Jan 3, 1945

Darling

My ink is out and I've been unable to write a letter so the first time I've had a chance I'm sitting down shaving and shaking from the cold with consideration of lowering our temperature.

Honey I can't express how much joy my mail has given me the last few days. I've had letters mailed Dec 2 and 4. I sure am glad you're feeling better dear and hope you've got over the bronchitis by now. I'm sorry the baby has been sick but I'm sure glad he's now. How are the children. I've had letters mailed Dec 2 and

[illegible] dear and hope you've got over the bronchitis by now. I'm sorry the baby has been sick but I'm sure glad he's now. How are the children. I've had letters mailed Dec 2 and

the time fails to get through. I'm sure anxious to hear about your Christmas, but will have to be patient a while perhaps. When you start using my new address the mail will come faster.

In 9 days I will have been overseas 3 months for our foreign service began the date we sailed from the States. Time is passing quicker when considering the past, but the uncertainty of the future worries me constantly and sometimes it seems going home time will never come. I know if I can ever get back to you and the children, nothing will worry me for I'm learning more each day that my happiness comes from being with you. I hope, darling, you and I can live a long life together so I can repay you for all you're missing now.

I know how tough it is for you there alone and realize how much responsibility you have shouldered since I left, but when I come home, you'll never have any reason to regret all this trouble for you'll have a husband who will do everything he can to make ours a happy life. We must both be patient and try to keep ourselves as we wait for the end of the war and a return to a normal life for us. Here's to no more waiting, we can start just start where we left off and go right ahead together. We've had all our troubles already and can be completely happy when the war's finished.

Darling, remember often how much I love you and how important you are to me. Try to keep from worrying and write me often.

Yours always,

Francis.

BE WITH *My Love*

by

PVT. IRVIN R. LINDEMUTH

Lord God above,
Be with my love,
Be with my loved one tonight;
Soft soothe her head
And watch o'er her bed
Until the light.

Thou, One in Three,
With my love be,
Be with her all through the day;
Help her, like me,
To find strength in Thee,
Humbly I pray.

Thou madest man,
And made womankind,
And thus shall it ever be;
Thou madest love
For them to find,
And made her for me.

So, Lord God on high,
Look down from the sky
And watch o'er her while I'm not there,
Guard her for me
Till Eternity—
This is my prayer. Amen.



Photo by Keystone View Co., N. Y.

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S "FAVORITE PRAYER"

ALMIGHTY GOD, we are about to be committed to a task from which some of us will not return. We go willingly to this hazardous adventure because we believe that those concepts of human dignity, right and justice that Your Son expounded to the world, and which are respected in the government of our beloved country, are in peril of extinction from the earth. We are ready to sacrifice ourselves to our country and our God. We do not ask, individually, for our safe return. But we earnestly pray that You will help each of us to do his full duty, permit none of us to fail a comrade in the fight. Above all, sustain us in our conviction of the justice and righteousness of our cause so that we may rise above all terror of the enemy and come to You, if called, in the humble pride of the good soldier and in the certainty of Your infinite mercy. Amen.



Pvt Francis M. Wells. 34930741
411 Repl. Co. APO 532-R
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
JAN 3
1945
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6c
AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U 42727 S
ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 147
Monticello, Fla.
R. 5. 17.

Pvt F. M. Wells, 34980741
411 Repl. Co. Apo 532-R
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
JAN 10
1945
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U 42727 S
ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.

Jan 7, 1945

My Darling -

We're having some more Italian weather today. In 30 minutes, we had sleet, rain, and snow. The snow was a new experience for me. I had never seen any before and I can say that it's nice falling, but mean when you're out in it. The ground is pretty all covered in white. I still am satisfied to live where we never see any for in spite of it's good looks, wading around in it is no fun.

Honey. I'm beginning to get really worried about you. I haven't heard in a long time and I get to thinking about all the things that could happen to you and the children. A letter, even though old, keeps me from worrying too much. Babe, don't let anything go wrong at home. I love you there so much I couldn't stand it if something happened to one of you and I wasn't there to help you. I ask God each day to protect you and see you safely through our time of trouble. Rely on His help, Babe, and know He's willing to step in when the going's to tough for you.

yesterday, I went to mass in an old Italian church over the hills

from camp. The Church was built in the 16th century and is on the highest hill near the village. The sermon was in Latin and Italian so I couldn't follow it but the feeling was there. One of the choir boys, 13 years old, who is studying for the priesthood, speaks English pretty well and talked with me quite a long time. His education is far superior to any 13 year old I've ever met and I enjoyed being with him. I hoped he would ask me to his home but I learned that his father was killed last fall and that his mother is still sick. He was tremendously interested in America - I had to show him on his globe where I lived - and he very quickly connected Florida with Columbus and 1492.

I had hopes of getting into an Italian home to see how they live and maybe get some spaghetti. He told me about his brothers that were so mean about smoking cigarettes and playing hooky from Church which he thought a very bad thing. He's already getting a "preacher" attitude which I thought remarkable in one so young, and discussed religion as interestedly as an old man. His name's Mario, the Italian for Marion and he called me Francisco which is as near as he could approximate my name. I got a real kick from talking with him.

Honey, I sit down and write. Stop and read and get disappointed in my letter for, somehow, I fail to get

down what I really want to say. I want to tell you how much I miss you and how hard it is for me to get along without you - how important you are to me - but the words won't go together right. If I could say what I feel you'd know what I mean and never doubt for a minute that you're the most beloved wife in Monticello. Every day I know more clearly what a wonderful person you are and I can hardly wait for the time when I can be with you again. Darling, be sure everything will come out right for us someday and that I'll be home again loving you more than ever.

Remember me to all our friends and stay sweet and beautiful for me.

yours always
Frances.

Joke of the week.
Mess Sgt.: "you're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?"
Soldier: "Long time no Sea".

Hearst.

I enclose letter regarding tax refund which you can mail if you haven't heard when you get this. I can't understand the delay - maybe this will speed it up some.

Babe, write me what you gave you from me when you get your present. yours to me is just right and I value it more for what it means to me. Goodnight, my sweet wife.

Love
Frances.

Helmos has had a bout with the flu but is much better. Julie writes she's about ready to go back to Florida.

Kiss Peg & Boy for me.

Love
F-

Dear Peg & Monty.

I know if you both had a big Christmas and have had much fun playing with the nice things Santa brought you.

Peg, you must write Dad often and tell me all about your school work and what Brother and Elda are doing. You have learned to write so well you can send me a letter often now. I know you're having trouble with the Boy but try to be sweet to him for he's too little to know how to keep from fighting.

Write me often.

Love

Dad.

Babe -

in your next tell me about your finances and how the bill situation is. I often think now will you've done and want to keep up with our standing -

Love

T.

Pvt J M Wells 34980741
411 Rpl CO APO 532-B
c/o P.M. N.Y.N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
JAN 16
1945
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

Mrs Frances M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.

PASSED BY
U S
42727
ARMY EXAMINER

Jan. 14, 1945

Darling-

I'm getting an early start tonight so I'll have time to write Mom also. I've managed someway to lose my pen and have to impose on one of the Buddies for his. He's quite a correspondent - writes poetry and is so worried about his wife's expected confinement he can hardly get along. She's due for the hospital any day now and his worry increases as the days pass with no hearing. We all try to help him cheered up, but I think I know how he feels. I went through something of the same thing once in Tampa - as you no doubt recall - wondering every day what would be the outcome and almost helpless to do anything. I doubt if any other couple ever had as many hard blocks beginning as we did. Everything seemed to sour on us and stayed that way until we finally went back to Monticello and made a good start. There we learned how nice living could be. Those hard days, Babe, like these were just a proving ground for us and I know much of our happiness together came from our real understanding of each other we learned on our hard first years. You made even the toughest situation better and always stuck tight to the bargain.

