

LETTERS FROM THE WAR



Letters from the War

Letters written by G. Duncan Wimpres, Jr.
while serving in the U.S. Army during World
War II.

Assembled by Angie and Gordon D. Wimpres III
Cover art by Jonathan Huston

This book is a collection of letters found among my father's possessions after he passed away in January 2014. They had been kept bundled together, likely not having been read since they were first received. Most of the letters are addressed to my father's aunt Helen Waldo, with two exceptions: the first and last letters in the series were written to his parents, Maude and Gordon Wimpres, Sr.

The paper these letters were written on had become quite yellowed, and often folded or damaged, with the ink showing through from the other side in many instances. We tried to scan them well, and add brightness and contrast to make them more readable. Angie did all the scanning, and was a huge force behind getting this book done.

The letters begin having been written while Dad was training in New York state, in 1943. As they progress, they are sent from where he was later stationed: in Maryland, then in England. Later, they are written from the field after he landed in France in 1944. The countries of origin progress through to Belgium, Holland and Germany. Finally, happily, the letters end with his having received orders to ship back to the U.S. after the war had ended in 1945. Dates when the letters were postmarked are inserted at the top of each letter.

These letters offer a glimpse of a soldier's life during wartime, as well as a wonderful example of my father's personality as a young man. In them, he is unable to talk about much of his mission itself, for strategic purposes. But also he tries to put on a positive face in much of his correspondence with his beloved Aunt Helen, or "At", as he called her. Still, the difficulties he and all the soldiers faced come through clear enough.

I'm glad to have the opportunity to bring these letters to light, some 70 years after they were written. My father was a war hero and awarded the Bronze Star for heroism during the time when these letters were sent. I hope this document helps pay tribute to his amazing life.

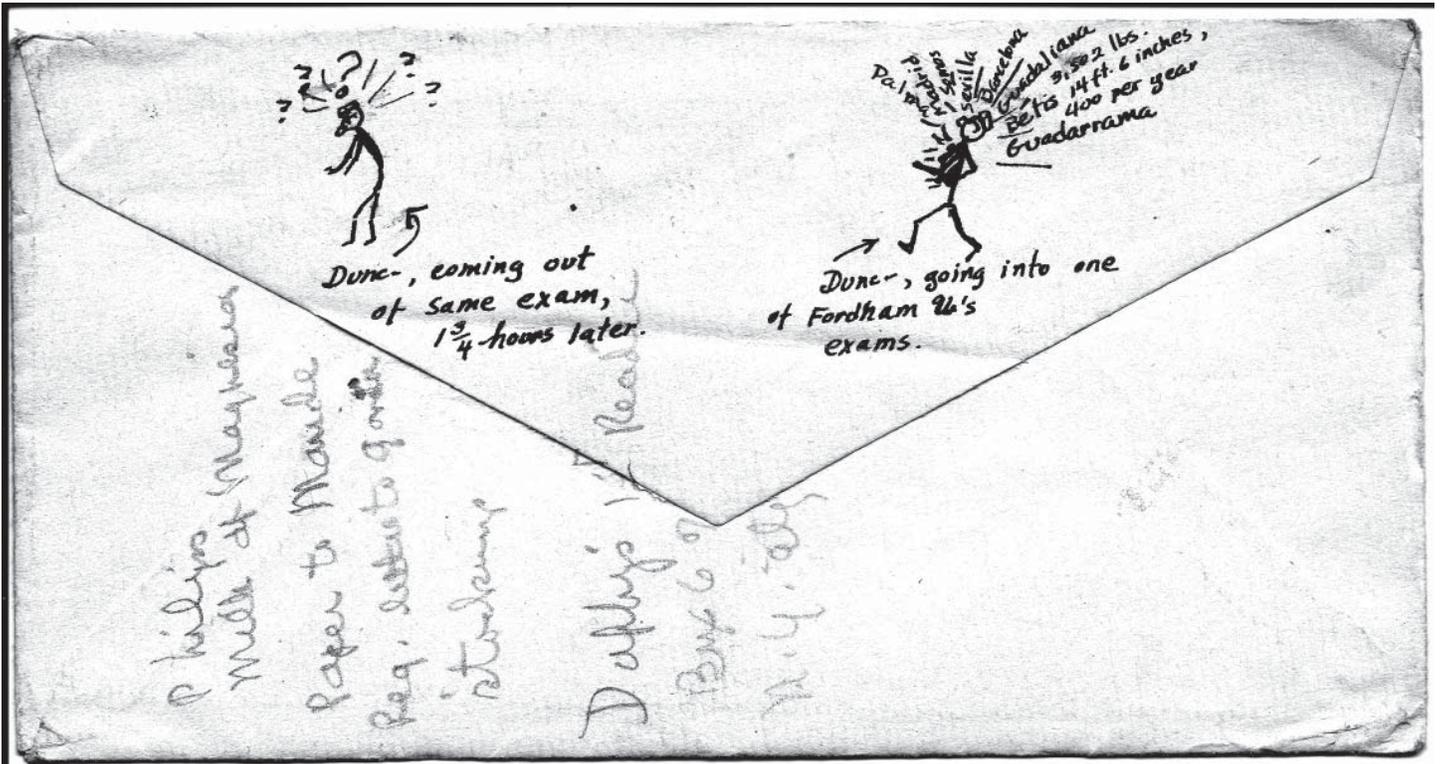
Gordon Duncan Wimpres III
December 2014

Pfc. Gordon D. Wimpres Jr.
Co. C. 3208 SC50-ASTS
Fordham University
Fordham (58) N.Y.



Free
BRONX CENTRAL
ANNEX

Mrs. Gordon D. Wimpres
4429 S. Lemon St.
Riverside,
California



Oct. 19, 1943
Fordham, New York



Monday nite

Dear Mom -

Got your letter today. I wrote to Dad at Riverside last week with my grades. Didn't he get the letter? If not, my term, (not monthly) grades were Language - 83; History - 85; and Area - 87; for a term average of 85% which is a good "B" under the system here. It might have been better, but it also could've been much worse, so I'm pretty satisfied. I've no gripes coming, I got just about the grades I deserved. This term, the work isn't so detailed, but it's the type of stuff that's pretty hard for me, so my grades may go down - I hope not.

I wrote you, too, about the money & the cookies - something must be going wrong with the mails. Anyway, the cookies came & altho a little dry, were swell & appreciated by all. The money, of course, was a life-saver & will be paid back, if it's O.K., in installments.



The Boston weekend was super & on the train back, I met Cousin Fred Skeisel from Anaheim (remember?) & we went out to the Skebb's together this weekend & they liked him a lot. They're really wonderful people. They'll never know how much I appreciate all they're doing for us. Mrs. Skebb makes us marvelous meals & they take us everywhere & won't let us spend a cent. It's just like being with you & Dad again.

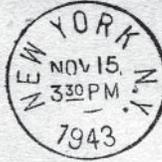
They've asked me there for Christmas. I'm very much afraid, Mom, dear, that we're not going to get but one or two days off then.

Our term ends the first week in January & so we're not likely to get off in late December as we'll get a week between terms. I'm awfully sorry, but I thought I might as well tell you now so you won't plan on having me. Malcolm's deal sounds wonderful; I envy him - is he in Merchant Marine?

Gotta go study - hi to everybody.

All my love,
Duncan

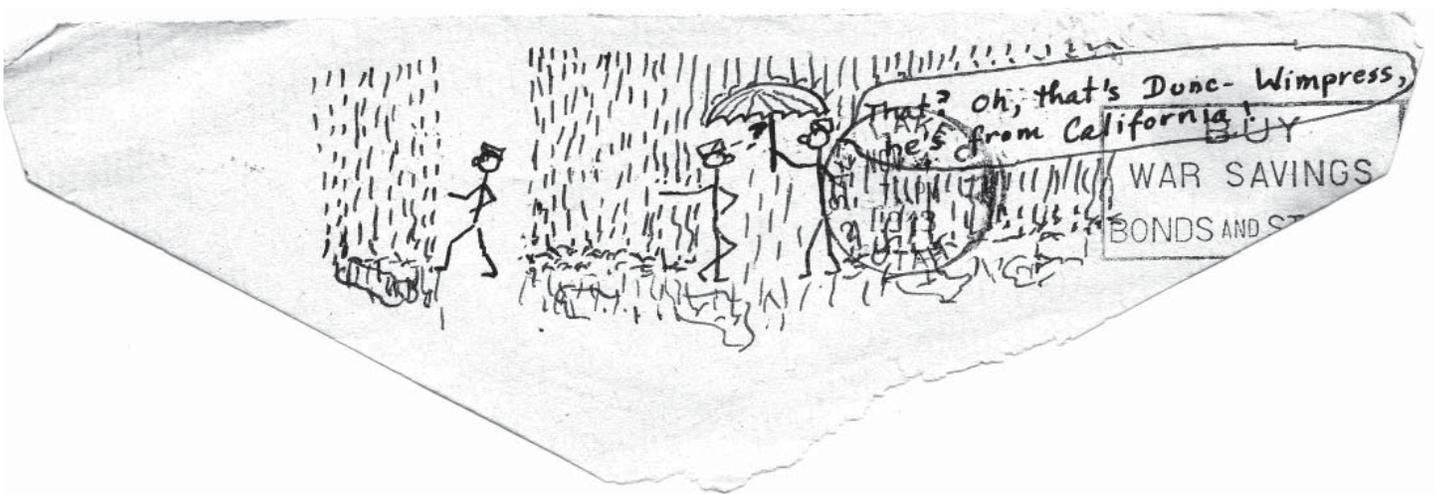
Pfc. G.D. Wimpres Jr. 19119830
Co. C. 3208 SCSU-ASTS
Fordham University
Fordham (58) N. Y.



