Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

PASSED BY
U 18974
ARMY EXAMINER
(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.
U. S. A.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM
Pvt. F. M. Wells 34950791
Co S. Inf. APO 15405
% Postmaster New York, N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

Oct. 31

Dearest Frances

We had all been hoping that by today we might have been back on land but we're still going and don't know yet when we'll get there. Everything has been a little trying on this trip. Quarters have been very crowded and there is no chance at all of a fellow getting a little rest by slipping off from the boys for a few hours. We're just all here together - and somehow we've managed to get along without serious difficulty.

Time, where we are today is about six hours faster than yours so as I write you are still asleep. The weather is fine - so fine, in fact, that I'm reminded of our own state. The moon shines very brightly each night and seeing it on the water ~~[illegible]~~ makes me think of some of our fishing trips at night.

Babe, I hope you and the children are well and happy. I want you to carry on as best you can and when you need help call on Ed. He will be glad to help in any way he can and I'd rather he were your advisor than anyone I know. Try to keep from worrying about me for I'm getting along fine - thanks for being tired of this sailing. Be sure to keep cheerful and when I get settled again I'll write you a real letter. All my love to you, Peg, & Monty

Francis

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

at Sea.

Darling.

Am having a more interesting trip now. Our Colonel decided we needed a little work to keep us interested in staying alive so has us doing physical training on deck each day. This is really quite fun for us on a plunging, rolling deck and we all thoroughly appreciate the kind regard of our officers who do not take exercise themselves. Then after the exercises we get to sit out on deck and listen to a group discussion on any subject any member of the group may be interested in. Usually brings out some very funny ideas and is the best part of our afternoons. It does give us something to do and God knows we need it. This day after day after day of living on a plunging, rocking ship is doing some-thing to my personality that you wouldn't like. All of us are together though - we eat once or twice each day, have one meal each week, play cards and checkers, and get lots of sleep. Be glad to get back on land again even if it is another country. Love to all

Francis.

Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the back. Date, time of posting, name, title or firm must not appear on outside of envelope. Do not write outside the postage area.

TO Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Montreat, N.C.
U.S.A.

FROM Pvt. F.M. Wells 34918701
Co. S. Inf. APO. 15405
c/o Postmaster New York N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

PASSED BY ARMY EXAMINER 18974

LONDON'S STAMP

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 3

V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

WAR & NAVY
DEPARTMENTS
V-MAIL SERVICE

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE
NOV 17
2-PM
1944

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID
PAYMENT OF ~~POSTAGE~~, $300
(PMGC)

Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

FROM

PASSED BY U 1097 ARMY EXAMINER

TO Mrs Frances M. Wells
Box 142
Mayesville, Florida
U.S.A.

Pvt. F.M. Wells 32280181
Co. S. Inf. APO 15905
% Postmaster New York, N.Y.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2 (Number & complete address above)

Dearest,

I know that you'll be almost as glad as I when we finish our long ride and I can start writing you letters of what we're doing instead of what we're thinking. There's plenty of rumor flying regarding our future destination and what we'll do — ask & know is that we're still sailing and no one knows when we'll finally stop. I've been through some rough things in my life but this monotony is getting under my skin. I've relived practically every event of my life in thought and have been happy only in so much I called into the army little things we've shared together grow to big occasions, when recorded from the past and it is very pleasant pleasant to sift through such things occasionally and find only happy memories you have always been so interested in everything I've done and so hopeful to do. I know you're worried Lola, but I want you to keep thinking of all we've planned to do in the future and of the present [illegible] as quickly and easily as possible. Just keep yourself and the children well and happy and we'll start living again when the war's over. Dad must have lots of fun with the boy now. I know he's going to be a real character and I hope he can grow to manhood with a few more advantages than his old man had.

Stay sweet and beautiful for me. I'll be coming home someday and you'll soon forget all these long days and weeks. I could surely go for a glance at our kids tonight

All my love - Francis

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

WAR & NAVY
DEPARTMENTS
V—MAIL SERVICE

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE
NOV 14
12-PM
1944

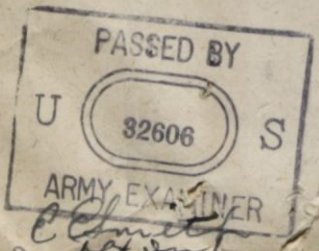
PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID
PAYMENT OF POSTAGE $300
(PMGC)

Pvt J.M. Wells, 34980741
Co A. 119th Inf. Rgt. Apo 30
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.





Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Ga.



Germany
April 29, 1945

Dearest Bee.

I'm about run out of something to write, but I want you to get your letter for I know how much hearing regularly means. That month I spent with no mail when I first came to Germany taught me that no mail is no good.

We're still sitting waiting to see what our job will be. As yet, there have been no changes - all we know is from rumor and we're fooled that usually wrong. This waiting around is tough - there's nothing to do but a little guard duty and that's not enough to keep me

occupied. I'll really be glad when we find out definitely what's ahead and can make plans.

Babe, your idea for a camp on the river is perfect. I know just the place - about a mile up the river from the camp where Frank and Leslie Hatchett go so much. There's a good road, nice big trees, and no matter how high the river gets it's dry there. From there we could easily go to the bay for red fishing in the fall and there's good deer hunting there always. I heard of a plan to dam the river at Goose Pasture which I was home. If that's done there will be a great improvement

in fishing all up the river. A nice, comfortable place there shouldn't cost much and I'm heartily in favor of an early start when I get home.

We're a rumor today that the folks at home are celebrating the European Victory. There's no official confirmation, but we're hoping it's true. Darling, this war's just got to end soon so I can get back to you! This being separated is too much for me.

Babe, stay cheerful and pray we can soon be reunited. you and I are going to be the happiest two in town for we've learned how very much we love each other.

Yours always
Francis.

Pvt J.M. Wells 34980741
Co S. Inf. apo 15405
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
DEC 14
1944
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
VIA AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U
17656
AF S
AMINER

Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello Florida
U.S.A.

Dec 10, 1944

Hi. Baby-

Sunday's our my worst days too. True, we have little to do, but sitting around with time on my hands just makes me think how much I want to be at home with you, and it seems the day will never pass.

This is going to be a short note. it's too cold to sit up and write and my ~~light secmes to have every~~ intention of going on strike. I wanted to be sure your letter for the day was written before I started to bed. I think we're in for a freeze tonight. I've really some figuring to do too - trying to fix my bunk so I can stay warm. I usually get it fixed just right, go to bed, to sleep and wake up sometimes later with about half the cover on the floor. It's really a pain.

Darling, be very sure your husband loves you and thinks constantly of you. you're the only girl for me - my intention is to go home to you just as I left - completely in love with you and with the firm conviction I have the most wonderful wife of any man in Florida. The folks at home will really have something to talk about when they see what a beautiful husband the army has made of me and you'll really have a faithful shadow for I intend to never let you out of my sight again. I'm going to make a real career of helping you the happiest girl in town.

I wrote the foregoing last night but was stopped by my light quitting. I started up to the Red Cross Hut but the cold was too much so I folded up. The freeze came - we're plenty of ice around this morning and I have on practically all the clothes uncle issued. I sincerely hope we will have some sunshine today!

Darling, write often. your letters are so sweet and help me more than you know. Time for drill. Bye till this afternoon - stay sweet and beautiful for me yours forever.

it. One of the boys gave me another yesterday and I'm giving it a good workout today with the Edgeworth you sent. I've had hopes of getting the package in which you sent the pipe. but I expect I'll be a good long time waiting for that.

Honey, I never did hear that you had the 50 I sent. Let me know so I can trace it if it hasn't arrived.

I'm afraid the continuity of this letter is rather bad. We've had several interruptions and each came so I was forced to lay aside the letter for another job. There's been some high brass (officers) on the prowl today and our outfit was scheduled for an inspection. These inspections are the bane of a G. I's. existence. Even the

him around again. We have lots in common; our wives know each other, we were at basic together. Small things actually, but they make for mutual esteem.

When Frank comes home from the woods, have him go over the car carefully from front to rear replacing anything that needs it and generally repairing it so you will continue to have reliable transportation. I know how much you'd miss the car and want him to keep it in good shape for you. You may be forced to use a little strategy on him - ask him if'm depending on him to do the job.

Honey, don't worry a minute about me. Everything's fine here save the weather and I'm learning to accept it without too much griping. It's been tough lately, but I continue well and reasonably satisfied. If I could only see you, darling, occasionally this would'n't be so bad at all.

Tats, the lad whose wife was expecting cabled him that he had a son born Jan. 21. Mother and boy doing nicely. Tats is a real man. He'd been too worried to do anything.

Darling, be sweet and cheerful for me and remember to get plenty of rest. Tell Peg to write often she can for Dad enjoys her letters. Give Ella a sweet present for me and remind her to take care of the Chicadees for me.

Goodnight, dearest-

yours always

Francis.