In 14 days, I'll be celebrating our anniversary. Seven years have passed so quickly I can hardly believe it. Then in another thought I feel as though we'd been together much longer - in fact I can hardly recall the time before

you weren't around to make living the joyous game it is when I'm with you. I know you wondered why I was so intent on you staying in Monticello and keeping us represented there. The fact is that somehow almost every happy thing we've done together has been there and Monticello has come to be more than home to me. I want to get back and stay there a long time - long enough to see our children grown and us situated so we'll never need worry. Hang on Babe, and make the days pass swiftly for I need to get home!.

Darling, If you can find a pen that's not too expensive I would be much better equipped to write. Don't worry about it for I could use a pencil, but that's too rough if I can borrow a pen.

Keep sweet for your husband and stay after that boy. I know from your letters, he's a mess. I love all 3 of you.

your
Francis.

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

U.S. ARMY
JAN 17
1945
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
17656
EXAMINER

Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.

Jan. 15, 1945

Darling-

I'm getting to be a regular gad-about lately. Saturday I stayed up 'til 10; Sunday, 'til 9:30; and tonight I'm going to be up at least until 9. The custom here is for early retiring, but in the last week I've found some books and a place for reading. You know what that's done for me. I rush through supper, get my writing material, and take off for our day room for a spree of reading and writing. Having a chance to read is a real pleasure to me, for except you and the children I've missed my reading more than anything at home even the hunting and fishing. Reading is a pastime I've ever enjoyed and, here, it's better than ever for there's so little else one can do.

I'm in the best physical condition I've ever been in. The weight I lost in Texas has been almost wholly regained and my feet have finally decided to stop complaining. I can walk 8 or ten miles easily and have grown some real leg muscles. These hills are great for putting muscles where you need them!. I wonder what I'll do when I get home with all the build-up I'm getting. Guess you'll have to play lots of tennis with me. I hope you'll start working on your game soon- you need more recreation than you've

been getting and I know how you like to play. There should be some one there who'll be playing ag'in soon. the weather will be getting better before long and you'll notice afternoons will be lengthening as winter changes to spring. I'll bet an hour a day would soon have you forgetting you ever had knee troubles!

I watch each day for the photos of my three. The picture I had and Mom was very good and you are thoughtful to remember me. I was quite proud of them. They seem so well pleased with each other - just the way we'll feel 25 years from now. They've always managed to remember each other and stay together in spite of anything and there's no reason why you and I are going to be as nearly like them as possible with one exception. I'll try to be just a bit more helpful financially than Pop.

Babe, write me about Claude Where he is and his work. I'll try to drop him a line. I've owed him a letter since July. He's

had some rough going lately and could perhaps use a few words from me. I never had much use for him until the time he visited us and seemed so pleased at the way we got along. He told me over and over how much he wished he could have had a different life than his and how glad he was to see us so well suited to each other.

Darling, I hope each day brings you much happiness and that you think often of your own Joe who, thanks to you, loves you and appreciates you more with each day that passes. Stay cheerful as you think and plan for our future together. There is much I want us to do. I'll really need some help when I become a civilian again and feel very lucky to have my Bee for that helper - yours always

Francis.

Jan 16. 1945

Dearest:

I hoped all day for a letter but my hoping was in vain - no letter. Our mail seems to come in spurts - several days without then a handful at once. That's nice on the day they come, but tough when I'm waiting - I imagine yours get to you more the same so you'd be able to sympathize -

I'm leading a collection of Florida fishing yarns laid around Miami so you will know I've really been enjoying myself. I guess the fishing fever's got me for I can never seem to get enough of it. I used to go off and fish so hard I'd be almost sick and so tired I'd say never again but the very next day I'd start figuring out why they didn't bite and how to get them next time. I think I was making too much work out of it and, had I relaxed and been a little slower, would have caught more fish and had much more fun. When I start again, I'll take you along

and try to remember the sport's the thing instead of trying so hard. I want a small outboard either of us can handle so you can manage the boat when you're tired of fishing. Then we'll take turns - a small motor will run slowly enough that we can cast with it running and I can paddling. Those guys at home certainly made a skilful paddler (even if unwilling) out of me. None of them could seem to learn the finer points on paddling so I always fell heir to the tough job. Honey, I think I'm getting a bit selfish. I think of all the things I did for "the boys" and how little interest any of them ever showed in my having a bit of fun, and promise myself I'll not worry along with them anymore. I'll get me the motor - take you along and have some real fishing fun.

I've been wondering what ever came of the three negros who shot the girl at Quincy last fall. Were they ever sentenced? I know the folks were considerably excited over the case and I wish you'd write me what happened.

Darling are you managing to keep things running smoothly and think of how glad you'll be to turn my job of running things back to me? You have done so well, I'll find it hard to take over. I want about two weeks off when I get there for fishing and to get used to living again then I'll be ready to get on the ball for some of those things we're going to have. We'll need a car (Lizzie's about shot) a lot and a home. That lot's got to be big

enough for a couple of cows too, for I'm never going to spend my life without plenty of milk. Then I want some chickens. Just a few powdered eggs make a feeble substitute for fresh eggs and I've eaten more than a few lately.

Darling take good care of yourself and the children and always know how much I love you. Stay cheerful and remember to stay beautiful for me —

yours always.

Francis.

Pvt J M Wells 34980[illegible]
411 Repl Co. Apo 532-R
C/o P.M. N.Y.N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
JAN 18
1945
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.

PASSED BY
CENSOR

W J Jeffries
2nd Lt 70

Jan. 17, 1945

My darling -

I have a booklet on the cities of Florence and Pisa you will enjoy, but will not get a chance to mail them for a few days. From the descriptive Material and Photos you can get an idea of the sights in these cities and see why they were so very interesting to Mr. Babe. I hope you and I can come back some day and have time to really look and learn.

The Cameo I wrote I sending still is in my billfold. I looked it over after writing and decided it wasn't good enough so I'll be trying to find another. The one I have looked fair at first, but somehow it doesn't exactly please my fancy. Maybe I'll find a ring for you.

Delmas and I ran into one of our old Camp Wolters buddies today. He's been here longer than we and thought himself the only Mason from our Lodge in this area. We had quite a time talking over old times and comparing notes of our experiences since we were separated. Most of our boys went from Meade to France and we were surprised to find one of

them here. He came up to our tents and stayed until Chow time with us.

Babe, I will soon be celebrating my seventh wedding anniversary and remembering what a wonderful wife you've been to me. I want you to feel proud of yourself for you've made a real success of being married to me. We've been happier on less than any couple I've ever known and you're due the credit for keeping things on an even keel through the tough going. Someday I intend to really tell you how much these seven years have meant to me - I won't write - just save it for homecoming.

Goodnight dearest. I miss you more each day (especially when there's no mail) and love you more than you know

Yours
Francis.

Pvt J.M. Wells 34980761
411 Repl Co APO 532-R
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

ARMY
JAN 19
945
532
SERVICE

U.S. POSTAGE
6¢
AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
U 42727 S
ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.

Jan 25, 1945

Darling -

U.S.O. shows and Army Special Services gave us a real treat tonight - an hour of serious music by an all negro cast. All were fair - the baritone was great. He sang all the old favorites: "Invictus", "Old Man River", "The Big Bass Viol" and "Shortening Bread". He came on after a fat negro tenor had the boys ready to leave and in a few notes had everyone anxious to listen all night. He is a fine artist with a great voice.

I think that of all my secondary interests at home I miss music as much as any other. We always found time to catch the best programs together and I learned to associate my happiest moments with good music. We have some of my favorite records over here, and hearing them really reminds me of you and home. There's so many things that do though. Guess you aren't ever far out of my thoughts for there's so many little things that start a train of thought of you.

