Deer Folks:

Not much new to report. CIC will move into the same building with us, and this will lead to somewhat crowded conditions, but Capt. Norins was so concerned in setting up "non-com" quarters that we have a separate apartment to ourselves, and so will not feel the results of this. It is a good idea, as CIC. the Counter-Intelligence is the American Gestapo, and is consequently the main whip in our hands to keep track of the Nazis in their post defeat activities. I approve the identification of the two units as one that comes about by haveing the same quarters. Did you know that I got a bit to enter the CIC of the 29th Infantry Division? The rating was a Staff Sergeant, with a Special Agent commission, and that meant that one week wore no rank and had to be respected as an Army FBI man. Unfortunately, the Military Government Division would not release me, and so I had to give up the idea. The trouble was that the CIC had accumulated rather too many French speaking agents who were mostly worthless in Germany, as the work is so confidential that it admits of no interpreter, and so found itself short in Germany of German speakers. It was a good chance, but didn't work out. Did you know that ECAD, Military Government had the highest rating of all the Army? That means, that once they wanted you, they could get you from any diffision or outfit, and once they had you, you were really had.

The weather, after about two weeks of beaty, has coulded up a bit now, and its a bit chilly. Not bad tho'. I fall pretty good now, as my weekly report which I have to get up on Monday night for the previous week has been gotten out, and I now have the remainder of the week to myself. The work is pretty light now, and except for periodic rushes I have plenty of time on my hands. The Captain let me off at 3:15 pm. today, and that happens every once in a whole. Also we don't go to work until 9 in the morning, have one hour and a half off for lunch, and get off any way at 5, and mostly at four. This has only worked out the last two waks however. Wrote Aunt Mattie. Love, Toff