Free

FORDHAM
STATION

Miss Helen Galdo
4429 S. Lemon St.
Riverside,
California



Nov. 15, 1943



Monday morning

Dear At -

Webb's say hello. Managed to chisel an #18 stamp out of one of the guys for them - think they'll be pleased. Don't know if she has a special cardy or anything. Sorry. I correspond regularly in Spanish with their daughter, Mary, out a Lawrence College in Wisconsin.

See, Pfc's don't need much of anything. He can use a good scarf (but I only need one - no room for more, (S.I. color) & one sweater, same color, preferably sleeveless.

Don't know about Waldo, but that's about all I need. Like books, but haven't room to keep 'em. I'd also like a good identification bracelet. Something nice & simple with a comparatively large-linked chain. That's honestly all I can think of I want or need. Of course, a Pfc., like any other soldier, always needs money. Well, you asked for suggestions!

Hope your cold's better now - I've got one, too.

Congrats to Sammy! Wish an election'd



Come along - I'm 21, now, you know.

No news here. Still plugging. Not doing quite as well this term, I'm afraid.

Bye for now - God, it's cold here!

Love,

Duncan
//

Wimpress, will you stop shaking when you're at attention?!



I can't help it, sir! I'm not used to this New York weather - I'm from southern California!



Dec. 3, 1943



Thurs. rite

Dear At -

Well, how're things goin' for my best girl? I'm enclosing the first issue of our rather primitive attempt at a battalion newspaper. It's the first mimeographed paper I've ever worked on, so please excuse the crudeness. I think we'll smooth it out with experience. It's quite a bit different from the daily at school. The Army gave us a mimeograph & paper & we supply everything else. It's sure nice to get back into newspaper work, though.

Hey, what's do Ats like for Christmas that's not too expensive & obtainable in N.Y.C.? Golly, I don't know what you want or need.

Nothing much new here. The course continues to get tougher & I'm afraid my grades are dropping quite a bit, but I haven't flunked out yet.



- 2 -

I'm working in the Army swing band & it's sure lots of fun. I think we've got some outside jobs lined up for next term, so I may be able to pick up a little extra cash - I sure hope so!

Well, gotta go - am on my way to see the Webbs this week-end - I'll tell 'em hello for you. Write them - and me!

Bye for now -

P.S. What's the name of that Stanford Theta I took out last Christmas vacation at Riverside?

Love,

Duncan



Dec. 7, 1943



UNITED STATES ARMY ★ ★ ★

Monday nite

Dear At -

Just a note to say that I'm having Mom's Christmas present sent there to you & I sent your's & Dad's together this evening. They're all addressed to you, but don't get the wrong idea!

I 'phoned the Webbs tonite & they said they received a nice letter from you.

Mother sent them some ration coupons & we found 'em an #16 stamp so they're happy.

They couldn't get any maple syrup, so I "obtained" a quart from the army for them. Mrs. Webb says she won't come to see me in the guard house.

We have a tiny, black, absolutely-
verboten kitten in our room now. His-her
(sex as yet undetermined) name is Caramba!
and as I told Mom, the only thing wrong



is that he-she has yet to learn the G. I. term for "housebroken!" Caramba! sleeps in our beds all night & in our foot lockers all day & each day about 10 a.m., all ten of us sent up a fervent prayer that he-she won't meow when the inspecting officer's in the room!

As all of us in the room are studying Spanish, Caramba!, of course, only understands that most beautiful of tongues & when anyone speaks to him-here ^{in English,} he-she merely turns up his-her nose, flips his-her tail indignantly, & comes as near to stalking off regally as one can on legs an inch & a half long and almost as wide. Whatta f' cat!

Gotta go - please write.

Love,

Duncan

—H—

P.S. A good Cashmere scarf would be a most
welcome gift around Dec. 25 if you're
still in the mood! (Inspiration!)

D.

P.S. I can also use a good Spanish-English dictionary.

D.

Dec. 10, 1943

The verses on this card were written by Dr. A. Vidal y Planas, perhaps Spain's outstanding contemporary man of letters, whom we are fortunate to have as one of our professors.

Señor Vidal y Planas very kindly consented to autograph this card and I thought you might like it.

The verses wish a beautiful Christmas Eve and a full New Year to the reader.

Best wishes & my love,

Abuncan



Felices Pascuas de Navidad y Próspero Año Nuevo.

Que la ESTRELLA de BELÉN
brille santa en NAVIDAD
sobre la FELICIDAD
de las Personas de Bien.
Y que el AÑO NUEVO sea,
desde Enero hasta el final,
un REGALO CELESTIAL
para quien mis versos lea.

(De A. Vidal y Planas).

Afonso Vidal y Planas

Best wishes,

Abuncan (OVER)

Dec. 17, 1943

Thursday nite

Dear At -

Look - will ya' cut this no-present stuff out? You know on my salary, I wouldn't get anything elaborate, but I did get you a little something & sent it over a week ago, so all your protests are absolutely useless. Yours & Dad's are together & Mom's is separate & altho they're not tagged, I think you can figure them out.

My picture is no Christmas present! It even makes me shudder!

It's really cold here!! It was 12° about 11 a.m. today & it goes down around 0° at night!! Unusual weather again. My California blood just freezes up & stays that way.

Not much new here. It's gonna be kinda lonely Christmas, tho, I'm afraid.

Got your package & am having a terrible time to not open it, but I'll wait. It's in my barracks bag now. Boy, those

avocados will sure taste good - I haven't even
seen one since leaving the Coast. I'll take one
or two to the Skebbz - depends on how
many there are.

Gotta go study. Bye for tonite.

Love,
Duncan

P.S. If you see that clipping on A.S.T.P. closing down -
it's not valid as far as we know now.

D.

Wimpress, even though it is
a little cold here, you've gotta
stop wearing the Alaskan combat
zone ribbons all over your chest!



P.P.S. An' stop catching those colds! See?!

D.

Dec. 28, 1943



Monday nite

Dear 'at' -

Boy, were you good to me! Thank
terrifically for the sweater (marvelous!), the
avocados (out of this world!), the fruit cake
(a little touch of heaven), and the "picture" of
Jammy (cute!). If I've forgotten anything
(I got so much wonderful stuff!) - thank
for that, too! Spend Christmas Eve & the
weekend at the Stebb's - jabbering Spanish with
May & Mr. Webb, attending millions of cock-
tail parties, playing ice-hockey (for the first
time), lounging around in civilian clothes &
just having a generally marvelous time!

He're having finals this week &
than a week's furlough, some of which I'll
spend with the Webbs - the rest just
lounging around here.



-2-

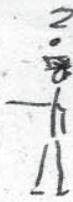
Then, if we're not transferred, we go right on into our third & final term.

Must go study. Thank again for all the super stuff. If you've read the papers lately, you can see I can use that sweater!

Bye for now -

Love,

Gene -
//



No, that's not Santa Claus!
Just Wimpres coming back
from Ardsley with his
Christmas gifts!

Jan. 6, 1944

Wednesday nite

Dear Al -

Just a note for the record before I hit the hay. I've been here at Camp Ritchie 3 days now and it is tough! I can't tell you anything about our training here except that it's rugged!

I'm not sure how long I'll be here, but I couldn't tell you if I did.

It's snowed ever since we arrived & the camp's all covered with white & really very beautiful. There's a swell lake - frozen now & lots of trees. We're in, I learned today, a section of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

It's kinda cold, but not as bad as Fordham. It's lots wetter tho.

Nothing much new - I just wanted to be sure you knew where I was. Boy, I'm shot! Gotta stop - 'night & write!

Love,

Duncan
H

Jan. 22, 1944

Friday nite

Dear Al -

Still haven't received the avocados - hope whoever has 'em, enjoys 'em.

I'd like the Omnibook if you're thru with it & if it's small in size. I can't carry large books around with me, you know. What stories are included in it?

Still nothing new here. Still pretty tough tho it seems to be easing up a little. It may be just a breathing spell, tho.
& ¿Quién sabe?

Met a swell, new gal in N.Y. a while back, but just learned a navy flyer got there first. "If at first, you don't succeed -"

Gotta go - just wanted you to know I was thinking of you -

Love,

Duncan
—H—

P.S. Please write! D.

Jan. 29, 1944

Saturday afternoon

Dear At -

Got your letter today. Thank for the dictionary - I'm awaiting its arrival eagerly.

Ya' know, the avocados never did get here.

Hope somebody enjoyed 'em, anyway!

Say, I hear tell you've a legitimate birthday on the way - and it's soon. Well, sad to say, I'm not on the beam & so don't know the exact date, so I'm telling you about your present now. As you know, we have very little contact with the outside world here, so I can't get the usual type of gift. Instead I'm getting a rather selfish one. I'm taking this month's pay & buying a war bond & having you made co-owner. I'll send it to you when I get it.