Babe, don't worry about me - I'm in fine shape [illegible] ever and still confident for what lies ahead. I know everything is going to turn out just right for us in the end and you and I will find lots of amusement in recalling to ourselves and our grandchildren the days when grandpa was in Italy. Life is a succession of adventures - the more experience one has, the richer his store of knowledge. We might have never discovered how very much in love we are had we not been separated by the war, and might have even loved

P.S.-

Our buddy, Waymaster, who is of Serbian descent really gave us a laugh last night. He had been teasing us about Nazi's being supermen. Last night he came in and said "men, in the future please consider me Russian and remember that we Russians are supermen. Benny's a good kid - 20 years old - 2 years in army - one of them as para-trooper. He's just one year married and has a beautiful wife of whom he's almost as proud as I of you.

Nite Gal -

J.

But our loves content with a more or less ordinary marriage. I know that with a keener & deeper appreciation each for the other and the obligation that we become closer through separation we will always enjoy something better than ordinary. Babe, cheer up! I want you to cultivate a feeling of pride in yourself for you've been tried and found not wanting in a single quality that makes fine women and real American mothers and wives. You took over without complaint and have done just as you should have. Be sure I'm proud of you and love you more for your efforts.

Babe I must down to the Red Cross for coffee tonight with Clemos and use up part of my letter-time. I'm off to bed now. Goodnight, my dearest. May God bless you and give you courage for your task. I love you

yours
James.

I tried this once before not to worry when mail stops a few days. There's lots of reasons - remember always no news is good news and I write at each opportunity.

yours
J.

Dear Peg & Monty.

Those letters you write are very sweet and I hope you'll both write often.

I wish I could see Monty scooting around on his bicycle. I'll bet he's a real little monkey.

These folks over here don't have many cars. They ride around on bicycles and can really whiz down the hills. The men have little boys on the back of their [illegible] and sometimes carry rabbits, ducks, turkeys, and chickens to market on the wheel.

Write me often.

Love
Dad.

Pvt J. M. Wells 34980741
G.D.R.C. Apo. 739
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.



Mrs Frances M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.



Jan 22. 1944

Dear Van-

you're doing too much worrying about Lee. I know how you feel, but there's nothing you can do and worry just makes things harder for you. Sis. I wish somehow I could stop this war and get us all home to our wives and children, for I know what a lonely time you are all spending back there waiting and hoping. Marie almost never mentions her troubles but I know she has them - just doesn't want me to know.

I was very glad you could be with Marie at Christmas. She hardly knew what to plan and I was afraid she might try to go to Tarpon which would have been too much for her with the Kids. They're plenty of trouble at home and would have been even worse away. I wish you could be nearer Marie always - She's a long way from her folks and gets to see them so seldom. I hope when we all get home - you and Lee will come to Florida to live. We can have some

really good times together and I'd get the chance to know him better. I really think you're a real guy for a husband and I know yours could be a happy life with him. Maybe you can persuade the stork to pay you a visit soon after he's home. If you have trouble getting results, I'll lend Lee a pair of my shorts to hang over the bed- then I know everything'll be right.

Von, try to keep from worrying too much- Lee's expecting to find you as pretty as when he left and worry makes wrinkles. So stay cheerful.

Write me often, Sis; your letters help lots. I'll try to be more prompt in my replies in the future.

Love

Francis

Dan - if I had about 24 hours
of you, and some Music, I'd make
you think you were dancing
with Fred Astair. I'd Whirl you
around so fast your skirt would
fly up like a Windowshade -

Love
L.

Jan. 31, 1945

Dearest.

Work interfered with my letter last night and I'm afraid this one will be very short for I'm feeling in need of some sleep. I wanted you to know everything's O.K. with me and Rumb you'd be disappointed if two days passed without news.

I had a letter from Charles yesterday - he's still in Hawaii doing radio work with the air corps. He was really proud of his son and I can imagine how anxious he is to see the new arrival.

Babe, I'm just too tired to write more. I'll write you a real letter tomorrow. until then, stay sweet as you are for

your loving husband

Francis.

Pvt Jim Wells 34980741
411 Repl Co APO 331-R
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
FEB 1
1945
532
POSTAL SERVICE

6¢
AIR MAIL

Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Florida

PASSED BY
42727
EXAMINER

Feb. 1, 1945

Darling-

I'm glad you have received the clipping I sent you for you'll know now just what I ask of our Father each night for my loved one so far away. Somehow, I've grown to accept our situation more cheerfully since I've thought over the problem and drafted the facts. Neither can help anything that happened but knowing God has time to help you and protect you and the He will, makes everything lots easier. Babe, I hope you can let Him help you with your troubles When the going's rough.

(My pen has come back- Jesse Taylor borrowed it this evening While Delmas & I went to Church)

The cold you mention so often is very persistent and most unusual for our Florida. I suppose you're getting touches of the terrible weather common over almost the entire north. Darling, February's here today and that means winter is well along at home so you should be able to begin feeling a touch of Spring before long. I know how welcomed it will be to you for I can very vividly recall your dread of cold weather and can imagine how trying the children become on days too cold for playing outdoors. Peg & Monty are too active to stay too lightly penned up long without exploding and those explosions are not conducive to quiet and calmness. When the weather improves they'll be much less trouble for they'll be too busy playing to remember mischief. When they do get out they can let off steam in their play instead of fighting-

I expect a pass soon and hope to be allowed to visit Florence which is real center of Italian art. I've talked with the boys who've been there and seen several booklets about the sights there so am really pulling for my chance to see some of the things I've heard so much of. I remember from school days that Florence has many wonderful paintings and sculptures and I just hope I'll have time to see part of them. I'll remember to write all about my trip. I wish you could be with me - enjoyment is much fuller when shared.

U.S.O. furnished us another show [redacted] this afternoon. The idea seems to be for morale but mine usually takes a drop seeing scopes from home, hearing our own songs sung by real american women. I usually come away feeling low for it starts me thinking of all I'm missing and of you. Babe, I think of how happy you and I have always been and miss you too much to tell.

I hope the letter got results from the tax check. You should have my letter telling you what to do about the return due March 15. Be sure to get someone to help you.

Dearest, take care of you for me and know I love you more each day. Stay cheerful and keep thinking of the future when everything's going to be right for us and you're be the happiest girl in town because I'll be there doing my best to repay all you've missed during our war days.

Goodnight, darling. Stay sweet and beautiful for me. yours always

Francis

Pvt J. M. Wells - 34980[illegible]
411 Repl. Co. APO 532
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

FEB 6 1945
532
POSTAL SERVICE

U.S. POST
AIR MAIL
6¢

EXAMINED BY
[illegible]
ARMY EXAMINER

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

quickly for me. He and I, usually go to Church together & night then stop by the day room to do our writing. He's a good guy and I was very glad when he moved back with me. We both hope when we go forward it will be together - we've become accustomed to having each other around from our long association. Things Basic and subsequent events over here.

If you haven't had the News send you - I don't. Postal regulations prohibit forwarding of any second class matter from original address and my address is apt to change at any time. Just let it come to you there - you can send me the clippings I might be interested in.

I have a letter from Charles of Dec. 4-44 from Harbin announcing birth of his son. Bonnie had cabled him and he was feeling right proud of himself. Which (recalling our first) I understand. I know he'll relished that the event is over and that both are doing so well.

Babe, be sure to take good care of yourself. If you cracked up I wonder what we'd do - So much has become your responsibility now that your old routine would be a real tough break. Then, too, I'm looking forward to an active program of fishing and hunting when I come home and I want you ready and able to share with me. Be careful!

Stay sweet and beautiful for me. Remember how much I love you three and keep planning for a really happy future when I get back home to you.

