

**MAJOR G. WARFIELD HOBBS III D-DAY LETTERS
TO HIS WIFE HELEN MILLER HOBBS**

Correspondence from London to the Home Front

GWH to HMH

June 5, 1944

Darling,

The fury mounts, truly the enemy is reaping the whirlwind. The sky continues dark with planes. Daily I see, talk, lunch with the young heroes that fly them on their ghastly yet necessary errands of destruction. If only I could write you some of the fantastic stories they have to tell. I enclose a remarkable picture of one of our B-26's (like you saw at Wright Field, only vastly improved) taken at the moment it was riddled by flak. The story it tells of the mortally wounded bombardier who insisted on dropping his bombs before he died is not the exception, it is typical. With such men we can not lose, and a nation that can produce such men, has a right to hold its head high.

Rome has fallen for the umpteenth time in its 2700 years of history. This time is remarkable for two things. The number of men involved and the ferocity of the long campaign exceeds all the others rolled into one. The other point is that never before has Rome been conquered from the mountainous south. All who tried before had failed. Successful conquests invariably came out of the north. I hope we run the so and so's right over the Alps. Incidentally St. Peters has been destroyed three times in its history. The present one is 16th century.

One more war secret is now headline news. Our Russian bombing shuttle. My command helped tremendously, and I am proud of our part in it, and how I itched to tell you. But now you can read about it daily.

Honey, I do so appreciate the snapshot of you and Susan. She is getting cute as a trick and it is one of the best shots of you I have. Though I warn you all these stories of Susan's remarkable development and achievements are just laying up trouble for you. I am missing it all and won't have the fun of watching Susan's transition from a tiny baby into a little girl. That ain't fair, so when I come back we will have to work on several more so I can see first hand.

I have not taken very many pictures as yet, and have had none developed. However, I am completing a list of interesting shots, and one of these days will find time and sunlight to make some recordings for your benefit. A lot of my meanderings start off at Marble Arch and wind through or around Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. There are some lovely shots in London's parks.

Tuesday 10:00 AM London Time June 6, 1944

Darling,

The great moment we have been waiting for is upon us. It is still only 4 AM in Maryland where you are. So, as I write these words, you are probably sleeping and unaware that four hours ago we launched the gigantic attack with which we hope to crush Hitler and all he stands for. There is no question of victory. The preparations have been truly carried out on a magnificent scale. When you awake to the thrilling news I know your emotions will be much the same as mine. Excitement, relief that at long last it has begun. A feeling of exultation that at least we are going to smash the enemy in his own lair; compassion for the many, many brave men who must die before victory is ours. Conjecture as to the behavior of the enslaved people of Europe. How much fight have these tragic years left in them? How helpful will they be? Do not expect miracles. We are supremely ready and powerful, but so is the enemy, and he is fighting with the ferocity of a cornered rat. We have got them whipped and they know it, but will fight like demons to delay and delay us, hoping to trap us into a fatal negotiated peace. This we must never do. We must see it through to the bitter end of unconditional surrender with the German military might smashed on the field of battle never to rise again.

Have courage Darling, it is the beginning of the end. Pray for a swift and crushing victory, for then and only then, can I return to you.

Sweetheart all my love –

G.

HMH to GWH (Letter #20)

Rec-June 19, 1944

June 6, D-day

2613 No. Military Rd.

Arlington, Va

Darling,

At about 9 A.M. this morning Ann Wilder yelled over "Helen turn on your radio it's started," and ever since I've been listening to the news, which so far has not been too much, except that we've established beach heads successfully. We've all been waiting so long for the news of the start that it comes as not so much of a surprise now. My thoughts are all with you, and I'm wondering if you've had any rest for the past few days while preparing for this world rocking task. Anything I write probably seems so trivial compared to what's going on over there, so just read this when you have time, but I do want to keep you posted on the news.