And incidently, HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Gotta go - no news from here.

Love,

Duncan
#

Feb. 9, 1944
Camp Ritchie, Maryland

Tuesday nite

Dear Al -

Sorry your birthday presents so late, but we just haven't had a minute to ourselves these last few days. I'm afraid my letters'll hafta be kinda short from now on - no ~~bed~~ ^{time} & no table.

Anyway - this comes with all my best wishes, of course, and ^{the} hope that it's a real birthday.

Gotta go - nothing new here I can tell about. 'Bye for now - I'll try to do better next time.

Love,
Dunc -
H

P.S. Excuse, please. Written in haste on a bed.

D.

P.P.S. Please note new address.

D.

Feb. 14, 1944

Saturday night

Dear at -

Your swell packages arrived yesterday. One of them, the first box of avocados from Fordham were quite spoiled, but the others were just right! Sure made me homesick, though. You never see avocados here. The lemons were thoughtful, too. Thank an awful lot, hon'.

Nothing new here I can talk about. The weather's changed for the worse and it's extremely cold, snows a lot and blows! Boy, I've never seen such winds! Awful!

Say, how's the retirement - after this - year plan coming? Hope you do it.

Gotta go. Thank again for the avocados. Sorry this is so short, but there's just nothing to say, we're so limited. May have some girl - news after a little while. Keep your fingers crossed! Bye for now -

Love,

June -

#

Feb. 29, 1944

Monday note

Dear At -

You people who sit around every holiday!
The don't even know when it's Sunday around
here!

Sure, I got the dictionary a long time
ago. I wrote you a letter thanking you,
then you mentioned it again & I wrote
another. What's wrong with Uncle Sam's
mail? Anyway, again, I got it & thank
muchly! It's swell! I write about
half my correspondence in Spanish & it
sure comes in handy.

Yes, please include lemon with any
avocados you send. She can't get it here.

I started "The Robe," but never got to
finish it. Don't have time to read any-
thing more lengthy than the funny papers
here.

Yes, I see the Webbs about every
couple of weeks. You see, Anne lives
in Ardsley, so they prove doubly

attractive.

May get to see you after while. Dad says if I come west on furlough, maybe I can go to where he is in the north & then down the coast to see you & back by the southern route. Time will tell.

No, I am not used to eastern winters and never will be!

Must go - 'bye for now.

Love,

Alunc—
—

Apr. 4, 1944



UNITED STATES ARMY
CAMP RITCHIE
MARYLAND

Tuesday morning

Dear Al -

Well, it's just about all over but the shouting, now. We finished our problem yesterday, are drifting thru classes today & graduate tomorrow.

I've compiled all the grades I could learn. There are 48 of them. E - 48-100, S = 70-98; U = 70-0. I got 17 E's, 2 S++ , 12 S+ , and 17 S's. I managed not to get any U's. In my major course, the instructor said today that I did very well & that my average was above 90. I don't know how far. Anyway, on the whole, I'm quite satisfied.

Oh, before I forget. Did you get the \$²⁵ I sent you the first of last month? You haven't mentioned it & I just wanted to check up. I wired it to you on the ~~29th~~ 29th of February.

I think I have a furlough coming up sometime the end of this week. I'm going to Seattle to the folks. I was hoping to get south

and see you, but I'm just not going to be able to if
I want to spend any time at all off the train. I'm
awfully sorry I won't be able to see you, but I know
you'll understand.

Nothing more new here. It was a very
tough course & I'm glad it's over, but it was
interesting & I certainly learned a lot.

Well, gotta go. Bye for now & please
tell me if you got the money.

Love,
Dunc-

P.S. I got the dictionary - thank.

D.

May 1, 1944

Dear At...

Sorry I haven't written sooner, but ever since we got back from furlough, we've really been terribly busy. Can't tell you what we're doing, but you can start breaking out the ole' V-mail.

I've been working down here in the warehouse all day and so have the use of this typewriter. Naturally, I had a wonderful time on furlough. I was able to get down to school for about three days and see all the kids, and of course, it was swell to see the folks. We certainly all got a thrill out of talking to you again on the phone. I only wish you could have been north with us.

I'm glad you got the money I sent a little while back. I was beginning to worry about it a little bit. (Please excuse the lousy typing, but as you know, I haven't had much chance to get at a typewriter for quite some time now.)

The girl situation is pretty much unchanged. I think it's pretty wise not to get tangled up with anybody at a time like this. I dated several girls while on the campus and was really very popular. (1200 women..125 men on campus!)

I'm going to try to wangle a pass to get up to see the Webbs before we leave here, but as yet I haven't managed it. I'm still trying, however.

Victoria was wonderful as always and it was lots of fun seeing the Watsons again. Mother and Dad stayed over there until that Saturday and I came back Friday and went on down to Eugene. I left there Monday night, had a day ~~xxx~~ in Seattle and then came on back here.

You'll get a card in a few days with my new address on it; I don't know yet what it is.

Oh, I'm sending home all the stuff I can't take with me and it's quite a lot. We have to send it C.O.D., so please accept it and then send me the bill. Please do, I want to pay for it. I just wanted to warn you to expect a package from me.

I guess that's a out all. I'll write you again before leaving here. Please note new title.....Staff sergeant G. Duncan Wimpress!

'Bye for now and please write.

Love,
Duncan

*P.S. Please forget the birthday. I don't need a thing!
If you must - money's best - can't carry
anything with me. Love, D.*

May 27, 1944
London, England

No.

ensored by
Steve Panagelos
& staff.

CENSORS STAMP

Miss Helen Waldo
4429 S. Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

S/Sgt. G. D. Wimpers 19119830
SENDER'S NAME

PIC M15 ETUSA APO 887
SENDER'S ADDRESS

% Postmaster; New York, N.Y.

27 May 1944
DATE

Dear At -
you can start getting jealous now - I'm stationed right here in London! It's really super! Of course, I'm prejudiced, coming from my family, but so far the English people have been wonderful. I haven't met a great many, but I have hopes for the future. The country in the spring as we came into London on the train, was absolutely beautiful. I've already visited Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, and Albert Hall (saw the Queen and Princess Elizabeth there at a concert - Elizabeth is lovely) and many other places. I still have to see the various bridges, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abby, et al., but we have lots of free time, so I'll get around to them all right. One of the nicest things about our trip over and here in town is the American Red Cross. They've been everywhere we've been and they've always been wonderful to us. They have a number of clubs here in London which are just like second homes to us. There's one not far from our billet and we spend a lot of our free time there. Another sergeant and I have been asked out to a home near Wimbledon for the day tomorrow and we're certainly looking forward to it. I'll write you how it comes out. Please tell everyone hello & please write. 'Bye for now,
Love,
Dunc

V - MAIL

June 3, 1944

No.



CENSORS STAMP

Miss Helen Waldo
4429 S. Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

S/Sgt. G.D. Wimpers 1914830
SENDER'S NAME

PIC MIS ETOUSA APO #887
SENDER'S ADDRESS

% Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

3 June 1944
DATE

Dear At:

Got your letter today and thanx loads for the snaps. Very good of Jammy! No kidding, tho, they were swell. The Mellors sound pretty formidable, think I'll just drop the whole thing. Still having a wonderful time here in London. I can certainly see why Dad likes England so. Some of the boys aren't too happy here, but I sure do like it. No hurry about that address, but I would like it when you have time. Nothing particularly new here. Saw a real British Musical Hall show at the Palladium down in Oxford Circus the other day. Really enjoyed it. Am seeing as much of London and its inhabitants as possible during my time off. The Red Cross runs a number of USO-like clubs here all over the city and they're certainly a Godsend to the average G.I. I eat most of my lunches at one near where I work and I've met two British girls and a French and a Belgian girl there. All working in the American Red Cross and all very nice and very cute. I see at least one of them every day & it's fun to be able to sit down to lunch with someone who's not a soldier! Must go. Bye & please write. Thanx again for the snaps & hi to all.

Love, Mune-

V...-MAIL

9 July 1944

Dear At...

Well, everything's going along about the same here. At last, since Churchill's speech, we are allowed to tell about the robot bombs...that's one change. They really aren't too bad. When we were stationed right in London, of course, they seemed much worse than they do now that we're away. We were there the first night they started and had them most of the time we were in town until we were transferred out here. You can hear them coming quite some distance away and can tell pretty much if they're headed this (your) way. If they are, one often begins to feel a little squeamish and then when the motor stops, you begin to worry a little.

Some hit very near our office and one of my friends was bounced out of bed the other night, but, of course, we've had no actual hits. There's quite some blast, but no shrapnel, so it's really not as bad as a real bombing. Don't worry about me, anyway, 'cause we never see them out where we are now.

Went on pass last night with another fellow to a quaint little village near here. We went to a show, then walked around town, saw the lovely cathedral, the old buildings and all, and then went to a very amusing play later on. I certainly wish I had taken a camera, because, wonder of wonders, the weather was absolutely beautiful...a really unusual thing here in England.

Still don't know when we're going over or where, and of course couldn't tell you anyway, but at least you know we're still here so far. We have been able to get in a little flying lately and are hoping for more of it in the days to come. I am enclosing a picture taken ...no, wait, I've sent you one already. At least, I think I have. If I haven't, please write and I'll send one along. It's of me standing by a ship out at the field. I'm sure I enclosed one in my last letter.

