

Nov. 16, 1944

Dear Leona,

Am now staying in a home with four French girls ages 14, 7, 6 & 5 respectively. This afternoon when I came in the three youngest ones, who had no doubt been coached by their sister, began singing the Marseilles at the top of their voice. I have just finished giving them their reward - a peppermint cheddar spice.

Yesterday while riding in my jeep I found myself in no-man's land. One mine passed right in front of the vehicle. Another passed right through the car barely missing my head. The third hit my helmet and the fourth got me square in the side. You see I got between a couple of $\frac{1}{2}$ I's having a fierce snowball fight. Last night I went to a movie. The picture was about ten years old and we got in too late to see the beginning but fully enjoyed it nevertheless. Only drawback was that the building had been hit numerous times by shells and the roof was leaking over my head. When I would lean forward water would drip down my back. When I leaned back the drip would fall on my lap. But it was the first show I've seen in some time and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Nov 17, 1944

6:30 AM is much too early for me to be getting up but this morning it was worth it for the show

was better than usual is, a pint of coffee, three
scrambled eggs, six pieces of bacon, and bread. Believe it
or not I'm glad it has turned freezing cold for
today the mud we have wading around it is
frozen and the worst roads of yesterday have a
nice hard surface.

I have some stories to tell you but not better
than to another time for I've heard a rumor
that I can get a haircut at a barber shop near here
if I hurry.

Love & kisses,

W. Douglas.

November 21, 1944

Dear Lears,

You will notice that the first two pages of this
letter are creased and wrinkled. That's because I wrote
it five days ago and have been carrying it around with
me waiting for a chance to add to it and mail it.

When your package arrived yesterday there was a
gang of seven hungry-eyed fellows in my room. All,
I suspect, were sure that it was food. Hypocrite that I
am, I said "Please wait around and let's eat up my
Christmas present". Truthful boys that they are about some
matter, none raised an objection. With inward glee
I watched their disappointed faces as I opened the package
to find a perfect Xmas present with about everything
that I wanted and nothing that would be snatched away
in two seconds flat.

Ever since I've been in the army I've envied the
boys with fancy wrist name plates and am mighty proud

to have one. You know, I mean, that I've always liked to see my name in print. To find it engraved in silver and fixed so I can carry it around with me is even much better. In fact I guess I'm about as glad to have it as the average girl is to have a very fine mirror for her pocketbook.

Tonight before supper I washed my face and hands with a nice cake of ivory soap and about this I am bragging for it's the first time I've washed up to get in several days. This afternoon I persuaded a French woman to fix up some laundry for me for a fairly high price - a half a bar of soap. Incidentally this is the first washing I've had done in a month. From the time I was a little boy ^{took my first bath and} until very recently I've thought of soap as being a necessary evil or even as a downright enemy but here the stuff is valuable and nothing could be more useful.

Haven't had a chance to see the cards or address book yet but assure you I will employ them to good advantage when the opportunity presents itself.