Yours always

Frances

CHAPEL BULLETIN
5TH and 23RD Bn's. Chapel
8TH Replacement Depot
Somewhere in Italy



"The Master is come,
and calleth for thee."

MORNING SERVICE

4 February 1945 — 1030 Hours

* * *

1. Opening..... 8
"Gloria and Creed"

2. Prayer and Lord's Prayer in concert

3. Hymn..... 82
"Yield Not to Temptation"

4. Prayer

5. Responsive Reading..... 25
"The Lord Our Shephord"

6. Announcements

7. Hymn..... 83
"Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing"

8. Special Music

9. Sermon.....Chap., Kenneth Littlejohn Hamilton
"The Master Calleth for Thee"

10. Invitation Hymn....."Sweet By and By"

11. Prayer and Benidiction

* * *

SUNDAY SERVICES

0915 Bible class (Chaplain's Office)
1030 Morning worship service
1130 Communion service
1500 Chapel Fishermen's Group
1915 Evening Vespers

Services every evening at 1915 Hours

EVENING SERVICE

4 February — 1915 Hours

* * *

1. Hymn..... 84
"In the Hour of Trial"

2. Prayer

3. Hymn..... 85
"Stand up, Stand up for Jesus"

4. Responsive Reading..... 26
"The King of Glory"

5. Announcements

6. Special Music

7. Sermon..... Chap., Kenneth Littlejohn Hamilton
"When the Church Grows"

8. Invitation Hymn... "Sweet By and By"

9. Prayer and Benediction

* * *

To all who are weary and need rest.
To all who sorrow and desire comfort.
To all who labor and want refreshment.
To all who are restless and crave peace.
To all who are lost and want a Savior.
This Chapel opens it's doors in the name
of Jesus Christ, and says come.

This bulletin is mailable, send it home.

"THE MASTER CALLETH for THEE"
John 11:28

Jesus is here with us in life and yet so many fail to recognize that He is with us. He said I am with you alway even unto the end of the world. He is a personal, present, powerful, person who is living in our hearts today. Where ever Christians go Christ is there. God is not far removed but God in Christ lives in the heart of every true believer. Christ is in His world today. God is not apart from the world. It is His world and He walks and dwells in it. Jesus calls us today just as He did 2000 years ago. The call of The Christ rings out today. Jesus is here and He still calls men into His service. There are three types of people in our world today, and still the call of Christ goes out.

1. This type, does not even here the call of Christ. The call goes unheeded. It is the casting of Pearls before swine. The call of Christ goes out into our world, but they do not even hear it.

2. This type hears the call and yet does not do anything about it. They want to take action and start to do something but they never follow their consciences. They put off answering the call.

3. This type, hear the call and take action and leave all to follow The Christ. Many arose quickly to heed The Masters call. It is very important that we respond to the call of Christ at once. He does not wish us to tarry and linger.

"Now is the day of salvation."

Jesus calls us, Savior make us hear Thy call.
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee, best of all.

Feb. 4, 1945.

Dearest -

Our weather is quite improved today. in fact I can almost imagine myself in Florida. If this fine break continues we'll soon be out of the mud and rid of our coughs and colds.

Honey I wrote several weeks ago for you to have a thorough physical checkup and after hearing of your continued kidney trouble, hope you have done this. Remember I am something of an authority on this ailment - having suffered a long drawn out attack several years ago, and recall it's definitely serious unless properly looked out for. I know you feel unable to miss any time from your work, but darling, your health is too important to neglect for the sake of any job. Be sure to be careful. Your trouble is no doubt due to being on your feet so much and should clear up with some medical attention and lots of rest. Try to guard your diet and "goldbrick" a bit on the job at least enough that you don't get too tired. Babe, don't neglect yourself! -

I finally got to see Florence and spent a wonderful day there

seeing the sights. I had my first meal in three months out of a plate and sat down to a table with a cloth on it. You've no idea what a thrill one gets from eating sitting after three months of standing. Little things we took as a matter of course are sometimes missed most of all.

There's lots of interest in Florence and I couldn't really see much in the short time I had, but I did see the cathedral and some of the sculptures of which there's so much. If I can get another pass, I want to go back and try again - there's so much one really needs weeks instead of hours.

Florence, more than any other city I've seen here, is like our own. The people act and dress much as we do and their shops and business houses are very little different than our own. I saw quite a few private cars, fur coats and almost all the women had lipsticks and rouge. Really a nice city full of interesting people and sights.

Helmer, (perhaps I've mentioned this before) is living in the same tent with me again and having him around makes the days pass more

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

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE FEB 8 1945 532

U.S. AIR MAIL 6c

PASSED BY ARMY EXAMINER

Lt Smith

Mrs Frances M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Ga.

Feb. 6. 1945

Dearest -

I received another box from you today - the one with the tobacco - and it came at a welcomed time. My supply of pipe tobacco had become almost exhausted and since I had such a cold and cough cigarettes don't seem to fit me. Takes a few puffs on me ole pipe to satisfy. You know how cold dulls the taste and mine seemed to hit me near the source of my desire for cigarettes. The tobacco will be a source of much pleasure to me Babe. thanks.

Mr. Brinson does have a sense of humor though he did pick a fine time to ask if you were anxious for my return. I like very glad to hear you are improving and hope it continues and want you to be sure to continue until you are completely recovered. The trouble is due no doubt to your being on your feet so much, so try to plan a system of working more from your desk. I know how much energy the job takes - 22 kids are plenty of bother and can think of plenty to try your patience.

Delmas and I are being given a refresher course of training in one of the weapons we studied in basic and are finding it really interesting. We know what our duties from day to day will be - we just hope this will develope into a regular thing. Being unassigned is lots better than the front and we are both grateful to the fate that has held us here, but there's flies in the soup too. Being unassigned is something like being an orphan. You're never sure what's coming.

Darling you and the children make my prospective future very bright. I have everything for happiness awaiting my homecoming and will need no help or supervision for the resumption of civilian life. I can go home anytime and in a few days people will think I have been there all the time. I'll have a job, if we decide I should take the old one back, a pair of fine children, and the best wife in the world, whom I will love much more for her wonderful spirit while away had me. Darling, stay sweet and cheerful for me.

yours always
Francis.

March 2, 1945
Belgium

Darling Wife -

Well, I'm seeing another country in my tour of Europe. We were in France such a short time that I had little opportunity of getting acquainted - in fact I was never off the post except one time when we were out on the range. The French are much cleaner and more industrious than the Italians, but Belgium is the nicest thing to home we've seen yet. We have only been here a short time and have had no passes, but going to the range this morning, I saw a little of the city. They have Ford and Chevrolet cars, and I saw a big Singer Sewing Machine sign in a window. The stores and shops seem to be run more like ours and the buildings are very similiar. Everything is as clean and neat as can be and the people are very friendly.

We are still awaiting assignment which will be made in a day or two. Then, perhaps, I can write you in more detail of my experiences. In almost every Camp we're been in, there's a different set up of Censorship Rulings and I try to keep from violating any of them So your letter will arrive intact. I know you wonder often what's wrong, but, Babe, I try as best I can and hope you will understand. When I get home I'll have lots to tell you about it all but now you'll have to guess.

I stay in fine shape except for the long trips which were tough. Traveling is worrisome anywhere, but in wartime it's downright painful. I have qualified to become a member of the "Forty and Eight" branch of the Legion. Membership in this organization is limited to soldiers who have made

a trip in a French railway car on the side of which is written "40 HOMMES, 8 CHEVEAUX" - forty men or eight horses - the capacity of the boxcar. I think I could write quite an interesting account of Europe as seen from a boxcar, and the chapter dealing with C-Rations would necessarily be profane. The first meal is passable - from there on it gets worse.

