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unauthorized and over the fence]. Christmas of 1943 we became engaged. He was then transferred to Pueblo Colo.

In May of 1944 after school was over, I along with my mother, brother and cousin Ruth visited him. We were married on the base by the Air Force Chaplain with the crew and my family present.

We lived in a two room apartment for two months before he was transferred overseas. I returned home pregnant, dropped out of school and awaited his return.

The letters enclosed are the story of our next ten months.

I had my baby, Leonard returned home safely and we began the adjustment to a normal civilian life just as millions were doing.

Jeanette Marshall

Italy

August, 29 1944

Dear Jean,

I am Somewhere in Italy now, and that's about as definite as I can be. Since I've left the States I haven't seen or heard of anything that compares with the US and the American people as disgusting as some of them are. Of course some of the larger cities in Europe are no doubt better and the people of the northern European countries are more civilized.

I went to town last night with the crew and I don't care for Italians. They are dirty, unfriendly, and about the same as those on "Dago Hill". The only time the kids stop fighting in the streets is to bum us for cigarettes and chewing gum. If an American soldier so much as stares at one of the girls, she turns and runs. Of course the cities smell. So much for Italy

By the time you get this letter you'll probably be working as a student teacher or whatever you plan to do. I should get a letter from you before long. I'll sure be glad to hear from you. I guess it's about two weeks since I called from Topeka, and I hope you've been getting along OK

I hope you haven't been too lonesome or unhappy since you went home, for it will be some time until we see each other again. It won't be fun living if you think about me too much. If you are reasonably happy I will be too. When it's all over we're going to be two happy people

So far it's been somewhat of a problem finding a time and place to mail letters. Give my regards to your mother and dad.

Love, Len

September 5, 1944

Dear Jean:

We've flown a mission to Belgrade, Yugoslavia since I last wrote and have been quite busy the last few days. Today we moved to another tent after finally getting cots the night before. We really appreciate them after sleeping on the ground for a week. It's hard to keep clean here, but that doesn't matter greatly since no one is going to look at us anyway. Water isn't plentiful as it could be for this is a bivouac area.

The food is good considering where we are, but the atabrin we take for malaria six times a week makes us as yellow as a Chinaman. That's probably what I'll look like when I get home. Malaria right here isn't bad at all, just a few cases.

About all there is to do for entertainment is to go to the movies which are held every night, however it often breaks down and we get impatient. Please call Dad occasionally for I don't get much chance

to write to anyone but you. I intend to write him soon however.

Love, Len

Somewhere in France

September 21, 1944

My Dearest Jeanie,

I may have to keep this letter a few days until I am able to mail it, but I feel like writing right now. We are quartered in an apartment house which the Germans vacated. The town we are in is very small, but the people are friendly and hospitable as we found out this evening. Since we were free we went into town this afternoon and roamed around. I picked up this pen I am writing with, which is a pretty fair pen for a little over four bucks. This place is so much better than Italy that there is no comparison. They are glad to have us here and aren't out to gyp us as much as they can. The stores have things with decent price tags. They don't barter like the Italians and are very much more like Americans. The girls are rather attractive, and everything is worlds cleaner.

This evening we were messing around at the edge of town when two boys we were talking to asked us to come with them. They led us to a large house which the Germans used as a headquarters after carrying away everything of value. They showed us where they hung people in the basement. A noose was still there. They then took us to the back where their folks lived and they invited us in for some wine which turned out to be absinthe which is stronger than blazes. After two of them we bid them goodnight.

These Frenchmen certainly hate the Germans, Petain and Laval are mentioned with signs like cutting their throats. I'm longing to hear from you again and to know you are getting along okay.

I think of you often.

Love, Len

Southern France

October 5, 1944

Dear Jean,

This letter isn't going to be interesting since there is nothing to write about. I wish there were, but things have been very dull since I wrote last. I'll try to write often, but there isn't much inspiration when you aren't on the receiving end yourself. Evidently other things are taking priority over mail in this war. The last letter I've received from you was September 2 and a lot could have happened during that time—a lot for the best I hope. When I get back to Italy perhaps there will be mail for me.

St. Louis must be pretty well excited over the World Series and the showing the Browns have made. Since I was on guard at the plane last night, I heard the first game of the series as well as some swell music. The Army has short wave stations thru which they transmit programs in the States, the only trouble is that practically no one has a radio. I haven't been able to go anywhere on sightseeing trips for the last few days.

When I hear from you I'll write a long letter. I hope you are well and happy for if you are I can be pretty well satisfied with events.

Love, Len

December, 19 1944

Dearest Jean:

I was happily surprised when I awoke this evening after guard