

Written at top: Hope I have a letter tonight. This one and my next letter will leave Monday 14 May – Gay's birthday – my second one I have missed! (Grace turns 7). Would you care to let Mother read this, and then I won't need to write it again!?

Saturday afternoon
12 May 1945– 1426
Kingston – Lacy
Winborne, Dorset, England

My dearest darling – now that the newspapers are telling us that if we leave Europe from Antwerp and other North European ports that we are headed home – and that if we leave from Marseilles we are headed for the Far East, I see no objection to heading my letter as above.

There is very little to do this afternoon except what might come in from the British airfield nearby or any work that I might care to make for myself such as making rounds of the hospital looking for trouble - and I don't feel in any sort of mood to go looking for trouble. I am already in enough trouble when I think of facing another long session on foreign duty from you and my girls. For some reason such a thought seems to make me unhappy! I get a bit downcast, morbid and rebellious when I look back over the last twelve months.

There are a few who feel as I do, that oldsters such as I am will not be sent to this CBI but that is of no account, for the overall picture cannot be seen by such small fry as us. After all I do believe it will depend a lot on the recommendation of the unit C.O.s. I know how our C.O. feels on that subject. As far as he is concerned every officer under his command will be considered indispensable. Well, it does no good to talk about it. We must wait and see what is in store for us and do our duty as we see it. After all, I am healthy and have no reasonable grounds on which to request transferred to the States. As long as you keep your health and can look after our daughters I must do as the Army orders.

Now in case you are interested I'll tell you some of what I can remember about our trip over here.

Our staging area with Kilmer about a mile north (or south!) of Brunswick, New Jersey, 20 miles from New York. There were many thousands of troops there. They were continuously coming in, finishing up their shots, taking another physical inspection, having abandon ship drill, classes, getting final checks and issue of all equipment– we ourselves had had everything after about a week –I'm not sure now whether it was a week or 10 days. The last 36 hours of our stay we were restricted to our immediate area – where we could be called. Then about 12 hours before entraining we were told. Our bedrolls and val paks were taken to train by truck and we were loaded down ourselves with a pistol bret (?), canteen, overcoat, raincoat, changes of clothes, musette bag, etc. etc. Dressed in greens with the leggings, ? hat –about an hour's ride brought us to the ferry – but I'm telling you the walk from train to ferry - carrying our val paks in addition to everything else was the hardest job I ever had. We carried everything for

our voyage – and for an estimated two weeks thereafter. Our footlockers and bedrolls were in the hold of the ship. It was boiling hot and midday.

Our ferry boat went up the Hudson for about an hour and pulled into a slip – on one side of us was the towering “Queen Elizabeth” and on the other the dwarfed enormous “Pasteur” of about 28,000 tons. The Elizabeth is 80,000+ you know. The shed between these two was the size of an airplane hangar and much longer – I was played out –despite the band which played us on and off the ferry and the cheering people who watched here and there! The Red Cross met us with cold lemonade and doughnuts and were they welcome! For us officers there was an elevator which took us up to our ship Pasteur main deck – five flights! All our loading and marching was done by grade and alphabet. Col. Miller lead – I was second as the only major with “A”pplegate –then into our ship and down to “E” deck, five flights! Walking, still carrying all our gear. To a cabin with three tiers of three bunks each - the whole cabin measuring about 9 x 12'. Miller, Reeves, Lytle, Vic, Caulfield and I and three other majors from a field artillery outfit were here and with all our baggage – only about three could stand in the room at one time. We had the run of the ship for that day but all lights blacked out and no smoking on the deck after dark. We didn't pull out until the next morning about 0830 22nd of June. Being a fast ship we had no escort but traveled alone. For the first two days tho, one or more planes were always in site. For the first four days it wasn't too bad except that the damned ship kept zigging every 4 to 7 minutes alternating with zags. Every time it would zig or zag the ship heeled over a good bit and with the pitching from front to back up and down I felt much better on deck except that it was cold or raining most of the time. It got terribly cold when we went way north around Ireland. Our Pasteur was sunk a few weeks later.

