

Spk Joseph Allen
Med Det, 281 Eng C Bn
a PO 403, % P M, N G, M G

ia, Germany
y 25, 1945

n,

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
peasant 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

transportation with horse and wagon
a close second. All agriculture is
still on a small primitive basis in
spite of Hitler's 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

true and it is easy to see why they would take this attitude in front of their conquerors. Before the americans 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 individuals that I have met.

Now that the war is over in germany there has been instigated a series of sports programs and varied educational courses for our amusement and diversion. Personally it doesn't interest me for I believe

it is only to kill time until 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 things". Not only that, the army has innoculated me with a wanderlust which I am afraid I will never be able to subdue.

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

Sincerely yours,

Joseph Allen