You probably will think I've gone stark raving mad when I tell you I've rented the house to six waves, - however, before deciding, I thought the matter over from all angles, discussed it with several people, and everyone seems to think I have nothing to lose and a lot to gain. The girls heard about the house from someone or other and called me up in Severna, then three times here last Friday. At first there were seven of them, and I gave them a emphatic "No!" Saturday evening five of them arrived in person and said they had reduced their number to six and would like to know if I would reconsider. I gave them a long lecture on how I must have someone here who would take care of the things - that I would not stand for any wild parties, and finally told them I would think about it over the weekend. In the meantime Stanley found out for me that since they are seaman 2nd class, they each make, including subsistence and food, \$186 per month, which allows them ample money to pay rent. I also checked with several Lt's. in the barracks where they have been living, and found they are all nice girls and have never caused any trouble there. If they for any reason do not pay the rent, the Navy Dept. will hold their salary and pay me. I am having Harry draw up a lease, and each gal will sign it and be responsible. I wish you could see them - they are the cutest kids - ages ranging from 23 to 28, and so thrilled to have the house. They are all coming out one evening this week, and I am going

to give them another talk on how to take care of the house, garden, etc. – all of which they have promised to do.

They take possession next Thursday, June 15 and their lease runs only until Oct. 1st. In the meantime I will make up my mind whether or not Susan & I will live here next fall. If we decide not too, the Waves want to renew the lease for the winter, and I will let them, provided they take good care of the place this summer. However, I think I'll be back here myself this fall so I'm not making too many plans about a lease renewal.

Feel very smart having rented the house so soon. The Bucknells paid through to June 15, and the kids take it then, paying of course in advance so we're not losing anything. In fact gaining, as I am living here free of charge for these two weeks.

Don't you really think this is an all right move. I don't think six girls could do any more damage than those Bucknell children. The stories Sadie tells me about them are hair razing. The gold footstool was out in the backyard in a mud pile most of the winter – Anita took the needlepoint footstool out in the yard for the baby to play with all winter, and the children spilt ink all over the couch and our bedroom rug. Anita did leave things pretty well in order, so I'll complain no more.

Have been doing a mite of gardening, and really the place looks fine all except the driveway which is kinda sad. Frequent rain storms have washed a good deal of the blue stone away, and all the dirt and rocks show through – am doing nothing about this for the time being. Your mint patch is wonderful. It has spread halfway down the side of the house and is the healthiest looking mint bed I've ever seen – You'd be proud of it. Your family gave us their old lawn mower which though heavy, is much better than the Wilder's, so I will leave it here for the girls.

Sunday, Edythe brought Aunt May out to see the baby. They thought she was wonderful. Everyone thinks she is very pretty now with her blond curly hair – blue eyes & long dark lashes – but, oh what a hellion. Since she has learned to walk by herself, she is all over the place, and I only pray I can keep her in the pen a while longer.

Yesterday I had lunch with Lucy and a Major West at the Officer's lunch room in the Pentagon. I met Major West 15 years ago when going to Europe – he was one of the Princeton

crew, and it was fun talking over old times. He's a native Washingtonian and married to a gal here – also her two children, so I was safe - don't worry. He's frothing at the bit being stuck here, and is still trying to get overseas.

Mother is leaving today and Edythe Smith arrives this afternoon to stay til Friday, so at least I'm having company to keep me from being too lonesome. Tomorrow night Edythe & I are going over to have dinner with the Krusens. Will report on him in my next letter.

A Col. Simpson just called to enquire about the house. He heard about it from the billeting officer where I listed it. He has three children – ages 3-6-8 – all of whom he admitted liked to tear up wall paper. Was so glad I could tell him the house had already been rented. Forgot to tell you – I'm still getting \$180 from the waves – didn't have to list it with an agent or with the O.P.A.

Now that things are popping over there I sure hope the mail will start coming through again. I haven't even sent you any boxes for the past couple of weeks, so I thought the mails would be too clogged up and you'd never get them. I'll save a Father's Day present and birthday present till you get home, and you know what they will be. Stanley say's you'll be home by Oct. 15th – I'm no so optimistic – all I hope is that you'll be my Xmas present.

Write me darling when you have time – if I don't hear from you I'll know you're swamped with work and will just hope you're safe.

