

Thursday

Dear Mother -

This is the first real apparently I have had to write, and just a minute ago I received your last two letters, one with a very necessary envelope. The reason I haven't written before is that some where along the line I picked up a bug and was laid rather low. It was a combination cold and dysentery. About the middle of the month I had a fever and went to a hospital. It wasn't as simple as that for diving maneuvers there is a complicated system of evacuation - first to a first-aid station, then to a field hospital, then to a base hospital - then to a base hospital more distant from the front - at last after visiting three hospitals I arrived yesterday at Camp Hulen. I am now in the hospital but after a few routine check ups I hope to be out maybe tomorrow.

So you see I have been busy. I never stayed in one place more than a day or two and when I felt like writing I couldn't get pencil, pen or paper. My fever was pretty high when I started, but for the last week and half I haven't had any. However everything is bound with red tape and I'm just marking time now.

Having some let back, I get out a week from today!! Because I've been away from the battery so long, I haven't had a chance to learn the full story concerning discharge or make plans. I'll let you know though as soon as I do. It seems almost unbelievable that I will get out when so many have to stay in. I guess my star was shining that

day a year ago. I certainly will be disappointed if something goes wrong. I don't believe it will. There is a chance though I may get out a few days late because of being in the hospital so long. I don't think so.

The storm seemed to have been largely a product of the newspaper. For some reason it did little damage - none to Camp Hulen.

I guess I'll have to get worried when I get out. Everybody's doing it - thanks for the clipping. I'm glad you are taking these trips and hope you enjoy them fully. My sense of time is all confused. This year at times seems a long period other times it seems only yesterday I first joined up.

As is my usual custom, whenever it is about time for me to come home, I can't think of much to say. I'll answer all inquiries when I get home. Right now my main job is to get that discharge paper all signed, sealed and in good order.

My address is now back to normal - Sgt. A. Camp. Hulen. I imagine I'll receive one more letter from you, maybe two. Anyway a letter will be a poor substitute for the real thing within a week or so.

Lots of love.

Fred.

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