

Sgt. Robert L. Davis, 18107121
G237, Co. F, 3rd MGR
APO 403,

1/2 Pm. N. Y.

29th



Via Air Mail
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to
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air

Mrs. R. L. Davis
1619 Boston
Muskogee, Oklahoma

Par Avion

29 JANUARY '46
INGOLSTADT a / D

Dear Folks:

Today has been a wonderful, eventful day. Brady and I have been busy as bees. Some of the events were not nice, some of them were very ugly in fact, but after a few weeks of inactivity any kind of stirrings are welcome. There were a few nice things.

The Governor goes on furlough tomorrow morning. All of Ingolstadt knows it, and it has come to my attention thru' different channels that the people are planning to do a few things while he's gone. In other words make hay while the clouds are gone. Donner, who reported this fact to me, snickered, "But I didn't mention that even if the Governor was away, his legate stays Doris." Things like a big Nazi businessman (furniture store) who plans to defer his petition for exemption from pick and shovel work until the Governor is gone. He thinks that it might fall on more sympathetic ears. His plans however, fell on my unsympathetic ears some days ago. You can imagine how loving a reception the poor old

2.
hypocritical son-of-a-bitch will get from me
as he comes in. (I have to hear and approve
each person who comes in the Military Government
building. 19 out of 20 are given the boot
before they can present their petitions formally.)

The story^{ies} today are about a rogue, and
a letter. I will relate them in that order.

This afternoon Runtz called up, and said he
needed help, and that he needed it in the following
affair. A few weeks ago, in December, there
was a German who was employed as cook in some
G.I. unit of the 60th Regiment. He was a thorough-
bastard, and improved on his position by stealing
from the G.I.'s rooms when they were out to work.
In a few days' time he had taken 14 packs
of cigarettes, 12 watches, different items of clothing,
soap and candy and he topped it off by taking
an American .45 caliber pistol. The 1st items
he hid in his attic, but the pistol he hid ^{cleverly} under
the porch of the local troop commander, Col.
Westmoreland. Well, the boys began missing the
things, and turned it over to the M.P.'s. This

is of course, worse than useless. The MP's are (3) incurably stupid, and in a couple of days had not gotten anything accomplished. Since the GI from whom the pistol was stolen was guilty of flagrant carelessness, and therefore punishable, and since his company was expecting an inspection from the Regiment the next day, in desperation they turned to us. "Please, find us the pistol." Well, Somers and I found the pistol (which was cleverly buried in the yard of the 60th Regt. Commanding Officer, Col. Westmoreland.) Well, they knew that if the thing got known, that the GI and his Company Commander would be in for trouble. So they didn't press charges, and begged us that we let the guy go, just get him out of town, anything so it didn't come before a court. Against our better judgement we did that, and a kunte issued an order that the guy leave town (called a "Stadtverbot," in German, literally, "city-forbiddance.") ~~He goes to the MP's and~~ But the guy doesn't leave town. He goes to the MP's and promptly gets hired as a cook. Last night, after 3 weeks, the MP's get drunk with him (they are great buddies with any lousy kraut), dress him in an American uniform, and take him to a GI night club for Americans. A kraut in GI uniform! How's

that for fraternizing? One of our tip-offs reports⁴ to Sonner, that the guy not only had not left the town, that he was in this Club last night, 28th Jan. in an American uniform. Runte and Sonner promptly hust out to arrest him. But no, the fellow is quite comfortable with the MP's, thank you. He is living in a room with an MP, hangs his things in a closet with the MP! The MP's get angry and threw Runte and Sonner out, the fellow worked for them, it was none of their damn business, and as for is the guy went, he couldn't be arrested by Krauts as long as he was with the MP's!

Runte & Sonner come to me. I tell the Major, whose furlough time really began yesterday, and who was ^{his} gracious enough to take a few minutes of ~~a~~ cocktail party to work up to the high-point rage in several weeks. The guy was to be immediately arrested by Brady and me, charged with everything he had done, and brought immediately before a court where everything would be proved, and let the heads in that God-damned ~~ABC!~~ 60th Regiment and the MP's roll as they would. He was ~~f~~ sick and tired of these blankety-blank troops thinking they were running the cinema and not he, etc. It was a wonderful afternoon.

Brady and I raced to the MP Hq. quarters, walked in and asked for the guy. "Oh yea?"

(5)

leered an MP, when I said the fellow was under arrest. "Go run and git the Loo-ten-ent," he adjoined a buddy. The Lt. came over, plenty hot, and wanted to know what was going on here. He found out quick. There were 8 angry MP's there, standing in a circle around Brody and I. "What are you arresting him for?" asked the Lt. "I repeated the charges in my rapid-fire long-syllabled English: "On order of the Military Governor, for (1) theft of U.S. Army property, (2) disobedience of a legal order of the Oberburgermeister, (3) Theft and possession of a U.S. Army Pistol (4) Dressing in an American Uniform and consequent impersonation of an American soldier."

As I said the latter there was a dead silence, since they knew what an airing of that circumstance before an Army Court meant: and they knew I knew who was involved, tho' I didn't say it. "And furthermore," I further contributed to their gaitty, "There's a female interpreter here who is a Nazi Party member, and an ~~anti~~ mandatory removal. She is coming, too." They were licked, and they knew it. Both of those Krauts came with us, and on the double-time. An MP helped the man on with his coat; An American helped the

bastard on with his coat! It was the last help he'll ^(6.)
ever get from an American. Now he's in jail. "You
peeked heem up, and poot heem in jail," exulted
Runte, with exotic and loving emphasis on the word
jail, who ^{is always} ~~is~~ thoroughly enchanted when we bring
some discomfort to the MP's.

Moral: The GI's over here, the poor
fores, puzzled and unoriented occupational troops,
are ruining the peace. Undermining the responsible
administrations we set up, insulting them, giving
support to every anti-social element that roguishly
serves their stupid ^{GI} ends. As an interpreter, their
contact point with the German population, (and they
have a lot with civilians to do - they enforce curfew
regulations for example) they had a 23 yr. old
blond, ^{per} mother leader in ^{NAZI} ~~German~~ Frauenschaft, ^{her} father an
SA + SS leader, herself a leader in 3 different NAZI
clubs in town, a denunciator to the GESTAPO who had
stoned foreign slave workers and sent one to DACHAU!
The troops are making what Runte described as a "DANCE
ON A VOLCANO."

Too long a letter. Finish in the morning.

Love, Bol