

Sunday

Dear Folks,

I'll start this letter before dinner and I'll try to get it finished sometime between now and tomorrow morning. I didn't get to write you a very newsy letter on Friday so I hope I can think of all I had in mind to tell you then.

It is another beautiful day today. I hope that we can continue to have descent weather now for about 7 weeks but of course there is no telling what may happen.

I got ~~up~~ for breakfast this morning and then cleaned up for church. Then I layed down again and slept till almost ten o'clock.

Well I finally got your package sent out yesterday at noon. I had all intentions of sending it Thursday but I couldn't find my pocketbook (I'll tell you more about this later), and then just before noon on Friday Lt. Blain told me he wanted me for a coal detail as soon as I

I finished my dinner so that fixed mailing the package on Friday.

The Pfc. who is assistant in the supply room went on a pass Friday and since Sgt. Steele went to see something about his air corps transfer I was in complete charge. I even had a couple of fellows working under me. and then in the afternoon I was put in charge of the coal detail. I had 3 men besides myself a truck and the truck driver under me. Of course, this wasn't anything great but it had a little responsibility to it and it shows that they have faith in my honesty. Usually they take a corporal off duty to put him in charge of the coal detail. Of course I worked as hard as anyone else even though I was in charge.

Yesterday I was back in the supply room again doing office work so I finally got a chance to go to the post

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office at noon.

About the day I couldn't find my pocketbook, here is the story. After dinner just before I went to the post office I felt for my pocket book and it wasn't in my pocket. Well I looked all around for it and finally I decided that someone had reached into my pocket and took it out. When I was so near broke I took off my money belt and had never put it on again so I had all my money in my pocket book. Boy losing every cent I had didn't make me feel very good. I spent a miserable afternoon thinking about where it could possibly be and then looking for it every chance I got.

When bed time came I had borrowed a dollar to send the package home and had written a letter telling you about it. After all hope was gone, I undressed and started to crawl in bed. In doing so

I moved the pillow and there under my pillow was the pocket book. Somehow in dressing or undressing the night before it had fallen on the bed above the pillow & slid under the pillow. Then I had made the bed up over it. Boy was I glad to see it. and I was sure glad to give back that dollar that I had borrowed.

The little incident caused me a lot of worry but it turned out a lot better than I ever expected it to. It also taught me never to trust ~~me~~ ~~never~~ to trust all my money to my pocket book again.

You asked about my glasses the other day. Well I can't get I. I. glasses as long as I still have a pair. It's foolish to spend money to get glasses when they are supposed to be furnished so I am trusting that if these ever break it will be at a time when it won't make too much difference.

Sunday night

Well I finally got my letter written today about my K.B.F. award. I suppose that we will be hearing a report on it one of these days.

I haven't accomplished much but write letters but I want to do a little more reading before bed time. I wonder what you have been doing today.

I will be going out on the range a week from yesterday and so I wish you would send me a half dozen ^{or 8} candles. It would be alright if they should arrive a few days after I get out there. The ones that are issued last for a while but not nearly long enough. The kind 4 or 5" long are good enough.

Goodnight with love

Donald.

P.S. In the package I put both of Ben's pictures. I wish you would drop the one ^{of him} in his white cap into one of my letters and send it back. After you have got your satisfaction of seeing it of course.

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