



CAMP VAN DORN

MISSISSIPPI

15 Feb 44

Dear Folks:

At last I have fairly definite word on my furlough. That is provided nothing will come up to interfere with it. I should be home on Tuesday the 14th of March. This is really good news to me. It will really be swell to come home and spend a nice quiet week and not be tied up with any of the worries and cares of an operations sergeant. I can just visualize the farm, things just starting to turn green, Nicky and Terry tearing around like wild wolves, and Sullivan trying his darndest to look bored when he knows that Nicky and Terry are scheming up some new deviltry. I can picture myself lounging in front of the fireplace with a scotch and soda in my hand, and people waiting on me hand and foot. Mother will want to scratch my back every night, and Dad will have been in bed hours before, snoring away with his insomnia. There's only one thing missing, and that is the team of Norma and Vic. For the life of me I cant picture one without the other. It just doesnt seem right to have that dopey sister of mine reading an electrical engineers manual of pertinent information. Pardon the day-dreaming, I'm back to the earth again.

Again I have let qite a period slip by without writing. A great deal of this is thoughtlessness on my part, but honestly, I'm so busy both day and night that the days just seem to slip right by and I dont realize that such a long time has elapsed since my last letter. I've been doing the routine work of the operations sergeant, making schedules, overlays, adding changes to publications. Going out in the field on staff problems, going to NCO schools, fighting with Regiment, swearing at Division, and abhorring the XXI Corps, not to say anything about the Fourth Army or the Army Ground Forces. I'm getting so that nothing under the rank of a full general bothers me. Incidentally, General McNair visited us last week. Everything was perfect to the most minute detail, and can you guess what happened-- we didn't even see him. It was really quite a letdown, because frankly we had some headaches getting everything set for the arrival. Oh well!

Tonight the Regiment is in the field, and I am just lucky enough to not go. I am the Charge of Quarters at the Battalion. Frankly, its too darn cold to go out and sleep on the ground. However, I dont think that I shall fare too well on Friday and Saturday. We are scheduled to go out again, and I think that I'm it this time. Well, its near taps and I must bid adieu so goodnight to all and to all my love-