If I don't get some paper soon I'll be writing on what I can borrow. Those packages are delayed! If you haven't bought the pen I requested just wait awhile. I've made a deal here for a pen that will serve temporarily.

yours

Francis.

Pvt J M Wells 34980741
Co S Inf APO 15705
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
DEC 16
1944
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
VIA AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U 17656 S
ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs Inuelia M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello Fla

Pvt J.M. Wells, 34980747
411 Repl. Co. APO 532-R
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
DEC 20
1944
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
1768
EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.

Monday - Dec 18.

Dearest -

We're having some more of the famous Italian weather. Rain and Cold - and I'm really tired of it. A few nice warm sunny days would be very welcomed here.

Yesterday, instead of writing you I went off on a trip around our valley. I intended to be back by mid afternoon, but found so many interesting things I didn't return 'til after dark. We must have walked 15 or 20 miles. In one little village we attended church services in an old church - Must be at least 400 years old - and is very beautiful. The service was all in latin, but the music was very good. Young lads assisted the Priest and seemed very interested in their work.

We went to an Italian home to see their cows which are the largest I've ever seen. The cows, Chickens, Pigs, Goats, Sheep, Rabbits, and ducks all share the ground floor of the house - the family lives on the second floor. There's quite a smell from the animals, but the Italians don't seem to mind. They have no cars, or trucks, use Oxen for their plowing and are in no hurry to get things done. Everyone has a bicycle for transportation. The homes are built of stone, most of them are very old and have really picked up some dirt in the years. None speaks English so conversation is a matter of hit and miss. Hand signals and

pointing at different objects is a crude method of transmitting ideas, but it will work. OI found a little Italian orchestra playing in the town square and managed to tell the leader to play "Ave Maria". They did and very nicely. Tramping around the countryside is fun - if I had you it would be real enjoyment.

Darling forgive me for not writing but I was too tired. I thought I'd write a long letter today, but the tent is too cold to sit up in. Tomorrow, I'll write you a better letter.

Be Careful of you for me and, take care of our Children. Here over here make me think more often of ours and realize how much they mean to me.

Stay sweet and beautiful, Babe and don't worry. I love you and will be coming home some day. So be of good cheer my Darling for I'm

Yours

Frances.

Dear Peg-

Dad has been seeing lots of funny things here. Little donkeys no taller than you that pull little carts around and wear bells on their harness which really jingles when they trot. Almost every house has a bunch of rabbits and some have ducks and guinea pigs.

These people really are different than we. They can't talk like we do. They say "AGUA" for water, "VINO" for wine, "TIZON" for friend, "SIGNOR" for mister, "BAMBINO" for baby, and many other words which I haven't learned. The little boys and girls are always after us for chewing gum and candy.

Peg, I wish you'd write me a letter soon and tell me about how much you're learning in school. I'll bet you're the best pupil in class for you've always loved books and learn so quickly. Study hard, but take time to play and have lots of fun, for you need to play some with your work.

Try to keep Monty from getting too bad before I come home. I guess he's growing mighty fast now.

Tell me in your letter all about Ella and tell her to be a good girl to you and Monty.

Be sweet and help Mother with the boy.

all my love
Dad

Darling - I'm sending three in one - Envelopes are out. I'll get some next time I'm by the P.O. Probably tomorrow =

I love you
Francis.

Dec. 19. 1944

Dearest:

I received today, your letter written NOV. 19, which was just after you had come from A Butz in Tallahassee. I know how tired you got on those week-ends over there and what a relief you feel when you get home. I remember how they got me down and how grouchy I'd be over there. Both of us are getting to where we had rather stay at home with the kids than tour off on a trip. Then at home, we could stay comfortable and just relax instead of trying to keep awake and be lovable. The folks are always glad to see you and I hope you'll go when you can, but I know how you like to stay at home. Babe. When I get there, I'll make up for all these lonesome days and nights you're spending now by spending every possible minute with you and trying to make every one more happier for you. Just being a good husband and father will be sufficient to satisfy my ambition for I've learned how much you and the kids mean to me. Darling, don't ever forget how much I love you and try to remember, in spite of all our hard knocks, how close together we've always been. I think we both will be very happy as long as we can stay together and provide for our children.

Our mail is still messed up. The rush of Christmas packages is responsible I guess and perhaps better service will be resumed when the packages are cleared up. Two or three days without a letter really hits me below the belt and I get to worrying about you. Babe, you can't imagine how anxiously I await your letters and what pleasure hearing from home brings. You've really been sweet to write so often, so cheerfully, and so

completely of what's news in Monticello. Keep up the fine work and write often to the guy who depends more than you know on those sweet letters.

You always say for me to remember you're mine, Darling, and I do. I could never forget what a wonderful person you are and know myself very lucky to have you for my own. You're always in my thoughts. The dream Mother told you of was right except for one small detail. She put you following me, which is wrong. It's be me following you. Being with you was pleasant before, but never as important as now. Just wait and see!

I know you and the boys are set for a good Christmas and hope everything goes as you would desire. Have fun enough for two this year, Darling, and hope, with me, we'll never celebrate another apart. Try to stay cheerful and enjoy all the good things our family has been blessed with. Don't let worry about anything beyond our control.

Give my best to all and tell me what Santa did for the Kids in your next

Stay sweet and beautiful for your Soldier husband who loves you more than ever before.

yours
Francis.

Pvt J M Wells 34980741
411 Repl. Co. APO 532-R
c/o P. M. N.Y. N.Y

U.S. ARMY
DEC 24
1944
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6c
AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U S
42727
ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.
U.S.A.

Italy Dec 23 1944.

Darling.

Two days before the big one finds you and Van and the kids all ready for a big happy Christmas. I know you have been having fun together after she rolled up from the trip, and I hope everything is very pleasant for you.

I'm still fighting a rough cold and so far am on the short end of the battle. The weather is very unfavorable for being sick and our medics are not too interested in the case. They keep the attitude that a guy's trying to get out of something by going on sick call and take very little time with you. I'm more in need of a good warm day or two than the Sulpha drug I'm taking. I'm so full of it I'm like a scared cat, so nervous I can't be still. Honey, if I had a good hot drink of whiskey, a good rub down, and a few kind words in a warm room I know I'd be better at once. You spoiled me so long it's hard for me to realize I don't have you now to do things for me. Darling, you can't imagine how I miss you and need you.

I've got to quit now all my love to you. I'll write a long letter tomorrow. Stay pretty. Beautiful.

Yours
Francis.

Pvt. J.M. Wells 34980741
411 Repl Co APO 532-R
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
DEC 27
1944
532
POSTAL SERVICE

POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U 17656 S
EXAMINER

Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello Fla.
U.S.A.

Dec 24, 1944

Darling-

I've done quite a good job today- I've written George R. and Keith letters - short but they serve the purpose of continuing the chain so that I get mail and that's the big object. They're both good friends of ours and I like to think either would be ready to help you in any emergency.

Darling- the cold is better today and I seem to be back on the road to 100% again after four of the roughest days I've ever seen. I never was real sick - just enough cold to give me fever and make me feel like heck. Then, too, there was no one around to sympathize with me and do things for me and you know how bad I was at home when I was a little sick. The boys in the tent have been very good about bringing me water and food to the tent, but my appetite has been so poor I've only eaten twice. I went up to supper tonight and could taste again so took on a good supply of roast beef and string beans. From that, I know I'm better.

Tonight, as everyone makes last minute preparations for celebration of Christmas, I hope you and our two beautiful children are happy and in tune with the holiday spirit. I know you're thinking, as I am, of past Christmases when we were happy together, and just wondering at the chain of events which caused us to be so far apart. I hope, Babe, you won't be too blue or discouraged for, even though I'm so far away, my thoughts are with you and my wish is that you find happiness in knowing you and the children are free and safe from the terrible things facing so many families tonight. You've food, clothes, a home, kind warmth, and a husband and father who loves you more than you know. Such simple things as these are priceless to millions tonight. Knowing you're well provided for in our own country helps keep me going when the way is rough and makes it easier to see

some necessity in our present circumstance. Babe, I'm very proud of your attitude toward my army service and want you to know how valuable your encouragement has been. I know how hard your part has been and how difficult you found it to keep up your courage all through the hard going there. Your letters are always cheerful and I know better all along no man has as good a girl as I. Keep up the good work and let everyone know your faith and love is strong enough for even tough going such as we have now. That's how I want you to be. The happiest, prettiest, most cheerful, young lady in town. Live each day as it comes and forget to worry about anything that might prevent your being happy. I just know everything will be right for us again someday and both of us will be glad we could find courage to meet our trials without fear.

Glenn Miller's money was sufficient to get him out of the army, but I'm afraid he's going to live long enough to wish he had never been born. When the boys start coming home and hearing about his case he's going to be the least liked guy there and I intend to ask him a few questions myself. I always knew him for a "sad sack" but was surprised when he pulled his little deal. Everyone there should just ignore him for he's not good enough to be included in anything americans do.

