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Miss Judith Berman

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Monday
August 13th, 1945

Hello My Love,

Spent today by relaxing and straightening out our quarters. Progress was also made in obtaining radios for the houses that don't have them. There is now a radio playing in my house and we are due for another one for the second floor which I am on. The radios are obtained through the burgoemeister who goes around to all the former Nazi party members and borrows their radio for us. Fine co-operation.

I also scouted around the town and located a photography who is willing to do the work for my company. This man worked for the other company that was in this town before us. He has all the equipment on hand and when he runs short of paper and chemicals I told him that I will get more for him. I've got permission from my CO to scout around in the city when it's necessary to buy more photographic equipment. The photography gave me a few addresses of where I'll be able to buy the needed paper and chemicals. I probably will be able to get film for the company, if I look hard enough.

Took a picture of the house I'm quartered at and also one of my room dear so that you can see for yourself the place that I'm at. Instead of imagining you will be able to see at first hand.

No mail today as the APO has not moved to their new area I dont expect that we will be getting mail before Wednesday but Ill be hoping for a few tomorrow.

The women who formerly lived in these houses return often to clean up the apartment therefore it leaves us with very little house cleaning. The unit before us certainly trained these people correctly. All three women from this house returned here today to clean up the place and they scrubbed the floors. The women who lived on the first floor is about 38 years old, while the one on my floor is 42 years old and has a daughter of 15 years. This women is a jolly person and I was kidding her along. When she asked me my name I said it was Hans and as that always appeals to a German but she shortly found out differently when she looked at your lovely bracklet darling. She asked me my age, and I asked her what she thought I was. Around 26 years old was the answer. I told her the truth but she wouldnt beleive it. I said " the reason why I might look older is because the war did that" but she wouldnt beleive me. Then their is the women who had the apartment on the third floor and she is the youngest of the three being 28 years old but looks much older. She has a daughter of four years and her husband is a prisoner of was.

*All my love to the best girl in the world
and I miss you very very much sweetheart
yours forever xxxxx
Ben*