

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 you - which
is in the service. I'm going to answer
you later 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 +
you ma means. I hope it 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 you. 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 lites.
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 overpacked 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, ~~that~~ 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 he who thinks 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 could be for as long as I can be.

I found myself wondering early
this morning what I would think of
the machine the Joe fought right during
my. I decided I would refuse it & take
this, because it is. I remembered the advice
of the doctor in Ft. Ord who 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, (which by, 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