All my love darling – a world of luck to you for what's ahead – I pray night and day it will all come out OK.

All yours,

H.

GWH to HMMH

June 8, 1944

Darling,

Here I sit on tenterhooks, just as you do over there. The suspense sort of numbs us all. Literally, the fate of the world hangs in the balance. These next few weeks, even days, will materially affect the course of centuries to come. Is it to be our kind of world or is it to be a

stalemate compromise with the forces of evil? We can't lose. We must and will win. The battle at present is whether or not the Germans can confine us to our beachheads as they did at Anzio, delaying us months before we could break through. We will break through, but how quickly depends upon the next few days. I think we can do it. We were prepared for anything, even bad weather, and that is what we nearly are getting. This will be old news when you receive it, but at the moment of writing it is uppermost in all our minds. We know God is on our side, but wish He would demonstrate this favor a little more forcibly by giving us a break in the weather. It was the same in Sicily, at Salerno, and Anzio. Pray for good weather. It will surely help in the next few weeks.

Chance had me spend the day at one of our tactical bases. All day I watched our planes, big ones, little ones, return from action across the channel, refuel, reload and rebomb, and fly off to other missions. What a glorious job they are doing. This is the big moment for the ground forces, and no one should deny them the glory that they truly deserve, but I hope they appreciate what our air corps is doing to clear the path and to provide the umbrella.

It is difficult to write of this great crisis. You will hear and read day by day accounts that are reasonably accurate and up to date. All I can write is generalities which you will know long before you receive my letters. No one knows the whole story, and of the few specific things I know, of course, I cannot write.

So Honey – I will leave the military side to the over paid scribes, and commentators, who, with a few exceptions, as a class, burn us up. They wear our uniforms, without the insignia, however, they come in our officers messes and buy in our Post Exchanges. Have their pockets stuffed full of money, and have none of our responsibilities. If they don't like one place they go to another, and nine out of ten are well under draft age. Oh well somebody has to do it.

Yesterday I received your #17 dated May 29 – and also Mother's two V-Mail of May 27 & 31, and about time. I was really going into a spin over the mail. It should be better now, and on your side I'm sure you understood when my letters failed to arrive. A very sensible precaution. You should get four or five all at once. I felt badly over your wail about no mail because I think I understand even better that you the sinking feeling when the mail sergeant says

no mail today. I'll try to answer in another letter tomorrow. Right now I am physically and mentally exhausted. All my love Darling,

G.

GWH to HMM

June 12, 1944

Honey,

Est-ce-que vous avez de gum, monsieur? I read it in the papers and brushed it off as a good newspaper story. However, since then I have had lunch with and talked to men who were on the Normandy beaches. They confirm the story. No sooner had our troops invaded towns than the French natives emerged from hiding. How they survived nobody knows but they did. And the French children clamored around our troops demanding gum, exactly as the English kids rush up here with their "any gum chum"? That is the only begging that goes on and we all keep a bit of gum in our pockets to hand out. The "any gum chum" is likely to pop out from the mouths of the rich or poor, boys and girls. We are allowed one package a week and most of us refrain from chewing it ourselves just to have the pleasure of coming forth with a piece for the bright English children.

Off on a tangent – the children of Britain are a deep dyed mystery to me. Scotch, Irish, English, Welsh, and Cornish, many of the babies and young children are strikingly beautiful. Yet when they grow up. My word – what a transformation. I am practically an Anglophile what with my derivation etc. – but even I must admit that the adult Briton may be a joy forever, but certainly is not a thing of beauty. I do not know whether it is the climate. The unimaginative diet, or what, but something transforms beautiful children into an adolescence and maturity that would leave the Atlantic City judges coldly aloof in passing out the prizes. I do not mean they are unattractive. They are not. The angular lines, large noses and frightful teeth blend into interesting character studies, but there are few indeed who possess the attributes of classical beauty. There are handsome men and beautiful women, I have seen some, but percentage wise I am afraid the British are way down the list. They come all shapes and sizes just as we do, but as in almost no other nation, there are distinctive characteristics for upper and lower classes. I mean physical differences, making the classes recognizable almost at a glance, no matter how they are dressed. Cinderella could not have been British. Everybody would have spotted her at once.

