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APO 403, % PM,NZ,ZZ

Bavaria, Germany
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Dear Miss McGlynn,

I realize that as far as correspon-dence is concerned I am definitely a failure but "better late than never" so here goes. I am now in the 3rd Army situated in a former German Army garrison about fifty miles from Munich. This camp is nestled in the foothills of the snow- capped Bavarian Alps. I believe this part of Germany has retained more of its folklore and pleasant customs than any other part of the Reich. All the men, regardless of age, wear short pants such as I wore at the age of ten. Most of the women wear the traditional peasant costume with very few improvisations. Bicycles predominate as a means of (1) transportation with horse and wagon a close second. All agriculture is still on a small primitive basis in spite of Hitlers modernization and attempted improvements.

I imagine that you have heard of the non fraternization policy of the army in Germany. In spite of this regulation, with the benefit of my fairly adequate knowledge of the German Language I have managed to talk with many of the civilians here. The truth of the whole thing is that very few of the German civilians knew of the numerous atrocities that were committed by their soldiers. All them told me they were anti-Nazi in political belief. In many cases I'm almost positive this is not (2) true and it is easy to see why they would take this attitude in front of their conquerors. Before the American came all Germans were told that with the coming of the Allied Forces all the women and children would be killed and the men that could work would be taken to the "States" as slaves. I have no sympathy for the Germans as a race but I do feel sorry for many of the individual males that I have met.

Now that the war is over in Germany there has been instigated a series of shorts programs and varied educational courses for our amusement and diversion. Personally it doesn't interest me for I believe (3) it is only to kill time untill the authorities decide they are going to ship us to the Pacific.

As for my postwar plans, they are becoming more and more vague. When I look in the mirror and see how my forehead is receding it is impossible to vision myself going back to school as a sophomore with all those "cute young thins". Not only that, the army has innoculated me with a wanderlust which I am afraid I will never be able to schedule.

If I am hickey, before another year is out I may drop in on you at STC so until then:

Sincerely yours,
Joseph Allen