

Dear — I got your 5/20/43

letter, and one card from Anna,  
you and Bebe this morning.  
I have given you Mat  
Bebe. I have no news to add to  
my letter of this am. I'm  
wondering the letter from you  
and Bebe in the name they  
may have some news in Feb.

About his situation: 'Gone got.'  
But insofar as it affects you: I wish  
there were something I could do about it.  
I can't think of anything except to  
write her, & that might do more  
harm than good. When I write her  
there is nothing to indicate I have  
any knowledge of anything. My  
husband, to me reflects nothing  
at all.

Of course, I think the whole  
thing is outrageous. It won't be  
folding, & he won't stop seeing either  
of you or following you out to dinner.  
About the job: I don't think that

entirely up to you, & approve in  
advance whatever you decide to do

In my own weather, in  
spite of what you say.

But I doubt if he will get  
the whole thing cleared up this  
week end - or any one soon.

Of course, Johnny would  
like you to be working with her ----  
Don't forget, we still don't know  
when he'll be. Has his desire to get  
rid of L. anything to do with this...

And does he know you are feeling me  
even a little of his situation?

In evening, you can check  
over, give some up soon.

And that's about all for now.  
Don't forget.

Love

Paul

5/20/43

Dear - Good morning. It is 6:20 a.m. & I have spent so much time with Woody. I have a lot of work to do this morning, but I want to spend a little time with you first.

I got up at 5, so I was washed, dressed, made my bunk & haven't checked my bike Revell. Because of my special day with the acting mess boy - probably the immunity of interest of us "acting sergeants" I had breakfast here in the Revell & I have been "at work" since before 6.

By the way, I got my mail yesterday. Well, this morning I feel fine. I must give a bit, but this is so good as ~~having~~ having won a kind of fight that I don't mind.

I had a hard morning yesterday. I was on the ground on my feet a lot. I was tired when it ended about 45 minutes later.

In the afternoon we went on a hike. I could have checked it, but I didn't. My boy the lieutenant said it was 16 miles.

I pulled it. I estimate about 12:15.  
But I had a time of it. After we were out  
about 20 min. my back started to  
ache, & it ~~soon~~ never stopped, getting very  
worse when I carried the pack. After an  
~~hour~~ hour my legs & knee started to  
hurt, & it wasn't stopped. So got to back  
after a little while that I thought  
any time I'd get it & hit on  
my face. But it didn't hurt, tired  
& hurting. I finished the march.

After each 10 min rest  
(we had 3) I thought I'd never get  
started again, but, I was, each  
time I did. The worst part was the last  
half hour - particularly the last 10 min was.  
I really thought I'd stop after we  
got near the barracks & started marching  
in, to make a show, at quite times.

Then I took a shower, washed my  
filthy underwear & got in bed.

After I had rested a while, a little  
refreshed from the shower, I shaved & went  
to supper. I could hardly put any weight on  
my left leg, & I still can't put much on  
it. I sleep. But I'm going to another one  
we have Friday. I'm glad, & really enjoy being able

to say I have won the fight. I'm  
coming through as this handwriting  
up I know as much as I can.

Last night we had our premature  
"farewell party." It was a show-  
not-tell but really damn out,  
+ a little snack ~~after~~ after  
the show, consisting of cheese + ham  
+ sandwiches + trays + beer.

Now that we have ~~not~~ ~~celebrated~~  
celebrated our departure, we still have  
maybe 2 weeks. We have another week  
from now, Sat., Sun. + Mon. we are  
on the range shooting.

Well, for 20 of 7, I'll have to start  
work in a few minutes.

I'm supposed to get a box for Lydia  
today. I hope so, because if I do I'll  
be able to mail it tomorrow night on my  
regular Friday night shopping expedition  
to town. And I haven't forgotten, you have  
I found, your letter.

Well, dear, I guess that will have  
to hold for a while. Love  
Wanda

Service Club



Homey -

4/20/43

It is not yet 5 p.m. & is beautiful out, although it was quite misty most of the day. This afternoon the 1st Sgt. had encouragement for me - condensed. but no news.

Now Joe Judge, who is in the same spot as in - has work he is shipping & its "not too." Probably later will know more about it & whether or not it affects me. At the moment we are both very curious about this new situation. As I know any more later I'll include it here with. I expect to stay in & retire early.

27

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

65 minutes  
later.

Still no news of me, but on  
 the basis of what I have  
 heard I'll probably ship  
 back to Ft. Ontario tomorrow  
 for basic training & assign-  
 ment to Camp Upton, N.Y.,  
 a reception center serving  
 N.Y. - on Long Island. Under-  
 stand, this is not official, & I  
 don't know it will pertain  
 to me. Maybe I will later. So,  
 meanwhile, I'll share.

Got your Monday letter. We had  
 the same weather. I don't recall, but the  
 back of my thighs hurt. And I do hope  
 your stomach trouble is jimmie (?!). By the  
 way, if I ship tomorrow I'll try to catch you  
 the following (Thursday) evening.

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

7 pm.

It's definite & official,  
except for the ultimate  
assignment part. I don't  
know where we're going.  
Ultimately ~~the~~ we (about  
725-750) will go to Camp  
Upton, ~~Albany~~ Albany, N.Y.,  
Trenton, N.J., and a little  
further down way up in N.Y.  
State. I don't know which I  
am. I hope it's Trenton! The  
others are pretty remote from  
D.C. Had I known in advance  
I think I could have arranged  
it in Trenton. Well, honey, let



both start getting ready. When  
get to back of course I don't  
know - but it won't be too  
long. And it'll be great to be  
back.

Don't worry or be annoyed  
if you don't hear from me  
for a few days. Remember,  
mail from the sometimes  
take time. Give my regards  
to everybody, especially  
Mum.

Love

Charles