Also I want you to know there is no such language as English, unless the definition be changed to a collection of words in Webster's Dictionary.

We are all used to varying inflections and accents as practiced by our friends from the North, South, Midwest and West, but at least we use the same words, and most of us can understand each other. Not here. It is not a question of accent. It is different words, different languages. Not exactly like the Balkans when every few miles even the base is entirely different – The base seems to be similar, but beyond the thousand or so words forming the base, each stranger he has strayed to a new isle. Add to this fundamental change in words, strikingly different accents, and you have an entirely new language. It is literally true that many a Scotchman can not understand a Welshman, nor can a Cornishman converse with a Yorkshireman. All of them living only a few miles apart.

I have had no opportunity to examine into the educational system here, although I hope to learn something of it before I leave, but have observed the reverence they hold for their public schools. I am convinced one of the main reasons for this respect is the uniformity of speech that is recognizable as a birth mark. The public school graduates speak English and the rest of the country does not. It boils down to that. To me it seems a mighty poor system and a prostitution of the word "public". Apparently in their Charter Schools and Grammar Schools, no effort is made to break down the atrocious local dialects. Consequently these people, probably 90% of the country, are almost automatically excluded from the competition for the more remunerative economic and social positions. Even a Brooklyn accent would be enviable over here. Many is the night I have listened intently to the charwomen in our HQ, jabbering to themselves and have been unable to make out so much as one word.

Sir Aubrey Smith, Noel Coward, and Leslie Howard did not have to imitate, they talked English English. But do not be mislead by the American stage imitations of what they think is the upper class English accent. In the first place you can't do it unless you have catarrh and adenoids. That is a must. Then if you are young, you talk in a high pitched nasal tone putting in the accent at all the wrong places, but having a rather clean enunciation. As you get older, you are entitled to put one marble in your mouth for each ten years, until finally you only mumble, but it is nonetheless a British mumble.

I have no doubt they laugh at us as we do them. At first only to mimic them, we start using all their new, to us, phrases, slang and colloquialisms (phonetic). Then you get in the habit, and your conversation becomes a jumble of American and ineptly used English expressions.

Darling, next time I will write you of a trip or two or a party as you requested.

Please keep me posted as to the outcome of your efforts on behalf of the house and let me know to what address I should write you. Until I hear otherwise I will continue with the Magothy address. No mail for three days from anybody. Damn it. I can't remember if I told you that your two packages of food including the socks arrived. Thank you Darling and please send some more.

Love,

G.

GWH to HMH

June 19, 1944

Sweetheart,

To others, perhaps, I might dissemble, might play the ruddy hero – but to you I will not; can do ought but tell the truth as I have always for you. War is a frightful business and these last few days I have run the gamut of emotions from fear to rage. Not abject fear, yet fear, and deep fear. I have not done any cowering, but I have been frightened. I have seen death, and not very far away. I have seen many things that I am not permitted to relate. I have seen human beings go to pieces, and I have seen others rise to sublime heights of courage. Nature is a wonderful thing, and beyond the understanding of an ordinary mortal. It is a mystery to me the depths of nature and character. Yet it is not always the stalwart characters, the all-American End, who comes through. It is most surprising to watch the evolution of mouse-like people into the real heroes. You expect great things of the tough husky, but not of the soda jerkers and bus drivers. Yet when the pinch comes, from out of the submerged nondescript population arise a very high percentage of our real heroes. The lesson to me is that all people have certain attributes and abilities. Few get the chance to demonstrate them. If this is correct, then we should rejoice, for it means that instead of a previously recognized few, there really is a vast untapped reservoir of

human ability, which when given the opportunity, will greatly accelerate world progress. Toward what I am not sure, but I have my own ideas, and shall be in there pitching until the last out.

