



**Kenneth G.  
Maddox  
Primary Source  
Packet**



**KENTUCKY  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY**





# Kentucky Academic Standards for Social Studies

## High School:

**HS.UH.KH.1** Examine how Kentuckians influence and are influenced by major national developments in U.S. history from 1877-present.

**HS.UH.CE.2** Analyze the events that caused the United States to emerge as a global power between 1890-1991.

**HS.UH.CO.3** Analyze the role of the United States in global compromises and conflicts between 1890-1945 in the Spanish American War, World War I, the Interwar years and World War II.







## Brief Historical Overview

This collection contains the World War II letters of U.S. Army Lieutenant Kenneth G. Maddox to his family. Kenneth Maddox was born in Louisville on May 6, 1919. He enlisted in the army in 1941, joining the 138th Field Artillery of the 38th Division. Maddox attended Officer Training School and graduated as a second lieutenant. He was later assigned to the 28th Division, known as the "Keystone Division," and was promoted to first lieutenant.

Maddox was posted to England, and following the Normandy invasion, his unit went to the front lines in France in 1944. The division participated in the liberation of Paris. By October 1, Maddox was in Germany and was deployed on daily missions in the fall and winter campaigns.

Maddox and his troops moved to Luxembourg in November. They commanded an anti-tank gun crew defending a bridge to Clervaux, Luxembourg, on December 18 in the Battle of the Bulge, which had commenced two days earlier. Alone, Maddox noticed an approaching German soldier preparing to attack the crew from the rear. After shouting an unheard warning, he exchanged fire with the German. Both men were hit, and according to American witnesses, the German fell down a cliff. The American crew had to abandon their wounded commander and escape by climbing the cliff. Maddox was evacuated to a German field hospital, where he died from his wounds or complications on Christmas Day, December 25.





## Primary Source Reference Guide

**Source 1:** Kenneth Maddox letter to Doris and Hunt Maddox, October 19, 1943. Accession Number MSS38\_Box1\_FF1\_1.

**Source 2:** Kenneth Maddox letter to Doris and Hunt Maddox, February 13, 1944. Accession Number MSS38\_Box1\_FF1\_14.

**Source 3:** Kenneth Maddox letter to George and Oma Mae Maddox, July 23, 1944. Accession Number MSS38\_Box1\_FF1\_31.

**Source 4:** Kenneth Maddox letter to George and Oma Mae Maddox, August 26, 1944. Accession Number MSS38\_Box1\_FF2\_6.

**Source 5:** Kenneth Maddox letter to George and Oma Mae Maddox, October 6, 1944. Accession Number MSS38\_Box1\_FF3\_2.

**Source 6:** Telegram to George Maddox, July 6, 1945. Accession Number MSS38\_Box1\_FF4\_9.





①

October 19, 1943

Dear Doris & Aunt:

After quite a long delay I will attempt to write you again. I guess by now Mother and Dad have told you of my new neighbors, namely the English. Of course I can't tell you where I am "somewhere in England."

I had a very pleasant trip over and I only missed one meal. Then as strange as it seems I didn't lose any either. I was very well pleased with the whole thing.

As our ship approached the dock a British Band stood up and played "Star Spangled Banner". It really made that old hump bounce up and down in our



throats while we stood there saluting. They couldn't have greeted us in a more impressive way. Then they swung into "Stars and Stripes Forever" Quite a greeting!!!

Another highstop in our trip was when approaching the dock an English lassie dressed in slacks was observed. Every man (officers excepted of course - ha ha) really yelled and whistled. I imagine the girl got a big thrill out of that.

We certainly will have a lot to talk about when I get back for these English are interesting people. This is a beautiful country over here, where I've



seen of it.

We are quartered in brick barracks so everything is as well as can be expected.

I'm feeling fine so don't worry about me. Try to keep mother and Dad cheered up because honestly I'm doing alright.

I think I'll close for this time. Be sure to keep writing. I haven't received any mail in quite some time but I hope to get a big stack when it does come in.

Be sure to take it easy  
Love

Kenny



October 19, 1943

Dear Doris and Hunt,

After quite a long delay I will attempt to write you again. I guess by now Mother and Dad have told you of my new neighbors, namely the English. Of course I can't tell you where- I am "somewhere in England."

I had a very pleasant trip over and I only missed one meal. Then as strange as it seems I didn't lose any either. I was very well pleased with the whole thing.

