

21 July 1945

Dear Mom:

Your mail is coming through pretty good now - about two weeks which is about the best one can expect hereabouts. I saw Dollar today - he just came back from school a fresh new lieutenant. Think he will make out very good.

Haven't been doing very much lately - except becoming spoilt by the attention my German orderly gives me. I get up in the morning and find my wash basin all filled with water. I get through my toilet and there he stands in strict attention with a towel ready for me so that I don't have to grope around anymore. Then he picks up my things on the floor - has my shoes shined. All my clothes are laid out - ready to wear - all pressed. Then I pick up a cigarette and there he stands with a light. Takes all the brass and shines it - makes my bed - cleans the room - all but feeds me. I stick my foot in my boots which he brings over, and he buckles it not that I want him to but he insists on it. What are you going to do? Anyway I'll be spoilt for good - that is until I come home and you start yelling to me as before "Daddy! whose socks are these?"

Get to speak German to him too so that my German is improving. After breakfast I spend a few minutes on the organ which I hadn't touched for a long while trying to learn a few new hymns - maybe when I come home I'll be able to play a couple of new songs. I'd like to take lessons while I am here but guess it is pretty nigh impossible - but since time hangs on my hand - why not?

Yesterday I visited a family I know in Massa. I met them while we were pushing through the town - and having no place to sleep just barged into their place. They had a special guest room for me - waited on me hand and foot. Of course I was nice to them too - and they had not forgotten. Anyway - they asked me to come over last night - and had the inevitable spaghetti and chicken. I know how much it must have cost them to give even a simple meal like that but they insisted on me coming for dinner. After dinner we sat on the patio and just talked in the

quiet evening light - a little stream flowing nearby just below a tall mountain peak. It was beautiful and how I wished you were here by me. Massa is a marble center and I noticed that even the poorest homes in the district were made more or less with marble as it must be the cheapest building material hereabouts. The old couple must be in their fifties -

I'll be leavin' for Athens within a few days - so maybe you won't get a letter from me for a couple of days. I'll write to you as soon as I come back and tell you all about it. It's going to be a grand chance although they say that Greece is even more backwards than Italy and Italy is bad enough.

Take care of yourself - I sent you a check that LT. Herman paid me back in my last letter - hope you got it. It was for fifty dollars. Put that in the bank for that projected trip to Europe some day to see all the things I wanted you to see with me. I didn't visit Venice as yet - and maybe we'll just save that for you and I.

Kisses to the kids and love to obachan. Thank her for the letter please - she is so thoughtful to remember to write to me ever so often.

love

Don