Tell pig that the people over here wear wooden shoes and they really make a clatter when they walk around. Three little boys come to our kitchen for garbage each day at noon. They have a wagon and harness their dog to it like a horse. They are really a sight with the dog and their wooden shoes.

Darling, our mail will be at least a month catching up, so

you'll know how lonesome and worried I'll be. That's about the worst part of a move. In Italy our mail service was getting fairly good, but I'm afraid we'll be a long time getting it started here. I'll write as often as I possibly can for I want you to know often how much I love you, and I'll keep hoping that soon I'll be hearing regularly from you again. A letter from you is the most important event of the day and when they don't get through I really get crossed up.

Darling, if I could stop thinking about you and the Kids and worrying I might eventually make a fair soldier, but I can't keep from remembering how sweet you are and how much you had come to mean in my life. I just keep hoping it will soon be over and I can get home to you. Then I can be happy again for you three are all I need. You're

in for a real surprise too. for I'm going to be so much better than before you'll think you've a new husband.

Babe, think of me loving you always and [redacted] glad I have you waiting to come home to.

all my love to Peg and Monty.

yours

Francis.

I still have no new address.

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

U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE
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1945

U.S. 6c AIR MAIL

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

PASSED BY
U 33703 S
EXAMINER

Feb 17, 1945

Dearest-

My mail from you seems to be a little crossed up again. I've had a letter or two in the past few days, but they were old. I'm getting awfully tired of letters - waiting and hoping - quite often disappointed - What I need is a chance to see you and talk. My letters to you have become so poor I hate to mail one - There's so little to write about - perhaps in a few days I'll be able to give you an idea of what limited subjects we can choose from. Babe, when the mail comes slowly there, don't worry, there's two reasons poor service and reasons here. I may not have a chance to write for several days now so don't get excited - just be sure I'm thinking of you always and writing at every opportunity.

Lee has never answered my letter. He has probably been very busy. Both he and Marion are in the same section. I've been hoping I might eventually get to see one or both of them, but we never know from one day to the next what's

coming. We live from day to day and hope soon to have a more definite assignment.

Our war news continues good. The Russians have really made it tough on Germany with their drives from north East, and South. I don't think this war can last too much longer and we seem to be making real progress against Japan. I pope and hope it can soon be finished so I can get back home to you and the Children. Babe, being away, gets harder all the time. I need to have you around all the time to keep things going right for me. I got spoiled from having you help and just can't get used to getting along alone.

Babe, don't worry about me. I'm fine - just darned tired of living by myself. Remember, I love you more each day and just live for the day when I can see you again.

all my love

Francis.

Pvt Francis M. Wells, 34750741
411 Repl Co Apo 532-R
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY
FEB 19
1945
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POSTAL SERVICE

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AIR MAIL

PASSED BY
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42727
ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.

Dearest.

My Mail's getting slow again. Haven't heard from you for two days. I was getting so accustomed to my daily letter that going without is a bit tough. I'm getting thighty ready to go home. Four months overseas yesterday and that's too long for a fellow with so many good reasons for being home. I've still to learn to stop having a great urge to see you. Here, I'm reasonably comfortable, well provided for, no responsibility, easy work, but I just can't keep from thinking how much I am missing by being away. I wanted to share every day with the kids as they grew and see them expand as new ideas came to them. I wanted to see their reactions to experiences I missed in my childhood and help them lay their plans for their childish ventures. Darling, most of all I just wish I could be with you and be happy again. All the current attention to the problem of reconverting G.I. Joe back to civilian avocations me. I find it mentioned in almost everything we get to read with discussion Pro + Con by almost every prominent person at home. There seems to be an idea existent that the boys are going to have a tough time readjusting his civilian life and that many wives are in for disappointment when Joe comes home. It's true that some will be changed to the extent of never getting back into the old groove again. I've changed, I'm older, you're older, we've been forced to a different attitude than we formerly had. We've been living alone in the past for our happiness. But one thing goes on just as in the past - our love, broader, stronger and tempered by a real appreciation drawn from our months apart. Babe, you and I need never worry about homecoming. That's going to be the happiest day of our lives - much happier than our wedding day.

Darling, I've learned another very important thing over here. I have come to realize the importance

of God in my scheme of living. Many times when the going was tough, I've fought real peace and had my courage boosted by asking His help. I haven't had any miracle happen to me, but somehow there's a feeling of having a strong buddy with you Who can clear up your troubles and sweep away the worries. Every day I ask Him to guard and protect my loved ones and I know He's on the job.

9 more days and Peg will be celebrating her sixth anniversary. Darling, wasn't it tough for us then? Everything was wrong. all I could make was one mistake after another, but you loved me right on in spite of all the good advice you were getting. Peg should always have a happy life! She was born under such difficult situations and had such a hard time getting started. I'll never forget our first few months with her. You worked all day - We both worked all night. I think that's the real reason we love her so much - she demanded so much of our time at first.

Darling, tell them often about me and don't let them forget that they have a dad Who loves them. Take care of you there for me and stay sweet and beautiful.

Yours always
James.

Peg -

I wish you'd try to write more often and send me some of the pictures you draw. Kiss brother for me and tell Ella hello.

Love
Dad -

Feb 12. 1945

Dearest Bub.

We're having the afternoon off for a U.S. Show so I'm taking the time for my correspondence which was getting in a sad state. I have written Georgek. Grace & Eldon, and dad & mom. I do enjoy hearing from them, but answering is quite a task. I just have to force myself to stay and keep right on the job until they're all finished.

Darling, I know you're going to find that history a dry assignment. I just wish I could be there and give you a hand with it for history was always my favorite course in school. you and I could really enjoy some schoolwork together - We'd work fast I'm sure.

Our Chow bell is ringing - I'll write again after church.

Love

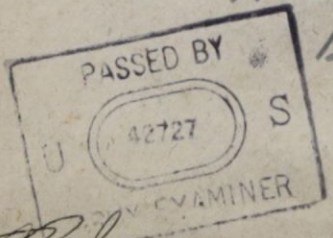
James.

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





Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 172
Monticello, Fla.
U. S. A.



Feb 11, 1945

Dearest Darling-

I missed your letter last night - Delmos and I took in a show and hit the sack early. We were having a real spell of rain and didn't think of anything but getting home to the tent. Your box came yesterday with the sardines so I combined my things with Delmos for a real midnight snack but we had it about 8 P.M.

Darling, I am sending you another program of our Church services today. We have a splendid Chaplain and try to attend services regularly. There's something in Church we don't get anywhere else and a small portion of time spent there is a worthwhile investment in peace of mind. The Chaplain is a real family man and never fails to ask God's protection for our loved ones at home. Somehow he puts into words what I feel and gives expression to thoughts I can't talk about. Finding a fine, honest, real man with a faith so strong and simple, who is doing so much for men of all faiths and colors, strengthens my own belief.

Delmos and Gene Strickland from Conn. are having a real argument about conditions at home particularly regulations concerning mailing packages overseas. Strickland says the regulations are right - Delmos says no man's wife should be forced to produce a request before being allowed to mail one. They are really going to war. Delmos gets thoroughly interested in his side of any question and really gives but with all he has.

One of the boys up the street received a box of magazines today and passed them around. We've had a beautiful, sunny day, so I've been stretched out in the sun reading and sleeping. Babe, I'm getting more and more willing to sit idle and easy and watch the other fellow fight fate for success. I think I am changing, perhaps slowly, but changing nevertheless. Success is growing to be just a word to me for I'm getting convinced that success rarely brings happiness and I want, more than anything else in the world, happiness for my family. I think if I devote most of my time to making a happy home for you and the kids and less time to getting rich that in the end we can both feel we've had something few people have throughout a lifetime. I hope, with your help, to make home such a fine thing our children will always remember childhood as a supremely happy time.