As our ship approached the dock a British Band stood up and played "Star Spangled Banner." It really made that old lump bounce up and down in our throat while we stood there saluting. They couldn't have greeted us in a more impressive way. Then they swing in "Stars and Stripes Forever" Quite a greeting!!!

Another highstop in our trip was when approaching the dock an English lassie dressed in slacks was observed. Every man (officers excepted of course-here) really yelled and whistled. I imagine the girl got a big thrill out of that.

We certainly will have a lot to talk about when I get back for these English are interesting people. This is a beautiful country over here, what I've seen of it.

We are quarantined in brick barracks so everything is as well as can be expected.

I'm feeling fine so don't worry about me. Try to keep Mother and Dad cheered up because honestly I'm doing alright.

I think I'll close for this time. Be sure to keep writing. I haven't received any mail in quite some time but I hope to get a big stack when it does come in.

Be sure to take it easy

Love

Kenny





(13)

February 13, 1944

Dear Doris and Hunt:

I returned from a seven day leave spent in London and found four letters from you all. Two from each of you. It doesn't surprise me to hear from you, Doris, but say, bub, are you feeling well?

Letters # 14, 15 and 16 plus one extra from Hunt have arrived if you are keeping a record of them in that way.

So Jack L. and Joe Dick are both able to visit your home. I'm glad because I know it really means a lot to them to be able to do that.

**REQUEST**

your Baby Ruth's arrived several days ago and boy, they are really being enjoyed. You never realize how much something is missed until you go without it for a while. I certainly appreciate it a lot.

I realized one of my lifetime ambitions the other day. The mail order came in my



room and I asked him if he had any mail for me. He then pulled a full sized mail bag (pouch) into the room and said that it was all for me. There were about four or five packages for me, the family's gifts for the Lewis', quite a few letters and late Christmas cards and about one month of Courier Journal's. I'm still ~~to~~ catching up on home town news.

I visited the Lewis' home the night before last and they just received your letter which they really seemed to appreciate very much. They had ~~it~~<sup>me</sup> read it and it was very nice. It is very doubtful that you would be able to send them anything and I suggest that you hold up for a while. Later on you may be able to give them something. The other night I had another egg (real egg with shell attached) It was the third one I've had since leaving the States. Right now Mr Lewis is figuring a way to take me sight seeing in his



car. He can't use it unless he has definite business so he has thought of something that will enable him to use it on Sunday. The may go next week. I bought "Uncle Tom's Cabin" back from London for Tute (the boy) Mrs Lewis tells me that he is always talking about me so I keep taking him candy and gum. He is really a smart kid. The other night he wanted me to help him with his home work but it was arithmetic using shillings, pounds, and pence so I found myself unable to help him.

I tried the entire time while in London to pick up some silver to send you but I'm afraid it is almost impossible to find. all that I could buy is in solid silver and would run four or five pounds (\$6.00 to 20.00) I thought that was too much.

You asked about my first trip to London I don't remember what it did cost but it was probably about five or six pounds or \$20 to 24.00. On my last trip which lasted seven days it cost me about sixteen pounds or



\$64.00. You know how it "pains" me to spend that much money at one time but it was well worth it.

I saw a Scottish Regiment take the Guard at Buckingham Palace which I really enjoyed. They had their kilts etc including six bag pipes. Boy "they really send me!"

A funny thing happened the other day. I was reading the "Stars and Stripes" our E.T.O. publication where I noticed Louisville, then when I read the name I suspected it. Several hours later I received Hunt's letter telling me Mrs Edmondson was marrying a Sergeant. How about that? This paper is published here in England so that article was read by all over here.

Say, I wish you could send me a copy of the picture of all of us taken while at Fort Benning. I want a picture of all of us and that is probably the best available. Also send me Jack Hunt's address if you know it.

Thanks again for the candy. It is being put to good use. BC+BS. Just Ken.



February 13, 1944

Dear Doris and Hunt:

I returned from a seven day leave I spent in London and found four letters from you all. Two from each of you. It doesn't surprise me to hear from you, Doris, but say, bub, are you feeling well?

Letters #14, 15 and 16 plus one extra from Hunt have arrived if you are keeping a record of them in that way.

So Jack L. and Joe Rich are both able to visit your home. I'm glad because I know it really means a lot to them to be able to do that.

