

Gladys Fore
France
Sept 21, 1944

Dear Mother Dad & all,

Got the writing bug this evening so I thought I would enclose in this letter what I had missed in my letter to June. I only intended to write a little in June's letter and a lot in this one, but once I got started, I just kept scratching away. Been sleeping quite a bit lately anyway, so I guess I can stay up a little late and write two big letters. We get about ten hours sleep a night which isn't so bad. I believe most of us feel better than we ever have - a good healthy life.

Well, by this time the vacations are all over and the kids have a pretty good start in school. How is Jimmy and school getting along? I sure would like to see him and hear what he has to say about it. I'll bet it is really funny. I imagine he just rattles on and on.

June told me that Dad had his vacation and that you were up at Fud's for awhile. I sure hope you enjoyed yourselves. Mother, from what June tells me, you had enough of the farm to last you for awhile. I don't blame you, 14 cows are plenty to milk even when you are used to it. Speaking of cows, you should see them over here, they are just as big and fat. They all look like prize winners to me. Of course I'm no judge of cows, but I can't ever remember seeing them as big as these.

Dad, I just received my soldier's ballot today and it came a bit too late to be of much use. Our ballots were supposed to be in by the 12th. I have received six letters since I have been over here and that isn't too bad. Some of the fellows that have been here for awhile said they waited a

month before they got any at all. I got one from Bill, June, Mel, Ben, Jack and lost but not least, one from Queenie. I almost fainted when I opened the one from Queenie as that is the first I have heard from him in 14 months. He is still in England and enjoying himself. He said to give you his regards, as did Mel. While I think of it, if anyone asks you why I haven't written I have a legitimate excuse. I foolishly packed my writing kit and my address book in my foot locker and to date it hasn't arrived yet. So until it gets here I can only write to people whose addresses I remember, and I never was much at remembering addresses. You can give them mine and they can write to me or include their address in one of your letters and I will write to them.

I have one souvenir so far, and that is a French rifle that was taken from some German. I haven't shot it yet, but from the size of the shell that it takes, I imagine it will kick like an army mule. Some of the boys have pistols and rifles, a few have German bicycles and motor cycles and our chaplain has a German car. It's a German made 37 Ford coupe. About the only difference that I could notice between it and an American model is the radiator grille and the speedometer. The grille is flat on the front instead of rounded and the speedometer reads in kilometers. Ramsey got himself a motorcycle and he goes buzzing around here like a mad man. He's just like a kid with a new toy.

Yesterday I finally got up on my first mission. I think I learned quite a bit while I was up, and I think that if I can learn as much on each succeeding mission as I did on the first one, it will be alright.

I would have an awful time getting Jimmy a birthday card over here, so I'll just wish him a "happy birthday" and enclose a few dollars with which you can get him a little gift of some kind. I never was much at shopping anyway and besides there isn't much to shop for over here. If I could get something for him over here, it would probably take a month or so before he got it.

Well, that's about all I can think of just for now so I guess it's time to close. Take good care of yourselves, tell everyone I said "Hello" and write when you can.

Love,

Sept 24, 1944

Don't know what I was thinking of when I was sending Jim's birthday present so soon. I thought Oct. was Nov. I guess. I have to wait for the money order, so I'll mail the letter as soon as I can.

Haven't done much since I wrote the above. I got a bicycle now and about all I do is pump up tires. The tires are pretty good on it but the valves aren't worth a darn. It's really quite a bike complete with headlight, tail light and generator. What I wouldn't have given to have had one like it when I was a little kid. It's a Buick bicycle, and it didn't cost a cent or I should say, a frame. We got six bikes the other day, one of them a tandem. What Bobby and Ronnie couldn't do with one of them.

This morning a truckload of us went into town and went to mass at the big cathedral that I mentioned in James' letter. They have mass on the field at four o'clock in the afternoon but we wanted to go earlier and it was a good chance to do so and also hear mass in a French church.

We got back in time for dinner, and what a dinner it was: turkey, dressing, cranberries, potatoes and gravy, celery and peaches. They must have gotten their seats wiped up as it isn't Thanksgiving yet. One of the fellows said he didn't like the idea of such a meal, as the only times he ever got a meal like that in the army, he got a raw deal afterwards. I sure didn't mind it though.

Well I guess that's about all that has happened in the last few days. I'll write again as soon as I can. Take good care of yourselves and tell everyone I said "Hello".

Love.

P.S. My money order hasn't come back yet. I'll send it in the next letter.

Just got back from my second mission. Nothing exciting.