

Good Morning Darling;

Here I am again, slightly the worse for wear but still feeling quite fit. I got a ride right from Lansing to the barracks with a soldier from Owasso. That was pretty nice. I got in here before 1:30 in the morning so I got quite a bit of sleep. I'll get to bed early and rest up so I won't reach Camp Grant half dead tomorrow. I looked up the location of the Camp on a map and it is 90 miles from Chicago.

We reread the order today and it sounds as if they want to use us as a nucleus for a new company because it says that we are assigned to "newly activated companies" in medical placement training. If we are part of the permanent part for these companies it means we'll have to take the training by ourselves – preparatory to training groups of men. If it works out this way – as it seems quite likely to – we'll be training there for months and months to

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come. All I hope is that we can get occasional furloughs and three day passes so we can get home and so I can also spend some time with you.

I'm at the P.M.G. library right now and am staying as far away from the company area as I can because they have got the boys on a problem today. They're doing some bayonet practice and are also practicing guerrilla warfare tactics. I'd much rather sit here writing to you.

The first sergeant still has not received our orders and is quite in the dark as to our ultimate disposition. Of course Bob has a copy of them with him but we won't tell DeAloia, we'll just let him struggle along in ignorance.

I just read an obituary of the AST in Harper's Magazine which was rather bitter. They blasted the Army for initiating the program without knowing what they wanted the men trained for. They said also that it

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was a foregone conclusion that the Army and the government in general would form some sort of program to aid soldiers in getting an education after the war and that it was to be hoped that the program they mapped out for that would be more sane and sensible than the A.S.T. It was quite a good article.

I wish I was still going to be stationed where I could see you every week end. It's going to be hard to go without seeing you for weeks at a time after having been stationed here for almost six weeks. It just isn't fair or right that's all and I don't like it a bit.

There isn't much more to write about darling so I guess I'll close now and get back to the company. Goodbye!

All my Love and Kisses

Freddie