Your Baby Ruth's arrived several days ago and boy, they are really being enjoyed. You never realize how much something is missed until you go without it for awhile. I certainly appreciate it a lot.

I realized one of my lifetime ambitions the other day. The mail orderly came in my room and I asked him if he had any mail for me. He then pulled a full sized mail bag (pouch) into the room and said that it was all for me. There were about four or five packages for me, the family's gifts for the Lewis', quite a few letters and late Christmas cards and about on month of Courier Journal's. I'm still catching up on home town news.

I visited the Lewis' home the night before last and they just received your letter which they really seemed to appreciate very much. They had me read it and it was very nice. It is very doubtful that you would be able to send them any thing and I suggest that you hold up for a while. Later on you may be able to give them something. The other night I had another egg (real egg with shell attached) It was the third one I've had since leaving the States. Right now Mr. Lewis is figuring a way to take me sight seeing in his car. He can't use it unless he has definite business so he has thought of something that will enable him to use it on Sunday. We may go next week. I bought "Uncle Tom's Cabin" back from London for Tutor (the boy) Mrs Lewis tells me that he is always talking about me so I keep taking him candy and gum. He is really a smart kid. The other night he wanted me to help him with his homework but it was arithmetic using shillings, pounds, and pence so I found myself unable to help him.





I tried the entire time while in London to pick up some silver to send you but I'm afraid it is almost impossible to find. All that I could buy is in solid silver and would run four or five pounds (\$16.00 to 20.00) I thought that was too much.

You asked me about my first trip to London I don't remember what it did cost but it was probably about five or six pounds or \$20 to 24. On my last trip which last seven days it cost me about sixteen pounds or \$64.00. You know how it "pains" me to spend that much money at one time but it was well worth it.

I saw a Scottish Regiment take the Guard at Buckingham Palace which I really enjoyed. They had their kilts etc including six bag pipes. Boy "they really send me!"

A funny thing happened the other day. I was reading the "Stars and Stripes" our E.T.O. publication where I noticed Louisville, there when I read the name I suspected it. Several hours later I received Hunt's letter telling me Mrs. Edmondson was marrying a Sargeant. How about that? This paper is published here in England so that article was read by all over here.

Say, I wish you could send me a copy of the picture of all of us taken while at Fort Benning. I want a picture of all of us and that is probably the best available. Also send me Jack heet's address if you know it.

Thanks again for the candy. It is being kept to good use.

BC + BG.

Just Ken





23 July 1944

Dear Mother & Dad.

At last I can give you a little more news. Now I am located somewhere in France. It is a move I've been expecting for some time and I think you all have been anticipating it for quite a while.

I am very comfortable in my pup tent. It has every thing in it but running water and on rainy days, even that. It is now equipped with a "storm cellar", kitchen (field rations), one side devoted to bed room, parlor, lounge, and living room. My "storm cellar" at present is only for "special occasions" but when I get it



2

dig a little deeper and longer I plan to move my bed roll into it. By the time I get something fixed up pretty nice some one will get the bright idea to move us out, I guess.

Our mail is off schedule until it gets going over here so I'm hoping to get a lot at one time. Just be sure to keep the letters rolling now because it certainly helps my morale.

It has been quite a few days since I've written but you know why now.

See, I'm sorry now that I didn't pay better attention to my French lessons while in High School. It is really a strange sensation not



.4

you can well imagine how our hands were going trying to describe what we meant. The funny part of the whole thing was that he caught on from my description. It was an experience I'll never forget, I can assure you

Well, it's close to midnight so I guess I'd better turn off the flashlight and go to bed.

I'm still feeling fine and in the pink of condition.

Take care of yourselves and let me hear from you all.

BC and Be Good

Love  
Kenny

If you can make up a package -  
I'll eat them Thanks Love



July 23, 1944

Dear Mother and Dad.

At last I can give you a little more news. Now I am located somewhere in France. It is a move I've been expecting for some time and I think you all have been anticipating it for quite a while.

I am very comfortable in my pup tent. I have everything in it but running water and on rainy days even that. It is now equipped with a "storm cellar", kitchen (fried rations), one side devoted to bed rooms, parlor, lounge, and living room. My "storm cellar" at present is only for "special occasions" but when I get it dug a little deeper and longer I plan to move my bed roll into it. By the time I get something fixed up pretty nice someone will get the bright idea to move us out, I guess.

Our mail is off schedule until it gets going over here so I'm hoping to get a lot at one time. Just be sure to keep the letters rolling now because it certainly helps my morale.

