

Dear Folks,

Tuesday Eve.

Well so far so good. I just hope that I can continue feeling as well as I do ^{if I do} now, I will get through in good shape.

So far we haven't been working too hard this week and I have been getting along fine.

So far we have been firing the machine gun and mortar. I have about forgotten all I knew about them, but I am picking it up as I go along well enough to keep up.

We finished mortar today and tomorrow we finish with the machine gun.

I am living in exactly the same area as I did before. This is because I have been

in the fourth company of the
 bataillon both times. There
 have been a few changes made
 out here but as a whole it
 seems very natural. Boy I
 hope this is the last time
 I have to be here.

I heard from my letter
 I wrote to the company in
 Marion about my medal.
 They said if it was a fault
 in the workmanship they would
 fix it for nothing but other-
 wise they didn't know how
 much it would cost. The
 only catch to it was that they
 couldn't fix it before April.
 But I am going to write them
 sometime in March and jog
 their memory so that they

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won't book up ahead of me.
Remind me of this if I forget
it.

I am a supply room
man again tonight. West
(I don't know whether I have
mentioned him or not but he
is the Pfc. assistant to the
supply sgt.) is sick tonight
and Sgt. Steele went home so
they called on me to stay
down here this evening and
then sleep here with West.

I sure can't promise
you a letter like this very
often so if you don't hear
from me you will know
that I am alright but busy.

I got the cookies from the
church day before yesterday.
(over)

They all tasted so good that
I couldn't even tell which ones
were mother's.

How are you getting along.
It sounds to me like things
are happening around there.

Your son and brother,
Donald