There's the sound of carols from the chapel and I think of all the happy times we've spent together at christmas. Darling, you made life so happy for me. Be sure of and happy in the thought that I'm very happy and proud that I am so lucky to be, always -

your loving husband

Francis.

Pvt J. M. Wells 34980741
Co S Inf. APO 15405
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
DEC 14
1944
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U 09808 S
ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello Fla.
U.S.A.

December 11, 1944

My Darling-

As near as I can figure our mail schedule this letter should reach you Dear Christmas. Ken will be there, perhaps Kenette and her new boy and I want to wish you the very merriest of Christmases. Babe, I hope you have just as fine a day as the best of wives deserves and that every one of you remembers 1944 as your last holiday season without your husbands. To me, there's something great about you two girls and the job you're doing of carrying on the home front while we're away. Both of you have much happiness in store for you for Lee and I have learned more than before how much we love you and will always remember your loyalty and devotion when the going was tough and many war widows forgot their husbands in search of a little temporary pleasure. One of the lads in our tent, Taylor, had news today that his wife had taken their boy and left home with one of his former friends. You can imagine how he feels. Over here to do his part in keeping America the most wonderful country in the world and everything he had to go home to turn up. Darling, I thank God for you and because you're worthy of the confidence you know I have in you. I never cared a bit jealous of you for I always knew you were mine and that no one else had a chance. You've just got something about you that makes me know everything's right and that I'm safe in loving you lots more than average for I've never had to worry about you acting up. Babe, there's never been another like you. I hope to live a long, long time with you and love you more than a girl was ever loved.

Our Sunny Italian weather is acting up again. In place of ice we have nice wet, cold, rain that turns into the dirndest mud you've ever seen. Our famous Jefferson County mud could be used in this to dry it out. I can hardly imagine how the war progresses at all in such adverse weather. One night last week, so much hail fell that the ground looked like it was covered with snow. I thought, formerly, that Florida weather could be the world's worst, but that's almost like a heavenly dream now for I could stay warm and dry. A goat would go crazy here for he couldn't find a place to keep dry.

I'm not going to write Van until she's had time to get home after her holiday trip. I know you girls will have a real time together. I hope next year all of us can get together and really make the welkin ring. Try to have a good time and don't think too much of me. We'll have a big Christmas dinner even turkey. Then, we'll be given the day off, so there'll be plenty of

time for me to wish I could be at home with all I love. You and I have had two or three rough times at Christmas, but we always managed to be happy together in spite of circumstances. I always think of that time in Tampa when it seemed everything had combined against us. That's the nearest I've ever been to defeat I think for I knew not what to do or where to turn. Bub, you were the only one then who stuck and helped me get started again. Remember?

Darling, stay cheerful. Look ahead to war's end when I'll be coming home to you and the Children. That's a happy thought for both of us for we're just getting along somehow now. I want you to be very sure of my coming home. I am, for that's what I want and have asked God to help me do. Remember how things always seem to work out for us?.

Give Peg and Monty a big kiss for me and tell them often how much I love them. Don't let them forget me. Stay sweet and beautiful for me and don't worry a minute for I do love you more than you know.

Yours
Francis.

P.S. Rush the stationary. I'm out practically. See Van if he write her before she's home again and both of you have a big time together. Tell Peg to write me. Send Keith my address and tell George I'm hoping he'll write soon, also Ed. I could surely appreciate a week at home now. The longer I'm away - the harder it gets to keep from thinking about you and home too much.

Love to all of you
Francis.

Note for the "Hag".

I'm not sure Lee's going to lend you a merry chase for a time when he comes home. You'd better get in shape. Keep your nose clean mind!

Love

Pvt F. M. Wells. 34980741
Co S. Inf. APO 1540
C/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
DEC 8
1944
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
J 17656 S
ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Montiello Florida
U.S.A.

P.S. Send me Sam Hill's address.

Nov. 30. 1944
Italy.

Dearest Marie -

Still no mail. I guess the army Post Office branch is beginning to feel the pinch of that great rush of Christmas packages that left the States a few weeks ago, and is having difficulty keeping up with the job. I suppose you'll notice a slight difference in my writing. My old broken finger had a slight accident yesterday and I'm trying to write with first finger. I slipped down on a rocky bank and landed on the finger. not serious - just hurt like hell and is still too stiff to wrap around a pen.

I hope to hear from you soon about a new crop of nieces or nephews. Net should be Mama now and Sarah can't be much behind. We have quite a circle of young relatives and it still grows. That reunion at Mom's when the war's over will be quite a large affair if all attend. Charles will have a new one, Sarah will be represented and no doubt Ruth & Grace will have gotten into the family class by then. I guess you and I will have to struggle along with two for a few years. There's lot we have to do together before we increase our family again, but I do think another a good idea for some future date. Two are fine, but three would be better. What do you think - Honey?

(Later) Some of our lads and yours are sitting around an improvised candle doing our correspondence. We write a little and talk a lot. Our conversation in the last few minutes has run from politics to families. When the talk gets around to families all of us start hunting up our collection of family pictures and bragging of our wives and children. Peg and Monty always excite much favorable comment, of which I'm very proud naturally, but when I show you off is when the lads sound off at the luck of some people. They can never believe that you're really my wife

and the mother of two Children. you look too young too pretty to be an old married lady. Their wonder is often mine for few girls have your beauty and yet after seven years of marriage and two children. Darling you are perfect to me and I do love you so much. Fortune has really smiled on me in my family and I know myself to be the luckiest fellow living. Two fine Children & sweet. beautiful wife - what more does a fellow need?

you would really get a laugh out of us if you could sit up on one of our never ending bull-sessions. The cover almost every conceivable topic and quite often the discussion gets very warm. When the politics start flying, opinions get stronger and the tent often seems in danger of collapse from the fierce breeze stirred up. we really have some times.

Darling. When you miss your letter some day tell yourself he had good intentions but had to work and didn't have time to write. I do think of you constantly and will write as often as I can, but the day may be near when time will be at a premium. Just think of how much I love you - Stay as sweet and beautiful as you are and don't worry for I know someday I'll be coming home to you and the kids to live a long happy life with you.

yours always.
Francis.

Peg - I saw a little monkey today. a soldier had a string around his neck and was leading him along the road. He was a funny looking sight. I'll bet you would have laughed to see him. Love Dad.

Dec 1, 1944
Italy.

Darling -

I had a letter from Lee today. He's in France and was writing in a heavy snowstorm. Seems to be getting along fine. From his letter, we aren't the only American troops who are finding European weather rugged. Lee seemed to think I was in France and said he would try to look me up. Van had sent him my address.

Darling. I have seen a goodly portion of Italy to date.

No complaints about smoking.

Babe, do you mind, when I'm home again, if I just get too lazy for anything? I want at least three months for just relaxing in comfortable surroundings. A hot bath in a warm room somehow is getting mixed up with my idea of heaven and a wide springy bed in which I could sleep safe from the interruption of the Sgt.'s whistle living here

think about how fine a time we'll have our next one together. I hope you and Vin can plan something together. You have more in common now that your husbands are both over here. Perhaps being together will lighten the holiday season for both. Be sure to write me what you get for the "Boys" and how Monty reacts to the Santa idea - He's just right to get a real kick out of the occasion and I'd give lots to see him Christmas morning, Babe, love them enough for two!

I'm still hoping to get a letter soon. Stay sweet and beautiful for me and keep loving

your husband

James.

So far, I've missed Rome. The fellows who have been there, really have some great stories to tell of beautiful churches and scenery. The people of this section are entirely different than the Sones in more Southern Italy. They are more aloof and seem to have been very prosperous before the war. They are not nearly so friendly to "Joes" as we found in other localities.

We just got our daily ration. 1 pkg of cigarettes, 1 stick of gum, 1 teaspoon full of sugar, 1 box of matches. Everything free. Quite a sufficient amount, don't you think?. I have my pipe and have managed to keep it going, so have

Dec. 7. 1944

Dearest.

I've written once today but got to thinking that perhaps I didn't say how sweet you are, so here's another. I'm alone in the tent with plenty of time to think about my sweetheart. How lucky I am to have you to go home to. how sweet and fine you've always been. how much I love you. Honey, seven years have really given me every reason to be proud of you and to feel sure mine is everything a perfect wife should be. you and I have had our troubles and trials, but they've never changed. we've come through it all more in love and more convinced ours is a real marriage. I know, when I go home, we'll pick up right where the war interrupted our plans and go on to a long happy life together, and, Darling, that's all I want. just to be with you and the Kids, with enough to be comfortable, then when life's over for us. I can truthfully say mine was a happy life.

I know you're managing to keep cheerful somehow for you know what I want you to be. Keep up your courage, Babe. The war can't last much longer and I like to think of you keeping up a good front and going right along with living in spite of our current problems. Babe I see lots of the war widows there wonder how you manage so well.

They'd give lots to have your plan for living and I know they wonder how you do so well. Darling, don't worry about anything but you and the kids. Take care of all of you for you're everything I have to go home for. I want you to be just as I left you. Sweet, healthy and beautiful so don't worry. That's bad.

