

Dear -

Service Club

6/11/43

It almost  
1:30 p.m., so  
I have just  
been relieved of  
guard duty. I have been spaced 1 hr. + 5 min.  
of my turn on foot. I am grateful for it,  
although I feel pretty good now.



U. S. ARMY

I got your letter about now - which  
is in the service. I'm going to answer  
your letter now if they don't just make  
work for me. Then I'm going to work +  
change. I haven't been out of these clothes for almost  
48 hours.

I wonder what that business of Hazel +  
your ma means. I hope it's just Hazel.

M. is fairly as hell if he thinks  
he'll be able to get home from here with  
any frequency. I think he'll be lucky as  
hell to get a weekend a month - + that  
will mean he'll have like about 5 p.m.  
at home to look at from Sunday night.  
No connections, even if there are some.

Please let me know what the result

of your talk with the P.C. worker was, in  
detail. I am curious how often being  
stationed here they should check up on it.  
And I have tried (today) to get to see the  
C.O. about a transfer to the Trenton Co.  
The sgt., who didn't like my declining to  
state the reason for my wanting to see  
the C.O. on the grounds it was personal, told  
me the way to being today & he wouldn't  
tell me when I could see the C.O. & now  
I'll just have to wait, I guess.

God. I hope the change to Trenton,  
which is in the same battalion, of course, &  
entirely up to the battalion, goes through.

Well, dear, I guess that's all for the  
moment. Please let me know about the  
date or soon as you can. And I hope, if you get  
up the country this weekend, you have a good  
time & that all the folks are okay.

Love  
Karl

Dear,

Service Club

6/11/43



U. S. ARMY

I almost  
decided not to  
write you only  
for fear the only things on my mind  
would trouble you. This was a little  
over an hour ago, while I was on guard  
duty. Sign off until now (it's almost 9:30)  
on my second successive 24-hour hitch.  
Actually I'm very fortunate to be on  
guard again. While on yesterday the  
entire company, save a few men it  
was necessary to leave behind, were on  
an overnight bivouac. Aside from the  
fact that it rained last evening, the  
way I have been feeling I think the  
march, with the pack, and the work of  
setting up camp & breaking it, and sleep-  
ing on the old, wet ground, would have been  
too much for me. Guard has been too messy.  
Dawling, I'm all in. I have only one  
more round, lasting 2 hours, and I'm

off - and I'd be so happy when this is over.  
I really cannot stand this. I have and  
will continue to do exactly what is expected  
of me, but I have just about reached the  
end of human endurance. I am in almost  
constant pain. It is all I can do to  
get out of bed after I get in it. I have  
gotten about 7 hours of sleep in the past  
48 - all fully doled, of course, including  
about Uppin - in 4 different surges.  
This morning I got up before they awakened me  
to take care my foot - it hurt like hell.

The terrible thing is that I cannot  
do anything about it. There is no  
danta here - there hasn't been since  
I've been here - and I don't know when  
one will come. And when he does, as  
naturally I'll see as well, what can he  
do for me? I know there is nothing he  
can do not only because of my 4 or 5 years  
of experience but because the army doctors  
have already told me there is nothing they  
can do. There is only one possible answer, &

3/ because I know the way the Army works I  
have no hope of  
it. I just cannot  
do any work a  
man walking.

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Next is the emphasis fact. The Army thing  
they can do for me is to recognize the mis-  
take they made in inducting me. I am  
now in the job of a limited service man.

And I cannot believe they will give  
me the discharge to which I feel I am  
entitled.

Oh, I am in that position. I can't  
do it & O. can't get out of it.

I am very anxious to get that  
circular, dear, and find out what the  
situation is.

Please don't worry, dear, because  
while I admit this is beginning to get me,  
beginning to walk on my mind (I know  
nothing so much as to swear & do my rifle  
to the ground this morning) I have and will  
continue to have a firm grip on myself. And  
don't worry if you don't hear from me - just  
because we may have 4 or 5 days of monsoons.

and always because I have to have nothing -  
but glory ~~from~~ things to say. And I can  
bring myself to tell you other than the ~~truth~~  
truth.

So has been all I can do, these past few  
days, to keep from writing, & more asking  
him for help. This morning I was ~~so~~ so  
tempted to call him on the phone, but I  
bought me off. If there were anyone else  
& not in the political position he is in I  
would have, ~~but~~ but I have him too  
dearly to ask him to do something for me  
that might even hurt him. I'd rather  
keep having the hurt myself. But if this  
keeps up without respite I may try to  
get to see him and talk this over with him.  
I feel so lost, so frustrated, with my other  
trouble, that just talking to him would  
help me. But we are on the alert, & if I could  
get out when the alert is over I still would  
not know when to look for him.

He is so wise in matters that are  
not his personal trouble.....

Well, dear, that is the situation as of this  
moment. Frankly, two things have sustained  
me: thoughts of you, your recent visit & the  
knowledge that some day this will be over; and

of Citizen Tom Paine, which I have been  
reading whenever Service Club

I could. I am almost  
half way through it.  
It is excellent.



The morning mail has not yet come -  
hope there is a letter from you in it. There was  
none for me last night.

Curious enough they issued me a  
submachine gun this morning when I  
came off guard!

When I first went on guard I  
was very happy. At last I was doing  
something soldierly - and that really  
made me sing (to tell you & only  
you the truth about it, darling, I  
sang out loud, composing a song, both  
words & music, a combination of Joe Hill  
& Woody Guthrie by ~~style~~ style, about  
Tom Paine) on my first guard mount.

This morning getting the gun  
made me feel like a soldier for a few  
minutes, until I realized how utterly &  
completely foolish the whole thing is.

Meanwhile, the one thing uppermost  
in my mind is trying to get transferred  
to Trenton to make the transfer possible.  
I hope to be able to try & see the C.O. on  
Tue today. But every thing here is very  
confused, & whether or not I'll be able to is  
doubtful. As I am glad there has been no  
~~for a while~~ doctor here, because I  
don't want to turn in sick call notices  
long as I can hold out after I request  
the transfer. And what good my re-  
quest will do I cannot say. I can only  
~~the~~ hope that I can get some break.

The boys have just returned from  
their bivouac, and from hearing  
them talk & looking at them I can  
honestly say I did get me break: not  
being on that hike. Terrible as this single  
matter of guard duty has been that would  
have been worse. I ~~don't~~ don't think my  
boss would have stood it.

Oh, darling, if it means anything  
to you - and I hope & believe it does -



7/ You have my assurance that  
whenever I happen

Service Club

I will be trying  
to do my



U. S. ARMY

best and, what-  
ever the strain, I will be as good a soldier  
as I can be and for as long as I can be.

I found myself wondering early  
this morning what I would think of  
the machine the Joe ~~thought~~ thought I'd  
only. I decided I would refuse it & take  
this, because it is. I remembered the advice  
of the doctor in Ft. O'Connell last January  
when I asked him to do that for me.  
He told me this was a ~~very~~ very bad  
situation for a soldier, that he would  
take up a discharge for me but not that  
and I, foolishly, told him I didn't want a  
discharge.

unfortunately I have to stop now,  
dear. They have just told me I have  
to ~~report~~ report to the quarrel house to  
clean rifles. And I still have 2 hours  
"on duty". Oh, well, give my regards

to Man & the ps, have very  
close me, and all my  
love  
Kris