



Smithsonian Institution

Archives Center - NMAH

Correspondence and envelopes of Philip St. George

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 06:19:45

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[[letterhead]] U.S. Army Parachute Troops [[/letterhead]]

Thursday Nite
February 8th 1945
Camp Mackall N.C.

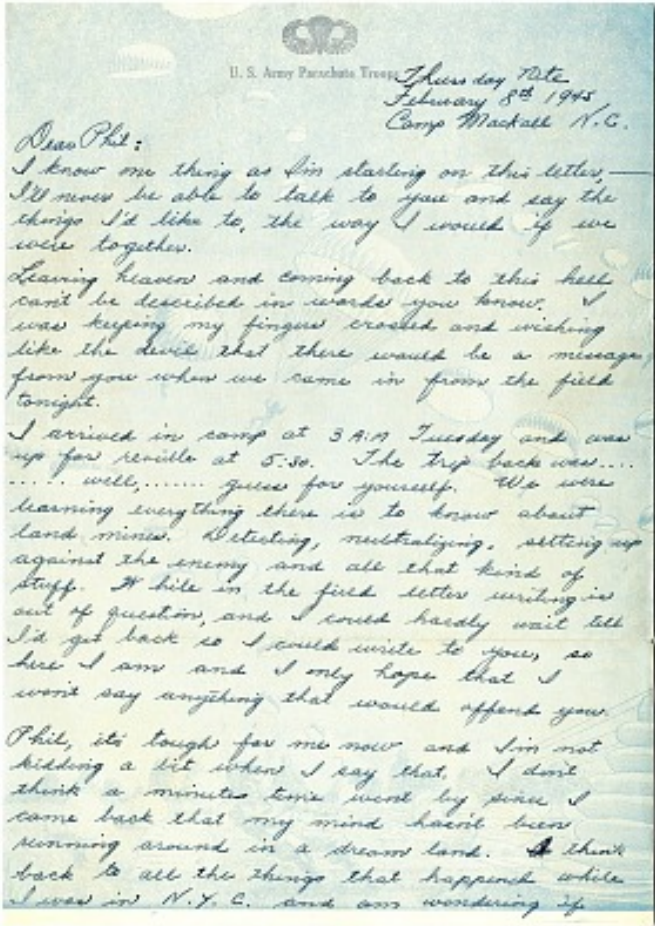
Dear Phil:

I know one thing as I'm starting on this letter, I'll never be able to talk to you and say the things I'd like to, the way I would if we were together.

Leaving heaven and coming back to this hell can't be described in words you know. I was keeping my fingers crossed and wishing like the devil that there would be a message from you when we came in from the field tonight.

I arrived in camp at 3 AM Tuesday and was up for reveille at 5:30. The trip back was ... well, ... guess for yourself. We were learning everything there is to know about land mines. Detecting, neutralizing, setting up against the enemy and all that kind of stuff. While in the field letter writing is out of the question, and I could hardly wait till I'd get back so I could write to you, so here I am and I only hope that I won't say anything that would offend you.

Phil, it's tough for me now and I'm not kidding a bit when I say that. I don't think a minutes time went by since I came back that my mind hasn't been running around in a dream land. I think back to all the things that happened while I was in N.Y.C and am wondering if



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