

Personnel Headquarters
 40th Engineer Combat Regt.
 APO 512, c/o Postmaster
 New York, N.Y.

Mr. D. W. Proffitt
 Drawer 391
 Maryville, Tennessee

Dear Sir:

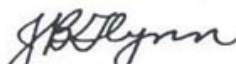
Please excuse me for not answering your first letter. I did receive it while in Naples, Italy, and I did appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending it but nothing in it seemed to indicate an answer so I filed it along with the poop sheets (information bulletins) we are constantly getting from higher headquarters. It was disposed of in the same manner as any of those bulletins are, in file 13. Your second letter, the one I have before me now, was in a slightly different trend, a bit more personal even if only a mimeographed letter, so I'm taking your valuable time and my own leisure to forward this to you. How you obtained my address in the first place is still a mystery to me but be that as it may, I am still pleased to hear from you. Mail from any source, at it's best, is rather scarce and it most certainly is not at it's best now. Army post offices are greatly overworked.

Thank you very much for the handy little address book. It'd be very useful if I were where the girls speak English and have telephones. It's been almost a year since I left the States, therefore any chance of filling this book. Perhaps you could supply a few names and telephone numbers to jot down in this book for use upon my return to East Tennessee ?

Do you always make tea with polk greens ? Putting the kidding aside, I really could go for a dish of polk greens provided my Mother and not an Army cook prepared them. Biscuits, gravy, southern fried chicken, and fresh cow butter, not canned axle grease ! Boy ! Let's change the subject. I was already homesick.

You hope the Red Cross will in SOME way bring help and good cheer to each of us if we're ever in need of that kind of help ? Over here it isn't THAT kind of help we need but the American and the French Red Cross certainly do bring the good cheer. The Red Cross is one of the few places not "off limits" in every city or town within visiting distance of our bivouac area. It's a Soldier's haven, a place to rest, buy refreshments (approved by AMG), see a movie, have a lost button replaced, parcels wrapped for mailing, and so on up to help for the families we left behind. The Red Cross workers welcomed us back to North Africa from Italy, toured our areas, passing our hot coffee and fresh doughnuts. As chairman of a Red Cross Chapter, my hat is off to you, Mr. Proffitt. It is through your work there that the Field Directors here are able to work such wonders under the conditions of a war-torn country, in wrecked cities, sometimes with the wreckage of Soldiers, men, human beings which war has reduced to a mindless shell but who still worry about families above themselves. The Red Cross steps in to diminish or to banish those worries completely. Yes, Sir, the Red Cross does help.

This has gone quite far enough. I'm taking too much of your time, more than I intended when I started. Thank you for your best wishes and, above all, for your prayers. Goodnight, Sir.


 Cpl. J. B. Flynn