glad you liked the little anniversary gift but hope you don't have to wait too long before you can turn it into a fireplace or something. Would give anything for a fireplace.

Mom - for my birthday can you send some ice cream + maple syrup?!! Incidentally - maybe you could find an ice cream mix or two <sup>for Christmas</sup>. We have a very nice little refrigerator with a tray just aching to be used.

Am so glad Em is gleeclubbing because we all know that means so much. - I didn't have any zipper notebook left unfortunately. - It caputed last year + Dot Willard gave me another (without a zipper) which I have with me.

Mom just to make you feel more secure I live right across from a new S.S. concentration camp. - It is just being set up and last night one of them was shot trying to escape. Never fear though because I never go over to the motor pool

unless I go for something important  
so therefore I don't have to pass it  
unless I go for something special  
so therefore never fear! - Ernest  
Mum - if something is going to  
happen to me it will and no  
amount of worry or trying to  
avoid it will make an ounce of  
difference. But my day hasn't come  
yet - and neither has yours or Pao's  
or Ann's - we have too much to do  
first! - A classic example of the  
above however is the boy who  
came through 16 months of solid  
combat as an ambulance driver -  
unscathed - was on his way home  
the next day - had avoided all  
jeeps and football games to keep  
from getting hurt before he went  
to Marseilles and what should  
he do but slip getting on a trolley  
and lose his arm. - Very sad  
case but it shows you the story.  
He's right here in our troop. now. - one of the troop boys  
Did you say you got the  
box of shoes etc. - Please give Em  
his pair - the large ones of course

Unless you want to save them & give  
them to her for Christmas but that's  
not necessary -

Hope to get to Berchtes. soon -  
The jeep still isn't fixed - We're  
having beautiful weather for a  
change - real Indian summer.

Went to see "Sons of Fun"  
last night and really laughed.  
Just plain work today - sleep -  
rec. hall etc. -

Will look for Koring and  
others -

Love you all - so much -

Sleepy,

Pat.

Please send pictures to

C. Bill

Hoys

Pearsons

Capt. Howes

for Christmas

October 11, 1945

Dearest Mom, Dad, and Em:

Will finish another letter to you tonight or throw in the whole towel and come home. Hmmmmm. Not a bad idea. Hey, what but since it isn't too easy to arrange within the next few hours I'll take this way out and be happy with it.

Can't get over the way you two "old folks" are gadding about Vermont - football games and everything else! You don't know what it means to me to hear you tell about it all and to know you aren't grinding away all the time.

Strange how long my mail takes sometimes. Guess most of yours has arrived on this side now. Can't expect any more huge windfalls until I move again.

Must tell Dad that I agree on the puddle jumper (Model A Ford with Rumble Seat) if he wants to sell it. As it is now coming winter it will be a care an will fast lose it's value whatever that is. Les Giles in Amherst near the Loy's wanted to buy it anytime if you have no other offer, Dad.

Am so glad you liked the little anniversary gift, but hope you don't have to wait too long before you can turn it into a fireplace or something. Would give anything for a fireplace.

Mom, for my birthday can you send some ice cream and maple syrup?!! Incidentally, maybe you could find an ice-cream mix or two for Christmas. We have a very nice little refrigerator with a tray just aching to be used.

Am so glad Em is glee-clubing because we all know that means so much. I didn't have any zipper notebook left unfortunately. It caputed last year and Dot Willard gave me another (without rings) which I have with me.

Mom, just to make you feel more secure I live right across from a new S.S. Concentration Camp. It is just being set up and last night one of them was shot trying to escape. Never fear though because I never go over to the motor pool unless I go for something important so therefore I don't have to pass it unless I go for something special so therefore never fear! Honest, Mom, if something is going to happen to me it will and no amount of worry or trying to avoid it will make an ounce of difference. But, my day hasn't come yet and neither has yours or Pa's or Em's. We have too much to do first! A class example of the above however is the boy who came through 16 months of solid combat as an ambulance driver unscathed - was on his way home the next day - had avoided all jeeps and football games to keep from getting hurt before he went to Marseilles and what should he do, but slip getting on a trolley and lose his arm. Very sad case, but it shows you the story. He's right here in our hospital now. One of the hospital boys.

Did you say you got the box of shoes, etc? Please give Em her pair - the large ones, of course, unless you want to save them and give them to her for Christmas, but that's not necessary.

Hope to get to Berchtesgaden soon. The jeep still isn't fixed. We're having beautiful weather for a change. Real Indian summer. Went to see "Sons of Fun" last night and really laughed. Just plain work today. Shop, rec. hall, etc.

Will look for ??? and others.

Love to you all - so much -

Sleepily,

Pat

Please sent pictures to:

C. Bill

Loys

For Christmas

Pearsons

Cap'n Howes

Sun. - Oct 14/45

Dearest Family: -

Tomorrow - if all goes well I will be on my way to Bertches-garten. - for 5 days I hope. - Ann another little girl here and I were planning to go in the jeep alone but the C.O. didn't think it was such a good idea so we are taking 2 E.M.'s along with us. - all I hope is that we have good weather so I can get pictures. I'm taking 3 films so I should have something to show you by Christmas time.

Not too much news from here. This is pretty routine work after you once get it set up altho I'll admit there is much to be done. - Have the craft shop fairly settled with lots of tools now which came in yesterday from Red Cross.

Saw "International Sweethearts of Rhythm" - last night with some of the patients - It was a (in the main) colored all girl jazz orchestra - very good. - Of course

the boys went wild. But I couldn't help wonder what the <sup>poor</sup> German civilians in the balcony thought of it -

The strikes at home are most distressing and with the queen and Aquitania off the list it makes redeployment seem like an endless task. I just wish some of those people could see these kids over here who are still waiting to get back.

There is a wedding this afternoon at 1:30 which I have been asked to attend. - One of my former roommates - a nurse - (one of the group of 3 - 2 of which have already gone home) last night she came in - got me out of bed for my suitcase and first moral support. - The poor little gal was in a dither but she had a marvelous Indian maid who was well under control and giving her the strong arm she needed. I feel rather helpless when it comes to something like that



over here. There is so much red tape you have to go through to avoid stepping on some higher officers toes. So many drinking parties you have to have - a double ceremony - one for the civilian laws - by a burgomaister and then the church business - where cometh all the nurses & officers and army of the detachment that is interested - Gad - one for some-thing at home and very simple. I'd hate all this business - with the military having to be satisfied on where you stay - how long - what you wear and how you get there. No thank you.

Wish I could send you the beautiful rainbow flashing across this paper. The glass is at just the right angle and the sun is bright & warm. -

Family you were just wonderful to remember my birthday with

so many things I needed. - and so many things that tasted so good. Natch - I haven't eaten all of them yet but at the moment I am enjoying the cashews and apricots. Yesh. The socks are perfect - + the scarf is just what I wanted. Thanks too for the film and shampoo and stationery which you can see I'm using now. - Of course I couldn't wait till Nov. 10th because it would be absolutely impossible to wait a month to open a package. - Anyway - I celebrated just the same and will think of you all so much when the real day comes. - God. I'll be old - Wont I -

Saw from "Pillow to Post" tonight at the movie - very funny.

lovely wedding in a real wartime setting - a beautiful church still open in many places from bomb blasts and broken windows. - But the reception was a drunken brawl.

Well - some people like it  
that way - but please - not for me.

Beautiful fall colors but they  
still don't have the luster of good  
old new England. Drove through  
Kniq Karl's forest today and  
past his castle which was  
the beginning of Karlsruhe  
or "Karl's rest." - The grounds  
are magnificent - long dirt  
trails stretching for miles through  
colorful timber land. - This would  
be some haven for horseback  
riders and bikers too.

Must get up early in the  
morning - as we are off to  
Berch. - I hope.

Love to you all - Can't wait  
to get some good pictures - to  
send you - Thanks for the  
thoughtful package &  
pretty wrappings. Pat.  
1 more film  
off today

Sunday, October 14, 1945

Dearest Family,

Tomorrow if all goes well I will be on my way to Berchtesgaden for 5 days I hope. Ann, another little girl here and I were planning to go in the jeep alone, but the C.O. didn't think it was such a good idea so we are taking 2 E.M.'s along with us - all I hope is that we have good weather so I can get pictures. I'm taking 5 films so I should have something to show you by Christmas time.

Not too much news from here. This is pretty routine work after you once get it set up although I'll admit there is much to be done. Have the craft shop fairly settled with lots of tools now which came in yesterday from Red Cross.

Saw "International Sweethearts of Rhythm" last night with some of the patients. It was a (in the main) colored all girl jazz orchestra - very good. Of course, the boys went wild, but I couldn't help wonder what the few German civilians in the balcony thought of it.

The strikes of home are most distressing and with the Queen and Aquitania off the list it makes redeployment seem like an endless task. I just wish some of those people could see these kids over here who are still waiting to get back.

