

Tuesday - 1-25-44

Flavence, sweetheart:

It's more enjoyable writing two letters a day to you than only one, but as much as I'd like to, I find it almost compulsory to reply to the many friends who write me often. Hence, today is an exceptional occasion, and so I am writing twice, to the sweetest wife in the world.

Firstly, I want to put you straight about my set-up, and the subject of "stripes." I am, as you know, in the Transportation Corps, but as yet have not been assigned to a permanent unit or company. This accounts for my being moved about so often during my stay here. Until a soldier is assigned to a permanent unit, and has completed basic and technical training, there is practically no chance to be anything other than a private, regardless of what kind of work I may be assigned to do. For instance, as a company clerk, several weeks ago, I should have been rated a sergeant or a corporal; and at present I should be corporal for the type work I am performing at battalion headquarters, but even if I were to work here for a year, I could get no rating. This is only a provisional company, and they cannot give out any stripes. Now, I prefer it this way, than being assigned, as this only prolongs my training period, you see what I mean? So even if I remain a private for the duration don't let it worry you on the forks.

Secondly, I am enclosing herewith an exact copy of a letter of Commendation signed by various Commanding officers for work accomplished on that secret mission in December. I am retaining the originals for an appropriate moment, but I think you and the folks will be proud of the enclosure. Please read it to mom and pap, and tell them I am sending them a copy as soon as I can get them typed up. I think Donay will also enjoy reading this.

Thirdly, although the major personally congratulated me at Battalion Headquarters when this letter was delivered to me, he refused my application to attend "administration school" on the premise that I had not as yet completed basic training. Anyway it was a good idea, and before I'm thru I'll try it again, maybe elsewhere.

This army business sure has plenty of strange and funny angles, and honey I am playing all of them. Don't worry about me, I'm on the ball all the time, and looking out for your darling husband. So don't worry, I'm all right, feel fine, and really having a good time, but lonesome and homesick for wife, son and home.

With love for my dear ones, you find me
addressing you

as ever,

Kg.

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