

St. Eugene L. Williams Jr. O-1118314  
Ex. Off. Co. A-3 APO 11521  
c/o P.M. N.Y., N.Y.

may 1st  
France



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. & Mrs. E. L. Williams  
2463. Second Ave. North  
St. Petersburg, 6  
Florida

Eugene L. Williams Jr.  
2nd Lt CE

Tuesday 9. M.  
1 May 1945

Dear Mom & Dad,

I've just returned from Protestant church services which were held inside a snow-covered tent packed with men. The chaplain who talked is on his way back to the U.S. for 45 days leave after 3 years over here in all kinds of action. I'm enclosing a little prayer card handed out after services — from St. Pete, by coincidence.

This morning when I stuck my head out the door of the tent (6 A.M.), I was quite surprised to stare upon silvery surroundings, the results of a night snowfall. We're ~~not~~ sleeping in large tents on canvas etc — even have a wooden floor, so we manage to stay pretty warm as long as the wind stays quiet.

One thing that has attracted my attention over here — the horses. They're the sturdiest and most muscular horses I've ever seen, except maybe for that Budweiser team that we saw in St. Pete several years ago. Common scenes —

little children standing by the roadside,  
palms open to their little hands, saying  
the two English words they know - "Chew  
Bum" and "Chocolate". Old french men  
are often seen picking up cigarette butts  
left by passing American troops. I don't  
yet know the art of telling little boys  
from little girls at a glance & you see,  
they both wear dresses.

The currency of France being in  
terms of France, we had all our money  
converted yesterday. It's against the  
law to pass American currency, so I  
had all my cash converted excepting  
a \$40.00 postal money order I'm holding.

The food we're getting is different in  
a few minor respects, but it's still  
wholesome and sufficient for anyone -  
even me.

Hope you are all well & hope Mom's  
back in circulation, though taking it easy.

Your devoted son,  
Gene