I'm pretty sure I won't be able to get over to Aunt Edna's brother's (or whatever he is) and so I'm not even going to bother with the formalities of beginning an acquaintance.

Guess that's about all there is to tell this time. I'll write again as soon as anything new comes up. Please keep writing and for gosh' sakes, don't worry.

Lots of love,

Dune

July 25, 1944
England



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

2020 S. Iowa St.
Riverdale, California

25 July 1944
(Date)

25 July 1944
(Date)

Dear Al...

Sorry I haven't written lately, but you know how things like writing a letter just get put off and put off somehow with really no especial reason. Anyhow, here I am now, and I'm sorry it's been so long. It won't happen again, I promise.

Received your last letter a while back with the three AMERICAN dollars enclosed. Boy, was it good to see those again! Just like a chunk of California sunshine. I won't however, be able to get your stuff for you, 'cause as you undoubtedly know by now, I'm not stationed in London any more, but am out here in the sticks in garrison with the 7th Armored Division. If, by any twist of fate, I do manage to get into town, I'll try to get your stuff, but I doubt very much if I'll have the chance. I don't think I'll return your money, tho; I'm firmly convinced it's doing much more good here in the way of building morale than it ever could there with you. Agreed?

You asked about the roses and the poppies here. They're super. Lots of absolutely beautiful roses in the typical little English gardens one always passes along the roads. I had a chance to drive by jeep thru quite a bit of northern England while I was still stationed in London and all the way north and back again, we roade thru field after field of solid red poppies. Not at all like ours there in Cal, but really terrific. As you know, of course, all the little houses here have their own tiny, walled-in gardens, and it's lots of fun to walk around one of the quaint little villages and gaze over the walls into the solid banks of great, red roses. There was a huge one on a bush near the front of our office in London, but I noticed before I left that it had fallen; I think it was when a buzz-bomb lit near there.

Did you get the picture I sent? It wasn't much of a shot, but something anyway. No, you keep my pin there...I think it's much better with you than anyone I've seen so far over here. Incidentally, Joyce took some guy's pin at school the other day. He used to go to UO and just graduated from Benning.

Haven't been leading much of a social life around here, mainly because of the extremely noticeable lack of feminine pulchritude. I did start working in a small band last week, tho, and now my evenings will prove a little more interesting. We play dances here on the post and around in the small towns near here, and besides having lots of fun and finding something to do nights, I'm actually making enough money at it that I'm not spending a thing out of my regular salary. Also I've had the chance lately to get in a bit of dark-room work, developing and printing, etc. and that's been great fun. Must puzz...please write.

Best love,

Al

V - MAIL

Aug. 18, 1944

France

18 Aug 1944

Dear Mom and Dad...

Gee, there's so much to say, I hardly know where to begin with it all. I haven't written in so long and so much has happened since my last letter. First, tho, and I guess, most important to you... at last I can tell you that I am "somewhere in France"...

It's really like getting into a foreign country now with the people speaking a different language and everything. I can't tell you how long we've been here, but I do want to tell you some of the unmilitary things that we have seen and done.

First, the people...they line the streets of every little hamlet we pass...throwing flowers or running up with them if we happen to stop. They offer us everything...flowers by the bunch, wine, cognac, butter, eggs, bread, almost anything they have. It's really something and makes one feel like a terrific hero. Whenever our convoys stop in a town or village, the people rush around the vehicles, chattering excitedly in French, (which fortunately a couple of our boys understand,) and shaking our hands...this is the most "handshakingist" country I have ever seen! Of course, the people have suffered terrifically under five years of German rule...some of the towns are almost completely demolished, but they smile and laugh and seem very happy (naturally) when we arrive.

We've been into some towns where Americans have only arrived that day and sometimes we are the first ones to stop, so you can imagine the reception we get. I've never had so many different kinds of wine and cider to drink before in my life. And out in the country, the places where we don't stop, the people still are lined along the roads waving and giving us the "V" sign and yelling, "Vive l'Amérique!" A couple of scenes we've passed I think will stay in my memory forever. One was just outside a small town which had been heavily bombed and shelled just a few days before. An old, white-haired lady, scrubbed until her face shone, stood beside the road, dressed in her Sunday and probably only best, a little black straw hat perched on the side of her head with a perky red bow sticking straight up in the air. At her side, clutching her hand just as tightly as he possibly could, was a little boy, about seven...and was he clean!! Obviously her grandson, he had been absolutely polished; his hair slicked down, his shoes brushed, his face alive with excitement. As our vehicle neared the spot where they stood, the old lady bent over the boy, telling him, I guess, to wait, to be patient, and all the time you could see him practically jumping up and down inside. Suddenly as we drew abreast of them, the lady straightened up with a word to the boy, probably "Now, Jimmy!", and held up her right hand in a "V", while the little boy dropped that comforting hand and, his back straight as any soldier on parade, snapped the prettiest salute I've seen in many a month. And the look on both their faces as they did these simple, but oh, so meaningful things, was one that compensated for all the inconveniences we might suffer thru the rest of the war. It was a look in which they were proud, as proud as could be; happy, and still, grateful, very grateful. It was a look no words can picture.

The other scene I'll remember often after the war has happened many

times....in almost every village we pass. It's the old men, white headed, most with flowing mustaches, who ~~stand~~ get up from their rickety chairs as we go by and stand at attention, their hands up in the French salute. They're old soldiers, these, and they're obviously trying the best way they know how, the soldier's way, to pay tribute to a comrade in arms who is doing a job well. It makes me proud to see them...it makes me proud to be in our army.

I'm enclosing a money order for \$52 that I've been meaning to send for some time and just haven't been able to get around to it somehow. Also I'm sending one of our 7th Armored patches I thought you might like to have. Please just do with the money what you deem best.

Did you see Betty Ann Stevens? Also did you get in touch with Don Kay and the typewriter? I certainly hope so. Haven't had much mail of late, but did get one a while back from Bush who is at middle school at Columbia.

Have had a couple of pretty rugged cancer sores lately and am having a terrible time getting rid of them, but I suppose they'll go eventually.

Please say hello to all for me and if you see Ginny, ask her why she hasn't written. Got a letter from Dr. Hunter a while back, but just haven't had a chance to answer it yet. Please tell him I will as soon as I can.

My writing ^{may} be a bit spotty now for a while, but don't worry... I'll write as often as I can, but we really are awfully busy most of the time. I'm enjoying it thoroughly, tho, and all in all, having the time of my life. For a while the water situation was poor and we couldn't wash very often, but even that's cleared up now.

Please pardon the lousy typing, but this doggoned typewriter just can't seem to learn to spell!

'Bye for now and all my love to you both...

Duncan

P.S. Just saw Cooper who's visiting and he gave me this picture taken on one of our driving convoys into northern England.

Also am enclosing a portrait (ahem!) one of the boys took a time ago.

Love,
Duncan (over)

times... in almost every village we pass. It's the old men, white
bearded, most with flowing mustaches, who get up from their
rickety chairs as we go by and stand at attention, their hands up in
the French salute. They're old soldiers, these, and they're obviously

*P.P.S. On the patch, the track (tank track) is for
armor, the cannon for fire power*

and the lightning for speed.

Did you see Betty Ann Stevens? Also did you get in touch with Don
Ray and the typewriter? I certainly hope so. Haven't had much mail
late, but did get one a while back from Bush who is at the school.

Aug. 23, 1944

*Censored by
The Postmaster
Smith*

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To: Miss Helen Waldo
4429 S. Lemon St.
Riverside, California

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

From:

S/Sgt G. Dungen Wiggins
G-2 Section
7th Arm Div APO 257

c/o Postmaster, New York

23 August 1944

(Sender's complete address above)

Dear At...

Well, here we are in la belle France. But, it's definitely not the France you know. In some ways it's a gayer France than you ever saw during peace time...the common man is happy; the man in the field, the man in the village. He stands by the road and cheers as we rumble by; he looks up from his hoeing in the fields and waves; he leans out the safe windows and yells "Vive l'Amérique!"; he gives us presents of bread and eggs and wine. Sometimes we are the first American soldiers he has seen and he can hardly contain himself and always makes his whole family stand out by their front gate to greet us as we come. If he's an old soldier, many times he creaks to a wavery attention as we pass and lifts a wasted, old hand in the French salute; or if he's still too young to go and fight, he stands straight and proud and smartly snaps an American salute, his face shining and serious.

They've been thru an unimaginable lot, these French. We've passed thru villages that, with the exception of a house or two, have been completely flattened; some places one can hardly tell there was a village there at all. Of course, some of the places haven't suffered much damage, but the majority have seen some bombs and shells at any rate.

Your and mother's vacation at the beach sounds wonderful and of course, brings back terrific nostalgic memories of riding the waves at Corona-del-Mar and evenings spent dancing at Balboa. Are the California women still as terrific as ever down on the beaches? Is there a marked shortage of men, or do the defense workers make up for it?

I find myself wishing I had your French nowadays. My Spanish helps a little, but it certainly doesn't allow me to speak and understand the people around here as I'd like to. We have a couple of boys in our outfit, tho, who speak quite good French and they manage to keep us well supplied in just about everything from washing water to eggs.