There is a wedding this afternoon at 1:30, which I have been asked to attend. One of my former roommates, a nurse (one of the group of 3 - 2 of which have already gone home). Last night she came in, got me out of bed for my suitcase and just moral support. The poor little gal was in a dither, but she had a marvelous bridesmaid who was well under control and giving her the strong arm she needed. I feel rather helpless when it comes to something like that over here. There is so much red tape you have to go through to avoid stepping on some higher officer's toes. So many drinking parties you have to have - a double ceremony - one for the civilian laws, by a burgomaster and then the church business where cometh all the nurses and officers and any of the detachment that is interested - Gad - me for something at home and very simple. I'd hate all this business with the military having to be satisfied on where you stay, how long, what you wear and how you get there. No thank you.

Wish I could send you the beautiful rainbow flashing across this paper. The glass is at just the right angle and the sun is bright and warm.

Family, you were just wonderful to remember my birthday with so many things I needed and so many things that tasted so good. Watch - I haven't eaten all of them yet, but at the moment I am enjoying the cashews and apricots. Lush. The socks are perfect and the scarf is just what I wanted. Thanks too for the film and shampoo and stationary, which you can see I'm using now. Of course I couldn't wait till November 10<sup>th</sup> because it would be absolutely impossible to wait a month to open a package. Anyway, I celebrated just the same and will think of you all so much when the real day comes. Gad. I'll be old, won't I?

Saw from "Pillion to Post" tonight at the movies - very funny.

Lovely wedding in a real wartime setting - a beautiful church still open in many places from bomb blasts and broken windows. But, the reception was a drunken brawl. Well, some people like it that way, but please - not for me.

Beautiful fall colors, but they still don't have the luster of good old New England. Drove through King Karl's forest today and past his castle, which was the beginning of Karlsruhe or "Karl's Rest." The grounds are magnificent - long, dirt trails stretching for miles through colorful timberland. This would be some haven for horseback riders and bikers too.

Must get up early in the morning as we are off to Berchtesgaden. I hope.

Love to you all - Can't wait to get some good pictures to send you. Thanks for the thoughtful package and pretty wrappings - Pat.

1 more film off today.



Oct 26 -

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Dearest Family: -

Just got your letters of the 14th, 15th and 18th - With the skip in between which probably means I'll be hearing about the trip to Amherst soon. Have enjoyed so much reading about your jaunt to Norwich and I'm so glad you can make it comfortably now without having to worry about things at home. Must have been a real treat to "be selfish" as you call it with Aunt Lura + Uncle Wes. - If only you lived nearer them. But perhaps that makes the visits even more precious. Am glad to know Janet was a Colonel interested enough in her to get her home but if she has done a good job and really wants to get home she probably can. Will be so interested in her future plans because I think a lot of Janet and know people like her can do a lot

of good in this world if they get into  
the right nitch. - sometimes now it  
is hard for me to see how any girl  
can stay in Red Cross overseas and feel  
she is doing the world a good turn.  
Show me the girl over here now  
who isn't thinking of the program in  
terms of her leaves - her trips around  
Europe and what she wants to see  
before she goes home. That is especially  
true of the girls who have been in  
for a year or more. and I can't  
say that I blame them. They have done  
a wonderful job under difficult  
conditions but the increasing personnel  
the improved living arrangements  
the tours and school programs and  
relaxed regulations are enough to  
spoil anybody - It's spoiling me  
and I've only been in 5 months.  
But what can Red Cross do now  
that Special Service can't do even  
better! You should see the things Spec.  
Service plans - elaborate football  
games - USO shows dances - libraries  
schools, recreation centers. The Army  
didn't have time for that before but  
now it has plenty of time. There  
are men here with nothing to do  
but plan for recreation - entertainment



AMERICAN RED CROSS

etc. and they should. I believe what Special Service is doing over here now and what they will do - is a good antidote for homesickness and an idle army of occupation. - Let the men help themselves. The one thing we do is provide the good old "you speak our language" atmosphere but we're such a pitiful few for just that. The men go out & date the Frauleins all the time - unless they're very faithfully & happily married or similarly engaged. - Otherwise they're extremely loose & frivolous about the whole thing and your being here doesn't make one damn bit of difference. They're morale is just as high <sup>at a</sup> ~~as~~ drinking party without you - as it is with you. - The only difference is that <sup>when</sup> you're there, you're part of the drunk and thus have more in common with them later when they have said party to talk about. I wish Red Cross could have sent in a completely new group ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> personnel with new men in the army of occupation. - all volunteers because then the interest I think would lie



more in the job and less in the fling  
before the "homecoming". - That's a  
contagious disease - this fling business  
and it's not good when it hits the  
new growth. Ah - me - I didn't  
mean to be off again but sometimes  
this world is a pretty discouraging  
place for young people just out of  
college - with vision & ideals and  
their hopes hung on a banner  
staff. - We look to our wise elders  
but they're so pitifully outnumbered.  
So many ideals they held in youth  
have been sacrificed for the sake  
a compromise. - We have our greats  
who plan and carry through on  
the battle fields but where are  
they when it comes to clinching the  
very things for which we fought? -  
We look to our co-workers, our  
classmates, our friends who left  
homes and schools when we did  
with the same hopes and ideals  
and <sup>where are they?</sup> most of them have been snowed  
under by this tide of "grab what  
you can for yourselves and run."

But then - there are those who,  
like a window ~~light~~ lamp in the  
dark out of doors - give depth and  
perspective to such emptiness. With  
out them things would be two dimensional



AMERICAN RED CROSS

instead of three. - With them  
there is some meaning to what  
you see - there is some reason  
why you have ideals and why  
you must clutch them in both  
hands with all the tenacity  
humanly possible. - I'm glad I have a  
home - so glad. - I can't imagine  
living today without a home and  
people who care a little what you  
do and how you do it. - I can't  
imagine living without the few  
friends I have in Amherst & North-  
field and in my travels who keep  
reminding <sup>me</sup> ~~you~~ that what ~~you~~ <sup>I</sup> think  
isn't just ~~your~~ <sup>mine</sup> but theirs too and  
they believe it all just as strongly  
as ~~you~~ do - if not more. - The enclosed  
letter is perhaps just one of the  
reasons why my thoughts have  
wandered this way tonight plus  
your letter from home and Enns  
too. Things like this, I wish I could  
do for my friends all the time but  
I must say what little good ~~you~~ <sup>I</sup> can  
do by being here makes the whole trip

worth while. - I don't ask that each day be filled with spectacular <sup>missions</sup> to Richard & Nanni. - but I would so like to feel my business over here was easing the wounds a little somehow. We can't all be Joan's of Arc I realize because in the first place there's aren't enough white horses to ride but I'd be satisfied with a little burro and a 2 wheeled cart if I had a good reason to take it somewhere. - Well - in the meantime - we must fill each day with the work at hand and there is plenty. - I love the craft shop and I'm learning all the time.

Last Thursday I took the boys (3) on a picnic into the woods near the castle here. It was the kind of a full day just made for cooking over an open fire. We had grilled cheese sandwiches with bacon in the middle and I had plenty of good clean smelling smoke to take home in my jacket.

Yesterday we had a party for the boys - with some Polish girls from the D.P. camp near here. - It was fun for them all. The girls could speak English, many of them and of course they loved our cookies and cocoa. We gave each of them a bar of soap (hope they weren't offended)



AMERICAN RED CROSS

but they have to pay 30 marks for a cake at the camp which they get from Polish Boy friends who in turn get it from the G.I.'s at half the price. probably - 30 marks is 3 dollars in good American money. - you (and the boys) should have seen them when the orchestra played "Roll Out the Barrel".

Tonight I knocked off to write letters. As usual - my first one was for you and I am still at it - with much more to go before I answer all your questions but find a better way for me to spend an evening over here - and I will.

Thanks so much for the article on hosteling - The very things you marked are the only things which keep me from resigning here for a quick return to all that they have there. How near I've been - so many times and yet - something always makes me hesitate - "If he who hesitates is lost" - ye gods - I'm too far gone for resurrection -

Love you all - and will try to be more practical next times. - Pat.

P. Jennings ARC  
302 Station Hqs.  
APO 758 90 PM.  
N.Y.C.



L. E. Jennings  
Somers,  
Conn.



AMERICAN RED CROSS

October 26, 1945

Dearest Family:

Just got your letters of the 14<sup>th</sup> -15<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> with the skip in between which probably means I'll be hearing about the trip to Amherst soon. Have enjoyed so much reading about your jaunts to Novich and I'm so glad you can make it comfortably now without having to worry about things at home. Must have been a real treat to "be selfish" as you call it with Aunt Irene and Uncle Wes. If only you lived near them, but perhaps that makes the visits even more precious.

Am glad to know Janet has a Colonel interested enough in her to get her home, but if she has done a good job and really wants to get home she probably can. Will be so interested in her future plans because I think a lot of Janet and know people like her can do a lot of good in this world if they get into the right nitch.