I'm getting fat again - Italy agrees with me. Lots of sleep, plenty of good food, just enough work to keep from growing stale. All I need is a letter - Hope I get one tomorrow. I'm got to have news of you and Peg & Monty. I'll bet I've asked some of your letters a dozen times.

Write me often and lots about you in every letter. Goodnight my Sweetheart. Stay sweet and beautiful for me for I love you more than you know.

yours
Francis.

Pvt JM Wells 34980741
Co S INF APO 15405 -
C/o P.M. N.Y.N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
DEC 1
1944
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6c
VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla
U.S.A.

PASSED BY
U 17638 S
ARMY EXAMINER

Pvt J M Wells 34980741
Co S Inf APO 15405
c/o P.M. N.Y., N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
DEC 1
1941
532
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U.S. POSTAGE
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AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U S
17656
ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello Fla.
U.S.A.

December 4, 1944

Dearest wife.

Today I've had the opportunity of looking over some of the country about our camp. Without a doubt, this is the prettiest part of Italy and I know you with your keen appreciation of beautiful things would get a real thrill in seeing these steep hills and the way people can fit themselves to live in almost any environment. They farm their steep little patches and seem to have captured the ideal balance for living. Someday, I hope I can bring you here to see the most beautiful part of the world. We walked along the crest of a long hill and looked down into valleys far below. almost every inch of land is cultivated.

Darling, I must have something different in you for I never worry about what you're doing while I'm away. Some of the boys evidently have real problems at home and almost every night I get to hear some fellow wondering about what goes on at home. I tell them they don't love their wives or they feel differently and have more confidence. Darling, I'm thankful that I have such a fine girl for my wife and that I know you'll be waiting for me when I come home. You've been through some tough places with me and have always come through smiling. So many people get confused in their ideas of love and marriage, but you and I have the real thing. We get along so well and it seems each year draws us closer together. I know you to be just the right person for me and only hope to be back with you soon.

There's very little news here. I know you get tired of your letters being so dry, but there's so little to tell you. Then much we do hear is restricted and we can draw very little from our training or daily routine to write of. The weather is bad. When it's warm, it's raining. When it's dry, it's so cold there's no comfort anyplace except bed and we can't sleep all the time. Night comes about 5 P.M. then if there's a movie and it's not too cold, I usually go to see it. We have good movies about three or four times each week. I wish I could take you for a show in Thomasville and a big steak dinner out on the Albany road where we could dance some. I believe you'd find your husband a very

interesting escort. Sometimes I get so blue I can hardly keep going. Seems so foolish that I should be so far away from everything near and dear to me when all I want is to be with you every minute. If I ever get back, you're going to get awfully tired of having me around so much for I intend to do nothing without you. You'll have to hunt, fish, work and play with me. Think you can stand it?

Darling, write me every little bit of news especially of you and the children. I need to know everything about Montiello. Makes me feel better when I read of happenings at home. I still have no letter from you, I know the fault is not yours for you write each day.

Darling, I love you much more now than ever before for I've had time to realize just how important you are to my happiness you have always been so loyal and fine and each year you're more beautiful. I guess I'm just the luckiest fellow alive in having you. Always know I'm yours and that I love you more than anything in the world

goodnight Beloved

Francis.

Pvt J. M. Wells 34850741
Co S Inf apo 15405
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
DEC 6
1944
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

Mrs Francis M Wells
Box 142
Montbiello, Fla

PASSED BY
U 17656 S
Lt H B Watson

December 6, 1944

My Dearest-

We're having a real session of weather here. It's been raining all day and the mud grows deeper each hour. We are having quite a game of keeping dry and everyone is really playing his best. Our tents are good, but they've been exposed to so much water they're beginning to give up the fight. Italy is supposed to be sunny and perhaps is at some seasons, but we've had very little sun here.

Tonight, we had an unexpected treat. Three cans of beer and a can of salted peanuts. We really went for that and didn't gripe once about having to stand in the rain to get our rations. The Beer was really good. I just wish I could have had you to help me with half a can. you know how things used to be. We'd go out for beer, order up a couple, I'd drink mine, then another, another, and finally keep you finish yours. Remember Babe? you could never keep up with me drinking, but having you along always made the occasion perfect. I never found a place where you didn't fit in.

Thursday-

We were rained out last night and had to go to bed in self-defense. I'll write you a long letter tonight.

Stay sweet & beautiful-

all my love

Francis.

A/C Francis M. Wells 34980741
Co S Sq APO 154 05
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
DEC 2
1944
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
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VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello Florida
U.S.A.

PASSED BY
U 17658 S
ARMY EXAMINER

R.J. DeGray 1st Lieut.

Nov. 29. 1944
Italy.

Dearest -

Your letters are still somewhere behind and I'm starting to get anxious about you and the kids again. When I hear regularly, I can manage along, but when a few days go by with no news I start worrying. Maybe we'll have a mail call tomorrow.

The weather is getting colder each day. Some of the older men here say this section has snow later winter. I know nothing of snow but if cold brings it, we're really in for some. I went to an outdoor movie last night and felt like an iceberg when it was over. I saw the "Swim Ballet" Grantland Rice Made of FSC's swimming teams two years ago at Wakulla Spring. Martha Adams of Jax was team Captain and you can imagine how I felt seeing the Spring and the familiar sights along the river.

At our new camp, uncle Sam gives his lads free cigarettes (1 pk) and 1 bar of candy each day. Looks like I'll have even less need of money than I at first thought. There's very little in the towns around for sale. They have wine, and food but we've heard so many tales of things happening to fellows who ate and drank with the Italians that we're afraid to venture. The wine often has wood alcohol in it which causes blindness and the food may be anything. I can get along without the wine and our own mess is very satisfactory. I do get an occasional urge for a drink of good american whiskey but the local wine couldn't satisfy my taste even if there wasn't the chance of getting something bad. I'm postponing my drinking until I can get back where you can help me.

I'm still hoping you or van will send me Lee's address. He's somewhere over here and I want to see if I can locate him. With the address I can go to one of the officers for help. It would be good to see him.

The boys in France are really piling the heat on Germany. Looks to me like there might be some good news before many more weeks. I know how anxious

you are for the war to end any let me get home to help you with the bills and release you from at least part of your present responsibility. There's always something new to keep you from ever being able to relax and I know you get awfully tired of the job. Darling, you have done well and I frankly am surprised at the way you have managed. I was afraid for you, but you took over as though you had been accustomed to running a family.

Darling. I hope you manage somehow to keep from worrying too much. Just each day take care of itself and don't try to do too much. your work is important, but you must keep yourself relaxed and free from worry so you can keep [redacted] on the go. I'm getting fat again. We're not working much and are eating often and much.

Babe it's time for "chow". Take care of you and the children and stay sweet and beautiful.

yours always

Francis.

Pvt J. M. Wells 34980741
Co S Inf A.P.O. 15405
C/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
781
NOV 25
1944
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla
U.S.A.

PASSED BY
21226
CENSOR

Nov. 24, 1944

Dearest:

I have just a minute but will try to write a bit of a letter. I received yours of Nov. 12 today saying that Wade is in England. They shipped from [redacted] ahead of us. That was the shipment we were alternate for the day I called you from Washington.

You may not be getting mail so regularly for a few days but don't worry - there's always a possibility we'll be taking a trip and there's little chance of writing while we move. Remember, I'll write at every opportunity and, to you, no news is good news.

I was relieved to learn that Frank had helped your transportation difficulty and that you are again riding. He can do wonders when he gets started, but starting him is quite a task sometimes. Stay after him until you're satisfied! He can fix it if you make him.

Hurry and let me know about Pat's baby and about Lucile, Sarah and the other coming blessed events. Seems that war brings a great increase in population - all our friends and most of our relations have been bitten by the family bug -

Forgive the shortness of the letter. Stay sweet and beautiful for me and remember you're not to worry about me.

All my love

Frances.

Pvt J M Wells 34980741
Co E. Inf. A.P.O 15405
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
781
NOV 29
1944
POSTAL SERVICE

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VIA AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U 21227 S
ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Florida
U. S. A.

Nov. 21, 1944

My Dearest.

I have just finished reading 5 sweet letters from you written from Nov. 2 to Nov. 9 and I want you to know, dear, how swell they make me feel. Having a sweet beautiful girl love you is a great thing and I sometimes wonder how I was so fortunate. your letters mean so very much and you always seem cheerful though I know much of your cheerfulness is for my sake, and that you, like me, have lots of times when the whole picture seems very dreary. It's then that I start going back over our seven years together, finding new pleasure in things we did together and remembering how happy we always were. you mentioned our first date in one of your letters today. In the same mail I have some pictures of Tallahassee including the College and Bryan Hall. That really started my memory working - The card shows even the Palm tree where you met me and where you got out when we were a bit late from our trip out by the Mill. Remember? I know you do, for it seems only last month we were worrying about you going home for Christmas and wondering how we could stand being separated two weeks. I carried

you to the train in Monticello and we had the nicest time that afternoon and night. The hours I spent with you dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me. I know now what that line means for I have many times of late counted over those wonderful years with you and found them good. You are just right for me!

