

May 13, 1945

Dearest Lena,

For the first time in almost a month I am writing a letter and I have an awful lot to say. Will begin by letting you know I've been thinking of you very much and if I had one wish that could be granted it would be to see you here, in Valdosta, in Greenville, or New York the place wouldn't matter. I would even like to hear you fuss at me for being so bad about not writing.

In the last six weeks I've seen the military machine of Germany crumble into dust and have traveled hundreds of miles in Germany and Austria. For most soldiers V-E day signaled the end of an unpleasant task and most all have been figuring out ways and means and how soon they can get home.

For me it is different for the end of hostilities means that my work really begins in earnest. Millions

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of brave and courageous men and women have given their time, health, wealth, homes, happiness and lives to win this war. Countless others have died in concentration camps. A whole continent has been enslaved by the most shrewd and vicious gang of the most inhuman beasts the world has ever known.

A whole generation of German youths have been so indoctrinated and their minds so poisoned that innocent looking children are in reality heartless world-be murderers.

For the last five years I have been training and preparing and actively engaged in fighting nazism in the field of work in which I ~~am~~ presently engaged. I feel that I am in the place where I belong - the place where I can do the most good - the spot where I can do more than in any other to consolidate the victory and to make the peace a lasting one.

I know that it must have been

the night God's <sup>3</sup> providence that I've had  
the training I've had for this work is.  
that I majored history in college and  
interested myself in Europe since 1914  
and current events and concentrated on  
Nazism, that I had four years with  
my former organization most of which  
time I spent studying and investigating  
Nazis in North and South America,  
that I got into this work in the Army  
and have had some months with a  
combat outfit, that I've seen friends  
of mine blown apart and killed, that  
I've seen thousands upon thousands  
who have suffered terribly from the  
Nazis, and that I personally have  
been incriminated a little bit. It  
isn't pleasant reading but I wish

that every American would carefully go  
over the article on concentration camps  
in Time magazine of April 30, 1945. Two  
days after it was taken I saw Dachau  
and can assure you that no word picture  
can adequately describe how terrible

places like that are — that it would  
hardly be possible for a reporter to  
paint a more lurid picture than came  
before my eyes.

I realize the immensity of the work  
before us and feel that we will be  
busily engaged in my line of work  
for some time to come. In any event  
the point system was announced yesterday  
and I find myself having the lowest  
number of any officer in the division  
(12 for months in service & for months overseas,  
and 5 for campaign ribbon 24 in all  
most of the fellows have 70 to 150). Based  
on all the rules of logic, security and  
fair play I should be one of the last  
to return. But from a knowledge of  
how things work out in the army I've  
been laying even bets with any  
officer that I'll get home before  
he does. Through I know full well  
that I neither deserve to or ought to.

In the predictable future I can see  
 the possibility of getting at 30 days  
 furlough in the States and I'm  
 staking my hopes on that.

You see, heena, though I guess  
 I am as homesick as any American  
 soldier and in you I find a particular  
 reason to be discontent with being  
 over here so far away, I am happier  
 in my work than I have ever been  
 before because I feel that something  
 is being accomplished in which I am  
 playing a small part. I have never  
 worked harder before in my life, under  
 the same amount of <sup>mental</sup> strain, or with  
 a tenth the responsibility, but I never  
 found any work half so interesting  
 or enjoyed tackling the problems  
 that arose so much.

heena, properly I never mentioned  
 it to you but all last winter I

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was most miserable and discouraged,  
many a night I lay awake ~~worrying~~  
worrying and during the day I  
fumbled around feeling that I got  
little or nothing done. A great part

of my worry was that I wouldn't  
know what to do and how to work  
in Germany - that I wouldn't be  
capable of doing - good jobs. Each  
of these matters I believe added a  
year to my life. The answer to

my problem have come on by  
me as if by answer to prayer  
and I now feel that I can carry  
my share of the load and that I  
both know and can do my job.

As to living conditions and  
physical comforts they have been  
perfect - in fact I have more  
eaten better or lived in more luxurious  
quarters than in the past months.

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I have been in the resort section  
of southern Germany and Austria  
which has scarcely been touched  
by the war — a land of scenic  
beauty <sup>unspoiled</sup> anywhere in the world. The  
Alps are just as beautiful as any  
travel guide ever described. The  
weather has been exceptionally fine  
except for a 8 inch snow that  
fell on the second of May! Both  
before and after this date the  
temperatures have ranged in the  
40° and 80°.

Had I had enough adventures to  
write a story book which if printed  
would cause everybody including myself  
to believe I was an unmitigated liar.  
So instead I will carefully remember  
a few of them to tell my grandchildren

when they are both young enough  
and glibble enough to believe  
me or respect me if they didn't.

One word more before I close  
this note, heard your letter  
have meant very much to me and  
I love the way you tell me what  
you're thinking and planning as  
well as what you're doing. I  
love you very much.  
Dugald.

P.S. Please forgive me for giving  
such a raw description of conditions  
and blunt analysis of how I feel  
but I know that there is nothing  
you appreciate more than the truth.



May 27, 1945

Dearest Leona,

Boy are the Mountains here beautiful the snow  
hasn't melted yet and is it fun skiing. We went the  
other day and I haven't got over it yet, Black & Blue  
from the turn I didn't quite make. Say by the way if  
you could happen to run across some good books they  
would be appreciated but ~~send~~ them first and tell  
me how they are. We can't get any good books here so  
send me some.



I hope you have a good time in New York  
sure wish you all the luck in the world while you  
are buying sure wish I could be in N. Y. with you  
we could do the town right. Be sure to write  
my Brother in Washington and tell him to  
see you at the train station there.

Hope I can be home by next Christmas  
anyway see you then with all my Love,

Dugold