

Sat., April 3, '43  
5:30 P.M.

Dear Mom,

Just finished the tough formal Saturday inspection. I came thru O.K., but perhaps it wasn't my good works that did it, cause they were pretty lenient. Gosh, if you pass inspection you're sure you're all right. Even fellows were gigged for offenses ranging from a little dirt on the head sight to dirt in the bore of their rifles. Being gigged means being restricted to the barracks for the weekend to practice cleaning the rifle. Fortunately, the "gigged" fellows were paroled this time, but it's "curtains" the next dirty rifle they have.

This morning we went on a 4-hour, 7½ mile hike. After finishing, my feet were fine. I told you there was nothing the matter ~~not~~ with them.



Just a case of toughening up the foot  
muscles.

Got a letter from Dad this A.M. and  
she squealed on you. I understand  
that you told her my condition was  
"the blue". Damn! How much  
does it take to convince you that I'm  
all right? All I ever said was wrong  
with me was that I had a chest  
cough, a case of sore feet after a hike,  
and a slight fever after 2 shots.  
So why try to bury me, mam?

The sore feet are no more; the shots  
I take once a week. (I had one today  
and feel fine), and if there are any  
after effects, they pass off in an hour.  
My cough is loosening up, and I'm  
taking your medicine faithfully.  
But it's almost all gone. However,  
trust the S. Caroling hot sun

& fair weather to do the rest. So I'm  
O. K. dija understand? Please stop  
telling people I'm dying, eating my  
heart out, etc. My Lord, ~~stop~~ stuff like  
that will drive me nuts. I don't  
know if I've gained any weight, but  
I haven't lost any, and my muscles  
are as hard as rocks. So take it easy.

I also got a card this A.M. from Mrs &  
Mrs Troy. I'll have to answer it. She  
mentions that you & the Chief are fine.  
A letter from Fel just came in. I  
guess I'll read it now.

See, but Fel sent a damn fine  
letter. Do you know, she didn't blackmail  
me about any of the stuff you & the  
Chief told them when they visited you last  
Sunday. I'll have to get a letter off to  
Peg, Eileen & Fel pronto. Strange, but  
Eileen hasn't written me yet.

I'm now 9:30. Just got back from a  
movie & then one broadcast the P.M.



Guess that you'll be glad to hear that we signed the payroll last week. That means that we'll be paid <sup>in</sup> about 10 days. That would be a week from Monday, on the 12<sup>th</sup>. Don't know, however if that'll be a full or part payment. I'm hoping for the best. I think that when I get paid I'll go in & see how the town looks. Haven't been in there yet.

Well, I drew K.P. for this Monday. It's not a bad job, and it gives us a rest from our constant bayonet practice that's kinda wearing on the muscles. I understand that, compared to Upton, K.P. here is heaven.

Well, if I want to get up early for Church tomorrow, I'll have to turn in now. So I'll close for the present.

Love, as ever.  
Frank

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