We heard from the Signal Corps boys that Paris has been declared an open city, so I guess that means we'll have to go clear to Berlin and back before we can see the French capital. We're going to manage to get around to seeing it one of these days, tho. What can you tell me about it that would be of interest? Are there any places we should go especially, if we ever do get there? And where did you get the sudden inspiration to can fruit? My Lord, I'm amazed! Can't say I blame mother for being astounded.

We stopped by the house of some English-speaking people yesterday and it was certainly fun to talk to them, even with the accents. Bye for now.
Cookies & Candy are welcome!!
Have you filled in complete address at top?

Love,
G. Dungen Wiggins
Have you filled in complete address at top?

V - MAIL

Sept. 24, 1944

24 Sept. 1944

Dear Al -

It's here's that beautiful, sunshiny, green
France I've heard so much about? ~~All~~ we've
seen lately is rain and mud, boy, what mud!
It gets on and clings to everything!

He aren't moving quite as fast now as
we were, but the Jerry's are still being made quite
aware that we're still here.

Not really very much new to tell. Some
of the pressures been taken off us today and so
we're getting a breathing spell.

I'm enclosing a pin all good little
Nazis wear to differentiate them from the forced
laborers all over Germany. I had several of these
and may have sent you one - if I did, I'm
sure you know some young boy who'd get a
thrill out of having it. The writing on it
simply means that the wearer is a loyal
Party member and loves der Fuhrer dearly, etc.,
etc.

I've written to Mother asking her to buy some.

Christmas presents for me for various people. I'm going to send some things if I can, but may not have the chance. A French captain was buying some perfume for us in Paris, but the deal fell thru & we never did get it. I'll get you something if I can, tho.

Had a letter from Dad the other day saying he was now stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco - hope they get south again soon - they like it ~~so~~ much more.

Not much more, I guess. Haven't had an overabundance of correspondence from down Riverside way lately - what's with the mail situation?

Bye for now or "au revoir" as we French say

Lots of love,
Dunc-

P.S. He can now tell that we've been thru Chateau-Thierry and Verdun. D.

Oct. 3, 1944
Holland

Miss H. Wright
1st St. CAC.

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Miss Helen Waldo
#429 S. Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM
Sgt. G. Duncan Wainpress
G-2 Sec. 7th Armd. Div.
APO 257
% Postmaster; New York
3 Oct. 1944

(Sender's complete address above)

Dear Al -

Well, the army does get around, doesn't it? Since my last letter to you we've traveled up thru Belgium and are now digging our slit trenches in the black, moist soil of canal-stripped Holland! The Belgians and the Dutch are not nearly so demonstrative as the French were. The people and the houses are all decked out in orange (for William of Orange) as in red, white, and blue, their national colors. The chateau I wrote you about where we took a bath, was in Belgium, tho I couldn't tell you then.

Heard from Ginny today & Harry is "missing in action", but she has reason to believe he's safe and interned in Russia. Bart married a Fullerton girl just a few days ago! He all knew her very well! All the guys, that is. It's a surprise! Gotta go - Love, June-

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Oct. 5, 1944

5 Oct. 1944
"Somewhere in Holland"

Dear At -

Got your letter of Sept. 17 this morning, and despite a letter to you a couple of days ago, am knocking out another epistle to my favorite aunt.

Still haven't been into Paris, but your descriptions make me want to go more than ever, now. I was to go on several days' assignment, but so far the trip hasn't materialized.

No, for your information, I am not deluged with candy & cookies! I haven't received a package since I've been overseas. Of course, it's my fault, because I haven't asked for stuff and I understand a written request's necessary to send things. Anyway, I can use 'em if you want to send 'em.

Also, on the magazine question - I suppose you want a frank answer. Well,

what I honestly like is an overseas subscription to Time Magazine. I rarely get to see Time and then it's usually a 2- or 3-month old edition.

Do I detect my At slipping into the role of cupid and subtly but surely dragging her youngest nephew out of the lonely depths of bachelorhood? Sure, tell your cute girl to write! Surprised you had to ask! I

think a picture is also in order in that first letter considering that, for the moment, I'll be unable to meet her in person. Did you mean she's a dramatics teacher?!!?

But, gosh, tell her, ~~ask her~~, plead with her to write! Mail's our life out here.

Holland's still nice, but somehow, despite their perennial crust of dirt, I like the effusive French.

Gotta go - please write 'n stuff.

Love, Dunc-

P.S. Is this gal really cute? d.

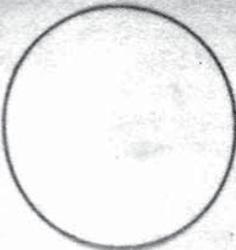
(over)

P.P.S. The pictures of me and some other G.I.'s in
a nice, little bar in Verdun. That's real
French cognac in my hand 25 f. a shot!

Love,
D.

Oct. 16, 1944

on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Miss Helen Waldo
4429 S. Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM
S/Sgt. G. Duncan Wimpres
G-2 Sec. 7th Amd. Div.

APO 257

Ch Postmaster; New York

(Sender's complete address above)

Dear Al-

I just had to sit down and write you about a house we were in yesterday. You would have loved it. It is a hospital run by nuns now. Originally, it was the home of some count. William I had stayed there and so had Leopold I. It had beautiful, hand-carved, dark polished walls and ceilings and the heavy, hand-carved furniture was magnificent. The count's private chapel was really a masterpiece. All over the house were fine, old paintings and brass incense burners + stands. The sister who took us around said there were thousands of dollars worth of antiques there. Two Heine officers had lived there up until a few days ago, but they'd been so ~~lousy~~ loaded down with loot they couldn't carry any of the priceless stuff the nuns had hidden in the cellar. Still having an interesting time + haven't collected a Purple Heart yet, so don't worry. Love,

Duncan

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Oct. 17, 1944

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

Steve Panagakis
Capt. A.C.

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Miss Helen Waldo
4429 S. Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM S/Sgt. G. Duncan Wimpers
G-2 Sec 7th Armd. Div.
APO 257
46 P.M., N.Y., N.Y.
17 Oct 1944

(Sender's complete address above)

Dear Et -
Look! I admire your sentiments and all that, but I definitely resent & object to your taking up space and weight in my box to send candy & toys to the little racketeers under 10 now here!!! I can assure you we'll eat the candy & probably use the toys! The kids, for the most part, have hit every passing soldier for gum & candy & by the time they get to one, usually have a much bigger stock than the junk himself. Some of 'em even openly carry big bags to put all the stuff in! I would definitely like Reader's Digest. Also any others you'd care to send like Coronet, Life, Colliers, Newsweek, New Yorker, etc. Not Time - we get that. No need for an extra one, tho. Wish we had some of that heat here - it rains constantly. We saw the sun the other day, but no one recognized it, so we just ignored it.

A couple of funny things have happened to us recently. (continued on next page.)

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Steel Panagakis
Staff. Rec

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Miss Helen Waldo
4429 S. Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM S/Sgt. G. Duncan Wimpers
A-2 Sec. 7th Arm'd Div.
APO 257
4th P.M.; N.Y., N.Y.
17 Oct. 1944

(Sender's complete address above)

(Continuation from other page.)

The other day one of the guys went hunting for a stove. He came to a Dutchman & in laborious German asked him if he spoke German. The Dutchman said "Yes, a little", and so they talked - with considerable difficulty. Finally the Dutchman said he thought he knew where the sergeant could get a stove, but that he'd better guide him there. He got in the jeep and suddenly, in almost perfect English, said, "Turn right here, and left at the next corner." Our sarge turned to him amazed & shouted - "You speak English - why didn't you tell me?" In response, the native calmly replied, still speaking English, "But, you only asked me if I spoke German." !!! It actually happened!

You know we all get a little ~~jeep~~ jumpy out here once in a while. The other night, a clear one for a change, one of the boys punched the one sleeping next to me and with enforced calm, said, "Hey, Bud, wake up! Look at the flare!" (Cont on P. 3.)

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

*Arthur Pennington
2/11/44*

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: *Miss Helen Waldo
4429 Lemon St.
Riverside,
California*

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM *Sgt. G. D. Wimpess*
G-2 Sec. 7th Armd. Div.
APO 257
c/o P.M. N.Y., N.Y.
17 Oct. 1944

(Sender's complete address above)

- Page 3 -

Now, when Jerry comes over to bomb, he habitually sends a lone plane in first - it drops a few parachute flares and then the bombers come in.

Well, Bud woke up in a hurry, and as the rule is to not move when a flare's overhead, cautiously raised his head to take a look. A dirty glance, a muttered oath or two & he dropped back down. But, before he drifted off again, a sentence cracked thru the still night, bitten off thru gritted teeth with the bitterness of a man, unnecessarily awakened, "It's only the moon, ya' dope, go back to sleep!" ~~Sgt~~ Fearighted Sergeant Rucker had forgotten to put on his glasses.

Here's the mail from this beautiful gal?
Dutch women, on the whole are leazy!
Gotta go - write soon.

*Lots of love,
Burne -*

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Oct. 21, 1944

21 Oct. 1944
"Still in Holland"

Dear At -
Just a note. Thought maybe you'd enjoy this Dutch children's book I picked up.

Am. still hunting, unsuccessfully, for some lace, etc. I'll send some tulip bulbs later.