Sometimes now it is hard for me to see how any girl can stay in Red Cross overseas and feel she is doing the world a good turn. Show me the girl over here now who isn't thinking of the program in terms of her leaves, her trips around Europe, and what she wants to see before she goes home. That is especially true of the girls who have been in for a year or more and I can't say I blame them. They have done a wonderful job under difficult conditions, but the increasing personnel, the improved living arrangements, the tours and school programs and relaxed regulations are enough to spoil anybody. It's spoiling me and I've only been in 5 months. But what can Red Cross do now that Special Service can't do even better? You should see the things Special Service plans - elaborate football games, USO shows, dances, libraries, schools, recreation centers. The Army didn't have time for that before, but now it has plenty of time. There are men here with nothing to do but plan for recreation, entertainment, etc., and they should. I believe what Special Service is doing over here now and what they still do is a good antidote for homesickness and an idle army of occupation. Let the men help themselves. The one thing we do is provide the good old "you speak our language" atmosphere, but we're such a pitiful few for just that. The men go out and date the Frauleins all the time unless they're very faithfully and happily married or similarly engaged. Otherwise they're extremely loose and frivolous about the whole thing and you're being here doesn't make one dam bit of difference. They're morale is just as high at a big drinking party without you as it is with you. The only difference is that when you're there, you're part of the drunk and thus have more in common with them later when they have said party to talk about. I wish Red Cross could have sent in a completely new group of personnel with new men in the army of occupation. All volunteers because then the interest I think would be more in the job and less in "the fling before the homecoming." That's a contagious disease - this fling business - and it's not good when it hits the new growth.

Ah me - I didn't mean to be off again, but sometimes this world is a pretty discouraging place for young people just out of college with vision and ideals and their hopes hung on a banner staff. We look to our wise elders, but they're so

pitifully outnumbered. So many ideals they held in youth have been sacrificed for the sake of compromise. We have our greats who plan and carry through on the battlefields, but where are they when it comes to clinching the very things for which we fought? We look to our co-workers, our classmates, our friends who left homes and schools when we did with the same hopes and ideals and where are they? Most of them have been snowed under by this tide of "grab what you can for yourselves and run."

But then there are those who, like a window lamp in the dark out-of-doors, give depth and perspective to such emptiness. Without them, things would be two dimensional instead of three. With them there is some meaning to what you see. There is some reason why you have ideals and why you must clutch them in both hands with all the tenacity humanly possible. I'm glad I have a home - so glad - I can't imagine living today without a home and people who care a little what you do and how you do it. I can't imagine living without the few friends I have in Amherst and Northfield and in my travels who keep reminding me that what I think isn't just mine, but theirs too and they believe it all just as strongly as I do if not more. The enclosed letter is perhaps just one of the reasons why my thoughts have wandered this way tonight plus your letter from home and Em's too.

Things like this I wish I could do for my friends all the time, but I must say what little good I can do by being here makes the whole trip worthwhile. I don't ask that each day be filled with spectacular missions to Richard and Naomi, but I would so like to feel my business over here was easing the wounds a little somehow. We can't all be Joan's of Arcs I realize because in the first place they're aren't enough white horses to ride, but I'd be satisfied with a little burro and a 2-wheeled cart if I had a good reason to take it somewhere. Well, in the meantime, we must fill each day with the work at hand and there is plenty. I love the craft shop and I'm learning all the time. Last Thursday I took the boys (3) on a picnic into the woods near the castle here. It was the kind of fall day just made for cooking over an open fire. We had grilled cheese sandwiches with bacon in the middle and I had plenty of good, clean-smelling smoke to take home in my jacket.

Yesterday we had a party for the boys with some Polish girls from the D.P. camp near here. It was fun for them all. The girls could speak English (many of them) and of course they loved our cookies and cocoa. We gave each of them a bar of soap (hope they weren't offended), but they have to pay 30 marks for a cake at the camp, which they get from Polish boyfriends who in turn get it from the G.I.'s at half the price probably. 30 marks is 3 dollars in good American money. You (and the Loys) should have seen them when the orchestra played "Roll Out the Barrels."

Tonight I knocked off to write letters. As usual, my first one was for you and I am still at it with much more to go before I answer all your questions, but find a better way for me to spend an evening over here - and I will.

Thanks so much for the article on hostelling. The very things you marked are the only things, which keep me from resigning here for a quick return to all that they



have there. How near I've been – so many times and yet something always makes me hesitate. If “he who hesitates is lost” -- Ye gods – I'm too far gone for resurrection.

Love you all and will try to be more practical next time – Pat

Nov 2 - 1945

Dearest Family: -

Have been terrifically busy these last few days but it has been fun. 2 of the girls were away so that left the whole rec. program up to me because the other 2 left were the soc. worker & sec. Have had the craft shop open 2 nights for the officers & detachment. - and Wed. night we had a Halloween party. We dragged in most of the Karlsruhe woods for decorations, got a large pumpkin and built a tent like contraption for our fortune teller. I had <sup>the</sup> games and was pleased to hear the A.F.D. say it was the best party they'd ever had. The joke of it was I could still see lots of room for improvement and wondered what in the name of sugar they usually did when

they gave a party. - Oh well - am  
ready for a couple of days off  
so think I'll head for Frankfurt  
& the Schurmanns. -

Am sick to think those 4  
pictures which were of him &  
his family are no good. That's  
also a frightening indication  
that almost every picture  
I've taken since then will be  
bad - especially ones of people.  
because my range finder  
was broken & I couldn't get it  
fixed before I went to Bitchey.  
Oh - woe -

Am so glad you're on the  
trail of a dog - Dad - and  
sure hope you get a nice  
one. - The head rec. worker  
just came back from Paris  
with a cute French poodle!  
and I never thought I'd appreciate

anything of that nature. -

Thanks for sending the piece  
in the coronet. Not yet arrived.  
also the pictures to friends. -

Am glad you're keeping the  
car. for Em -

Had 3 days for Berch. plus  
travel time! - Don't take  
days off during the week when  
that happens.

Just had a huge filling  
put in yest. - 3 more to go.

Thanks for the cash sheet  
Dad but according to my figures  
I still owe you \$235. - How about  
that. Please take the \$135. from  
my cash savings. - I will get the  
other 100 because have a great deal  
sent here I don't use. - Then and  
only do I want you to put in money  
in my account. - Please take  
the money sent to you first for

November 2, 1945

Dearest Family:

Have been terrifically busy these last few days, but it has been fun. 2 of the girls were away so that left the whole rec. program up to me because the other 2 left where the social work and see. Have had the craft shop open 2 nights for the officers and detachment and Wednesday night we had a Halloween party. We dragged in most of the Karlsruhe woods for the decorations, got a large pumpkin and built a tent-like contraption for our fortuneteller. I had the games and was pleased to hear the A.F.D. say it was the best party they'd ever had. The joke of it was I could still see lots of room for improvement and wondered what in the name of Suzan they usually did when they gave a party. Oh well. Am ready for a couple of days off so think I'll head for Frankfurt and the Schurmans.

Am sick to think those 4 pictures which were of him and his family are no good. That's also a frightening indication that almost every picture I've taken since then will be bad especially ones of people because my range finder was broken and I couldn't get it fixed before I went to Berchtesgaden. Oh woe.

Am so glad you're on the trail of a dog, Dad, and sure hope you get a nice one. The head rec. worker just came back from Paris with a cute French poodle! and I never thought I'd appreciate anything of that nature.

Thanks for sending the piece in the coronet. Net yet arrived. Also the pictures of friends.

Am glad you're keeping the car for Em.

Had 3 days for Berchtesgaden plus travel time! Don't take days off during the week when that happens.

Just had a huge filling put in yesterday. 3 more to go.

Thanks for the cash sheet Dad, but according to my figures I still owe you \$235. How about that. Please take the \$135 from my cash savings. I will get the other 100 because have a great deal sent here I don't use. Then and only do I want you to put in money in my account. Please take the money sent to you first for

LETTER INCOMPLETE.

Dec 26 —

1945

Dearest Family: —

Tis now the day after Christmas.

