

Sunday, Nov. 26th 1944, 9:00 P.M.
Chamite Field, Ill.

Dear Frank:

Well Ole Boy, I guess its high time I dropped you a letter huh!! I'm awfully sorry for not honoring written sooner Frank. But believe me I've been pretty busy!

The last letter I wrote to you, was while I was aboard the train heading back to Miami Beach, from Chicago. Since then quite a bit has happened. At least it seems that way to me. While in Miami Beach. I came up for shipment twice for Texas. But my medical report on my form #50 reads: "ground duty, Northern United States Only." So through the Grace of God & the help of a Buddie in the Classification section, who was in the "Order of the Arrow" with me, I got out of going to Texas. I was put on orders to come up here to Chamite Field in Ill, which is about 100 miles from Chicago, to go

to Teletype School. Well I only went for
one day, then I went to see the Flight
Surgeon, & he had me removed from school
because of nervousness. He also told me I
could see the ~~Psychiatrist~~ Psychiatrist
if I wanted to. So I went over & saw him
last week & they have sent to St. Petersburg
to the hospital for my medical record.
In short I'm trying for my discharge.
I'm about fed up Frank. I've stood
about as much as I can, & I'm getting
worse everyday. My ~~test~~ hands & back
shake all the time, & I'm not eating or
sleeping any more. So if they'll let me
out, maybe I'll be able to straighten
myself out. Please pray that I do get
it Frank. If I have to stick it out much
longer, I fear I'll really snap. I
never should have refused the one
they offered me while I was in the
hospital. Perhaps by the time you get

3.

this I'll be a civilian. Please God I
hope so. ~~From~~ From the sound of your letters,
you seem to enjoy your overseas hitch. I'm
glad you look at things from the bright side
Frank. As you go along & the weeks drag
into months, you'll get pretty disgusted. But
keep your ole Chin up Boy, it can't last
for ever, ——— I keep telling myself!!

Well I've passed another milestone since
I last saw you Frank. I also cast my
first vote. It feels pretty good to be included
in on things.

I'm awfully sorry about not sending
you anything for Christmas Frank. I just
can't figure out where the money goes.
Since I've been grounded, I don't seem
to be able to make ends meet. I've
been trying to save so that Harriet &
I could be married, as soon as possible.
But I don't seem to have anything left
over after I finish paying bills etc!
Now Christmas is almost on us & I'll

have to send the kids & Mom & Dad
something. How I'll do it I don't
know. Harriet & I are engaged, & as yet I
haven't given her a ring. That means more
money, I don't tell Mom this, cause she
doesn't know about it yet. I promised her
I wouldn't marry without telling her
know & I intend to keep my word. But
if she finds out I'm engaged, it will
be spread from one end of town to the
other. You know what happened to you!!

My Buddie from overseas Eric Quilley,
who was at St. Pete with me is here on
the field too. Philip Spessale, is in Texas
now & Marie, his wife is expecting a baby
in June! Well that about covers everything
I can think of. Write me when you can, but not
V-mail. But Mom & Dad come first! "Roger?"

Bye now & be good. I'm praying for you
always. Your Big Brother
"Little Joe"
H.H.
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