Dear Miss Loving,

The war is definitely over on this side of the ocean. We have reveille each morning, retreat each evening, and a parade every Friday. Our garrison is a German factory on the Inn River in the Austrian Tyrol. It is very beautiful country here, but I have seen enough of it.

A few days ago while checking some German Ammunition surrendered by the German 19th army, I had the opportunity of standing in Austria and looking into Italy and Switzerland. They all looked the same to me, but maybe I just don’t have the proper outlook on life. A few months ago the sight of a German soldier complete with uniform would have brought forth guns complete with ammunition. Today, however, it is a different story. I rode up into the far reaches of the Alps near here the other day and all along the road were camps still being occupied by their German troops. They were going about their duties as though nothing had happened. Some were doing minor repairs on the road while others were watering their horses or otherwise caring for them. Some were collecting the weapons and ammunition from their companies and placing it in collecting points. There were German troops directing traffic on some of the blind mountain roads. It really gave one the feeling of being the victor when those soldiers jumped to attention and clicked their heels every time an American soldier passes. But aside from that, one almost had the feeling of being captured because there were no Americans to be seen.

I have some work to do now, so I had better close and get started on it.

Say hello to all the gang for me, especially Norma, Alice, Janie, and Lee. I hope I’ll be home soon to see them all, but Judging from my luck, it will be after the defeat of Japan.

Sincerely,

Freeland