I said rage, I mean rage of the bitterest type. Whatever compassion I had for the German rally or golden rule philosophy behind peace for them, is shattered. I know I am wrong. My whole background and training as a banker and economist cries out that the peace must be just to prevent World War III. I hope I swing back into a rational calm viewpoint, but right now I would gladly inflict upon them the harshest kind of treaty. Match barbarism with barbarism. That is not my nature and I will no doubt change back into a logical thinking person, striving not for my own generation, but for Susan and her children's children. That is why I am in this war, so do not worry I will get back on an even keel.

This I had to get off my chest. Forgive me Darling for the emotion. But I am lonely in thought and have no one to talk to but you, and you are so far away.

I love you Sweetheart.

G.

***Editor's Note:** The rage expressed in the letter of June 19th is explained by the following letter, which could not be mailed for security reasons.*

June 19, 1944

Darling,

This is the letter I would have written if there were no restrictions. Not to scare you, but to record for you one of the weirdest moments of the war.

It began Tuesday, June 13th, but not in real force until Thursday June 15th, 1944 – Start of German terror campaign – Pilotless planes - Rocket planes, radio control planes, what have you – each paper carried a different account. The uncertainty makes everyone far more nervous than if they knew what the damn things are. All we know is that they carry a terrific explosive power. Monday afternoon, June 19th – For the last 120 hours the City has been alerted

seven-eighths of the time, including one 12-hour and one 15-hour alert. Well over a hundred of the rocket bombs have landed in this general area and perhaps as many as 200 more in southern coastal England.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday the anti-aircraft fire reached proportions exceeding anything seen during the 1940 Blitz. The reason being there are several times as many guns available, plus the new A.A. Rocket guns. One hundred of which are in Hyde Park alone. The din has been terrific. Sleep has been almost impossible. At night I have dozed off only to be awakened time and again by the stupendous Ack Ack barrage. The pilotless rocket planes are almost like the radio news – every hour on the hour. Sometimes three or four will come within a minute of each other. Then a lull of an hour or two, followed by more. There has been no let-up during these four days. Numerically the rocket bombs are not as devastating as our own 1000 plane raids, but psychologically they are worse because of the mystery attached to them. Nobody yet knows exactly what they are, although the consensus describes them as rocket driven planes steered by automatic gyro pilot set at the launching. It is reported that they vary in size and carry from 1000 lb. to 2000 lb. of a new explosive. The rumour-mongers are hard at work and scare everybody by saying the Jerries are only experimenting with these little ones. and have some nice fat 14 ton ones saved up for their Sunday punch. I hope it is merely a rumour.

I have had the morbid curiosity to visit some of the nearby hits and have seen first-hand that the havoc created is much worse than the 1000 lb. bomb hits, I have also seen. The explosion seems to spread out rather than up as with bombs. One hit two blocks from our H.Q. Sunday morning, and blew in most of the windows on that side and the front, despite the presence of several intervening buildings. It was a small one they said, but it managed to knock over about twenty buildings, mostly 3 or 4 story houses, like ten pins. The one that landed in Tottenham Court Road was much worse. It leveled a whole block of tenements and cheap stores. Practically all windows and store fronts for six or seven blocks in every direction were blown either in or out. The balcony of our Officer's Club on the roof of our H.Q. building has become a most popular reviewing stand from which to watch the daytime attacks. Just before lunch today I watched two of the rocket bombs hurtle across the sky with a roar equal to a low-flying 4-motor bomber. Flames were clearly visible out of the stern. Its speed seemed at least 400

miles per hour. Some guessed 500. Suddenly the noise of the first one lessened – it dipped earthward and plunged into the City with a huge orange flash of explosion, followed immediately by an immense billow of grayish smoke that rose at least 2000 feet into the sky. It had landed about three-quarters of a mile away on Kensington Church Street. I hate to go look. This is where so many times I have gone to peer into the antique shops on this street.