We've had a busy one but not busy enough to keep me from wishing I were getting up with Em to open our stockings: — I thought of you so much during the day and the evening before knowing your Christmas would be a quiet one but hoping Em would keep ~~out~~ the moths from the Christmas tree decorations. — got 2 letters from you today — telling about your getting the kettle to Capin — Bill and about the freezing pint. Think it would be wonderful to freeze the capons so you wouldn't have the grim task of butchering every time we wanted an enjoyable dinner. Thanks for getting the pints for Judy — and food for Richard. Don't send any more to me now tho because I may not get it for some long time and I want to be sure I have all the packages before going to see R. after the 1<sup>st</sup> sometime. So glad you're saving the

geographics - I love them - Fran is  
always so thoughtful. Have now 8  
films - which means at least 125  
good pictures I hope. -

Oh to see some snow. It has  
been just like Spring here for the  
last 3 days. -

Must bring you up to date on our  
doing - Went to a very pleasant  
German entertainment Sunday night  
then to an officers dance - had  
lots of fun but danced every one  
and was numb from my hips  
down - because I had done nothing  
in the hospital for over 2 weeks. -  
That same afternoon I had to hold  
forth on the Polish Christmas party  
so you can imagine great was  
the happy fatigue thereof. - The  
day before Christmas spent much  
of the time decorating & getting  
ready for our Christmas Eve  
Polish Festival. - Open house to all  
personnel & they appreciated it so  
much. The DPs did beautifully -  
sang & danced in very colorful  
peasant costumes. It was quite a  
pleasant change from alcohol & bow

dom - ~~after~~ <sup>after</sup> that ~~we~~ went over to the  
Nurses reception - stupid drinking  
affair - + then on to another house -  
also much drinking - but they were  
just about ready for midnight mass,  
which we were all intending  
to grace when I found myself in  
the arms of a forlorn medical  
officer who really needed a little  
on the morale side so, with a  
tant - tant - ta-ra - and much  
blowing of bugles I played the  
Red Cross part and frankly -  
as is often the case - enjoyed myself.  
(much more than I would have  
at church because I really think  
staying up until 5 A.M. talking  
speaks for itself.) Went over to  
one of the side apartments first  
for a fried fresh egg + some "chees"  
and then Chuck + I found our  
way back to the living room  
where we wound up with the  
bottle of wits already mentioned  
Funny but I woke up at 7 AM  
to the ringing of church bells  
and it was Christmas. <sup>Had coffee with our wonderful</sup> Took a long  
ride in the jeep in search of some -



thing to make me feel a little more  
in the spirit of giving. - Filled my  
pockets with gum + candy ~~and~~ in  
hoped I'd see some little way  
who hadn't crossed a soldier's  
paths ahead of me. Rode through  
the woods for quite some distance.  
How I wish I might have been at  
Richards and gone to church with  
them. I was trying so hard to find  
that experience which would make  
Christmas in Germany something to  
remember. Passed a German soldier's  
grave hidden among the trees but  
showing signs of a recent visit by his  
loved ones. I was sorry I didn't  
have my camera but am going  
back there if I can again. Gave  
a young girl with a stout suitcase  
a ride to her home. Found the  
children I wanted - playing hockey  
in an open field in a little  
far out of the way village. - They  
almost knocked me down in  
their eagerness to "get the goods"  
but I made them <sup>big fellows</sup> divide it with  
the younger ones altho they weren't  
very anxious to at first. Guess self  
preservation has been too long, the  
first thought that enters a child's head.

over here - altho they do share with  
their own families. -

Went back to the hospital -  
Hada, Irish bike ride with one of  
the patients - and then time for  
dinner. - Many of our patients who  
were sent to Stuttgart th the 21<sup>st</sup>  
Hosp the 28<sup>th</sup> came back the  
whole 50 miles just to be with  
us for the holiday. This was really  
their 'home away from home' and  
we were quite touched. That's  
when the worth of Red Cross really  
comes to the fore.

In the afternoon we had Open  
House for all - a beautiful cake  
coffee and nice music - German  
Orchestra with carols and ~~and~~  
~~music~~. Took some of the patients  
back to the Autobahn so they  
could catch rides to their  
respective companies - and returned  
to a superb supper of delicious  
Turkey - Sauce - and all the fixings  
more good music with the orchestra  
playing "Silent Night" as only these  
people know how. The little wait-  
resses were all teary eyed and we

could have been the same - easily but we have not suffered as they have.

Then - four of us went to Camp Weilingen - to see the P.P. Christmas celebration. It was a real experience. One would not expect those people to have such vivid imagination. It was a real production - with flares, beautiful costuming - songs and excellent drama. King Herod would have put Paul Muni to shame. They portrayed the vision of the shepherds - Herod's ~~struggle~~ <sup>conflict</sup> between the Angel & Satan and the Nativity scene. Later they had their own dancing in costume. Over 2000 there in a large Army Zook the Chaplain & he loved it.

Have about made up my mind to have my knee operated on when I get home. - Had an examination today by our orthopedic man who incidentally was my 5 AM companion - but who also incidentally is the best in ETO according to many in authority. He in 5 minutes - told me I had a torn cartilage, - where it was torn - that I

should have a feeling of insecurity  
all the time (which I do) and that  
if I wanted to participate in more  
athletics (especially skiing which I  
do so want to do) I could easily have  
an operation - be hospitalized about  
a week and perhaps inactive for  
a month. - but it would be worth  
it. - Would you inquire about for  
man - orthopedic surgeon - nearby  
who has a good reputation in the  
A. Med. Assoc. ? - find out if I  
could get any hospitalization by  
continuing my A & C policy or  
what insurance I could get - where  
I could go to have it done - (a good  
clinic or hospital) etc. - Altho  
I can always say I didn't give the  
shots a fair try - I am forced to  
admit I favor that leg as much  
as ever and am always conscious  
of a weakness there - a sliding of the  
bones and I have no confidence in  
it under difficult going. -

Christina - love you all.

Well dear - I am working hard to  
close shop. - & pick up loose ends. Don't  
know where we're going from here or when  
all patients will be gone tomorrow. Many thanks  
for my

December 26, 1945

Dearest Family:

Tis now the day after Christmas. We've had a busy one, but not busy enough to keep me from wishing I were getting up with Em to open our stockings. I thought of you so much during the day and the evening before knowing your Christmas would be a quiet one and hoping Em would keep the moths from the Christmas tree decorations. Got 2 letters from you today telling about your getting the letter to Cap'n Bill and about the freezing ????. Think it would be wonderful to freeze the capons so you wouldn't have the grim task of butchering every time we wanted an enjoyable dinner. Thanks for getting the fruit for Judy and food for Richard. Don't send any more to me now though because I may not get it for some long time and I want to be sure I have all the packages before going to see R. after the 1<sup>st</sup> sometime. So glad your saving the geographies. I love them. Fran is always so thoughtful. Have now 8 films, which means at least 125 good pictures I hope.

Oh to see some snow. It has been just like spring here for the last 2 days.

Must bring you up to date on our doings. Went to a very pleasant German entertainment Sunday night then to an officer's dance. Had lots of fun, but danced every one and was numb from my hips down because I had done nothing in the hospital for over 2 weeks. That same afternoon I had to hold forth on the Polish Christmas party so you can imagine great was the happy fatigue thereof. The day before Christmas spent much of the time decorating and getting ready for our Christmas Eve Polish festival. Open house to all personnel and they appreciated it so much. The DP's did beautifully - sang and danced in very colorful, pleasant costumes. It was quite a pleasant change from alcohol and boredom. After that went over to the nurses reception - stupid drinking affair and then on to another house - also much drinking, but they were just about ready for midnight mass, which we were all intending to grace when I found myself in the arms of a forlorn medical officer who really needed a little on the morale side so with a "tant tant tan a" and much blowing of bugles I played the Red Cross part and frankly - as is often the case - enjoyed myself. (much more than I would have at church because I really think staying up until 5 AM talking speaks for itself.) Went over to one of the kids apartments first for a fried fresh egg and some "cheer" and then Chuck and I found our way back to the living room where we wound up with the latter of arts already mentioned. Funny, but I woke up at 7 AM to the ringing of church bells and it was Christmas. Had coffee with our wonderful chaplain. Took a long ride in the jeep in search of something to make me feel a little more in the spirit of giving. Filled my pockets with gum and candy in hopes I'd see some little ones who hadn't crossed a soldier's path ahead of me. Rode through the woods for quite some distance. How I wish I might have been at Richard's and gone to church with them. I was trying so hard to find that experience which would make Christmas in Germany something to remember. Passed a Germany soldiers grave hidden among the trees, but showing signs of a recent visit by his loved ones. I was sorry I didn't have my camera, but am going back there if I can again. Gave a young girl with a stout suitcase a ride to her

home. Found the children I wanted playing hockey in an open field in a little far out of the way village. They almost knocked me down in their eagerness to get the goods, but I made the big fellows divide it with the younger ones although they weren't very anxious to at first. Guess self-preservation has been too long the first thought that enters a child's head over here although they do share with their own families.

Went back to the hospital. Had a brisk bike ride with one of the patients and then time for dinner. Many of our patients who were sent to Stuttgart to the 216<sup>th</sup> hospital the 23<sup>rd</sup> came back the whole 50 miles just to be with us for the holiday. This was really their home away from home and we were quite touched. That's where the worth of Red Cross really comes to the fore.

In the afternoon, we had Open House for all – a beautiful cake, coffee and nice music – German orchestra with carols and candles. Took some of the patients back to the Autobahn so they could catch rides to their respective companies and returned to a super supper of delicious turkey and sauce and all the fixings. More good music with the orchestra playing "Silent Night" as only these people know how. The little waitresses were all teary-eyed and we could have been the same easily but we have not suffered as they have.

Then four of us went to Camp Keui Lingen to see the D.P. Christmas celebration. It was a real experience. One would not expect those people to have such vivid imaginations. It was a real production with flares, beautiful costuming, songs and excellent drama. King Herod would have put Paul Muni to shame. They portrayed the vision of the shepherds, Herod, conflict between the Angels and Satan, and the nativity scene. Later they had their own dancing in costume. Over 2000 there in a large Army. Took the Chaplain and he loved it.

