

Germany
23 April 1945

Mother Dearest;

Germany is becoming more beautiful as we advance farther towards Berlin, that fact coupled with the sun, spring, warm weather, and flowers makes it positively glorious. No fooling, this part of the country is even beautiful in the destruction and din of battle.

My heart cries out when I see the lovely land, homes, and people crushed and broken. Even after having felt the barbaric blows they struck to enforce their political views I cannot bring myself to hate these people, the people of Germany. Even before the war is won I long to take them into my arms and comfort them, reassure them and tell them that a better way of life lies ahead. It's unbelievable! That I completely forget that my own men died in my arms by their hands! That they have disrupted my own life? Still after reminding myself of the most horrible

things that I have witnessed them to do (atrocities), I cannot hate them, traitors them, when they ~~are~~ down nor can I prevent myself from smiling at them or aiding those who aimlessly carry heavy loads along their homeless ways.

What kind of a sucker am I anyway! Here I am giving compassion to those who have beaten every nation in Europe to their respective knees, yet I can't seem to stop it. Outwardly yes, but inwardly I always feel compassion for those who are ~~beaten~~. I sincerely hope that those who occupy this country are not as easy to move as me! The people here are wonderful actors and could wipe tears from a bowl of sand. They are completely meek and obliging when under the heel of the conqueror, but let them get the upper hand and they turn into a bunch of sadistic maniacs. Even after these thoughts my compassion remains undiminished.

Why? God only knows, perhaps its
American blindness, goodness of heart,
or just my own idiosyncracies. Here's
hoping the M. G. is made of sterner
stuff and deals not in compassion, but
in that (whatever it may be) which will
prevent another chaos such as
this.

Having ranted and raved a meaningless
sermon on nothing in particular,
It is fitting that I end by saying
something with a meaning such as
as -

my love and thoughts are with
you constantly,
Bill.