The other one I watched plummet into Tottenham Court Road about a mile down Oxford St. in the other direction. The same flash, smoke and rumbling roar. After lunch Sid Smith and I walked down there. I wish we had not. It was roped off but we could still see. A dead horse in the street, children crying – older people standing dazed. The street littered with glass and debris and bricks and stone. Buildings laid flat, others cracked and leaning at crazy angles. Probably fifty casualties. All poor people. This is a lower class district, as I saw only yesterday when I strolled up Tottenham Court Road to Euston Road to look at Maples Store. Yesterday quiet, despite the Alert, and bombs dropping in other sections of the City. Today utter ruin and with the air so filled with dust you could scarcely breathe.

There goes (6:25 p.m.) the Alert again – about the tenth today. Will it ever stop? However it will not be so noisy this time. The A.A. ceased firing Sunday afternoon. Apparently the Ack Ack is futile to stop these things. They fly so low, only one or two thousand feet, and they go so fast we cannot hit them; and if you do hit them, you only bring them to earth to explode a bit sooner than it would anyway. The flak itself does quite a bit of damage, so they have stopped the guns. I wonder what antidotes the Scientists will think up. They will find something I have no doubt, and the Germans will have to pull another trick out of the bag. It is too late for them to win with terrorism tactics. We have them on the run. They will kill a few thousand people with the new rocket bomb, but it will not alter the outcome of the war, except to make our terms to them a bit harsher. (6:35) There goes the All-Clear – only ten minutes but two bombs landed. I did not go look, so I don't know where, but judging from the explosions about a mile South of here for both of them.

There is also a new Alert system; because of the 24 hour round-the-clock attack – today they started alerting only the section of the City where they thought it would land. This is to avoid too much interruption to work. This calls for close calculation and only allows about one

minute from the Alert to when the bomb lands. Then, if Radar reports no more on the way, they sound the All-Clear. The whole City has jumpy nerves, and again thousands of people are sleeping in the Underground. The schedule of several trains was interrupted today because lots of the imperturbable British would not come out of the Underground. It is definite proof of the greater nerve reaction to the unknown than to the known. These same people practically thumb their collective nose at ordinary air raids.

It reminds me very much of our own inexplicable behaviour over Orson Wells realistic radio drama of the attack from Mars. I think it behooves the British Government to come out with some straightforward and truthful statement about the whole thing.

As for myself, I can assure anybody that it is decidedly unpleasant to be in bed at night in the pitch dark and listen to those damn things whiz through the air to land you know not where. I'll take mine in daylight.

It is now nine-thirty. Keeping up the shuttle schedule, we have had three more Alerts and about six or seven more bombs since 6:30. At least that is all I have heard.

Dr. Stewart, our Wing Surgeon, made a pithy comment about the situation – he said not one case of constipation had been reported in several days. I can well believe it.

One is coming nearer now – it is overhead – is going on. Thank God. Though God help the people where it is going to crash in about thirty seconds.

Seven more have landed in the last hour. Can it be they are increasing the pace? I have just returned from a pleasant evening in my favourite pub, "The Horse and Groom". It is eleven thirty. I will write a few lines then off to bed hoping for the best.

Honey all my love,

G.

Written June 19, 1944 by Major GW Hobbs III-to be delivered to his wife after Mr. Hitler is a thing of the past.

GWH to HMM

June 20, 1944

Honey,

Toady two very pleasant things occurred. One grand letter from you - #19 of June 6 (you forgot to number it. Please do as I have no other way of knowing if any of your letters get lost) (*Editor's Note: the letter was actually #20*). This letter a more cheerful tone about no mail from me, and showing your knowledge of the pre-invasion mail freeze. You know Old Girl I would not go that long without writing you. Also relating your first news of the Invasion. I know you must have been thrilled to know that at last we are on our way to Berlin and victory. A mighty rocky and long road ahead, but we will do it. Stanley told you I would be home by October 15. How little those Washington desk sitters know. It sounds so simple, and becomes merely another problem in logistics to the boys in the Mayflower Cocktail lounge. Why can't they go faster? We sent them 18 million of this and umpteen million of that. If Ike would do this or Monty would do that, there would be nothing to it. Let them ask the boys who are really doing the job, the cost of gaining one hundred yards. I have, and I know the answer is not an early homecoming. Don't get your heart set on that. This separation is bad enough without building up to disappointing anticlimaxes. I wrote you right after the invasion, just to stall off any false optimism, that I would not be home for Xmas, but with luck would be home next spring. By some miracle I might wrangle a trip to the states for a minute and a half on official business, but even such a prospect is a remote possibility. Do not count on even that for many a moon. It is better that we steel ourselves for a long separation all the more to enjoy our permanent reunion. It is miserable, but worth while, and I know we both can take it.