Please send me mags., books, candy, food (peanuts & other canned stuff, etc.) He can certainly use all you can send.

Bye now,

Love,

Aune -
H

Nov. 4, 1944

4 Nov. 1944

Still in Holland

Dear At -

Got your V-Mail (wish you'd write letters!) a couple of days ago. The incident of the "7 lbs. 9 oz." killed me! Anyway, two packages are 'way better in one. Hope you filled up that extra 2 lbs. 7 oz. (I figured it out by myself!) with candy (chocolate preferred) peanuts & other "luxury foods" - all of which are most gratefully received.

I'm sending some wooden shoes & some perfume & think you'll kinda like as soon as I can scrounge a box somewhere. It'll be along. Can't find a Dutch doll anywhere. Haven't too much time to hunt & just haven't seen one.

Things've been comparatively quiet for us lately. "Bet-check Charlie" (a lone Heine reconnaissance plane) comes over every nite, but that's about all.

You and Mother both have certainly

confused things! The 7th Armored Division is not connected with the 7th Army! They are in Holland. Any newspaper will tell you the 7th Army is 'way to our south. They are still on the security lists & therefore get very little publicity. They are simply "an armored division in Holland." They are not the 7th Army.

Say, I know a perfectly swell, very attractive gal from school who's living in L.A. waiting for winter term to begin. Do you suppose you could contact her & have her out to Riverside? Especially for Thanksgiving, etc. She's (altho she refuses to realize it) really a very talented writer and terrific fun. She was on my staff at school. Her name is Betty Ann Stevens & she lives at 894 Hilgard, Los Angeles. I know you'd like each other immensely and she is lonely. I'd consider it a personal favor if you'd look her up. Please?

The Dutch women are still lousy! The French are much better, the Belgians next, and last, the Dutch! I don't mean they're not nice, but how such cute, clean little kids could grow up into such ugly women, I can't understand. It's a little more wary of their hospitality here tho, than we were in France and Belgium. They're swell to us, tho, really.

Had quite a red-letter day today. A hot shower this afternoon and fried chicken for chow this evening! Ah, c'est la guerre! Sometimes it's rugged!

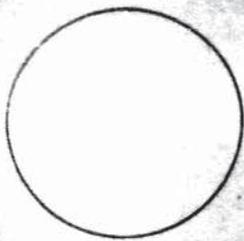
Gotta go - look up B.A., will ya'?'
'Bye for now and that package 'd better be good! We've six "unknown" soldiers here if you want any names.

All my love,

Dunc-
#

Nov. 20, 1944

on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Bold or small writing is not suitable for photographing



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Miss Helen Waldo
4429 Lemon Street
Riverside, California

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM
 S/Sgt G.D. Wimpres
 G-2 Sec. 7th Arm'd Div.
 APO 257
 c/o Postmaster, New York

20 Nov 44

(Sender's complete address above)

Dearest At...

Well, at last I get a chance to write you. Sorry it's been so long.

Next Day - Well, we'll make another stab at it. Anyway, we're at last in a semblance of a rest area. Actually, our little group's been working harder than ever, but altho we haven't laid inside, we do most of our work there & it's quite a nice change. The weather is lousy! The mud is terrible! It rains almost constantly & has snowed once. Our tent hasn't leaked so far, tho, & so we do have dry ground on which to sleep - a luxury ever here.

Have sent your Christmas present - so it's up to Uncle Sam now. It'll probably be late.

You said to ask for things. O.K. - Food! Crisp things like canned shoe-string potatoes, peanuts, etc. Candy (block chocolate, etc) - not hard candy, fruit cake; Anything! We're starvin'! Bye for now & write!

P.S. Where's your drama teacher?

Love, Gene-

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Dec. 3, 1944
Germany

3 Dec 44

Dear Al -

All right, so I'm tight! But somehow I'm not going to be able to put much enthusiasm into giving stuff to the little German kids. I can, somehow, raise absolutely no sympathy for the little, war orphans of Nazi Germany. ~~These~~ fathers and big brothers were war orphans. They were taken into the Dutch homes here & raised with tenderness and gentle care. I have seen the manner in which they repaid these kindnesses twenty years later.

There's no reason to suppose this new generation should be any different from the last - and many reasons to suppose they'll be even more barbaric.

I never thought I could hate a people, Al. But, from the little I've seen of this mess, I've come to hate the Germans and all they represent. I said Germans and not Nazis because I meant the whole barbaric, ruthless, stupid, arrogant nation - not just the ones who happened to lead 'em where they wanted

to go, anyway. The Wehrmacht, the ones who've performed countless atrocities; devastated, ^{the} hundreds of innocent French, Belgian & Dutch villages that I've seen, is not composed of Nazis - it's composed of Germans. And those Germans, in an overwhelming majority, performed their filthy acts because they damn' well wanted to!

I'll not give the German kids anything, At. And if they get in my way, I, as almost all other American soldiers, fully plan to treat them with such roughness and even cruelty that they'll realize for once & for all, that this war nor any other war has not, does not, and will not pay.

I suppose I could be condemned as doing exactly the things of which I'm charging them. I quite frankly am. I consider it quite worthwhile to lower myself temporarily to their level if it achieves in the long run the end for which we're fighting. If it is the most effective

medium with which to teach & punish these people, I fully intend to be as cruel and ruthless to them as I deem, in my own mind, necessary. And this plan does not include giving toys to the kids!

Tell your gal not to bother writing if it'll cause her to break resolutions 'n' such. Far be it from me to be the reason for such effort anyway.

Anyway, some gal who's the intended of a plumber just can't seem to arouse the beast in me. I've got exactly the gal I want spatted - I've known her since my sophomore year at school, but regrettably, her extreme liking for me is purely Platonic. Isn't that a disgusting situation? She's at Radcliffe in Cambridge now & there's not a doggoned thing I can do to forward the cause of Kimpres.

Well, I must hit the sack. Please keep writin', and any old boxes of cake, cookies and/or candy you might have lyin' around would certainly be appreciated.

'Bye for this time.

Lots of love, Dunc-

Dec. 28, 1944
Belgium

28 Dec. '44
"Somewhere in Belgium"

Dearest At -

meant to write you Christmas, but Jerry picked them to kick up a row as you've undoubtedly read, so here we are back in Belgium again. He spent quite a time in Zeerlen, Holland, and had a wonderful stay. Long enough for me to decide I like Holland better than the other European nations. Eindhoven can now be mentioned too. Met a very nice blond there & had a couple of dates.

Spent Christmas in a little village near here. I'm perfectly O.K. & safe now, so I can say I was awfully glad to be able to spend Christmas anywhere!

Have had a couple of pretty exciting experiences of late, but they'll have to be told over an Old Fashioned beside a roaring fire sometime.

Anyway, the village where we spent Christmas and Christmas Eve was one of the most picturesque

I've ever seen. The tiny, crooked houses clung precariously to the stern sides of a rocky, wooded gorge just out of reach of the tossing surface of a small river which tumbled down the bottom of the defile. We were very lucky to make friends with one of the leading families in town, a Dr. Bonhomme, and they asked us to their chateau for Christmas Eve. They had a huge Christmas tree, reminiscent of Christmas at our Riverside house, and it was beautifully decorated with tinsel & lights 'n' everything. He scraped together enough cognac for all of us to get a pleasant glow on and we danced & sang & had a helluva good time. Not as good as home of course, but a good second best.

Christmas day I went for a walk along the river. It was a clear, frosty day & the sunbeams ~~just~~ pushed their way brazenly down the narrow, cobblestoned streets to dance, glittering, on the froth of the hurrying river. As if answering a blinker light message, other sunbeams sparkled back an answer

from the remote, white mountain peaks.

I strolled down toward a small bridge the Army had thrown across the river the day before. Three G. I.'s were on guard there, huddled around a tiny fire, shapeless in their huge overcoats & helmets. I walked a little closer, then suddenly was struck by the expressions of two of the men. They both sat with eyes fixed on some infinite point in space. Under all the dirt & grime, under six day's growth of beard, they had an expression which could only be described as beautiful.

I edged still closer. Then suddenly the haunting refrain of a familiar song brought the memories flooding into my soul. The third man, head hunched down inside his collar, legs drawn up under him for warmth, was playing a battered harmonica. He was playing "White Christmas." It was beautiful. I had intended to ~~walk~~^{go} up to the men with a cheery word - a "Merry Christmas!" or something like that. But I didn't. I just walked quietly away.

Your three packages arrived in ~~East~~ Heerlen. They were really swell. I gave some of your presents to Dutch children & some to kids down here. Naturally, I can't begin to describe their gratefulness. They were overwhelmed.

The stuff was really swell. Only one criticism: You spent too much valuable weight in packing. A good, stout cardboard box is about all that's necessary.

Anyway, it was super! Also thank millions for "Reader's Digest."

Just because I'm so damned mercenary, I'm hereby entering a formal request for some candy & some cookies. Please send me some candy (fudge, etc. One guy got a box of Fanny Farmer's Chocolates intact) and some cookies. There!

Am enclosing a horrible portrait done in Heerlen, also a pin made from the head of Queen Wilhelmina cut from a Dutch 25 cent piece. (No extra charge.) Gotta go - please write. Lots of love,
Dime-

Jan. 4, 1945

"Somewhere in Belgium"
4 January 1945

Dearest At...