Things pass along - we're still on our jobs doing the best we can. There's very little to write about except that our quarters are good considering circumstances and the food is excellent. I wonder how much Sammy does it for there's really some problems attached to feeding and supplying troops overseas. The cooks are good - we have no reason to complain - in fact, except for being so far away from home, this is better than Basic. The officers are very considerate and interested in seeing that we are taken care of. My feet are trying to act up again, but we really get attention when we go to the dispensary and I think the feet will get O.K. before long. We've had almost two months of idleness since Basic and have almost to start over again getting into condition for long marches and heavy packs. Don't worry about your husband. Army cares well for its men over here

If Sing is in Ord Calif. he is bound for S.W. Pacific. He will probably be in Hawii a short time for advanced training and assignment to some regular unit. I hope he can be sent to a place where the climate is good (and dry) for bad weather really makes a man hate a country. Italy is one of the most beautiful countries in the world, but the mud seems to keep a fellow from seeing anything but ugliness and misery. The rainy season will soon be over I hope.

I just heard some baritone sing "Danny Boy". Surely made me think of George R. and wish I could hear him sing it again as the four of us were coming home from an evening in I-Field. Call him when you're over there again and say hello for me. George, somehow, understands me better than any fellow I've ever known and I really like the bird in spite of had a hundred little faults he has. He's conceited, overbearing, ugly, and much too loud, but he just slips up on you somehow and I can't help liking him.

Honey, your Tallahassee School Meeting was quite an affair from your letter, and I guess you did get quite a bang from the speeches, which were probably too intellectual to be interesting, and the social events, which were probably too proper to be amusing. I imagine you had just about as much fun as I had when I attended district meetings and came home ready to fight. Those things are usual with get-together and are part of the routine. I really hope you teachers get the raise for I know teachers are the poorest paid profession in America.

Lots of love from me to all of you - Keep sweet and cheerful and stay as beautiful as you are for

your loving husband

Francis.

Pvt J M Wells 34950741
Co. S. Inf. APO 15405
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
781
NOV 22
1944
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VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.
U.S.A.

PASSED BY

Monday Nov. 20/44

Dearest Marie, Peg, Monty -

Six days from now and Mother will be celebrating another birthday. I wonder what you three are planning for the day which will be next Sunday if I make no mistake. I wish I could be there to help you properly celebrate the event and usher in another year for the best wife and mother in Florida. You will have forgotten the day when you get this, but I do want you to know I thought of it.

My days here are falling into a very well regulated pattern and I find the routine not too bad. Our day begins about 6 A.M. We are usually through by 4:30 and have the evening for ourselves. I come to the day-room, write a letter, and read until 10 P.M. Writing here is a bit distracting with radio going, several discussions, and usually a card game or two. The day room is very popular. It's our only place to find a light and heat. They have a very nice selection of books and a few old Magazines from home which are read and re-read until they fall apart. At 10 p.m. the lights go out and we all go to bed. There's a movie (outdoor) near us, but the equipment was not designed for use outdoors and takes you back to silent days except that there's a big noise to accompany the show. I've been once.

Darling. I do hope you and the children are getting along well and are managing to stay healthy and happy. I worry sometimes. There's so many things that could happen - but know I can do nothing to change anything. All we can do is our best and trust God to keep all of us from harm. Humans, usually so self-confident and independent sometimes find situations in which they need to call in a little more help than usual - then it's good to know of a powerful friend. Dear, I know you do find help and strength from our

Lord and do not hesitate to call upon him daily.

Our war news indicates that Germany is really getting the works now from every side. The Russians have again started rolling and our own troops continue to rain blows on the Germans. I don't see how they can continue much longer, but we must not get too optimistic for they are usually able to spring a surprise when the going gets too rough. Wouldn't it be great if it could get over this year and we could all get home soon? Many of the fellows here have been over two or more years and ~~are~~ ~~now~~ ~~but each new group of men with questions of~~ America. They are so eager for news of home!

I have your letter about Lee's to van and confess that I'm in much the same mood. This being away from home is tough on a single man, but to a fellow with what I've got at home, it's almost unbearable. In one respect, though we were lucky, for we were able to be together much longer than were Lee and van. They had just begun to settle down to married life when he came over and never had time to really know how fine being married can be. I do believe them very much in love and think they will have no trouble beginning over again, but they don't have as much to build on as we do. You and I have been together so long, it's a natural state with us and we have long since learned to adjust ourselves to each other's dispositions. I seriously doubt if ever two people got along with other as well as we do and I know we'll just "pick up" again where we left off when I can come home. Darling, you and I are going to always be happy together. We understand and love each other and will let nothing interfere with our living together for a

long time peacefully and content with what life had given us.

There's very little to write about. Our training, location, equipment, and about every thing we do, are military secrets. about all that's left is the weather and that's a dull subject. We can say we love our wives and families, things, and that we do miss you more than you know. Part of missing you is selfish. I often start to call you to find something for me or to do something. a Man is a helpless creature. I've been on my own seven months and still can't keep my socks, shorts, and other clothing from getting lost. Invariably, I find whatever I'm hunting at the very bottom of my barrack bag even though it had just been put at the very top. I've (fortunately) had two very capable women in my life to keep things found for me and not the least of my joys at getting home again will be turning over to you the endless task of chasing my small equipment. Then, I also miss having someone to sympathize with me when I feel a little tough. In fact I've

found you lots more necessary to me than I would ever have admitted had I not been drafted It's really nice to know you're waiting, willing to take over the job of keeping me happy again and, Babe, that's just what I'm looking forward to.

Tell all the folks around hello for me and say I'm well. Tell Ed to write me when he can. He gives me the news from the male viewpoint and writes a very interesting letter. I have never written George. you might give him my address if he wants to write, he will. I'm sort of disappointed in his wife and family they acted so funny. He can't help it but it does make us feel let down.

Tell Peg to study hard and learn quickly to write her dad a letter. I guess Boy is jealous of her getting to go to school. He thinks he's as big as Peg and can do anything she can.

Stay sweet and beautiful for me, keep smiling - you know how I love you -

yours

Jimmie

Nov 19, 1944

Dearest:

Delmos and I finally were given passes and got away for a day in an Italian city. We visited Caserta and had a very enjoyable day even though we were a bit disappointed. There's no stores as we know them - everything seems to be street market style with peddlers walking around with their wares in their pockets. We found some fairly nice Cameos and I am sending you one but you mustn't consider this your Christmas Present. I'm sending the money in a few days and want you to buy just what you want.

Everything in Caserta is very old and dirty. Some of this is due to the war no doubt, but I think Italy lived pretty poorly before she was in war. There seems to be a general ignorance of cleanliness. The children are cute little devils and are very cheerful and friendly until they find you take no gum, candy, or cigarettes for them. They seem to lose interest then. A carton of cigarettes sells for $10.00 up, a pair of G.I. army shoes $20 and other items in proportion. Very little in town to buy and nothing to do except walk and look.

The walking and looking ran along for a time and I developed a great urge to urinate. We asked a M.P. and he showed us the place. Right on the corner of the busiest streets and looking like a place to water

horses. no privacy at all - just right out in front of everyone. We watched a while and saw other fellows going as unconcerned as though a mile away from another human, so we decided if they could, so could we. It was really a funny situation and we laughed much over it.

The only photographer I found was off the street variety and I had you a few snaps made. They're poor, but you can tell who it is, perhaps. I hope you can send me a few of you and the children soon. The pictures I have are nice but I need a more recent look. Please send some when you can.

Darling, I've about worn my feet out today walking and am tired out. I'm hitting the hay (that's actually what we sleep on) early and will write more tomorrow.

Stay sweet and beautiful for me, write often, and know I love you.

yours

Francis.

Pvt J.M. Wells 34980741
Co S. INF. A.P.O 15403
C/o P.M. N.Y.N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
781
NOV 21
1944
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
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MONTICELLO
FLA
10 AM
1944

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VA
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Capt. 20668 Aufdhaidt

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.
U.S.A.



Pvt J.M. Wells - 34980441
Co. S. Inf. APO 1540
C/o. P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
781
NOV 18
1944
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U.S. POSTAGE
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VIA AIR MAIL

DEC

PASSED BY
102
S
EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla
U.S.A.

Nov. 16. 1944

My dearest:

I've just finished K.P. for the day and am almost too tired to write, but want you to have your letter. K.P. here is a rough deal. We have so many men to feed and things are not nearly as conveniently arranged here as they were in the States. There's really plenty of work in our kitchen.

Our mail didn't come today and I didn't hear from you. I'm getting anxious to hear that you have begun to recieve mail from me. We've really had a long time with no contact. Haven't we Babe? I'm about caught up

With all the letters you mailed while I was on ship and not getting one today hit sort of hard. Hope there's two tomorrow.