Have about made up my mind to have my knee operated on when I get home. Had an examination today by our orthopedic man who incidentally was my 5 AM companion, but who also incidentally is the best in ETO according to many in authority. He (in 5 minutes) told me I had a torn cartilage, where it was torn, that I should have a feeling of insecurity all this time (which I do) and that if I wanted to participate in more athletics (especially skiing which I do so want to do), I could easily have an operation, be hospitalized about a week and perhaps inactive for a month, but it would be worth it. Would you inquire about for a man – orthopedic surgeon – nearby who has a good reputation in the American Medical Association? Find out if I could get any hospitalization by continuing my ARC policy or what insurance I could get, where I could go to have it done (a good clinic or hospital) etc. Although, I can always say I didn't give the shots a fair try. I am forced to admit I favor that leg as much as ever and am always conscious of a weakness there – a sliding of the bones and I have no confidence in it under difficult going.

Well dears, I am working hard to close shop and pick up loose ends. Don't know where we're going from here or when all the patients will be gone tomorrow. Many thanks for my Christmas. Love you all – Pat.

Pat Jennings

Dec 1945

anyway -

How do you like my new  
stationary. A Patent had it  
for us for Christmas. -

Read "Immortal Wife" in  
the hospital - by Irving Stone -  
It was wonderful and  
convinced me more than ever  
that its better to stay single  
& do the things you love rather  
than to marry & be unhappy  
because you cant share  
your husbands work. She  
was Jessie Benton Fremont - the  
wife of the explorer. - Also for  
Em - a must - "A smattering  
of Ignorance" by Oscar Levant.

Merry merry Christmas

to my wonderful family -

lovingly -

Pat



very interesting - ~~and~~ Maybe  
she's read it! but if not -  
she should. -

Lancey <sup>(eat)</sup> must be huge.  
Give him a chase for  
me. -

Sweet of Mac to send  
me a package - Many  
thanks. -

What do you hear about  
Janet? -

Thanks for thinking  
about the Nylons -

Mom - Loved the little  
card -

December 1945

Anyway –

How do you like my new stationary? A patient had it for us for Christmas.

Read “immortal Wife” in the hospital by Irving Stone. It was wonderful and convinced me more than ever that it’s better to stay single and do the things you love rather than to marry and be unhappy because you can’t share your husband’s work. She was Jessie Benton Fremont, the wife of the explorer. Also for Em – a must – “A smattering of ignorance” by Oscar Levant. Very interesting – maybe she’s read it, but if not, she should.

Lancy must be huge. Give him a chase for me.

Sweet of Mac to send me a package. Many thanks. What do you hear about Janet? Thanks for thinking about Nylons, Mom. Loved the little card. Merry, Merry Christmas to my wonderful family.

Lovingly,

Pat

HEADQUARTERS  
302ND (US) STATION HOSPITAL  
SEVENTH ARMY  
APO 758 U. S. ARMY

16 January, 1946

E X T R A C T

SO: 217

3. The following named ARC workers, this orgn, is placed on TDY at Brussels, Belgium, for a period of three (3) days, to carry out the instructions of the CO, and upon completion of TDY indiv coned will return to proper sta. Rations and qrs are available at TDY sta.

Patricia Jennings, 58533, ARC

Ann Hoffman, 54835, ARC

Travel by rail or Govt Motor T is Atzd. TCNT TDN 60-114 P 432-02  
A 212/50425.

(Auth: Sec I, Par 3a(11), Cir 113, ETOUSA 22 Nov 44.)

By order of Colonel LINDOW:

CLARENCE E. MCKEOWN,  
Capt., Med Adm C.,  
Adjutant.

OFFICIAL:

*Clarence E. McKewon*  
CLARENCE E. MCKEOWN?  
Capt., Med Adm C.,  
Adjutant.

DISTRIBUTION: "B"

*Who get  
no sent  
Hollander*

*Approved  
no copy  
this day*

DISTRIBUTION: aBu

URGENT  
SECRET  
SECURITY INFORMATION

OFFICIAL: *[Signature]*

URGENT  
SECRET  
SECURITY INFORMATION

IN ORDER OF COLONEL RINDOM:

(URGENT: SEC I' BYE 20(11)' CIL TIT' ELOGEV ES NOA 22')  
V BIZ/20-22P  
ILLUSTR BY LEFT OF COAF HOSOL I IS VASQ' ICME IDH 20-11P B 222-02  
VUB HOLLAND' 2-2222' NBC  
BARRIORS TENDITORS' 2022' VUB

URGENT  
WITH REFERENCE TO BLOBER 22P. HERTONS AND DLS ARE MAINTAINING AT IDA  
ONE OF THE INTERLOCATIONS OF THE 20' AND ARE CONSIDERING OF IDA UNDER CONSID  
IDA AT BLAGGERS' BELGIUM' FOR A PERIOD OF THREE (3) DAYS' SO CALLED  
2. THE FOLLOWING NAMED VUB WORKERS' NAME OFTEN' IS BYGONE ON

20: STA

*What got  
up with  
Holland*

10 JANUARY 1949

VBO 222 P. 2. VUBA  
BLAGGERS' BELGIUM  
2022 (02) STATION HOSOLIT  
HENDONVUBA

Feb 3 - 1946  
(cat)

Dearest Fam: —

Speaking of Lancy reminds me that the gods must have been leaning in your favor. You almost collected - On delivery - one adorable St. Bernhard puppy which I had  $\frac{1}{2}$  a notion to ship post haste and take the consequences. How I'd love one to come home to!!

Wish I could see the house!

What's happening? Keep me informed. - Am so happy you're doing it even tho I would like to be there to help. - gotta keep my hand in things some how.

So sorry to hear about Bucky Wilde - but Aunt Mary was a blessing. - What's the score on Michael, Am?

Am glad Dad has worked out a stamp for the discs - Much better and how many

presses has to get now - Can't keep track. You should be getting some boxes from me - some with pleiglass samples in ~~them~~  
For Em - The delicate box came from Bavaria (Bertchesgaden) So glad you can use the little pictures. The Fawn and other pottery came from the Karlsruhe Pottery - a very famous small factory which does beautiful work here. - Wish I had another chance to get some wooden shoes for Carol + Skippers boys - I didn't have any Belg. money last time or I would have! - What a dope. - How are the films? - Think it's wonderful for you + Nan to go to the Cape this summer - + I'll cash in 50¢ if you can afford the rest! - By the time I get through with the income tax business I won't have one solid Cent except a German mark souvenir -  
Would love to have seen the

(Why?)  
Cowboys play in N.Y. - Lets go  
next year. They'll be there again.  
I'll teach you the cheers -

Thanks for receiving my  
big hat from - I had heart  
failure until I read further  
hove my blue sweaters - sit  
looks very nice. - Also found  
I was wearing my ski pants  
every day - & boots too in  
Switz. All the Swiss admired  
them both.

Nearly died laughing to think  
of mother standing outside  
in the movie lobby while Dad  
& Em sat through it. —

Am sure happy for Janet.  
and am not surprised. I think  
Janet will make a marvelous  
Army wife - she's a natural  
entertainer - would love the life  
I'm sure and be very happy  
She's got a good catch, as far  
as rank is concerned and  
if he's a regular fellow Janet

will be in for some marvelous living. - The army is de-lux! - for officers and, if they can take their wives with them it's a perfect set-up. Wish I could go to her wedding. - Loved your "comfortable living of a sort" mark mother's cause Janet will live like the nigger 400 if they get any kind of a decent assignment. Especially over here!!!

Had to laugh at your discussion of Cousin Mary plus the "almost got stuck in the mud in the cemetery" - phrase which had me puzzled for a minute. Would be rather obvious if you meant Cous. M. so I gathered you meant you.

Am glad Dad is Scouting again. The boys need him & vice versa. - The Vets should be able to lend some new angles to camping out. Do hope Em gets thro school when she wants to. I know its not



easy but I can still not believe  
I have a degree and am almost  
out now a year!! - Where  
~~do~~ the days go.

The little Swiss Man + cap  
came from Switz. - but were  
brought up to me. -

The candlesticks I sent  
are both said same. - The  
carver evidently forgot to  
bore a hole in one - I  
noticed after I got them  
but they were the only 2  
that matched on the outside  
you will have to fill the one  
with the hole - with wax or  
bore a hole in the other to  
make the candles even. but  
when the wax gets in around  
the cracks you won't notice  
the difference -

Inadvertently. I hope or  
am wondering how you  
intend to fix over the kitchen  
Where do you eat? - when you have  
company?

Have you given Mommy my  
7th Army address? Please  
send all mail there until  
further notice. <sup>I think I will ask</sup>  
<sup>to be the go-between if I go home. He's</sup>  
<sup>so dependable</sup> so glad Mother is  
resigning from the L.A. It's  
too big a job for one conscient-  
ious person - + besides - when  
I get home I want her to  
be free to do a few things  
beside lug truck down to  
the church + back.