Got your latest V-mail yesterday along with seven other letters (ahem!) and was certainly flattered that you dragged yourself away from your 35 protoges to dash off a line to me!

Doggone it, I don't care what the postal authorities tell you, you can too send chocolate!!!! Several of the boys have received regular boxes of chocolates (Fanny Farmer, to be exact) and they have arrived perfectly O.K. One of the guys got a five pound block of pure chocolate today and it was just as hard as when it left the store. Also, would you please send me cookies and cakes...preferably raisin and nut cookies. Poffers and caramels are very welcome...we pass around every thing we get and so something easy to divide is more convenient. You told me I had to ask for stuff, so I'm sure gonna ask!

I guess you've read about the big Heinie push down here in Belgium. We've finally got it stopped and things are beginning to go the other way again. I understand the Associated Press got out a pretty big story on the stand the Division made at St. Vith...did you see it?

I managed to get in a few pretty exciting experiences during the attack, but I came out of it all O.K. and still in one piece. I'll have to wait until after the war to tell you about them, tho. Enough to say I was ~~damned~~ damned glad to celebrate this Christmas!

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~

I'm glad you wrote Betty Ann. She's working on the daily in Santa Monica now and isn't going back to school until next year. She's really an awfully nice girl. I'm sure you'd like her immensely. Do you suppose you could ask her to Riverside for a weekend? She isn't ~~xxxxxxxx~~ acquainted down there at all. She's really an excellent journalist...much better than she realizes. She was on my staff on the daily at school and developed a case of hero worship for her managing editor. She's over it now, tho, and is beginning, I think, to catch on to the fact that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ she really can write. I'd appreciate anything you can do for her. I'm pretty sure she's not the future Mrs. G. Duncan Wimpres, tho, so don't go getting any funny ideas. I would like to know what you think of her, tho, even along those lines.

My "six unknowns" are only five. There are six of us in our bunch all together. I am one. We have two lieutenants, a master sergeant, myself and two technicians, third grade. None of them are from the west coast.

working

Glad the folks made it for Christmas...~~working~~ on the presumption that they did. Did you get the perfume I sent? My back, I sure hope so!

I gotta go. Please write and send some food. 'Bye for now.

Lots of love,

Dunc-
H

Jan. 10, 1945

10 Jan. '45

"Belgium - Still"

Dearest At -

Just time for a note. I'm anxious to learn if you all got together for Christmas.

We're still in a huge chateau tucked away in the Belgian hills. It's snowed steadily up until this morning which is clear for a change.

I'm enclosing a clipping about the division from Jan. 6 issue of the "Stars and Stripes". The "master sergeant by the name of Kimpus" referred to is really a staff sergeant named Kimpew. Thought you'd be interested.

Gotta run. Please write & send food!

Lots of love,
P.S. Did you ever contact B.A.? Alumc
D.



GI Pick-Ups Helped Hold St. Vith Line

The Germans thought they were going to Antwerp via Liège... two truckloads of doughs rattling back to Belgium from a three-day pass in Paris figured on rejoining their outfits... and a FA battalion just happened to be around.

They all met up with the Seventh Arm'd Division's Combat Command B in the vicinity of St. Vith, crossroads of Von Rundstedt's offensive. For seven days nobody in that area got anywhere.

That was part of the story of St. Vith as told in Paris yesterday by Lt. Col. Everett W. Murray and Capt. George L. Treece, of the Seventh Armored.

The FA teamed up with the Seventh and delivered "an unbelievable amount of fire" on the attacking Germans, in support of the Seventh's tanks and armored infantry, they said. Without those cannoners, who also battled infiltrating German infantry, it would have been tougher than it was.

There was a division train commander who stood on a street corner in Laroche and drafted everybody in sight—including the truckloads of men returning from Paris—to beat off infiltrating Germans and keep supply roads open.

There were 50 truck drivers from the supply train, a number of headquarters clerks, the division headquarters band, men of an ordnance company and a master sergeant by the name of Wimpus, a photo interpreter, and they all went up and kept the roads open.

When the Seventh was over-run in front of St. Vith and Nazis entered the town at 2200 Dec. 21, the busy cannoners behind the town heated up the tubes of their 105s with shellfire and denied St. Vith to the enemy until the Seventh pulled out at 0800 Saturday morning, Dec. 23.

(Continued on Page 8)

Jan. 26, 1945

26 Jan '45

"Belgium - Still"

Dearest At -

glad you liked the Paris goop. Needless to say, I didn't go there, but got it directly from Mr. Chanel thru a French major attached to the division. Anyway - hope it filled the bill.

yeah, the stuff went to Dutch kids - not German. Sorry I scolded you, but when you're this close to such a situation, you're inclined to feel rather strongly about it. And take we hear of civilian kindnesses to the Heine prisoners, etc., certainly don't help the situation. I guess I'm a little overly-touchy. Sorry.

Not much new here. Had a bath (cold)

today - which is news!

Have you read about the division lately? There's been quite a bit about us in the papers, I understand.

Times up. - Bye & write.

Love, Sync -

Mar. 20, 1945
Germany

20 March 1945
Germany

Dearest At...

As usual, not time for a lot, but thought I'd better write. I sent a big box yesterday...most of it is stuff I want to keep for souvenirs after the war. It's addressed to G. D. Wimpres there in Riverside. It includes my white fur coat, my fur cap, boots, and jacket. I wish you'd please open it and air the stuff out for me. Would you also please take the coat down and have it dry cleaned?...it took pretty much of a beating over here last winter.

Spring has finally come to Germany and we are having some beautiful sunny days now. The nights are clear and moonlit and it is making us all tremendously homesick. We're living now in a beautiful, old castle built about 1780 with a moat around it and everything. It's really very picturesque and we're all enjoying it immensely.

Say, didn't you have a legal birthday sometime in February? If you did, I'm sorry I missed it this time, but you're always so damned secretive about these things!

I'm enclosing some pictures I thought you might be interested in. They are: SS troopers' graves last winter in Belgium just after the Battle of the Bulge; Wimpres and friends by a Dutch windmill at Maarheeze, Holland, last November; Wimpres in snow near St. Roche, Belgium last January; one of our Cubs (the planes in which we fly) coming in for a landing on an airstrip cut into the snow in Belgium. I may have sent you some of these before...I can't remember...if I did, please pass 'em on to Mom or somebody.

I'm sending Mom's birthday present along to her one of these days...can't send it just yet...nothing in that big package is for her birthday, tho. Any of that stuff you want, of course, take.

I'm sorry, but I just have to stop. Am feeling fine except a small cold. Oh, yeah, the team picked up a wire haired terrier puppy this morning...he's awfully cute. One of his teeth fell out this p.m. and really worried us until we found out it was O.K.

'bye for now and keep writin', huh?

All my love,

Dunc -
H

Mar. 31, 1945

Walter H. Whight
Capt. CAC

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To: Miss Helen Waldo
4429 Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

See Instruction No. 2

From: S/Sgt. G. D. Wimpers
G-2 Sec., 7th Arm'd Div.
APO 257; 1/2 P.M., N.Y., N.Y.

31 March 45

(Sender's complete address above)

Germany

Dearest At -

Boy, are you in the dog house! So you've followed closely the exploits of the 8th Armored Division? Well, that's swell, At, I'm sure they're wonderful, but it may interest you to know that I am, have been, and will continue to be a member of the 7th Armored Div. Your letter, erroneously addressed to the 8th, just reached me here. Hang yo' haid!!!

The city to which I went on pass was Eupen, Belgium, a town near Herwiens.

Yes, letters do come thru - write 'em, please!

Got the swell box & we all thank you fervently! The food was wonderful! Carry the rabbit's foot in my shirt pocket.

Fruit cakes do not spoil, but am afraid sometimes fail to arrive.

Glad B.G. finally wrote. She's really swell.

Should love another fruit cake - please send one. Have what I think's a pretty nice present for

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

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.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To: Miss Helen Waldo
4429 Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

See Instruction No. 2

From: S/Sgt. G. D. Wimpers
G-2 Sec. 7th A.D.
APO 257;
4/6 P.M.; N.Y., N.Y.

31 Mar. '45

[Sender's complete address above]

- Page 2 -

you that I think you'll like. I'll send it along as soon as possible.

Censorship's pretty strict these days, but I can say we're definitely east of the Rhine & that we aren't sitting around playing tiddle-di-winks.

Most of the people in the villages thru which we pass display white flags & there's one interesting thing. In some towns, the people wave them at us in exactly the same way the French waved the tri-color when we came across France. It gives one a rather ~~funny~~ funny feeling to see a white flag waved as if it were a symbol of victory rather than surrender.

Spent a few days in the hospital - did I tell you? Nothing serious, of course.

Gotta go - please write.

Love,
Gene

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Apr. 9, 1945

(Waldo was his brother who was killed in action while landing at Iwo Jima - G.)

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.

Steve Panagakos
att: Helen

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: *Miss Helen Waldo*
4429 Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM
S/Sgt. G.D. Wimpess
6-2 Sec. 7th Arm'd Div.
APO 257;
1/2 P.M.; N.Y., N.Y.
9 April 45

(Sender's complete address above)

Dearest Al -

Germany

got your latest letter here tonight - in eight

days!

The news about Waldo was a shock, of course.

