



July 1, 1945
12:30 PM

Dear Family,

I just came back from chow and this is just about the best way to start the afternoon that I can think of. I didn't put my address in the heading but we're still at Camp Lucky Strike. It looks as if we won't be here as long as we thought for a few days, though. In two days from now or less I don't think we'll be here. So no doubt this will just about be the end of my writing.

We've spent some lazy days here but I think this has been the laziest one. I didn't wake up at all till about seven and it was raining so I just turned over and didn't wake up till something after nine. It was still drizzling



and has been ever since but I crawled out and went to church. By being on the move and being busy I missed one if not two Sunday so I sure didn't want to miss today. It must have been a 347 Regt. service because I didn't know the Chaplain, but I enjoyed it anyway. I got a little added inspiration out of it because of the Chaplain himself. He was so young that at first I thought it was just one of the fellows leading the song service. He didn't preach very long but what he did say was clear and to the point. I was really glad that I had gone.



Well I hardly know what else to tell you. In fact there's not much more to say. I think the last mail that I'll be getting over here came day before yesterday so there's no questions I can answer that will fill up space. I'll try to answer them as best I can in person before too much longer. Let's keep hoping and praying toward that end.

Writing has been so hard lately that the few letters I've sent home have been all I have written. I trust that you are sharing them with Grandma and Grandpa at least and anyone else that is interested.

Be good and God bless you. Hope to see you soon. Donald.

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