

November 27, 1944

Dearest Leana,

Your good letter of Nov 8<sup>th</sup> came this afternoon to cheer me up as I sit here tonight reading and writing in the luxuriant light of three candles. Incidentally I am very well situated in the best furnished and equipped house in this locality occupied until a day or so ago by the local leader of the Nazi party and he was certainly living on the fat of the land. When I see you again ask me to tell you about this place and I'll spin a yarn or two.

I'm lots of ways this little adventure I'm on seems like an educational tour - not at all a deluxe way to travel but does certainly teach you a lot about the country and the people, the way they live, their customs and traditions, and most of all how they think. I can't flatter myself into believing that I shall really understand them but do find it easy to convince myself that I'm not half so ignorant as I was a month and a half ago.

I do like to hear of the daily activities you engage in. Sounded of every all the folks you mention in your letters for they have the chance to see and talk to and be in the presence of the sweetest and jolliest and most interesting girl I know and I consider every one of them a 100% better off than a certain lonesome soldier whose face I see every day or so when he looks into the mirror to shave.

Wish you could be here now to see the brightest moon I've seen in months. Wonder if it would cast a spell on you and you could sit for a half an hour and listen to me chatter.

Wonder if you would like to help me eat a candy bar I've just found in my pocket. It seems like a gift for I've been carrying it around for days.

Wonder if you would want to argue about politics. If so you would now find me much more agreeable for I haven't seen a newspaper or listened to a political (American) speech in months.

Wonder if you would like to play snuff. I should be good at that for I've had a slight cold ever since September. Not enough to bother me but just enough to come me to keep a handkerchief to my nose.

most of the time.

Wonder if you would like to see the children around here. They all flock around you. Make you think you have the personality of the Pied Piper himself until you realize you are their most promising source of chewing gum and candy. Even at that they are attractive little rascals and make you wish with all your heart that they will have a better chance to live and develop than their older brothers and sisters have had.

Wonder if you could see snow on the ground without starting a snowball fight. Wonder how loud you would have laughed if you could have seen me step in what I thought was a half inch of mud and go down a foot.

Wonder how much you would have teased me if you could have seen me jump a minute ago when one of the candles burned down to the saucer it was in and cracked it with a loud pop. Don't wonder at all but know that about the nicest thing I can think of would be to see you for a little while.

With love,

Alfred

P.S. Enclosed is a souvenir which is about the only one I can find that is light enough to send.

2nd P.S. I had a penman stand here to send you but I had to leave the room for a minute and some of the dozen or so visitors must have swiped it.