It has been quite a few days since I've written but you know why now. See, I'm sorry now that I didn't pay better attention to my French lessons while in High School. It is really a strange sensation not to be able to talk with these people. On our way to our present bivouac we passed a lot of children and I knew how to speak to them so I was quite proud of myself and all of my men thought I could really speak French. We reached the bivouac area and I was looking over my Platoon Area when a French man came out. He ran up to me and saluted about there time and shake hands with me. I said "How are you" in French. He answered so I tried to let him know we were going to camp there and I didn't know how to say it in French and he didn't understand English. You can well imagine how our hands were going trying to describe what we meant. The funny part of the whole thing was that he caught on from my description. It was an experience I'll never forget, I can assure you.





Well, it's close to midnight so I guess I'd better turn off the flashlight and go to bed. I'm still feeling fine and in the peak of condition.

Take care of yourselves and let me hear from you all.

BC and Be Good

Love

Kenny

If you can make up a package I'll eat them Thanks





26 Aug 1944

France

Dear Mother and Dad:

Hello again - I have a few minutes to spare, I hope so I'll attempt this.

I'm sorry that I am unable to write more often but I think you can understand the reason.

I've been reading the C. of I that Mr Ring and Virginia Bruce have been sending me (also Rose Bruner) that the war is all over etc. Don't any of you get that idea. The prospects look pretty fair but the situation here is still pretty hot. at times we have had some fast



and furious actions. At other times  
it has been been "duck soup" with  
our boys walking their legs off trying  
to keep up with the retreating Japs.

I don't have too much news  
or adventures to tell you. I have  
been under all types of fire including  
artillery, mortar, small arms and  
sniper fire, and I assure you I  
don't like any part of any. However  
it soon becomes a habit to grab a  
shoulder every <sup>time</sup> you stop moving  
or to hit the dirt whenever you hear  
a slight whistle off in the distance.

Up to present date I have account  
for one prisoner. It has probably  
funny to watch me get him but it  
wasn't too funny at the time. I'll  
tell you about it!



This particular day I took my jeep ahead to make a reconnaissance for position and to investigate a reported mine field. I left the jeep and proceeded by myself to this corner which was reported to have been secure (in allies hands) as I walked around the corner of the house I heard a faint scratching inside. I looked in and saw a chicken there so when I heard another noise outside the other door I thought it was another chicken. I was surprised and actually scared to see a Jerry walk in that other door. I ducked back, ran down grabbed up several jeep drivers armed with rifles and went back with them covering the exits I scouted



around the side of the building in  
the best Fort Benning method and  
approached the door. It so happened  
he was patiently sitting there without  
any weapons waiting for some one to  
come up to take him prisoner. However  
I didn't know that the first time I was  
there. Several other cases where French  
civilians have handed prisoners over to  
me but I don't count them as mine.

In regards to Christmas I  
want you all to take care of buying  
my presents for me. As for myself  
I believe I could use the paratrooper  
boots and a good heavy wool long  
sleeve turtle neck sweater. I think  
that would really fix me up fine.  
Save the other presents you might



around the side of the building in  
the best Fort Benning method and  
approached the door. It so happened  
he was patiently sitting there without  
any weapons waiting for some one to  
come up to take him prisoner. However  
I didn't know that the first time I was  
there. Several other cases where French  
civilians have handed prisoners over to  
me but I don't count them as mine.

In regards to Christmas I  
want you all to take care of buying  
my presents for me. As for myself  
I believe I could use the paratrooper  
boots and a good heavy wool long  
sleeve turtle neck sweater. I think  
that would really fix me up fine.  
Save the other presents you might



3

send until I get home.

I hope you receive my last roll of film I sent home. I would like a print of each of them plus a print of the ones before that.

I received another box yesterday containing candy bars, cookies, gum and film. The box was all banged up but some of the food was salvaged. What we could eat of it was very good.

Oh, yes, I almost had a date the other day. We were moving along the road when we were halted. The civilians came out and tried to talk with us. A young <sup>looking</sup> man



girl rode up on bicycle and spoke  
in English. He had quite a conversation  
~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> my two years of high school  
French and her three years of English.  
He didn't do bad, however. Her name  
was Denise and she was eighteen.  
She asked if I would be there that  
afternoon. I said yes but it so  
happened that we moved. "C'est la guerre"

I like France very much. It is  
a very beautiful country with good  
looking crops. The main roads are all  
lined with large trees and is very  
picturesque. The people all line up  
on both sides of the roads and throw  
roses, apples, pears, etc. to us as we  
pass. They also bring out their bottles  
of wine, cider and whiskey.