All the other fellows had a mail tonight and have just come in - K.P.'s Miss them so in one sense I was lucky for I really suffer when we hike. I got some kind of infection on my left leg on the ship and have been having it pretty tough when we wear leggins. Having them on seems to irritate the sore place and it doesn't improve as it should. I intend to go on sick call

in a day or two if it isn't better.

Darling, remember me to the kids often. Don't let them forget me. I think Peg will, but Boy is quite young and will forget very quickly. I wish I could slip up on you three tonight and help you get them off to bed. I can almost hear the arguments start when you tell them to get ready.

I'm going to Bed, Babe. I'll try to do better tomorrow. Stay Sweet and beautiful

Yours

Francis.

Babe. please send me some Schick razor blades. We can't get them here and my supply is getting low.

Love - J.



Pvt. F. M. Wells. 34980741
Co S Inf. APO 15405
c/o Postmaster. N.Y.N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
781
NOV 17
1944
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Florida
U.S.A.

PASSED BY
20668
S
CENSOR

1 Cup sugar
1 Cup flour
2 pkg. seeded dates
3 eggs
1 qt nuts
2 tsp baking powder
1 " Vanilla

mix flour with fruit + nuts

Nov. 15

My Darling.

We're setting in our tent waiting for a new class to start and for a change in weather. While we wait is a good time for me to do my daily for we never know if we'll have another Chapel during the day. By the time we finish our work and eat, there's not enough light left for writing or reading and the day room usually has more ~~business~~ than it can handle.

I have a letter from Mary. She seems to be quite cheerful about Sing's going and is planning to follow him to Meade. Mary has a very difficult problem and trying to stay with the family only adds to the trouble. I'm surely glad you were willing to stay at home for the duration and hold things together. Honey, I don't want you to get entangled with any ~~scheme~~ any of my folks may try to see you for living together. You have your affairs going just right now and are free to do just as you like. You have only you to please, but with anyone else there you'll never have any time for yourself or feel free to do as you like. Paddle your own canoe and let everyone else do likewise. I hope, however, you will try to spend Christmas with some of the family, but if you go to Tarpon Springs, don't try to drive the car. You can go by train faster and much more

safely for I know you're apt to have tire or car trouble. You can get on the train there early in the morning and be in Tarpon Springs in about seven hours. I know you'll have a good time and the holiday season will pass more quickly for you there than if you stay at home.

Darling, I do hope you and the children have everything you need and are living, if not happily, at least comfortably. Write again about the tax checks so you will have a small reserve, and if it isn't there soon let me know and I'll get our collector on the ball. ~~There's no excuse for our government holding excess tax~~ as they've done on us, particularly since I'm in the service, and I'm just about ready to do some plain raising billy.

I'm very proud of the way you're handling everything darling and know you are doing a wonderful job. Don't let little things worry you so much - save your worrying for the big problems. You know how everything always works out for us in the end - you know why this is - so just do your best, don't worry, and always remember you have a powerful friend on your side ready to help when you need it most!

Helmos is still with me. His wife's mother died shortly after he left the state, and she has gone to live with relatives in Wisconsin. This probably accounts for her delay in answering your letter. I hope you and she will continue your acquaintance via mail. She seemed a fine person. I expect though that by the time you do your work and write me as much as I want you to, you'll be so busy there won't be much time left for your social correspondence.

Darling, each mail brings me from one to seven letters and you can imagine what a wonderful

Nov. 15, 1944

Dearest:

I've written you once today, but still have some time before I go to bed. I went up to the day room and stayed long enough to scan a book. When I got back to the tent I find three of the lads engaged in a big discussion as to which is best wife, or mother. Heath, the divorced boy I wrote you about, claims a man's best friend is his mother, but two of the others maintain there's no one like a fine wife. Quite naturally, being Marie's husband, I side with the two and this sort of puts Heath in the position of fighting for a lost cause. He's just expressing opinion formed from seven years with the wrong woman and I'm certain if he had been as fortunate as I, he would be singing in different tune. In my way of thinking a man with a good wife is the most fortunate of all God's creatures and should be happy always. Tonight, I can see you three, sitting at home, the boys busy with their playing and fighting, you at your school work or writing me with an occasional word to your two helpers. Then'll come time for baths and the arguments about going to bed. I imagine Monty is getting to be quite a problem about bed - he was always a very decided little man with his own ideas about when he should do things. Peggy, I know, is becomming a great help to you with him for he has a great regard for her approval of his actions. I'm going to really have some fun helping those kids grow up and teaching them to appreciate the good things in life. I want them to think for themselves, learn responsibility, and grow into maturity with all the advantages we can give them.

Darling, keep your courage high and never stop thinking of how happy we'll be when we can start really living again. I can see so many mistakes I make during our life together and so many times when I failed to do things that would have made you happier and more comfortable, that I wonder at your patience with me. When we start over again I'll have all this experience to draw upon and you

are really going to be pleased with results. I've always been too ready to please myself - I remember lots of times when you could have gone along and had fun with me - but someday when I resume civilian life, you're going to be included in everything I do.

I'm on K.P. tomorrow. don't know what we have to do here, but imagine there's plenty of work involved. There's one consolation, however, we get lots to eat and will get to spend the most of the day in a dry, warm place and that's a real treat in Italy.

Honey, I do hope you're getting along well and have recovered from your attack of kidney trouble. I can sympathize with you there for I spent 4 weeks in bed with an attack in 1932. Boy! I was the sickest guy in the world and many times thought my time was up. Take good care of yourself and try to stay in good shape for everything depends on you now. You've always been so healthy it's hard for me to imagine you sick.

Darling, I'm going to bed now. If I have time I'll write again tomorrow. Keep your chin up and stay sweet and beautiful for me.

all my love

Francis.

Pvt. F.M. Wells. 34980741
Co. S. Inf. APO 15405
% Postmaster. N.Y. N.Y

U.S. ARMY
781
NOV 16
1944
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POST
6¢
VIA AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U 21226 S
CENSOR

Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.
U.S.A.

Nov. 14, 1944

Dearest Marie.-

We're spending the day in our tents trying to stay warm and dry in this "Sunny"? Italian weather. Buster was right in what he told us of living in Italy.

Darling, we get Mail very regularly, and there's always some for me from you. Today I have the one mailed Nov. 2. in which you mentioned that Ella had been sick. Tell her to be careful, that I'm depending on her helping you until the War's over. Don't let her start acting up now, Babe, too much depends on keeping her on the job. She's plenty of faults, but, she will take care of the Children and that's the really important item.

I know you are getting

anxious for a letter after all these weeks. I know how miserable was my trip on the boat mainly because I couldn't hear from you. Your mail should have started reaching you now for I've written almost every day since we landed.

I haven't had a pass yet but hope to get one sometime this week. We were paid today and I'm back in better shape. I want to find a birthday present for you. It'll be late, but you know I'll be thinking of you and wishing I could be there. This'll be the first one we're missed being together Babe, do you remember your birthday in 1937 and what I gave you then? I'll bet you don't. That was a big occasion for me.

I was sorry to hear of Minnie and Ed's misfortune but glad it was no more serious. Kids will get

into things with even the most careful watching. I know you worry too much about ours. You have always been so careful with them.

You haven't said anything about starting to play tennis again. I guess running the house and your job keeps you so busy you have very little time for pleasure, but I was hoping you would find time to start playing again. That's one game we both like and we've really had some good times playing. When I get home that's the only form of exercise I intend to indulge in.

Honey, don't worry about me. You know I love you more than anything in the world and just live for the

time when I can be back with you. I'll leave off drinking and good times until you can come along and share everything with me. (I've having one hell of a time writing this, My pen went dry- I borrow another with the same results.)

I just got 5 more letters from you. Honey. if there was ever a luckier guy in the world than I, I've never heard of him. I've already had much more happiness in seven years than most fellows get in a lifetime and you're the reason. you were a sweet girl when I married you, but not half so much as now. Keep the letters coming and I'll make out 'til the war's over. Hun, I just want to make you the happiest girl in town.

If I ever get up nerve to go to town (from reports these Italian cities are tough) I'm going to send the picture you asked for. I want to try to get something for the boys too, but am afraid that things are going to be scarce in Italy. Perhaps, I can find something - hope so.

Seems funny that I should be over here and Ronald still free to do as he does. I think army would do him good - at least he would find out what an asset a fine wife is and learn to appreciate her more. I've plenty of faults, but have never been guilty of some of the things he does. Babe, I'm glad I was lucky enough to get

someone like you who is worth the very best I can give and more. You need never worry about me forgetting to be true to you.

I'm really pleased with the set-up here. The officers and non-coms are fine men and very interested in our welfare. The food is good and there's plenty of it - The quarters are rugged but considering the circumstances are fair. On the whole, it's livable, and there's no big reason for griping. I'll make it if you'll just keep writing often and lots.