Prices sound high! -  
Am so glad you called on the  
Gangway - Suppose you've  
heard by now. Also - I did get  
those delicious apricots + fruit.  
That was one box I selfishly  
devoured - to the very letter  
end!

The little spoons are earned  
from home! Did Dad get  
my box for him yet? Be sure  
to follow instructions Dad.  
So sorry to hear about Betty's

Party snafu. - It must have been disappointing and quite a shock to John & Betty both.

Dad - it seemed so strange to hear you talk about that family of 7 who are practically destitute. We do have even those at home but over here its news to say "see that happy - well cared for family" - Amazing, isn't it - and to think a German scientist discovered the atomic bomb and didn't realize it. - We are so so lucky. - That's all it is. I guess - with maybe a little faith thrown in.

Had in mind your using the tiles. Mom + Dad in a coffee table top which I think would look beautiful and be something we don't have. - That's the way they use them over here and they are most practical + effective. If we ever get a fireplace we won't want to spoil the log or stone front with hand

man-made tiles will we? But  
you can decide that yourselves.  
It might look better than <sup>in that</sup> ~~that~~  
think but the only trouble is <sup>case</sup>  
there should be more.

Well - we just  
decided to hit the  
trail for Heidelberg -  
to stay overnight. Our  
room is an icebox  
here - and we have  
nothing else - too pressing.  
Have to report there in  
the AM. anyway

Love to you

Pat.

February 3, 1946

Dearest Fam:

Speaking of Lancey (cat) reminds me that the gods must have been leaning in your favor. You almost collected on delivery one adorable St. Bernhard puppy, which I had ½ a notion to ship post haste and take the consequences. How I'd love one to come home to!!

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Thanks for rescuing my big hat, Mom. I had heart failure until I read further. Love my blue sweater. It looks very nice. Also found I was wearing my ski pants every day, boots too in Switzerland. All the Swiss admired them both.

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marvelous living. The Arm is de-lux! for officers and if they can take their wives with them, it's a perfect set up. Wish I could go to her wedding.

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Incidentally, I hope or am wondering how you intend to fix over the kitchen. Where do you eat? When you have company? Have you given Mony my 7<sup>th</sup> Army address! Please send all mail there until further notice. I think I will ask Peasy to be the go-between if I go home. He's so dependable.

Am so glad Mother is resigning from the L.A. It's too big a job for one conscientious person and besides; when I get home I want her to be free to do a few things besides lug truck down to the church and back.

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The little spoons arrived from home! Did Dad get my box for him yet? Be sure to follow instructions, Dad.

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Well, we just decided to hit the trail for Heidelberg to stay overnight. Our room is an icebox here and we have nothing else too pressing. Have to report there in the AM anyway.

Love to you --

Pat

# Sports Boss

\* \* \*  
**84th Div.'s Col. Hoy  
Is New Athletic Chief**



Col. C. E. Hoy

FRANKFURT, Dec. 6—Col. Charles E. Hoy, former outstanding athlete at West Point, has been named as chief of the Athletic Division, Special Services.

Colonel Hoy, who was born in Chicago, attended West Point from 1927 through 1931 and won athletic letters in football, baseball and basketball. While attending high school at St. Mel's in Chicago, he played on the varsity basketball team which won the national prep school championship. He came overseas with the 84th Inf. Div., in which he commanded the 334th Regt.

*one of our favorites - stationed here in Karlsruhe until just now.*

*The Rail splitters*



Feb 3 Private 46

Dearest Mom, Dad & Em.

Have spent most all of yesterday and will most of today - catching up on a much neglected correspondence. - so many people have been wonderful about sending Christmas cards etc. I've tried to return a little message plus also trying to contact many families here for hostels and other European friends. It keeps one busy but it's most interesting.

I now go back to the beginning of time practically to answer many questions and scour your letters for missing links. -

Of course - I was pleased to end to discover "Recreation" wants to use some of the stuff I've sent home - but what I can't imagine.

✓ Most of what I have written would be hardly interesting or fitting for readers of Rec. unless they approach it from the Red Cross Rec. angle and I haven't written too much on that or am I an authority by any means. They could get so much more & better stuff from a Rec. Supervisor over here who's been in the game a while. - Well - I'll be most anxious to see what happens. -

Did you tell Capin Bill I was getting \$175. a month plus full maintenance with prospects of an advance in status if I stay over? - I have wanted this to be a surprise to you but my request to go home changes the picture a little. I know I could handle a full rec. job and would buck like crazy for it if I intended to stay on but I don't. - However - headquarters has promised me an advance to assist rec worker at least which would mean

3  
an increase in pay to 225.- I  
think a full rec. gets \$250. but  
I'm not sure. - almost disgusting  
when I think of what they do -  
some of them. -

I realize what an honor it  
is to even be considered by  
Nat. Rec. - and I know what a  
marvelous opportunity it would  
be for a woman. rec. worker. -  
But I have learned one thing here  
in my work overseas which I  
shall never, never forget. ~~and~~ I  
will never sacrifice happiness  
in my work or daily living  
for money or prestige. - If  
it seems necessary to do that  
in taking a job with N.R.A. -

then you know what my answer  
will be - I know now I will  
be a great disappointment to  
Cap. Bill if I come home  
and do not take a job with them  
if they offer it to me. - but I  
know I would be far happier  
paddling a canoe on the lakes of

Ontario or bicycling with a hostel  
group through Europe or riding a  
pack horse through Jasper Park  
than I would be pounding a  
typewriter - meeting executive  
committees or whatever else a  
job with a big organization  
might entail that would keep  
me inside and tied down to a  
five year contract. - As long as  
I can see my family often -  
and have enough to eat and to  
be independent - that's all I  
ask - plus the joy of living a  
happy - simple life. - Maybe  
N.R.A. can give me that. Good  
if it can but from here the  
whole thing is still vague -  
and I don't want to make  
any promises. - I also don't  
want to rush right home &  
rush right into another job -  
without first catching my breath.  
I haven't worked hard over here -  
granted - but it's almost as hard to

not work; to ~~try~~<sup>have</sup> to hunt all day  
long for ~~the~~ something to make  
your day worth while to the  
job. - Fortunately I've been able  
to expend my energies in travel  
helping Richard Schrimauer  
and <sup>in getting</sup> a general picture of just  
what the Army of Occ. is what  
lies ahead for our world to accomplish.  
Professionally - my improvement  
as a rec. worker for the time  
I've been over here has perhaps  
bit an overestimated 10%.

But - I've had a rich. -  
experience outside - and I must  
thank Red Cross for making that  
possible. - I think I could  
have said "inside" too - had I  
come over 2 years before. Then  
there was a real mission for  
only Red Cross had the time to  
give to the little things that made  
a soldier's life bearable. - Now  
the Army itself is taking over.

<sup>American</sup>  
Civilian hostesses are coming in -  
Special service - I + E. (Education)  
has marvelous opportunities for men over here.  
Even German civilians are being  
employed to teach crafts entertain  
etc and the men are slowly  
or quickly!!! adjusting their habits ~~which~~  
to include civilian home life -  
(good or otherwise.) I am not in  
the least bit sorry I came. -  
Gads - nor am I disillusioned.  
I love it over here - when I  
have a chance to see how these  
people live; to help a soldier  
once in a while and to ski +  
tour to places only a Hall Burton  
would see before the war. Who  
wouldnt. Most gals think I'm  
nuts not to stay over till I've  
seen Denmark - Rome - Russia  
and all the rest but I figure  
I don't have to use Red Cross as  
a tool to travel and live an  
independant, adventurous life

because I have long since  
found out how to do it on  
my own without being a  
leech on society and I intend  
to keep right on that way.

If I feel like going to Alaska  
I want to be able to go -  
and if I feel like going home  
to see my family - I want  
within reason to be free  
to do it. I hate Army life  
and jumping from a job  
that tells you when you can  
go + when you can stay - is to  
another that makes you sign  
a life-long contract, is from  
frying pan to fire, so I'm going  
to be very very careful. -

Freedom means more to me  
than financial security. - If I  
starve I'll deserve it probably  
because nobody needs to  
worry unless they've lost all their  
(at home)

initiative & resourcefulness. -

If my pictures are any good  
I might be so bold as to  
visit a place called the Nat. Geog.  
Society Wash. D.C. - who knows.

But I'm not making any rash  
promises - to anyone! -

Yes I'd love to go with you to  
the Conference March 15th if  
things work out. - You would  
enjoy it too I'm sure.

Have gotten 4 plogs from  
Monrol + 1 more from you -  
Have now 10 films unused!  
Expect 1 or 2 from Holland  
Soon and unfortunately  
no more than 2 from  
Sixty. - The weather was  
too poor except in Ander-  
matt + picture taking  
with color was too extravagant  
& wasteful. - Many thanks to  
Herm - love Pat.



February 3, 1946 (Private)

Dearest Mom, Dad, and Em.

Have spent all of yesterday and will most of today catching up on a much neglected correspondence. So many people have been wonderful about sending Christmas card, etc. I've tried to return a little message plus also trying to contact many families here for hostellers and other European friends. It keeps one busy, but it's not interesting.