Darling, there's so much I want to talk over with you and a letter is so inadequate. I formed

a habit at home of depending on you for opinions and most always had to have an expression from you before deciding even a simple matter. You have a way of getting to the core of a matter and expressing concretely things I think of but can't quite express clearly. Delmos gets annoyed at me when I say "Wonder what Ray thinks", or "I wish I could ask Ray". I found in you just the right person to lend balance and stability to me for I'm inclined to go off half cocked.

Darling. What you wrote about George missing me so much made me feel pretty small. It set me thinking of myself as a failure for not helping George more. Many a time I could have caused him to act differently and might have influenced him to make a better job of his life, but then I hadn't time to accept the real obligations of a friendship such as we had. I know he would have done anything I asked and I could have been a real factor in helping him grow toward a worthy goal, but I failed. I hope I have another chance with him. He has the makings of a real man and will surprise himself with a little pushing from someone who really cares for him.

Babe, we're going to church tonight. I shall again ask God's protection and guidance for my loved ones and pray that if it be His will we may soon be reunited. Be brave and cheerful in your daily tasks and feel sure I love you. Darling, I do- more than you know and for many more reasons than before.

Always yours
Frances.

Dearest Ray.

Thanks for the letter today. Daddy really likes to hear from you. These little girls over here can't talk like we do and I can't understand a word they say. Some of them have shoes with wooden soles and they sound like a mule walking along. Happy birthday, darling. I hope you have a nice party. Tell Brother Dad loves him too.

Love
Daddy.

Darling. Thanks for the box. We thoroughly enjoyed our feed last night and I'm not quite as hungry for fish today

Love

F.

CHAPEL BULLETIN
5TH and 23RD Bn's Chapel
8Th Replacement Depot
Somewhere in Italy



CONVICTION

CONVERSION

CONTINUATION

MORNING SERVICE

11 February 1945 — 1030 Hours

* * *

1. Opening..... 5
   "Praise God, from Whom all Blessins flow"
   "Dodicatory Introit"

2. Prayer and Lord's Prayer in unison

3. Hymn..... 86
   "Onward, Christian Soldiers"

4. Prayer

5. Solo

6. Responsive Reading..... 27
   "The Unwearied Creator"

7. Announcements

8. Hymn..... 88
   "Lead on, O King Eternal"

9. Special Music

10. Sermon.....Chap., Kenneth Littlejohn Hamilton
    "The three C's" (Matt. 4:17)

11. Invitation Hymn....."Sweet By and By"

12. Prayer and Benidiction

* * *

SUNDAY SERVICES

0915 Bible class (Chaplain's Office)
1000 Morning service
1100 Communion service
1500 Chapel Fishermen's Group
1915 Evening Vespers

Services every evening at 1915 Hours

EVENING SERVICE

4 February — 1915 Hours

* * *

1. Hymn..... 87
   "Work, for the Night is Coming"

2. Prayer

3. Hymn..... 89
   "Lead on, O King Eternal"

4. Responsive Reading..... 28
   "Seek Ye the Lord"

5. Announcements

6. Special Music

7. Sermon..... Chap., Kenneth Littlejohn Hamilton
   "Bruised Reed and Smoking Flax"

8. Invitation Hymn ..... "Sweet By and By"

9. Prayer and Benediction

* * *

To all who are weary and need rest.
To all who sorrow and desire comfort.
To all who labor and want refreshment.
To all who are restless and crave peace.
To all who are lost and want a Savior.
This Chapel opens it's doors in the name
of Jesus Christ, and says come.

Chap., Kenneth Littlejohn Hamilton

This bulletin is mailable, send it home.

"THE THREE C's"
Matt. 4:17

What is the most beautiful thing in all the world? A train on a track? A ship on the ocean? A plane in the air? A beautiful home on a lake? A tank in action? A Church? A family circle? A high snow capped mountain? No, these are beautiful and wonderful but the most beautiful of all is a sinner, on his knees who is repenting of his sin. No sight in all the world can compare with it and the Bible says that there is joy in heaven over this scene.

Repentance has three logical steps

1. CONVICTION - This is a man holding the mirror up before himself and getting a look at what he really is. This is the light of God that shines in our hearts to show us our sin.

2. CONVERSION - This is the change that takes place in the heart. Jesus wanted men to be converted and healed. Sin is a desease and conversion is the healing. We speak of men today who are taking conversion training to the Infantry. Changed over.

3. CONTINUATION - This is the test, the long, up hill pull. Continue steadfast in the love of God and in Salvation

"BRUISED REED and SMOKING FLAX"
Matt. 12:20

This subject says that where there is just a little faith God will tend it and nourish it, and that He will not break it nor will he put it out. Faith may be shaken with wind, and it may be burned with the fires of affliction, but it will be triumphant. Paul to Timothy, "Stir up the gift of God that is in thee."

1. Pray for the Spirit - Matt. 5:3 "Blessed are the beggers after the Spirit." Give us, O God a double portion of the Spirit. The Spirit aids, quickens and increases faith.

2. Study to show thyself approved unto God. Knowledge is power. Search the Scriptures. To understand Faith we must study Gods word.

3. [illegible] put faith to work. Faith

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

U.S. ARMY
FEB 13
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ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs Francis V. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Florida

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

U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE FEB 3 1945 532

U.S. 6c AIR MAIL

PASSED BY U S ARMY EXAMINER

Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Ala.

March 4, 1945
Germany.

Darling.

I hope you are enjoying much better weather than we are. Ours is pretty rough - rain, snow, and plenty cold. We had suffered our one winter in Italy and got up here in time to get in on more rough going.

Helmos and I have finally been seperated. Yesterday, when we arrived here I was called in one outfit - he and Treadwell from W.P. Beach went to another. Chances are we won't see each other again until after the war for no one gets a pass or is allowed to leave his organization in this area. In a few days, I hope I can write you more about the assignments I have and give you a better idea where I am. I have really been places in the last three weeks and have been neglecting to write, but on a boat or train there's very little chance of writing. The men are always packed in like sardines and

living is on a very strained level. Tempers get short and everyone gets out of patience with his buddies, so I've tried to be as inconspicuous and retiring as possible. I tried to write from Italy in a way that you'd know we were shipping, but, perhaps the effort was more confusing than enlightening. I know you'd become worried when you stopped hearing, but could think of no remedy for the problem. Darling, try to keep up your courage and hopes and keep confident that somehow, someday I'll be coming home to you and the children.

I have visited Marseilles, Lyons, Nancy, and Neuf-Chateau in France and Liege in Belgium. I wish I could tell you where I am now, for you'd no doubt be surprised at the final end to a very roiund-about trip from Italy. I haven't seen any German civilians yet and don't imagine I'll ever become

familiar with any for it is a strict offense to even speak to one and none of our fellows are allowed off post.

We are staying in fine quarters and the food is the best we've had over here. We have movies, a chapel, and a day-room all in the same building and are well provided with heat.

Darling, writing you becomes increasingly more difficult and I'm afraid you will be forced to become my contact with the people at home. We seem to have something doing almost all the time so I'm going to cut out all my writing except you and possibly Mother and Dad. Darling, I'll write you at every opportunity, so have patience.

They've had me going around so fast lately, I can hardly get everything clear in my mind. We've been

about like the ball in a soccer game so far, and everyone has taken a jab at us as we passed by. We're hoping that being in outfits and having our jobs laid out for us will help alliviate some of the tension and worry we've been under so long now.

Home and you, somehow gets confused in my thinking and I find it hard to separate conceptions of you and of heaven. It's been so long since I was there and I've been so lonesome without chance of seeing you and the Children. If I could only have a chance of being there again I know all my hard months over here would soon be forgotten. So, Babe, I live for the future and the regaining of that happiness I knew when we were together. I love you more than you know and will always be

Yours

Francis.