Kiss the boys for me and stay sweet and beautiful for

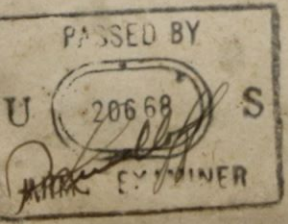
your husband

Jamais.

Pvt F.M. Wells. 34980741
Co S. Inf. APO 1540
c/o Postmaster. N.Y. N.Y.







Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.
U.S.A.

Nov 11, 1944

My Darling -

We're still here - no news of any change soon or of our destination. Reminds me a lot of Basie - everything is on the quiet until you're underway.

I have your letter in which you mentioned the picture and recalled the day you received it, but, frankly, I believe I have a much more vivid recollection of the occasion than you do. We had driven out to the north side of Tallahassee and you were guessing away trying to anticipate the surprise and, as I recall you finally did. Then there was the discussion as to what I should write and I decided truth was best and wrote. You seemed satisfied and I was very happy that you were interested enough

to push me into the undertaking. I'm almost certain that's the same day your name got printed in the top of the Coupe. Funny, and nice, that the mind can pick up events from the past and make them so vivid. Honey, almost every thing we did together is still with me and I often wonder why I didn't marry you sooner. I guess if you had asked me sooner I would have, but I hated to seem to anxious. You surely waited long enough! I was beginning to think I'd be forced to get me another girl. but you finally popped the question.

I have written Dad & Mom a short letter. I've been very careless about writing the family but seem to only

have time for you. They understand very well I think and you can pass on the news to them. I would like to have Marion's address if you can get it for me.

Nine more days and hunting season will be on again. I suppose the fellows are anticipating a big time of it and would really enjoy being there to help usher it in. The Chidrens are old enough this season that you could have gone with me and I know we could have had some real fun particularly camping out. you've lots to learn about that Particularly that there's nothing to harm you and that river water is good to drink. Maybe when we build our camp

we can have a pump so you won't be worrying too much. Well we'll consider that idea later.

I was surprised to hear of Prof. B's domestic troubles. Seems that there's a certain amount of fool in even the most intellectual of men and it comes out at unexpected times. Could be he has reasons but I hardly think. She has become very different lately and he seemed very well satisfied when I was home. I know I'll never get ideas in my head for I got thoroughly convinced before we were married that you were the one for me and each day that passes makes me surer that I made a wise decision.

Babe. if your mail should cease for a few days, don't get excited. I'll probably have very little letter writing time later especially when we're moving. I will write at every opportunity, so be patient and keep cheerful. Don't let anything get you down. Keep smiling and look ahead to the future. We'll soon forget these dark days and I know you and I can resume our happy life together as though we had never been seperated.

Tell Peg and Monty daddy is really missing them and wants to see them very much. Try to keep them in hand and be careful of all of you.

Yours always

Francis.

Pvt. F.M. Wells-34980741
Co. S. Inf. APO 15405
C/o Postmaster. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE 781 NOV 11 1944

Air Mail



PASSED BY U 21226 S ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla. U.S.A.

Italy Nov. 10-44

Dearest:

We're getting rapidly back into army routine and find it even worse than in the States particularly the living conditions. We've had almost constant rain since our arrival and stay in mud from morning to night. But as I've found out before now, the human is very adaptable and can put up with things he formerly thought impossible.

This section would be beautiful, under more favorable circumstances. With great Mountains on either side and the valley divided into olive groves and stone houses scattered around. The Italians live on a very low level and seem to just barely exist. Everything we see over here makes the U.S. look more like heaven and all anyone wants to talk about is getting back

to home and family.

Darling. I trust that you are getting along well and are managing to keep the wolf from the door. We are certainly fortunate in that you finished school and could step into a job when I was called away. I wonder how you could have managed without the extra income. The tax check shouldn't be long in coming now and will be a big help in getting you back out of the red. Don't worry for I'm certain everything will be all right.

We haven't had a pay day since leaving the States and consequently, I'm a bit flat. There's really no necessity of having much money over here, but I had hoped to send you something before Nov. 26. If I don't you'll know why and remember that I'm thinking of you as you celebrate another birthday. From your picture, you can have lots more of them before age

starts slipping up on you. All the boys wonder how such a plain Joe as I, was lucky enough to get a girl like you and I realize more each day how sweet you are. I hope I can soon get home again and spend a long happy life with you and our Children

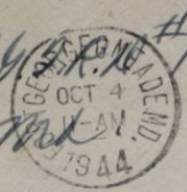
This Italian mud is about the meanest I've ever encountered even considering that we had in Texas. It's slick and sticky. You take one step forward and slip back two, and each step keeps adding to the pile on your feet until they become so heavy you'd think you had a stone for a shoe. The sun shines just enough to keep us from forgetting how it looks. In spite of all this though, I'm in good health and feeling fine.

Darling. I hope you have begun to
relive Mail from me now, for I know
what a difference getting your letters
Made to me. I had been very worried
and it was really sweet to hear you and
the children were getting along nicely.
See try to write each day so you will be able
to keep up with your husband.

Stay as sweet and beautiful as you
are and write me often for those letters
mean more than you know. Give my
regards to everyone - See try to write a few
of the folks soon. Take good care of my wife
and children.

all my love
Francis.

Pvt J M Wells 34980741
Co D 24th Bn. 8th Rgt G.R.T.C.
Fort George G. Meade, Md.



Free

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello Florida

Tuesday.

My Darling -

this may be my last uncensored letter to you for a while for we move to P.O.E. tomorrow from which everything will be scanned by the censor for possible news of military importance. We have drawn our full allotment of equipment, have checked and marked several times, been examined for every possible disease or ailment, and pronounced fit for service. Naturally, I'm feeling depressed at the prospect of going farther away from all I love, but somehow there's another feeling of pride in that I've managed to face my trial as a man and of gratitude that I have been given so much to make the effort worthwhile. It's hard to think of being away from you when I love you so, but I'm glad that I can carry with me wherever I go the knowledge of your love and a bright memory of wonderful years we spent together. I can be thankful too, that, while trouble and misery are the lot of much of our world today, you and the children are safe and free to live in our american way. I want you to be glad with me that I was man enough to do my part and to enjoy a confident trust that soon we will be back together again. Our days of late have been hard and troubled, but we both know we had a job to do. We'll be better people always from knowing we did our job and were never afraid to face the separation and hardships the job demanded. I have learned to love you and value you much more highly, darling, since I've been away, for your wonderful patience and loyalty and feel very humble to the Giver of all good gifts for bestowing me you to help me toward happiness

and a fuller appreciation of real living. You have become, from a sweet pretty girl, a woman wonderfully thoughtful, loving and beautiful and I have surrendered myself completely to you. I love you so much I can vision no thought of happiness without you and I know sincerely you will be in my heart always. Love me and tell me often - I need to know that every minute.

We have no idea of destination or date we will ship from P.O.E. - in fact we don't know which port we will go to from here. If there's any possible chance I want to call you and if this is allowed from the port I will. One of the Chaplains told us today we were going to France, but I doubt if he has any more information than we do. He just wanted to say something and thought of that.

Darling. I want you to face this as you're always met unpleasant things with your head high and a smile. Be cheered by the happy memories we have together and sustained by thoughts of our joyful reunion when the war's over. Enjoy our children and lead them to believe their mother is the happiest mother in Monticello. I know I can depend on you not to worry. I don't for I know everything's going to be right for us again someday.

I'm sitting in the recreation hall with about all the clothes the Army

has given me on and a big overcoat over them and still shaking from cold. It's been raining all day and the temperature has been sinking all day. There has been no order for turning on any heat in the camps and we just sit and shake. This is a far cry from Texas and hot heat. Boy, could I use some sunshine now!

Bubs, several of the boys from Camp Walters, Delmar Gaston included, are on orders with me and it really helps to have someone you know going along. We may be several days at the port and possibly will be — They will be much company to me there.

Darling, let every waking hour be one of happiness to you and the children. Don't worry about me a bit for I'm well provided for and both of us are protected by Him who has ever been the help of the helpless. Ask Him for strength and courage. Miss me (as I miss you) and write me every day. Your letters are so sweet and cheering to me. When I fail to

get one I feel like attacking the Mail Corporal - and it seems to depress him - he's so sympathetic really a fine boy.

I love you you sweet darling and promise you a lifetime of real happiness when I'm home again. Kiss the boys for me and keep the letters coming -

Yours

Francis.

Sunday -

My Dearest.

I've just come back from Baltimore. Spent Saturday night and today there and for a man with practically no money, had a splendid time. Delmos Dalton and I had planned all week to go to Washington, but through some slip up our Company passes were all made for Baltimore so it was there or stay in camp. We got there about five yesterday, found us a room, had a fine supper - I ate three big bowls of soup almost as good as yours - and went to a show. After the show we drank a few beers and went to bed. This morning, while Delmos slept, I slipped out to Church and heard some beautiful music and a good sermon in the First Unitarian Church of Baltimore. Everything was perfect. The people were very friendly and I know I came away a better man than when I went. Somehow a fellow's a little more appreciative of everything when he's alone in a strange place, and to meet friendly people gathered together seeking what he seeks seems to cheer him no end.