About four days out about noon our engines died and we coasted to a stop. All our gun crews jumped to full action stations, ??? with a few shots and watched all around with glasses. The auxiliaries also failed to pull us and it was about two hours before we got going again. It was quite a sensation to be sitting there with no power to move, helpless when there were probably several hundred U-boats in the Atlantic. We were a sitting duck and I for one felt like it.

Gambling went on all day and all night in the lounge, and enormous sums changed hands. I was always a bit queasy in my stomach at best and stayed one full day in my bunk with nothing to eat. We had lots boat drills at least once a day – everyone had a life preserver and a bunch of small electric lights which burned if they got wet. Food was quite fancifully served but terribly insipid, poorly flavored.

We arrived at Liverpool on the 29th June about 0300 and had to stay aboard all that day and night. We stepped aboard in England about noon on my 41st birthday with a K ration and loaded onto one of the dinky British trains at once. Red Cross and British squads fed us tea along our route at stations now and then - we arrived at Windborne about 0430 the next morning, after going thru London about midnight during a blitz. We could see the brilliant explosions and hear the dull roar for two hours. All trains traveled with no lights and not a light showed anywhere except for innumerable searchlights.

It was raining, naturally, when we got off the train and got on G.I. trucks in the dark. These carried us about a mile and dumped us in the narrow streets of an old English town. We trooped into an old house which was our headquarters to be - bare, dirty, strange. Here we stood and sat on the floor until time for breakfast, in a lousy little place. In my then state of mind and body - tired, sleepy, dirty, unshaven, homesick, completely helpless and dispirited, I was in no mood to be trifled with. Capt. Voghtlander, one of our advance party, chose that time to try to be funny about it. I had to tell him off and cuss him out. Some of the boys have said since, that that is the only time they have seen me angry.

Well, that's it, my love. It is now like some horrible nightmare. It is over and if I have to go thru the same sort of thing again I believe it will be a great deal easier for that memorable first experience.

Don't be downhearted, my dearest. Be hopeful but don't expect too much - or anything good for that matter until we have something definite to go on. I want to be with you more than anything in the world - as millions want the same thing. Let's hope we are lucky.

I love you my darling Margie - I always will -more & more.

As ever, your husband,

Ted

Hoped have a letter
tonight. This one
& very next letter
will leave

Wednesday 14 May -

Gary's birthday -

my second and
of these I have

missed! -

Wednesday of
12 May 1945 - 1426

Kingston - Lacy

Wimborne,

ii. m. Dorset, ~~England~~ ^{comes} ~~East~~ ^{now}

my Dearest Darling ~~now~~

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us that if we leave Europe
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There are a few who feel
as I do, that old-timers
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as us. After all I believe
it will depend a lot on
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the unit C. O. I know
how our C. O. feels on
that subject. As far
as he is concerned every

3/ officer under his command I
will be considered indispen-
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good to talk about it. We
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is in store for us and do
our duty as we see it.

After all I am healthy and
have no reasonable grounds
on which to request transfer
to the States. As long as
you keep your health and
can look after our daughter
I must do as the Army
orders.

Now, in case you are
interested I'll tell you
some of what I can rem-
ember about our trip over
here.

Our staging area was Camp
Kilmer about a mile north
(or south!) of Brunswick,
New Jersey, 20 miles from
New York. There were many
thousands of troops there.
They were continuously

4 coming in, finishing up
their shots, taking another
physical inspection, having
abandon ship drill, classes,
getting final checks and issuing
of all equipment - we our-
selves had had every thing off
about a week - his not sure
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or ten days. The last 36
hours of our stay we were
restricted to our immediate
area - where we could be
called. Then about 12
hours before entraining
we were told - Our bedrolls
and val packs were taken
to train by truck & we were
loaded down ourselves with
pistol belt, canteen, overcoat,
raincoat, changes of clothes,
messette bag, etc, etc, dressed
in greens with lippins, tan
hat - about an hours
ride brought us to the
ferry - But his telling you
the walk from train to
ferry - carrying our val packs