I now go back to the beginning of time practically to answer many questions and scour your letters for missing links.

Of course, I was pleased no end to discover "Recreation" wants to use some of the stuff I've send home, but what? I can't imagine. Most of what I have written would be hardly interesting or fitting for readers of Rec. unless they approach it from the Red Cross Rec. angle and I haven't written too much on that or am I an authority by any means. They could get so much more and better stuff from a Rec. Supervisor over here who's been in the game awhile. Well, will be most anxious to see what happens.

Did you tell Cap'n Bill I was getting \$175.00 a month plus full maintenance with prospects of an advance in status if I stay over? I have wanted this to be surprise to you, but my request to go home changes the picture a little. I know I could handle a full rec. job and would work like crazy for it if I intended to stay on, but I don't. However, headquarters has promised me an advance to Assistant Rec. worker at least which would mean Ontario or bicycling with a hostel group through Europe or riding a pack horse through Japan Park then I would be pounding a typewriter, meeting executive committees or whatever else a job with a big organization might entail that would keep me inside and tied down to a five year contract. As long as I can see my family often and have enough to eat and to be independent – that's all I ask plus the joy of living a happy, simple life. Maybe N.R.A. can give me that. Good if it can, but from here the whole thing is still vague and I don't want to make any promises. I also don't want to rush right home and rush right into another job without first catching my breath. I haven't worked hard over here – granted – but it's almost as hard to not work—to have to hunt all day long for something to make your day worthwhile to the job. Fortunately, I've been able to expend my energies in travel, helping Richard Scherman and in getting a general picture of just what the Army of Occupation is and what lies ahead for our world to accomplish. Professionally, my improvement as a rec. worker for the time I've been over here has perhaps hit an overestimated 10%.

But, I've had a rich experience outside and I must thank Red Cross for making that possible. I think I could have said "inside" too had I come over 2 years before. Then there was

a real mission for only Red Cross had the time to give the little things that made a soldier's life bearable. Now the Army itself is taking over. American civilian hostesses are coming in – Special service – T and E (education) has marvelous opportunities for men over here even German civilians are being employed to teach crafts, entertain, etc. and the men are slowly or quickly adjusting their habits to include civilian home life (good or otherwise). I am not in the least bit sorry I came. Gads – nor am I disillusioned. I love it over here when I have a chance to see how these people live; to help a soldier once in awhile and to ski and tour to places only a Halliburton would see before the war. Who wouldn't? Most gals think I'm nuts not to stay over till I've seen Denmark, Rome, Russia, and all the rest, but I figure I don't have to use Red Cross as a tool to travel and live an independent, adventurous life because I have long since found out how to do it on my own without being a leech on society and I intend to keep right on that way. If I feel like going to Alaska, I want to be able to go and if I feel like going home to see my family, I want within reason to be free to do it. I hate Army life and jumping from a job that tells you when you can go and when you can stay. It also makes you sign a life-long contract from frying pan to fire so I'm going to be very, very careful.

Freedom means more to me than financial security. If I starve I'll deserve it probably because nobody needs to now at home unless they've lost all their initiative and resourcefulness. If my pictures are any good I might be so bold as to visit a place called the National Geographic Society in Washington D.C. Who knows? But I'm not making any rash promises to anyone!

Yes, I'd love to go with you to the conference March 15<sup>th</sup> if things work out. You would enjoy it, I'm sure.

Have gotten 4 packages from Monroe and 1 more from you. Have now 10 films unused! Expect 1 or 2 from Holland soon and unfortunately no more than 2 from Switzerland. The weather was too poor except in Andermatt and picture taking with color was too extravagant and wasteful. Many thanks to Herm.

Love,

Pat



AMERICAN RED CROSS  
IN GREAT BRITAIN AND WESTERN EUROPE.

Sat. Feb?

Dearest Mom & Dad: —

Pause to send you the enclosed.  
Ah - memories. - Wish I had more  
but it was always raining. - or cloudy.  
got my teeth fixed for a while  
I hope - altho my jaw is still  
luge. - Go tomorrow to see Marseilles  
gang + ski.  
How's the Minstrel Show going?

Em's bedroom sounds precious -  
what's mine like? - Do just what  
you want with it - Anything will  
be a great improvement - Wish we  
could have a built in bath tub  
plus shower!!!! - Nothing like  
handing in an order - on top of that  
design job which included a fireplace  
& a game room. Just don't want you to  
have too much spare time!!!

Love to the Bentons.

& lots to yourselves  
from me -

Saturday, February?

Dearest Mom and Dad.

Pause to send you the enclosed. Ah—memories – wish I had more, but it was always raining or cloudy.

Got my teeth fixed for awhile I hope although my jaw is still huge. Go tomorrow to see Marseilles gang and ski.

How's the minstrel show going? Em's bedroom sounds precious – what's mine like? Do just what you want with it. Anything will be a great improvement. Wish we could have a built in bath tub plus shower!!!! Nothing like handing in an order on top of that design, which included a fireplace and a game room. Just don't want you to have too much spare time!!!

Love to the Benton's and lots to yourselves

From me

Feb. 7 - 1946

Dearest Family: -

Still I know nothing - only that I have been able to snaggle another leave! to Switzerland! - so - your little wandering wayward child is off as soon as orders come through and this time it's going to be St. Moritz for a wonderful 5 days of Skiing in the mountains. I can hardly wait. - Isn't it terrific!

But in the meantime I find enough to keep me out of mischief or at least so I figure altho Red Cross may not. - Went to Wiesbaden with Mary + Ann - and found that Mary was to stay on in Frankfurt to go to a profess. refresher school for A.F.O.'s for 2 weeks. - Ann's new assignment is a "detached service" affair for a month in Kassel. She came back with me to Karlsruhe - We packed her things,

and sent some on to Mary - Ann left  
this morning so I am alone in  
Karlsruhe for the moment. - Live over  
at the nurses home still. - Its a very  
nice arrangement and gives me a  
place to hang my hat between  
leaves! - <sup>My roommate is an Army Hostess (Librarian)</sup> Boy - this is the biggest  
picnic I've hit yet although I wouldn't  
want it to keep on forever. - Red Cross  
just doesn't know what to do and  
chiefly because the Army hasn't made  
up its mind yet. - The hospital  
which moved in here after us  
was told yesterday to move out  
again <sup>They just got set up!</sup> route - de suite. - (if? -)  
So nobody knows anything. I'd  
bet even God is confused at this  
point. Have seen several movies - which  
is a good indication that if it weren't  
for the blessed little jeep and a few  
days of leave time I'd go completely  
screwy. - One excellent one - "Cap'n Eddie".  
I honestly don't know what I would  
have done without the jeep. - Its runs

like a Swiss Watch and has been  
the means of making my free time  
count so much over here. Incidentally  
my little watch is a marvel - and  
I was so glad I didn't have to knock  
myself out trying to buy one in Switz.  
Almost everyone bought 2 or 3 and had  
no money left for anything else.

Went to the dentist yesterday to  
finish up supposedly. He spent  
about 2 hours on me - one terrific  
filling and another small one but the  
worst part of it all was the novocaine.  
2 shots - and my jaw this morning  
looks like a purple apple. Have  
to go back for one more - at 11 - Have  
an appet. with the handresser before  
that - and so life goes on

Yes - my Christmas box did arrive  
Mom - Sweater + film + the fruit came  
too - ski boots and everything plus lately  
3 more films which gives me enough  
film to take on a trip around the  
world. - Don't send any more please - also -  
~~At camp~~ and this is important!



Any boxes you wish to send to Richard - or any  
mail from Monroe to him - send as soon as  
possible to Miss Ann Hoffman

115<sup>th</sup> Gen. Hospital

APO 171 90 PM, N.Y.C. - Ann

has promised to take care of any immediate  
parcels & letters as long as they reach her  
within the next month. I thought  
the easiest plan would be to have her  
handle it because my plans are still  
uncertain. Then if & when I get another  
permanent address I will send it post-  
haste. Ask Dad to pack them in stiffer  
boxes please because almost all have been  
broken open but nothing has been  
lost. I can tell. -

Hope Eris Ann is better & that she  
made her exams O.K. -

Sure hope you've gotten my letters  
about the New Years with Rich.  
and all the ones that seem to be  
missing. I have sent much to  
you recently - all about Holland  
Givity, etc.

Love to you -

Took 2 parcels from you + 3 from Monroe to  
Richard while in Wash DC + + Pat.

February 7, 1946

Dearest Family:

Still I know nothing – only that I have been able to finagle another leave! to Switzerland!! So, your little wandering wayward child is off as soon as orders come through and this time it's going to be St. Moritz for a wonderful 5 days of skiing in the mountains. I can hardly wait. Isn't it terrific?