New address

U. S. R. C. apo 739
c/o P.M. N.Y.

Pvt J.M. Wells 34980741
D.E.R.C. Apo 139
C/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.



POSTAL

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



March 6, 1945
Germany.

My Darling Wife.

tonight I'm missing you too much - all last night I was on Guard and couldn't keep from thinking about you and the kids. as I get nearer the big test, I find myself thinking more and more of happy days at home when there was no war and we only had to worry about living. Darling, we will have those happy days?

The 24 hours on guard with some of the worst weather I've ever seen has about put me out of action. I've had a cough two or three days which has turned into a sore throat and cold. Maybe some rest will pep me up -

Darling, be sure to write every day about what you're doing, thinking, eating; where you're going, what you're wearing, who you see - just everything you do

for that's all big and important news to me. And don't forget to say often that you love me.

Darling, I'm as tired tonight as I used to be when I'd come in from a trip down the river. My legs and arms ache like I might be having the flu. If I had you for a nurse tonight I believe I could wake up 100 per cent in the morning.

Babe, pray for me and keep cheerful while you wait. I hope I hear from you soon! -

Give my love to Peg & Boy -

Yours always

Francis -

Ree, do you remember going hunting with me one day up on the lake near Joe H.'s. Wish I could go again!!

F.

Germany -
Sunday -

Dearest -

I hope you folks at home are getting all the good news we're hearing over here - Everything seems to be really working out and the Rhine Crossing was our best break of the war. Crossing the river loomed a big undertaking and we were all wondering where, when, and how, when the news came of the capture intact of a big bridge. Our team has the ball now and we're definitely in position to make a real sweep to the goal. The Russians are driving again - everything's looking up.

Darling, Maybe soon I'll hear from you - I wish harder each day and know soon my wishing will result in a big

bundle of letters from you. Hearing from home is what makes us keep going and them long waits are tough.

I've seen very little of the people here - most all left ahead of our forces. The ones left here are more or less friendly, but we are not allowed any contact with them. We aren't allowed to talk to them so you will know we can learn but little.

We fellows from Italy are really missing the fine Chaplain we had there. There's been no opportunity for Church service since we left there and we do miss it.

Babe, I wish you could see me now. With all the clothes and a tremendous pair of rubber overshoes I look to big even for me

I think I've gained more weight since leaving Italy. Ree, I'm afraid you'll end up with a fat husband. Will you mind?.

Goodnight my dearest. Stay as sweet as you are and think of me thinking often of you.

Yours always
Francis.

Pvt Jno Wells, 34980741
U.S.R.C. Apo 739
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE
872
MAR
14
1945
A.P.O.

VIA AIR M

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.

PASSED
Lt R L Rust

March 9. 1945
Germany.

Dearest -

I've been assigned to division and expect to join my outfit any day now, but can't write full details. I'm very glad to take the long period of uncertainty and inactivity over and to be looking forward to a more eventful part in the closing up of the fight over here. I wish I could write more specifically regarding my assignment and give you more details, but that's "verboten" for the nonce. You'll be glad to know that I'm pleased at the turn of events and feel it a real break toward getting home earlier. Some of the European outfits will see action in the Pacific and mine may be one of these, but there's going to be very little chance of anyone being really relieved and sent home until we're through with both wars. That's just personal opinion and may be completely wrong, but I

don't see how they'ee ever establish any system of sending some home and keeping some without arousing public opinion to a point that would be dangerous to the politicians as well as the war effort. There's too many different ideas and too many conflicting parties to permit a partial de-mobilization I think we're all in until it's all over.

Our news has been very meager for the past week. We've been completely out of touch with our usual news sources and have only rumors. We did hear the Russians have broken with Japan which was very cheering. We hear rumors regarding progress over here, but actually know very little except that there's been some good gains lately. If the Russiches allow us bases on Siberia our bombers will be able to mount a real offensive against Japan's homeland and prepare the way for an invasion which will be necessary to bring

them to peace terms. We're going strong now and the outlook becomes brighter each day.

Babe, I'm interested to know what folks at home are thinking of the war and if they're beginning to think it's over. Our people are confirmed optimists and only need a little good news to start the victory celebration. We are going ahead now, but there's lots to do and everyone should guard against any slackening of effort until the final battle's won. He joes get a little bitter when they hear of the premature peace celebrations like the recent one in the states, and claim the homefolks are too anxious to forget the war. Few, if any, of these men, who've seen the rebel fury of war, will ever forget and they feel celebrations aren't too important anyway. To lots of us, European peace will only mean a long trip to the other side of the world and if it's not that, there'll

be the occupation to sweat out. I'm really anxious to see the plan, that'll be set up when this war's won, for the army of occupation, the discharges and transfers of troops to the C.B.I. theatre. Wonder where I'll come in. Babe I'm hoping and wishing it won't be long!

I'm getting along fine, stay fat and lazy. Our weather is decidedly more bearable than when we first came from Italy and thought yes Cloe, it's getting warmer each day.

Darling, stay sweet for me and as beautiful as you are. Remember I love you and am very impatient for the time when I can be with you again. Love to the boys.

Yours always

Lewis.

Pvt J M Weeks, 34980741
G.I.R.C. APO 739
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

ARMY POSTAL
872
APR
16
1945

6¢
VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs Frances M. Weeks
Box 142
Monticello, Florida



Germany
March 9, 1945

My Darling -

It's been twenty-one days since I heard from you and you can imagine how worried I am about you and the children. I try to assure myself that everything is fine at home but it's hard to keep convincing after so long without a letter. Babe, I'm trusting that our good luck is holding and that you and the boys are getting all the necessities of life and are managing to stay cheerful. I'm afraid, after all the moving we've had in the last month, it'll be a long time yet in hearing from you. Our address might well have been en-route these last weeks for we've really been doing some moving. Each move follows almost before we learn where we are and always comes before we've had time for cleaning up.

washing our clothes, or catching up with our correspondence. My clothes are getting in such a condition I can hardly bear them and unless they're washed soon, I'll be forced to burn them. We have been fortunate in having buildings to sleep in and at our last station even had heaters. That was a fine break with all the rainy weather we've been having. For two days, I've been eating C and K rations, but today I found the kitchen and got a hot meal. Mashed potatoes - corn and ham - you can imagine how welcomed that was.

The big shots seem to have formed the opinion, after we had such little trouble in Cologne, that when we cross the Rhine and make one big push the war will be over. I hope they're right for a change, but my own opinion is that they're over optimistic. There's some

tough problems ahead that will take time to solve. I'm trying to live and keep hoping for an early end for I get more and more convinced of the utter futility of war and find it hard to remember just what we're fighting for. One thing I glad for - that is that since we must fight we can use the other fellow's land for the front and leave ours alone for modern warfare plays hell with cities, homes, and civilians. People go around in a daze as though they can't grasp what's happening. I saw towns in Italy in which not a single whole house remained. The people were existing in the ruins. Darling, I am glad that you and the children are safe and have at least enough to stay warm and keep hunger away.

All my plans for post-war grow vague in waiting and I find my real-

thinking dwelling more on getting home than on what to do after I get there. I know that there'll be something to do and I intend to never let anything, even work, come between me and my family. Babe, it's going to take a long time of being at home to pay all we've lost in the war. I've learned to love you so much more and realized how lucky I am to have you waiting.

Babe, when I don't write there's a reason. Not that I'm not thinking, but that my time's not my own over here. Dear you'll see your husband loves you more than you know and that someday he'll be coming home to be really

yours always

Francis.

Darling -

I've been to chow and am back on my bunk getting ready for bed. The fellows are talking, singing, writing and playing cards. We're in a large building and it's almost like a circus seeing how the fellows fall into groups seeking kindred spirits. We're with a recent shipment from the States made up of young lads of 18 and 19. They're all single and have some interesting ideas. One lad tonight has a letter from his fiancee wanting to know what she should do about dates while he's gone. He's writing her to use her own judgment which is quite remarkable for one so young.

