

Saturday Eve.

Dear Folks,

I don't know how to start this letter but of course I am sorry for what happened. It came as quite a shock to me. I got your telegram about noon today and because I was more or less dazed anyway from just getting back from the hospital a few minutes before, it hit pretty hard.

I went immediately to my company officers to see what could be done for me. They thought that since I had lost out anyway and would have to be transferred that I should

have a furlough. But they
can not give emergency
furloughs for death outside
of your immediate family.
So they sent it to Battalion
Headquarters and from there
it went to regimental head-
quarters and it was refused.

The only thing I knew
to do then was to call
you. I hope you could
understand me. I was
surprised at the rate
the call went through.
Most of the time the boys
call home it takes
3 or 4 hours for the call
to go through. My call
came through in about
15 minutes or maybe less.
It cost me \$1.75.

I hope you took care

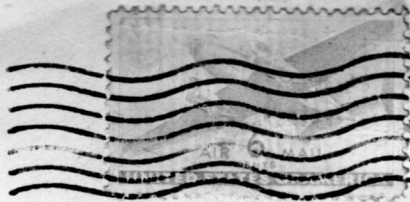
of flowers, ^{etc,} for me. I
suppose the grandchildren
bought flowers. Either you
can take it out of money
I have sent or you can
remember it for me.

When I was down at
battalion headquarters seeing
about my furlough, I
heard them call to some-
where with my transfer
so I should be transferred
the first of next week.

God bless you all.

Donald.

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