From time to time these girls will  
rush up, grab a fellow and kiss him  
but so far I haven't been at the  
right place at the right time to receive  
that.

Several days ago we were the first  
gentles into a fairly large town so the  
people all turned out to look at us.  
I noticed a nice looking blonde with  
a camera so she pointed to the camera  
and then to me. I grinned so she  
snapped a picture. Well I wasn't  
going to let it stop there so I went  
back to my jeep, got my camera  
and went back and got her to pose  
for me. All the people around there  
got a big kick out of that. As another



town we saw a French girl with  
her hair clipped all except for a  
small patch marked with the German  
cross. all of the kids were fearing her.  
The French underground do that to any  
girl who had anything to do with  
the Germans.

I been watching for June being  
when we pass different spots but  
haven't seen him as yet. I will  
continue to watch however.

I've spent this whole letter  
rambling about myself but I guess  
I was wound up on something.

Now, don't worry too much I'm  
still in good shape and perfectly all  
right. Just continue to remember me in  
your prayers and also pray for the finish  
of this thing. I'll write as often as possible  
Be Good and Be Careful Love Kenny



August 26, 1944

Dear Mother and Dad:

Hello again- I have a few minutes to spare, I hope so I'll attempt this.

I'm sorry that I am unable to write more often but I think you can understand the reason.

I've been reading the C.J.'s that Mr Rings and Virginia Bruce have been sending me (also Rose Brener) that the war is all over etc. Don't any of you get that idea. The prospects look pretty fair but the situation here is still pretty hot, at times we have had some fast and furious actions. At other times it has been "duck soup" with our boys walking their legs off trying to keep up with the retreating Jerries.

I don't have too much news or adventures to tell you. I have been under all types of fire wielding artillery, mortar, small arms and sniper fire and air planes and I assure you I don't like any part of any. However it soon becomes a habit to grab a shovel every time you stop moving or to hit the dirt when ever you hear a slight whistle off in the distance.

Up to present date I have account for our prisoner. It has [illegible] funny to watch me get him but it wasn't too funny at the time I'll tell you about it!

This particular day I took my jeep ahead to make a [illegible] position and to investigate a reported mine field. I left the jeep and proceeded by my self to this corner which was reported to have been secure (in allies hands) As I worked around the corner of the house I heard a faint scratching inside. I looked in and saw a chicken there so when I hear another noise outside the other door I thought it was another chicken. I was surprised and actually scared to see a Jerry walk in that door. I ducked back, ran down grabbed up several jeep drivers armed with rifles and went back with them covering the exits I scouted around the side of the building in the best Fort Benning method and approached the door. It so happened he was patiently sitting there without any weapon waiting for someone to come up and take him prisoner. However I didn't know that the first time I was there. Several other cases where French civilians have handed prisoners over to me but I don't count them as mine.





In regards to Christmas I want you all to take care of buying my presents for me. As for myself I believe I could use the paratrooper boots and a good heavy woold long sleeve turtleneck sweater. I think that would really fix me up fine save the other presents you might send until I get home.

Hope you receive my last roll of film I sent home. I would like a print of each of them plus a print of the ones before that.

I received another box yester containing candy bars, cookies, gum and film. The box was all banged up but some of the food was salvaged. What we could of it was very good.

Oh, yes, I almost had a date the other day. We were moving along the road when we were halted. The civilians came out and tried to talk with us. A young nice looking girl rode up on bicycle and spoke no English. We had quite a conversation my two years of high school French and her three years of English we didn't do bad, however. Her name was Denise and she was eighteen. She asked if I would be there that afternoon. I said yes but it so happened that we moved. "C'est la guerre" [That's war]

I like France very much. It is a very beautiful country with good looking crops. The main road are all lined with long trees and is very picturesque. The people all line up on both sides of the roads and throw roses, apples, pears, etc to us as we pass. They also bring out their bottles of wine, cider and whiskey.

From time to time these girls will walk up, grad a fellow and kiss him but so far I haven't been at the right place at the right time to receive that.

