

Thursday Eve.

Dear Folks,

This time tomorrow it will be Christmas Eve. I'll use my imagination and if I try real hard, I'll bet that I can feel that it is Christmas Eve.

Christmas Day will be a real holiday in that it will be the first week day that I have had off since I have been in the army (except the days I spent in the hospital).

I am sure leading a great life right now. So far I have spent all of my time working in the supply room. There is a lot of supplies to take care of and also a good bit of book-keeping.

Yesterday morning I helped with the laundry. It is a pretty good job to load and unload a truck full of laundry but I got a trip to the main post out of it. Yesterday afternoon and all day today, I did

paper work. There are sure a lot of different forms to make out in this army.

I may be put on a different job any time but I have ceased to worry about anything.

I had a pleasant surprise when I moved into my new home over here. There are 20 men in this hut and about 9 of them are from Indiana. This is quite a contrast to my old company; there were only about 2 or 3 from Indiana in the whole Co. No telling how many from Indiana I may find here if there are this many in one hut.

They are mostly from the northern part of the state. The fellow that sleeps below me (in our double bed) is from somewhere near Ft Wayne. Not making fun of them or anything but I get a great kick out of how green they act.

I wonder how things are coming along back there. I am certainly anxious to

get a letter. I haven't heard from you
since last Sat. I hope everything is alright.

Well Goodnight,
Donald.

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