

Belgium  
Feb 27

Sweetheart,

If you keep my letters and compare dates, you'll find a big gap prior to this one. I made a long trip to pick up some equipment. Luxembourg, Metz, Nancy, Reims, Sedan and back. The highlight of the trip was that I went to Mass in the little church in Laneuvelotte — remember, the town where we stayed so long in October. The townsfolk remembered me, and they asked how we all were. The people down there have an almost fanatical worship for Patton's Army. As you know from

the papers, that is now Seventh Army's sector. The people say they are all right, but their heroes are "La Troisième Armée, nos libérateurs!!"

Peace has completely come back to those people. No more danger — no more fear. These French people sing the Mass all the way through, and their voices seemed stronger and more radiant than in October. To them the Mass is a true act of devotion — not duty. The sun streamed through the colored windows and the drone of the B-17's outside in that same sunshine seemed to be almost a part of the service.