Several days ago we were the first Yanks into a fairly large town so the people all turned out to look at us. I noticed a nice looking blonde with a camera so she pointed to the camera and then to me. I grinned so she snapped a picture.





Well I wasn't going to let it stop there so I went back to my jeep, got my camera and went back and got her to pose for me. All the people around there got a big kick out of that. In another tour we saw a French girl with her hair clipped all except for a small patch marked with the German cross. All of the kids were jeering her. The French underground do that to any girl who had anything to do with the Germans.

I been watching for Junnie Caeny we pass different outfits but haven't seen him as yet. I will continue to watch however.

I've spent this whole letter rambling about myself but I guess I was wound up or something.

Now, don't worry to much I'm all in good shape and perfectly all right. Just continue to remember me in your prayers and also pray for the finish of this thing.

I'll write as often as possible

Be Good and Be Careful

Love

Kenny







AMERICAN RED CROSS

*Special*

6 October 1944  
Germany

Dear Mother and Dad:

I'm not sure of the date or the location but I'm close on both, I guess. I received two letters from you all last night and I certainly enjoyed them. They were dated Sept. 20 + 27 and were the first letters for several weeks. However the letters from Dad have been coming in pretty steadily so I've been keeping up on the news.

Lately, I received letters from George telling me of his operations and also another letter from the beavers which I will enclose if I can locate it again. I have finally found the picture I had taken in London and will send it on. As I've said before I don't like it but it probably looks like me.



Before I forget you can send me more film. As long as my camera remains unbroken I shall continue to take pictures. The pictures haven't arrived as yet but am anxiously waiting to see them.

Sorry to hear about Jimmie being hurt but if he isn't injured too seriously he is much better off and I'm very serious when I say this. The man who made the remark "War is Hell!" didn't use strong enough words.

At last it has been released officially so I can tell you a few more things. Our Division was "honored" by being the ones who marched through Paris. It was a sight I shall never forget. I'll try to recall all of the details so I'll have them when I get back home.

The French Underground of course had cleared the town and invited the Allies to enter but no one knew just what to expect.



- 2 -



AMERICAN RED CROSS

We entered Paris itself at night and one of the darkest night I've ever seen. We went to a Park and bivouaced for the night. The next morning we were informed that we would parade but at any time we might have to go into the attack (if ferries were encountered). It had rained that night, no one slept and all of our clothing was in very poor shape but that ~~one~~ morning it brighten up a little and everyone cheered up. The people found out that the Yanks were in town and flocked down to look us over. of course all the "bells of the town" came also so the fellows had a big time staring and whistling. The girls were all nicely dressed and some spoke very good English.



I thought I was pretty smart greeting them in French and getting a nice answer back but when one girl answered me back in perfect English I was dumbfounded. I spoke English from then on.

The parade took place in the afternoon and I believe every one from miles around were there to greet us. It was the biggest parade I'll ever be in, I suppose from the stand point of spectators. We were all told to act dignified etc so when the parade started we were. I sat in my jeep with my arms folded in the prescribed manner and did all right until the flowers started coming down my way and the young girls began rushing out.

I tried to make character studies of the people along the curb to see if they were sincere or just pretending but they were all





AMERICAN RED CROSS

very sincere. Many people would grab my hand and try to say something but tears of joy would run down their faces. all this may sound very dramatic but it actually happened. of course just to keep the civilians happy I grabbed several girls and let them smear lipstick on both my cheeks. I figured that was part of the game that I shouldn't miss. It was pretty nice, I assume you - the kisses I mean.

That night we had considerable trouble establishing camp because of the civilians. When chow time came we had to actually force away the civilians. They tried to grab our bread, taste our coffee etc. One man came up to me with his daughter (about eighteen) and pointed to his head which had jam on it and then pointed to his daughter's which didn't. I went over



and put jam on her piece of bread. And  
did that her father said something to her  
so she came over and gave me a nice big  
hug and kiss. Oh boy what a life - if our  
food would have held out a little longer! I  
expected a lot from Paris and it exceeded all  
expectations. I am anxious to get a leave then  
after the war is over (if I can't get home  
immediately)

If you remember I once told you I wanted  
to visit three cities - London, Paris and Berlin.  
I'm two thirds through now but would gladly  
trade that last city for New York or better still  
Louisville.

I have some mail to censor so I'll close  
for now.

I'm still in good shape and feeling good so don't  
worry about that. I'll write every chance I get.