Two old sisters, Gray and wrinkled, but still young in heart, were inviting service men to their home for dinner and seemed anxious that I accept, but Delmos was waiting, so I turned them down. The boys all told me that dinner with them was a real treat, but I went back to the room for Delmos and we ate at Child's Cafe. We expected up to the last minute to be paid yesterday, but didn't so I couldn't go to strong on anything. I'll get some change

tomorrow or Tuesday and hope to be able to see Washington before I leave here. Baltimore is a tremendously big city and jammed full of people, but there's few places of interest for a fellow "just looking".

Babe, there's still no news of possible shipping out of here. Some say we'll be gone by Wednesday, some that we'll be here a month. We only know we're here until further orders are issued and are proceeding with our training which is harder than that we received at Wolters. Just like I wrote you it was the toughest thing I've ever had to do. Put me in bed 1 day and just creeping another. I'm O.K. again now. We're rested lots on our trip and I think I can stay out of bed.

The weather seems to have finally decided to give us a better deal. We've had a real sunny, warm day today and you will know how welcomed it was to us after a week of damp, foggy, weather. Yesterday was so rough that I had to wear my long underwear, woolen uniform with Blouse, raincoat, and still I was cold. Wonder what I'll do when we really get into the low temperatures? Guess I'll just go around in a sort of perpetual shake for if yesterday's any indication we really have something in store for us.

Put F. M. Wells 34980741
Co S. Inf. APO 15405
c/o Postmaster N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
781
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1944
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
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VIA AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U 21226 S
EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.
U.S.A.

MONTICELLO FLA
NOV
18
POST OFFICE

Somewhere in Italy.
8 November 1944

My Dearest wife.

We are back on land again after our long voyage and are trying to get accustomed to something solid underfoot after rocking so long. We don't know how long we'll be here, but are making the most of a few days in which to rest and get our things in order. We've a chance for a hot shower and a place to wash our clothes and, I confess, everyone is sadly in need of both. A ship is the worst place imaginable for getting dirty and has (for soldiers) only salt water for washing and bathing.

Darling, I know you will be disappointed when you get the letters I've written you so far, but I have been at a slight disadvantage lately amid my unaccustomed surroundings and haven't been up to par mentally. I've been so worried about you not knowing whether you made your journey safely and at least a hundred other things. Then it also seemed so strange for me to be getting ever farther from everything dear to me, that I just didn't have ambition to write oftener or more interestingly - I know you know me and will understand.

We had our first mail today and I have 8 letters from you, Babe, if ever a guy was in need of some mail, I'm the one and I tell you it really warmed my heart to have your sweet assurance of love and the knowledge of your health and of the Children. I was about ready to give up this morning, but things look better now and I'm back "on the ball" again. Write me often and long about everything - especially you and the children for that's the whole show for me. Every thing you do, everywhere you go, everyone you see - in fact, anything Marie does is of real interest

to this G.I. Your letters are so cheerful and optimistic. They're almost like having you to talk with a few minutes. Always send my mail via air for I'm in a heck of a hurry to have news of you.

Darling, this is the poorest, dirtiest, crummiest for a country in the world and we all wondered at first why we stayed worry with trying to help them back to a semblance of decent living. We visited Bari and, after seeing what war means to a country, were soon glad we could do the job here and know our own homes and families are safe. Heaven and the better ~~things of life have flown the coop here and~~ Italy loves by any hook or crook. a few american cigarettes will buy anything from a drink of wine to a woman and little children of 6 + 8 run the streets in packs like wolves peddling "nice home cooked meals", "good wine" and "a date with sister". Venural disease is almost 100% according to the medics and from appearances, I believe this a conservative estimate. Darling, no american can see conditions such as Italy has without thanking God for our own country and realizing more than ever before how fortunate we are.

We are camped in a section of Italy that is very mountainous and I have had quite a time getting accustomed to being surrounded by these great hills. Some may consider them beautiful but they look very discouraging to me remembering that I'm in a branch of the service that walks lots. I know we'll have some real work marching up + down. Our camp site is wet from much rain of late, but otherwise is very convenient. The food is excellent and the officers and non-coms seem very interested in making things as comfortable and agreeable for us as is possible.

Darling, when it's all over and we're home again you'll have a much better husband than before for I'm learning appreciation of you and seeing just how lucky I am to have you to come home to. You have ever been my ideal of the perfect wife, but, I can see now many times when I failed to do things that would have added to your happiness. I know you and I will be together a long time and I intend to make you the happiest girl in town.

Our trip here was quite eventful and I do want to tell you about it when I'm home, but security regulations interfere with any correspondence regarding it now. Besides, I'd need movies to illustrate some of the sights. They'd slay you!

I wish you'd write the collector of Internal Revenue in Jax and remind him that we were promised return of Jax by November 1. You might mention that I'm in service and that you could use the money now. I don't ~~feel~~ feel that we've been treated exactly fair in this, for our government demands its money then takes its own time about paying back.

Tell Hank Leslo for me and say that I'm depending on him keeping the car in shape for you. Hank is great to pick on (takes after your husband) and needs a little rushing occasionally. Tell him to write me when he will.

I sincerely hope you will be with you for the Holidays and that you will

Manage someway to keep from being too lonesome. I have written Mer for Lee's address hoping that I might be able to run into him somewhere over here.

Delmos is fine. When we landed the first person he saw was a negro boy that worked for him several years ago. They were both tickled pink.

Babe, don't work too hard and try to find time to relax occasionally. See be back some day to worry for you and relieve you of some of the responsibilities of running a family. Then we can nicely start living again and get some of our plans under way. Stay as sweet and beautiful as you are and remember how much I love you. Write every day and tell Peg + Moody that daddy surely wants to see them. I wrote Peg a letter and will write her again soon. I am hoping to find something to send them, but am afraid Italy will be a poor place to start a shopping trip. There's very little to buy here.

Goodnight darling. Take care of you three for me.

yours always

Frances.

P.S. Babe please send me 1 doz. Pkgs. Edgeworth Junior Pipe tobacco. Can't find it here. Thanks

Love

Frances

MONTICELLO FLA
NOV
18
POST

Pvt J M Wells Jr 34980741
Co D 29th Btn 8th Rgt.
Camp Lord George G. Meade, Md.



Free

Mrs Frances M Wells
Box 142
Monticello Fla.

Monday.

Dearest.

The big day has arrived and we are up to the ears in checking and fitting equipment for we are on shipping orders. We've practically all been put on orders and will probably be sent to P.O.E. Wednesday or Thursday. After we leave here, everything we do or say or write is subject to the censor so don't worry too much if my letters occasionally seem a bit dull and run down. There's only about ten subjects that aren't objectionable to the censor and that does cut down on possibilities.

I really enjoy your descriptions of the family scene at night when you're writing me and doing ~~your~~ work. It's so nice to have the intimate picture of my family together, refreshed for me and to be there with you in spirit at least. Honey, I have great plans for our Children - I want them to be the happiest, sweetest, finest, best liked kids in all of Florida and know you are with me in this feeling. I want them to be well rounded, experienced in living and getting along with their neighbors and to have appreciation for real, worthwhile things. You and I can provide guidance and convenience for them and see that they're exposed to things they should be familiar with also, they will always have an atmosphere of love around them and will never experience being the target of talk associated with less fortunate

children whose parents forget their love of each other and seek pleasure along lines other than their own homes. Darling Nelley, isn't it a wonderful thought - having two fine children to teach the art of living usefully? I know much of our future pleasure will come from making them happy.

Babe, don't be too lonesome and worried about me. We're victims of circumstances and have no control over our destiny, but we can endure our fate bravely and with patience. I know I will be coming home to you someday and rejoice in knowing I'll come back to find things just as though I'd been out for a week-end fishing trip and can resume living just where we were interrupted. To me, that's one of my greatest blessings - knowing I have a beautiful young wife who loves me enough to be true while I'm through with war. Never doubt for a minute that I'd ask you for more than I'm ready to give - just know that wherever I go, whatever I do, I'm yours, and proud to be. Darling, we will never let anything come between us!

I guess everything is still knocking along there about as usual. Write me all the news and know you are loved better than any person on earth by your husband

Francis.

Honey don't Get worried or alarmed if several days should pass without hearing of me. We don't know where we're going - won't know until we're there - then can only tell you in a general sort of way where it is. Be patient, Cheerful - Smile so everyone will know what a brave person you are. We may be here two or three more days or we may go tomorrow -

Remember now, don't worry - work hard, stay busy and let God keep you - He will. I know for I'm letting Him look out for you for me for a while and it really takes a load of your mind to know you have a powerful friend on your side.

I love you more really than you know and find new things each day to be glad of and proud of in you my own dearest wife. Keep your sweet chin high in the air and look ahead to the future when I can say really so you can hear I love you

Francis