I'm very proud tho' that if God would have it that my brother was to die so young, He chose him to be among the heroes of Iwo Jima.

Betty, of course, has a tough course ahead, but as I wrote her tonight, I know she'll be O.K.

I write to you often and have thanked you for your packages several times. There must be a bunch of letters for you floating around somewhere. Still no fruit cake, tho!

Your reporter sounded super!! How! They're working pretty hard these days. I'm O.K., tho, so don't worry!

Must run - sorry this's so short, but I gotta hit the sack. Good night and love,

Steve

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Apr. 22, 1945

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.



To: Miss Helen Waldo
4429 Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

From: S/Sgt. G.D. Wimpers
G-2 Sec.; 7th A.D.
APO 257
46 P.M.; N.Y., N.Y.
22 April '45

See Instruction No. 2

(Sender's complete address above)

Dearest At - ^{Germany}
glad Mary K. phoned you. She's really an awfully nice gal. I introduced her to the guy with whom she's infatuated at present - which explains her high opinion of me.

I wish you'd keep all but the smaller packages I send, then with you. Most of the stuff in my latest boxes is stuff I with which I hope to decorate a den some day. Please unpack 'em all and then just keep 'em. I getting up a pretty good knife collection. I finally got a fine Luger + holster. Also a huge Nazi flag which I'm sending.

Did the bracelet ever arrive for you? Not the Dutch coin one - another. He have a cute dog named Staples. Part wire-haired; part collie; part-?

We've been working hard, but I'm O.K. The Wimpers luck still holds true.

Still have a present for you + one for mother - but still can't send 'em. Can't explain why.

'Bye + write!

Love, *Hunc*

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

May 2, 1945

2 May '45
Germany

Dearest Al -

Your swell box arrived yesterday. Thank so much - we all enjoyed the food immensely.

Reading material, of course, is always welcome.

The cookies came thru fine. Thank again.

Guess I told you I met Norman Mellor down near Göttingen. Was certainly surprised. He looks much older than I'd remembered.

I wrote Mother today about a deal we had last week. Six of us took over a huge chateau - completely furnished. Some women were living in the basement, so we had them cook our meals and serve us in the main dining hall. The linen-covered table fairly gleamed with china and glass and silverware. Some grateful Russians kept us supplied with fresh vegetables, fish and chickens. A Polish boy kept the furnaces stoked so we had hot running water in all four bathrooms (with showers.) He didn't have too much to do, so

for three wonderful days, we really lived.

Heard of Hitler's death last nite and Ribbentrop's replacement this morning with some skepticism. Seems as tho there's a new bandwagon and that it's heading underground.

Hope this mess is over by the time this reaches you, but certainly won't commit myself by saying I think it will be.

Must run. Thank again for the box.
Bye in write.

All my love,
Gene-
#

P.S. He lost our dog, Staples. He failed to be around when we pulled out of a bivouac early one morning. C'est la guerre.

D.

May 25, 1945



UNITED STATES ARMY

Delitzsch, Ger.
25 May 1945

Dearest At...

Awfully sorry I haven't written sooner, but I really have been awfully busy these past few weeks. Immediately after V-E Day, an occasion which was greeted with no particular emotion over here, three of us, Bud Kastner, my master sergeant, Mort Rucker, one of our technicians (T/3), and I were stationed up at a former German seaplane base at Tarnowitz, Germany. Tarnowitz is on the Baltic just east of Lübeck. The base had been converted by our division into a recreation and rest center for our line troops and we were given the job of running a portrait studio for the men. We really had a terrific time for about two weeks.

We swam in and boated on the Baltic. We flew (Bud has a private license) in one of the Nazi planes there...complete with black crosses and swastikas. We lolled on the beach and looked at the women. Oh yes, the women...they have several peculiar customs up there, one of which is a bit shocking, to say the least. Before we arrived they always swam, day and night, in the nude, there on the beaches. Well, of course, the American army just couldn't stand for that, so an order was published that the civilian women all had to wear bathing suits while swimming. Fully obeying the order and as blithely as in their own boudoirs, they now arrive at the beach fully clothed with their suits over their arms. Then, irregardless of the G.I.'s standing around or anyone else, they procede to take off their clothes and don their bathing suits. This procedure is followed in reverse when they come out of the water. The American army is blushing slightly.

Anyway, a few days ago we convoyed down here to our present location in the town of Delitzsch, about fifteen miles north of Leipzig. We don't know



UNITED STATES ARMY

-2-

how long we'll be here, but indications are that if, (I repeat, if,) the division is shipped to the Pacific theater, our team will remain with the unit and we'll get about a 30-day furlough in the good, ole' U.S.A. Incidentally, I'm not saying anything to Mother about this possibility 'cause I don't want her to get her hopes up and then be disapointed if we don't come. If we are shipped over there, we, the team that is, may be flown over ahead of the division so as to take further Intelligence training at Camp Ritchie. If we are, I will probably phone you from New York, find out where the folks are and then take a train to there without telling them I'm coming. For that reason I would appreciate your keeping up as much as possible on where they are for the next few months.

Yes, my "Readers' Digest" comes thru, but not always on time. I haven't received the May issue yet. Wish you'd send "Forever Amber" to me when you finish it...I'm dying to read it, I've heard so much about it. Please do.

I'm running a portrait studio again down here and also am in charge of an Agfa plant near here which is doing all the division film. Yesterday Twelfth Army Group came down and took \$5,000,000 in silver bars out of a building at the plant! And here I sit with empty pockets!

I must run...the girls here are very cute. Much nicer than most of the other countries we've seen. Non-fraternization rules, of course, urge one to extreme caution in even talking to them, tho.

'Bye for awhile...keep your fingers crossed about the furlough and write.

Lots of love,

Dunc-

July 25, 1945

25 July '45
Buchen, Germany

Dearest Al -

Sorry I haven't written - just finished a pretty bad session in the hospital with dysentery. Didn't tell Mom for fear of worrying her.

I'm down in Buchen now - a tiny burg between Heidelberg & Kurzburg - south of Frankfurt. It's typically German & just - cardish until you begin to smell it! I'm doing Counter - Intelligence work & can't talk about it. Have been into lovely, unbombed, picturesque Heidelberg several times & thoroughly enjoyed it. Have also managed one very interesting trip up to Frankfurt.

Am not trying for the G. I. university courses 'cause of my work. Am still also taking portraits.

Get your swell box - thoroughly enjoyed by all, of course, as usual. Thank so much, Al. Those packages are really wonderful to receive.

Please send me another box of food

and include as many "T" shirts as you can - or even make a separate box of them. It's very hot down here in Baden & I can really use 'em! Even very cheap ones are perfectly O.K.!

Did those enlargements ever come thru?

And the other three boxes - tho I suppose it's early for them yet.

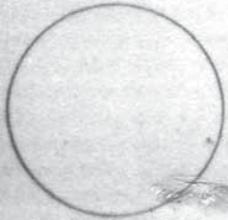
A couple of us stood at our best attention the other day while the General pinned some nice, bright, new ribbons on our none-too-many bosoms. Mine has a Bronze Star that goes with it. The Old Man mumbled a long spiel about "heroic action" and that sort of stuff, shook my hand & that was all. It was for some stuff I did during the Ardennes action. I'm not very impressed, but knew you'd be interested. Your new-found freedom sounds wonderful!

End of page - gotta go. Keep writin'!

All my love,
Rune -

Sept. 11, 1945

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.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To:

Miss Helen Waldo
4429 Lemon St.
Riverside,
California.

See Instruction No. 2

From:

Sgt. G. D. Wimpress,
Hdq. P.I.C., M.I.S.

USFET; APO 887;

4 P.M., N.Y., N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

Le Haore
11 Sept. 45

Dearest At -

Well, despite all our pessimism, they finally came out with a shipping list this morning and - believe it or not - there we were!

So-o-o-o-o- we're scheduled to leave here the 14th. Don't know how fast a boat it is, but have heard about 7 or 8 days. That, with the train ride - should get me to Fort McArthur about the last of Sept. or the first of Oct. As I said before, I'll phone you from there. Of course, if ~~our~~ our ship's a Liberty ship - they take 2½ weeks for the crossing and it'll be a little later.

Anyway - see you soon! 'Bye for now and get that room ready - you're havin' a guest!
Love, N.

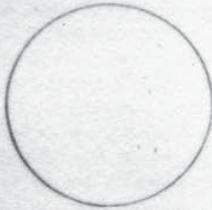
HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Sept. 11, 1945

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.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To: Mrs. G. D. WIMPRESS
4429 Lemon St.
Riverside,
California

See Instruction No. 2

From: Sgt. G. D. WIMPRESS
Hq. P.I.C., M.I.S.,
USFET; APO 887;
% P.M. N.Y., N.Y.

[Sender's complete address above]

Le Rhore,
11 Sept. 45

Dear Mom and Dad -

Well, it's finally come. Despite

all our pessimism, we were alerted this morning. That means, barring any change in plans, we should sail within the next couple of days.

I don't know if it's a big or little ship - fast or slow, so can't tell when I'll be home - but it'll probably be around the first of the month.

As I wrote before, I'll be sent to Fort McArthur and will phone Riverside from there.

There's a formation - gotta run. Bye-see you all soon.

Love, A.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V - MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?



Dad's Bronze Star