5/ in addition to anything else
was the hardest job Sam
had. we carried anything
for our voyage - and for an
estimated two weeks there-
after. Our footlockers and
bedrolls were in the hold of
the ship. It was boiling
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Our ferry boat went up the
Hudson for about an hour
and pulled in to a slip - on
one side of us was the
towering "Queen Elizabeth"
and on the other the dwarfed
enormous "Pasteur" of about
28,000 tons. The Elizabeth is
80,000+ you know. The shed
between them was the
size of an airplane hangar
and much longer. I was
playful out - despite the
bad which played us on & off
the ferry and the cheering
people who watched her
and stare! The Red Cross
met us with cold lemonade
and doughnuts & were very

Yorleone! For us officers
there was an elevator which
took us up to our ship's ^{Pasteur} main-
deck - five flights! All our
loading & unloading was done
by grade & alphabet. Col.
Miller led - I was second as
the only major with Apple, &
then into our ship & down
to "E" deck, five flights! walking
still carrying all our gear. To a
cabin with three tiers of three
bunks each - the whole cabin
measuring about 9 by 12 ft.
Miller, Reeves, Lytle, Vie,
Cawfield and I and three
other majors from a field art-
illery outfit were here - and
with all our baggage - only about
three could stand in the room
at one time. We had the run
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on deck after dark. We didn't
feel out until the next morn-
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but travelled alone. For the
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Our plane was always in sight. For the first four days it wasn't too bad except that the damned ship kept zigging every 4 to 7 minutes alternating with zags. Every time it would zig or zag the ship heeled over a good bit and with the pitching from port to back up & down I felt much better on deck except that it was cold or raining most of the time. It got terribly cold when we went way north around Ireland.

About four days out about noon our engine died and we coasted to a stop. All our gun crews jumped to full action stations,umbed with a few shots and watched all around with glasses. The auxilliary ~~jet~~ also failed to pull us and it was about two hours before we got going again. It was quite a sensation to be sitting there

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Food was quite fancifully served
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29th June about 0300 and
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9/ once. Red cross and British
squads led us tea along
our route at stations now
& then - we arrived at Wim-
borne about 0430 the next
morning. after going thru
London about midnight
During a blitz. we could
see the brilliant explosions
and hear the dull roar
for two hours. All trains
travelled with no lights and
not a light showed anywhere
except for innumerable
searchlights.

It was raining, naturally,
when we got off the train
and got on GI trucks in
the dark. These carried us
about a mile and dumped
us in the narrow streets
of an old English town. we
trooped into an old house
which was our headquarters
to be - bare, dirty, strong.
Here we stood & sat on the floor
until time for breakfast in
a lousy little place - In

1/ my then state y mind & body -
tired, sleepy, dirty, ~~weak~~
unshaven, homesick, com-
pletely helpless & dispirited I
was in no mood to be trifled
with. Capt Dogtlander one
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time to try to be funny about it.
I had to tell him off and cast
him out. Some of the boys
have said since, that that is
the only time they have seen
me angry.

Well, that's it, my love. It is
now like some horrible night-
mare. It is over & if I have to go
through the same sort of thing
again I believe it will be a
great deal easier for that un-
forgettable first experience.

Don't be downhearted my
dearest. Be hopeful but don't
expect too much - or any thing
good for that matter until we
have something definite to go on.
I want to be with you more than
any thing in the world - as
millions want the same thing.
Let's hope we are lucky.

I love you my darling Margie -
I always will - more & more of

As ever, your husband,
Frd.

Aug 1. u. applied 0168488
106 per story and 314
90m ny ny



Mrs. F. M. Eggleston
Corydon

Indiana

~~Major F. M. Eggleston~~