

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  
is my last letter  
I will leave  
Wednesday 14 May -  
Gay's birthday -  
my second one  
of two I have  
in mind! -

Saturday April  
12 May 1945-1426

Kingston - Lacy

Wimborne,

Dorset,

England

Would you  
please  
send  
it  
to  
me  
at  
Wimborne  
Dorset  
England

My Dearest Darling

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  
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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  
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2  
for trouble. I am already  
in enough trouble when  
I think of facing another  
long session on foreign  
duty away from you and  
my girls. For some reason  
such a thought seems to make  
me unhappy! I get a bit  
downcast, morbid and ~~felt~~  
rebellious when I look  
back over the last twelve  
months.

There are a few who feel  
as I do; that outsiders  
such as I am will not be  
sent to the CBI but that  
is of no account for the  
overall picture cannot be  
seen by such small fry  
as us. After all I believe  
it will depend a lot on  
the recommendation of  
the unit P.O. - I know  
how our C.O. feels on  
that subject. As far  
as he is concerned may

3/ officer under his command  
will be considered indispens-  
able. 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 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 issue  
of all equipment - We our-  
selves had had something of this  
about a week - I'm not sure  
now whether it was a week  
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 valises  
and val packs were taken  
to train by truck & we were  
loaded down ourselves with  
pistol belt, canteen, overcoat,  
raincoat, change of clothes,  
cigarette bag, etc, etc, dressed  
in greens with leggings, tan  
hat - About an hour  
ride brought us to the  
ferry - But I'm telling you  
the walk from train to  
ferry - carrying our val packs

5 in addition to everything else  
was the hardest job I ever  
had. We carried everything  
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  
hot and midday.

Our ferry boat went up the  
Hudson for about an hour  
and pulled in to a slip - on  
one side of us was the  
twinning "Queen Elizabeth"  
and on the other the swayed  
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 larger. I was  
flayed out - despite the  
band which played us on & off  
the ferry and the cheering  
people who watched here  
and there! The Red Cross  
met us with cold lemonade  
and doughnuts & were they



4/ welcome! For us officers  
there was an elevator which  
took us up to our ship's <sup>Pasteur</sup> main-  
deck - five flights! All our  
loadings & 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, Vic,  
Campbell 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  
of the ship for that day but all  
lights blacked out & no smoking  
on deck after dark. We didn't  
fuel out until the next morn-  
ing about 0830. <sup>22 June</sup> Bring a  
fast ship we had no resort  
but travelled alone. For the  
first two days the' one or

Our Pasteur was sunk after weeks later

11 moon planes were 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 front 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 engines died and we coasted to a stop. All our gun crews jumped to full action stations, snibunked 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



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aboats in the Atlantic.  
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enormous sums changed  
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queasy in my stomach at  
best and stayed one full day  
in my bunk with nothing  
to eat. We had life boat drills  
at least once a day - everyone  
had a life preserver and a  
bunch of small electric lights  
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Food was quite fancifully served  
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We arrived at Liverpool on the  
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day & night. We stepped aboard  
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41st birthday with a K ration  
and loaded onto one of the  
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9/ once. Red cross and British  
Squads fed us tea along  
our route at stations now  
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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  
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 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, strange.  
Here we stood & sat on the floor  
until time for breakfast in  
a lousy little place - In

10/ my then state of mind & body -  
tired, sleepy, dirty, ~~unhappy~~  
unhappy, homesick, com-  
pletely helpless & dispirited I  
was in no mood to be trifled  
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of our advance party chose that  
time to try to be funny about it.  
I had to tell him off and cuff  
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 now & if I have to go  
through the same sort of thing  
again I believe it will be a  
great deal easier for that unmem-  
orable 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 Mervin -  
I always will - more & more of  
let's see, your husband,  
Ted.



Aug 4. m. Appleton 1684888  
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Mrs F. M. Appleton  
Corydon  
Indiana

Mrs F. M. Appleton