

24 August 1944

Dear Mom:

So far so good, a few narrow shaves maybe -but nothing to talk about. Still sitting in the same fodder room of the barn - still waiting for the war to end and hoping that it won't last over the year. Paris was taken and soon all of France will be ours - but still the Germans don't know any better than to keep on fighting. It mystifies me no end.

How are you? Suppose you are busy keeping one eye on Jane and the other on Peter plus the million and one things that keep you on the go all the time. Don't overdo -

Have been rather busy the last few days arranging services for the kids which is very difficult in front line activities. The Germans keep slinging over the big and little ones which we try to dodge all the time. The Chaplain chief of our section was over yesterday - a grand feller who can swear better than I can - he was surprised that my promotion wasn't in as yet and so put in my papers for promotion immediately. Thus within a month or two I ought to get my captaincy. He was very nice -

Am learning an Italian song so that when I come home, I ought to be able to sing you quite a few songs in Italian. Be prepared for some concerts ala your husband. Haven't learned any Italian dances as yet but that will come in time I hope.

My films were processed the other day but as there are no way for me to have them printed I am enclosing a few negatives in each letter. Please print them and any pictures with some other person in it - please mail back to me as they would want to see it. When you print these, ask for an enlargement on it as the negatives are rather small. While you are at Tanji's tell them I saw his cousin from Wahiawa and he is well. Guess he was wounded but is ok now.

The films go back to the first days in Italy from Pompei to Naples and to Rome.

I have sent to Hank for a bottle of soyu - guess we can use it. Also asked him to send me a few captain's bars as there are none available here and if and when my promotion come - I'll have to have it.

I have finiggled a uke from one of my friends so spend my spare time playing the uke and keeping the atmosphere from going too stale. This phase of the war is not as rugged as we had the first part - thank goodness. But then one never knows what will come ahead.

Did you get the things I mailed you - from Naples for Peter, from Rome and lately a doll for Janie and a rattle and a German helmet for the boy. Guess she will have a lot of fun strutting around with the helmet on his head though I suspect it will be a little large for him.

Love to all

Rut