The other great event was the return of part of my laundry. The first in five weeks. Three times they took it away but none returned. The Polar Bear Laundry Ltd. - damn their black heart! I have had to stretch my limited wardrobe to the breaking point and then some. The only thing that saved me from a fate worse than death was the copious use of talcum powder. Everybody else is in the same boat, and of course the British bathe only every other bank Holiday, so they would not notice. To make matters worse, three weeks ago they cut our soap ration from one small cake per week to one per fortnight. Even for me, who thinks every other day bathing is sufficient in this chilly climate, one cake a fortnight ain't enough. I should greatly

appreciate your sending me a half dozen cakes of Palmolive soap. While we are on such delicate subjects there is another I have been wanting to bring up for some time. There is an acute chemical and paper shortage over here. As a result a certain well-known bathroom product is of an atrocious quality. Iowa boys don't mind it. But us from the effete East do. Frankly it is right down on a level with wrapping paper. I find I am not alone in this complaint, and others have taken steps to achieve liberation through products sent from the good old U.S. A. So, honey, will you send me about six rolls of good quality toilet paper? What a war!

It is possible to have clothes pressed now and then, but dry cleaning is almost out of the question. All the tailors remaining in business have their full quota of British customers and will accept none of us beyond a few three or four star generals. My own one star general has a hell of a time with his clothes. Some of the tailors will take uniforms on the basis of returning them in a minimum of three weeks, but it usually runs to four or five weeks. We cannot wear our summer uniforms here, so I am forced to scrape along on my two winter uniforms. I don't dare send one to be cleaned, because if something happened to the other during perhaps five weeks, I would really be out of luck. So I ruefully watch little spots appear here and there, but can do little about it. Some of the spots arise directly from the act of dining since we are denied the protection of napkins. We have no serviettes because of the stinko laundry shortage and not even the Ritz or Savoy provide napkins.

How long I can go without having anything cleaned I do not know – but am apt to find out by force of circumstances.

Enclosed you will find several clippings which you may find of interest. Also one of my Army Post Exchange ration cards – The British civilians get about one quarter as much through rationing in their own stores. I always give away the gum, cookies and candy, though sometimes I munch a cookie with my tea, but not frequently, and I am still 182 holding that three pound drop.

Your letter told of clinching the house deal – and in remarkable time. You done noble, honey. Renting to six Waves – You are a brave girl and I hope a wise one in this matter. It's all right with me. As you will see from my previous letters, which you must have received by now (let me know what letters you have received), I'm all for your renting or living in it as best suits

your book up to October. I now say that even though you plan to live in it in the fall. You should make every effort to sell now, and if you can sell at a good price do it now, get the Waves out after a month or so and live in New York in the Fall or Winter. I am very much afraid of the real estate market folding up when Mr. Hitler's goose is cooked. Also, surely the best time to sell a house is in the summer or fall when the garden and trees make it look at its best. Do you remember how we had to stretch our imagination when we saw the poor thing in bleak November? Maybe others aren't so smart as we were. We can not afford to miss the market on this house. It is too important to us to have our capital back plus the profit to use for our Westport house. I predict that six months from now the selling price will drop by one thousand dollars. Ask Harry and Edith's real estate firm. I hope you can sell it in July or August for September 1 or October 1 delivery. That will make everybody happy including the Waves. Get a binder on a delayed purchase large enough so the purchaser will not back out. The new owner could take over the Waves, rent and all if necessary, excepting your art and the furniture, something could be worked out.

Goodnight Darling and love.

G.