But, in the meantime I find enough to keep me out of mischief or at least so I figure although Red Cross may not. Went to Wiesbaden with Mary and Ann and found that Mary was to stay on in Frankfurt to go to a professional refresher school for A.F.D.'s for 2 weeks. Ann's new assignment is a "detached service" affair for a month in Kassel. She came back with me to Karlsruhe. We packed her things and sent some on to Mary. Ann left this morning so I am alone in Karlsruhe for the moment. Live over at the nurse's home still. It's a very nice arrangement and gives me a place to hang my hat between leaves! My roommate is an Army hostess (librarian). Boy – this is the biggest picnic I've hit yet although I wouldn't want it to keep on forever. Red Cross just doesn't know what to do and chiefly because the Army hasn't made up its mind yet. The hospital, which moved in here after us, was told yesterday to move out again. They just got set up! Toute de suite (sp?) So nobody knows anything. I'll bet even God is confused at this point.

Have seen several movies, which is a good indication that if it weren't for the blessed little jeep and a few days of leave time, I'd go completely screwy. One excellent one, "Cap'n Eddie."

I honestly don't know what I would have done without the jeep. It runs like a Swiss watch and has been the means of making my free time count so much over here. Incidentally, my little watch is a marvel and I was so glad I didn't have to knock myself out trying to buy one in Switzerland. Almost everyone bought 2 or 3 and had no money left for anything else.

Went to the dentist yesterday to finish up supposedly. He spent about 2 hours on me -- one terrific filling and another small one, but the worst part of it all was the novacane. 2 shots and my jaw this morning looks like a purple apple. Have to go back for one more at 11. Have an appt. with the hairdresser before that and so life goes on.

Yes, my Christmas box did arrive, Mom. Sweater and film and the fruit came too. Ski boots and everything plus 3 more films, which gives me enough film to take a trip around the world. Don't send any more please – also—and this is important! Any boxes you wish to send to Richard or any mail from Monroe to him – send as soon as possible to Mrs. Ann Hoffman, 115<sup>th</sup> Gen. Hospital, APO 171 90 PM, N.Y.C.

Ann has promised to take care of any immediate parcels and letters as long as they reach her within the next month. I thought the easiest plan would be to have her handle it because my plans are still uncertain. Then if and when I get another permanent address, I will send it post haste. Ask Dad to pack them in stiffer boxes please because almost all have been broken open, but nothing has been lost. I can tell.

Hope Em's arm is better and that she made her exams ok.

Sure hope you've gotten my letters about the New Year's with Rich. And all the ones that seem to be missing. I have sent much to you recently all about Holland, Switzerland, etc.

Love to you --

Took 2 parcels from you and 3 from Monroe to Richard while in Wiesbaden

-- Pat



AMERICAN RED CROSS

Feb 13, 1946

Dearest Family: -

Am now back in  
Mulhouse - waiting one  
more to go into Switzerland.  
Have just finished processing  
and ended up on the  
tour bound for that story-  
book land of Kings & Queens,  
St. Moritz. - By the time  
you get this I hope you  
will have received a telephone  
call - all the way from  
Switz. - I just want to do  
it for the lark & the kick  
you ought to get out of it if

you don't faint first. -  
Anything to add a little  
spice to life. you know.

Went to a stage show  
again last night - the other  
extreme to the one before -  
(strictly classical + much  
too dull for the average  
guy) and a wonderful  
movie you would like -  
Hollywood's idea of  
"State Fair" - in technicolor  
and guess who was  
enjoying it just as much  
as I - Henry Sefton again -  
on his way in to see  
his grandparents somewhere



AMERICAN RED CROSS

I didn't have much time  
to talk to him because  
he was 3 or 4 rows ahead  
of me - and I left  
early to catch a bus  
but you should have  
seen his grin when  
the steers came on. -

Drove down with  
another Q.C. gal  
yesterday - Leave tomorrow  
morning at 6 -

Love to you all  
In haste, Pat.

February 13, 1946

Dearest Family:

Am now back in Mulhouse waiting once more to enter Switzerland. Have just finished processing and ended up on the tour bound for that storybook land of Kings and Queens, St. Moritz. By the time you get this I hope you will have received a telephone call all the way from Switzerland. I just want to do it for the lark and the kick you ought to get out of it if you don't faint first. Anything to add a little spice to life, you know.

Went to a stage show again last night – the other extreme to the one before (strictly classical and much too dull for the average guy) and a wonderful movie you would like – Hollywood's idea of "state fair" in Technicolor and guess who was enjoying it just as much as I? Henry Sefton again on his way to see his grandparents somewhere. I didn't have much time to talk to him because he was 3 or 4 rows ahead of me and I left early to catch a bus, but you should have seen his grin when the steers came on.

Drove down with another R.C. gal yesterday. Leave tomorrow morning at 6.

Love to you – all in haste,

Pat



AMERICAN RED CROSS  
IN GREAT BRITAIN AND WESTERN EUROPE.

Dearest Family:

Weisbaden

Feb. 24 - Sun.

Yesterday was another big day for me at the mails. I got 8 letters from you - some as old as Jan 14<sup>th</sup> but none the less appreciated. I suppose mine have been coming through that way too.

Said goodby to Karlsruhe about 9:30 - for good I guess. Hated to leave the old place because so many wonderful things have stemmed from it. But we must always look ahead.

Had a nice interview with the Regional Supervisor - Miss McMillen who gave me a wonderful evaluation much to my satisfaction. - Came on to Weisbaden in the pouring rain and



arrived in time to get a good ticket + a nice  
warm supper. - Went to a superb  
rendition of Beethoven's 9th last night  
at the Colosseum of Colossals - a - la - Red  
Cross Club "The Eagle" - German orchest.  
+ beautiful chorus - and when all was  
over the guess who was paged over the  
microphone - none other than little me  
by Pfc Bill Arnold - one time bicycle  
rider and Casanova of the Rolling  
Youth Hostel group - 1943!!! - Was  
I thrilled - He has only been over about  
2 months so expects to have this very  
permanent address for about a year -

Pfc Bill Arnold 422 50149

Hq. Sqdn. EATS

APO 633 70 PM - N. Y. C.

Please send all packages + correspondence



AMERICAN RED CROSS  
IN GREAT BRITAIN AND WESTERN EUROPE.

for Richard to him. - He will see that  
it's delivered personally. - I'm so happy  
to have a chance to do it. - Wrote Isabel  
so she has it too now. Haven't received  
the other packages from Mory but have  
left careful instructions for all pkgs  
coming to me now to be sent to R.  
by Miss Ann Hoffman, so they will  
be held for her to send.  
I'm so thrilled to know Mory  
got over + look what Bill had for  
me last night! I must have been in  
Switz, when it came out in the <sup>Stars</sup> <sup>Stripes</sup>  
I'm going to try to see him today or tomorrow

because this article says he planned  
to go to Germany. —

I have an interview with Miss  
Auld this morning. (She works Sundays  
too I guess!) Said she very much  
wants to see me! Called Peasy last  
night - has been transferred to  
a Forestry outfit which plans to go  
home! - Hope to see him too today  
near Frankfurt. —

Got Eric's adorable valentine  
& will save it for posterity plus the  
beautiful little ode from my Mommy  
'Poppy' — Interesting about photos on  
walls & Dad. color too?  
Love ya beaucoup  
Pat.

Wiesbaden – February 24, 1946

Dearest Family:

Yesterday was another big day for me at the mails. I got 8 letters from you. Some as old as Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> but none the less appreciated. I suppose mine have been coming through that way too.

Said good-bye to Karlsruhe about 9:30 for good I guess. Hated to leave the old place because so many wonderful things have stemmed from it, but we must always look ahead.

Had a nice interview with the Regional Supervisor, Miss McMullen, who gave me a wonderful evaluation much to my satisfaction. Came on to Wiesbaden in the pouring rain and arrived in time to get a good billet and a nice warm supper. Went to a superb rendition of Beethoven's 9<sup>th</sup> last night at the colossus of colossal a la red Cross Club "The Feggle (???)" German orchestra and beautiful chorus and when ??? Guess who was paged over the microphone? None other than little me by Pfc Bill Arnold – one time bicycle rider and Casanova of the rolling Youth Hostel Group – 1943!!! Was I thrilled. He has only been over about 2 months so expects to have this very permanent address for about a year:

Pfc Bill Arnold 42250149

Hq. Sqdn EATS APO 633 90 PM – N.Y.C.

Please send all packages and correspondence for Richard to him. He will see that it's delivered personally. Is so happy to have a chance to do it. Wrote Isabel so she has it too now. Haven't received the other packages from Mony but have left careful instructions for all packages coming to me now to be sent to R. by Miss Ann Hoffman so they will be held for her to send.

Was so thrilled to know Mony got over and look what bill had for me last night! I must have been in Switzerland when it came out in the Stars and Stripes. I'm going to try to see him today or tomorrow because this article says he planned to go to Germany.

I have an interview with Miss Awl this morning. (She works Sundays too I guess!) Said she very much wants to see me! Called Peasy last night – has been transferred to home! Hope to see him too today near Frankfurt.

Got Em's adorable Valentine and will save it for posterity plus the beautiful little one from my Mommy and Poppy! Interesting about photos on walls Dad. Color too?

Love ya bunches-- Pat