Be Good and Careful and Take Care of yourselves

Oct 6 - 1944 <sup>Love</sup> <sup>Kenny</sup> <sup>Seventeen</sup>



October 6, 1944

Dear Mother and Dad:

I'm not sure of the date or the location but I'm close on both, I guess. I received two letters from you all last night and I certainly enjoyed them. They were dated Sept. 20 and 27 and were the first letters for several weeks. However the V letters from Dad have been coming in pretty steadily so I've been keeping up on the news.

Lately, I received letters from George telling me of his operations and also another letter from the Lewis which I will enclose if I can locate it again. I have finally found the picture I had taken in London and will send it on. As I've said before I don't like it but it probably looks like me.

Before I forget can you send me more film. As long as my camera remains unbroken I shall continue to take pictures. The pictures haven't arrived as yet but am anxiously waiting to see them.

Sorry to hear about Junnie Caeny but if he isn't injured too seriously he is much better off and I'm very serious when I say this. The man who makes the remark "War is Hell!" didn't use strong enough words.

At last it has been released officially so I can tell you a few more things.

Our Division was "honored" by being the ones who marched through Paris. It was a sight I shall never forget. I'll try to recall all of the details so I'll have then when I get back home.

The French Underground of course had cleared the town and invited the Allies to enter but no one knew just what to expect.

We entered Paris itself at night and one of the darkest night I've ever seen. We went to a park and bivouacked for the night. The next morning we were informed that we would parade but at any time we might have to go into the attack (if Jerries were encountered) It had rained that night, no one slept and all of our clothing was in very poor shape but that morning it brighten up a little and every one cheered up. The people found out that the Yanks were in town and flocked down to look us over. Of course all the "belle of the town" cause also so the fellows had a big time staring and whistling. The girls were all nicely dressed and some spoke very good English.





I thought I was pretty smart greeting them in French and getting a nice answer back but when one girl answered me back in perfect English I was dumbfounded. I spoke English from then on.

The parade took place in the afternoon and I believe every one from miles around were there to greet us. It was the biggest parade I'll ever be in, I suppose from the stand point of spectators. We were all told to act dignified etc so when the parade started we were, I sat in my jeep with my arms folded in the prescribed manner and did all right until the flowers started coming down my way and the young girls began rushing out.

I tried to make character studies of the people along the curb to see if they were sincere or just pretending but they were all very sincere.

Many people would grab my hand and try to say something but tears of joy would run down their face. All this may sound very dramatic but it actually happened. Of course just to keep the civilians happy I grabbed several girls and let them smear lipstick on both my cheeks. I figured that was part of the game that I shouldn't miss. It was pretty nice, I assume you- the kisses I mean.

That night we had considerable trouble establishing camp because of the civilians. When chow time came we had to actually force away the civilians. They tried to grab our bread, taste our coffee etc. One man came up to me with his daughter (about eighteen) and pointed to his bread which had jam on it and then pointed to his daughter which didn't. I went over and put jam on her piece of bread. And did that her father said something to her so she came over and gave me a nice big hug and kiss. Oh boy what a life- if our ford would have held out a little longer! I expected a lot from Paris and it exceeded all expectations. I am anxious to get a leave there after the war is over (if I can't get home immediately)

If you remember I once told you I wanted to visit these cities- London, Paris and Berlin. I'm two thirds through now but would gladly trade that last city for New York or better still Louisville.





I have some mail to censor so I'll close for now.  
I'm still in good shape and feeling good so don't worry about that I'll write  
every chance I get.  
Be Good and Careful and Take care of yourselves  
Love  
Kenny





CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

# WESTERN UNION

1202

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter  
NL = Night Letter  
LC = Deferred Cable  
NLT = Cable Night Letter  
Ship Radiogram

A. N. WILLIAMS  
PRESIDENT

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

NUMBER	RECEIVED BY	CHECK
2	X	67 gont

Dated July 6 - 1945 wux. Washington DC 1112 Pms  
To George R Maddux  
809 So 34 St

It has now been officially established from reports received in the war department that your son 1/Lt Kenneth S. Maddox who was previously reported missing in action died 25 December 1944. in a German military hospital, while a prisoner of war of the German government as result of wounds

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE



July 6, 1945

It has now been officially established from reports received in the war department that your son 1st Lt Kenneth S. Maddox who was previously reported missing in action died 25 December 1944 in a German military hospital, while a prisoner of war of the German government as result of wounds.

