

July 11, 1943

Dear Mother;

I am at last out of my previous job and am now doing work that is interesting and that I like. The other day I was called out and after packing came to a rather large city which you perhaps know from my previous correspondence. It was not entirely out of the blue however as I had done a bit of scouting around and pulled a few threads. I attribute my change to perseverance, good luck and the old Army standard of being around when there is an opening. I am now out of Ordnance and back into the work I did in New York. There are of course many different circumstances and the actual work is somewhat different due to the situation. The work is interesting, vital, and as usual takes up all my time and gives me odd hours. I like it though and consider myself very fortunate; not only am I out of training troops but back into my first choice for work.

Let me continue a bit further. Due to developments which took place yesterday my boss was called and left me in charge of the office here. It is really bigger than I should have as I have been here only two days. But the war demands it and I can only carry on as best as I can. A lot can go wrong and I may find myself out in the cold. On the other hand things might break so that even bigger opportunities will arise. I don't really know. The one hitch is that I have my commission in Ordnance and as yet the Ordnance haven't relinquished their hold on me. I am being loaned. However if the situation is right I hope to do something about that soon. Very seldom do I bubble over with enthusiasm but right now I am very happy and if I can carry the job satisfactorily it will mean a really big thing for me. (I hope) You know things can go off the track quickly in the Army; not always due to anybody's fault but just because it is the Army.

I am now living in a hotel in town. It isn't much, third grade French. Very small room, something about the size of my room in Boston. It is different though and open onto a balcony (incidentally the only opening) which by way of a few knocked down buildings has a view of the Mediterranean. Other Officers live there but I have no chance to make more than a nodding acquaintance with them as I am on the go all the time. Everybody around here works all the time as there is a big job to be done and also because there is really very little to do in the evenings. Everything closes down at eight o'clock.

I am now about to rent an apartment. They are very hard to get but I had a lucky break and believe I can get one for twenty dollars a month which is pretty cheap. It has a bed-room, livingroom, small kitchen and toilet. I will tell you more about it when I move in. It will come furnished. I know that as soon as I move in I will have to leave this area but I will take the chance anyway.

Due to moving my mail is again being held up and as a matter of fact I have forgotten exactly which letter I received last. I am now in my office and the letters are in my room. I haven't as yet received a letter from stating that you had received any of my letters. You can use my new address and try a V-mail

It is getting very hot around here now although a breeze blows occasionally from the sea. It is terrific inland.

I wish I knew what you wanted to hear about but from now on I hope to be near a typewriter and I will write longer letters. This one is short because it is late and I am tired.

Best of love to you and bird.

F

My address now is:

Lt. W~~FF~~ Bachelder O-1554852
Law Enforcement Group, CID
~~A2R202x~~ A.P.O. 600
%Postmaster New York.

PS This is an English typewriter so please excuse the pound signs instead of period between W and F.

AMERICAN RED CROSS



LT. V. F. BACHELDER, D-5554852
LAW ENFORCEMENT GROUP, CID
A.P.O. 600, 98 Postmaster, N.Y.



Free!

FORM 539



Mrs. W. J. Bachelder
2 Harvard St.
Holyoke,
Massachusetts.

July 11
July 26

W. J. Bachelder