I started to go to bed tonight without writing again, but I got to looking at my pictures of you and the children, and wishing I could see you three tonight. Darling, it's so important

that I get back home. I've so many
reasons and sometimes I can hardly
stand this waiting. I want to be there
and help you raise Peg & Monty like we
intended and share with you in seeing
them grow through Childhood. Monty's
getting to be the finest looking boy I've
ever seen and Peg is prettier than
ever. She's grown so tall I can hardly
believe she's our little girl. God blessed
us more than we deserve in our Children
and I hope we can always be worthy
of them and never be found wanting
in our duty to them.

Darling, pray often that the war
may soon be over and that God will guide
our leaders to a real lasting peace. Ask
for divine guidance in our lives and
that we may early be re-united.

I know you'll be worrying more

but I hope, Babe, you will find courage to keep cheerful while you go about your daily tasks. Darling, I like to think of you as meeting every obstacle with a smile on your face and an unswerving conviction that God is good and will right all our troubles in time. Your management at home gives me great pride in you and makes me love you more.

Sweetheart, think of tomorrow when we're together again - Remember how very much you mean to me - and try to keep smiling. Stay as sweet and beautiful as you are for me Darling -

Yours Always
Francis

March 22-1945
Germany.

Dearest Ree-

Today's the 1st day of Spring. One year ago, you and I had our bad news and were getting ready for me to become a soldier and for you to take over as a war widow. Neither foresaw the future or could imagine how far away I'd be in one short year. You know, Babe, this has been a short year. Seems hardly possible I've been gone eleven months. I can't seem to grasp the idea yet of being anything but a civilian, with a sweet wife, two fine children, and a good job that gave me plenty of time for myself. But, another Spring's here, I'm in the army in Germany, so I'll Keep trying to make a soldier

I've been getting a few breaks lately. I'm on a regular job every day. Five of us, police up around the area and do general odd jobs of bending, moving, and whatever comes along. We usually decide what's to be done and how to do it, which is much better than being told. The five of us are getting along fine with our work and manage to keep everyone satisfied.

Tonight, I was invited to take part in our bi-weekly stage shows. Just for something to do I accepted a part in a quartette. The leads in the show are exempted from K.P. so I didn't need much urging.

Darling, I'm still waiting for a letter! It's bad to wait for

Mail when you know well there's always a letter a day on its way. If I could just hear from you everything would be pretty fair. I like My work (there's a swell chance for using your own initiative and that attracts me), the weather's fine, I'm alive and in good health, and most important, I've a fine, sweet wife to go home to. That's plenty of reasons for feeling it isn't so bad after all. Then the kids make thoughts of the future at home all the more enjoyable. I know you and I'll find much happiness in our children.

Goodnight My Sweetheart. Stay sweet and beautiful always for I love you more than you know.

Yours
Francis.

Pvt J. M. Wells 34980741
Y.J.R.C. apo 739
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. POSTAGE 6¢ VIA AIR MAIL

U.S. ARMY POSTAL 872 MAR 24 1945

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Florida.

PASSED BY

March 15, 1945
Germany-

Darling Ree-

Today's the big bad one at home and I imagine many a man's laboring away at his income tax report which should have been filed weeks before. I hope, Darling, you got the letter in which I tried to outline our's for you and that all has been completed and mailed.

Darling, I'm in the ninth army, Ninteenth army corps. Perhaps from this you can gather our approximate position in Germany. In three weeks up here, I've learned more and seen more than during the stay in Italy. There, we were much farther behind everything than here.

I started this letter last

intending to write, then go to bed - as it happened, both my plans were interrupted and I'm using daylight to finish my letter.

Yesterday, we had a bunch of negro troops moved in with us for food and quarters. You can imagine how much I like that. I'm trying to keep an even keel about it, but it is the first time we've had them right in with us. Maybe they'll be sent out to units soon.

Darling, it's time to go again. I'll write tonight. All my love.

Always yours
Nancie.

Pvt FM Wells, 34980741
U.S.R.C. Apo 739
C/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

U.S. ARMY POSTAL SERVICE
872
MAR
18
1945
A.P.O.

6¢

Mrs Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.

PASSED BY
U 85/45 S

Germany

March 21, 1945

Dearest Wife -

No Mail yet! It's been well over a month now since I had a letter. Maybe I'll hear soon.

The last one of my buddies from Italy shipped out and I'm still holding out here. Helmos and Treadwell are in an outfit reasonably near me and I'm going to try for a pass to visit them. You've no idea how much you get attached to a couple of guys and how you miss them being around. Helmos is one of the best fellows I ever knew and we had become close friends. Through Wolters, Meade, the trip over, Italy, France and Belgium we were together and had grown accustomed to being together. I really miss him.

Babe, our weather here is

fine and getting better. The trees are budding, grass is getting green and the sun is beginning to get hot. Real spring weather. Time for planting and plowing. At Home, the town will be congregated at the smokehouse just waiting for someone to offer a plug. Darling, do you remember our excursions up there when you caught the big ones and I didn't get a bite ?. The fishing there in March is really perfect. If I were at home, I'd suggest we get our tackle and take off tonight and try for "Uncle Nathan" himself.

Dearest, if I don't get some mail soon, I'll be a candidate for the bug house. Write often and long and remember who loves you -

Yours

Francis

Pvt J. M. Wells, 34980741
U.S.R.C. Apo 739
% P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

MAR
23
1945

6¢
AIR MAIL

Mrs. Francis M. Wells
Box 142
Monticello, Fla.

PASSED BY
U.S.
EXAMINER
8

Jermany
March 27, 1945

Dearest Ree -

I had a bitter disappointment this morning - one of the boys came up and said I had a big bundle of mail at the orderly room. I "took off" - false alarm. It was for another guy - Looks like I'll never get another letter. Every one of the fellows have had mail, but I can't get on the list.

Our Quartette is still working away. The Chaplain asked us to sing for the mid-weekly service and also for Easter which is next Sunday. Our Sgt. director is a splendid fellow and we're really getting "on the ball"

for him - One of our selections is "Be Still My Soul".

Babe, I've been trying, ever since I found next Sunday was Easter, to remember what we were doing last year. I've thought and thought, but I can't seem to place the day. I can usually remember anything like that, but for some reason, this escapes me and I wish you'd help me out on it.

I often think of Claude and his latest venture on the sea of Matrimony, and wonder if he has at last found the answer to his search for a wife. I'm hoping this is his real chance to learn something of the real happiness a good wife can bring a man.

Our weather is acting up again. Cold, damp, quite a lot of rain. This after such

perfect weather as we had several days, is doubly irritating. Last week, we all decided Spring had really come to stay. I discarded my heavy underwear, put away my sweaters and went several days in just a shirt but I think today will force me to dig back into the winter clothes. Hen, too, I'm on guard again tonight and will be out quite a bit, so I think I'll just be ready for a cool evening. I can stand the cold, but the rain makes life miserable.

Darling, write me all the news of you and the children. I've been so long without mail, I'll need lots of long letters to catch up on Monticello Happenings. Ed and Minnie should be about

ready to write again. Tell me all the latest gossip when you hear any and ask the folks to drop me a line.

Darling, I try to keep from getting lonesome and thinking about you too much, but there's always that low depressing feeling of aloneness with me. I'll never be able to put it aside either. I lived too happily, too long, to ever stop thinking of my own sweet wife. Say hello to everyone for me - Stay sweet and beautiful for me, Babe -

yours always

Francis.

Pvt F. M. Wells, 34980741
U. S. R. C. Apo 739
c/o P.M. N.Y. N.Y.





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