



FORT BRAGG, N. C.

Oct. 9, 1942

Dear Sis,

Perhaps you are wondering why so many letters. I have some bad news to tell you. It seems, that because I'm an alien, they don't want me along in a combatant outfit. I am being transferred to Station Complement for the time being. I don't know what they have in mind for us later on. Perhaps, naturalization then on to a combatant outfit. That is what I'm going to try for anyway.

There are no words to express my feeling, when I was told of my leaving. For a minute or two I couldn't grasp what the meaning of it was. When it did strike home it almost floored me. I didn't ~~realize~~ realize how badly I wanted to go along until now when my service is refused. I have felt worse before but I can't remember when

this was. I would give almost anything to go along with the fellows.

What makes it worse is that it is through my neglect that this all happened. I'm afraid I'm going to be hard to live with for awhile.

I'm ~~not~~ in ~~the~~ no mood for writing so my letter will be short. Just to let you know of my misfortune, or perhaps my fortune it all depends on how you look at it. But I would give almost anything to go along.

Oct. 12, 1942

I'm glad I didn't mail this Friday. For Saturday morning I talked to a major, and talked myself into going along with the fellows. I did some tall talking, but I succeeded and at the present I really feel swell. I'm living on top of the world right now.

I didn't realize how bad I wanted to go along until I was denied the opportunity. I'm in an entirely different mood in this part of the letter than the mood I was in



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when I started this letter. However again you will have to discount some on my writing for I'm not in the best position for writing, and this darned candle keeps flickering. It is raining something terrible!

I'm also in a hurry because my tent-mate wants to go to sleep. He can't very well do it with my scribbling, and the candle flickering for all it is worth.

Anyway I do feel good now that I'm going along. You will be notified of the change of address. The Army will do this for us.

Some time after you are notified of this I'd like for you to mail me a magazine or two now and then. I prefer non-fiction if it is available. Don't go to any trouble to do this but I would appreciate if you would send one now and then. For we are going to have a

lot of time on our hands with nothing to do but read. I have asked the folks to do the same so you might get together on what you are going to send me and work it so they will not arrive wherever I am at the same time.

No newspapers are permitted. I don't know just what you are allowed to mail out of the country, but I'm sure you can find out at a U.S.O. Center or at the P.O. Here are a few suggestions; the Life we will probably get so we will omit that. Here is about what I prefer, Readers Digest, Coronet, Time or (Newsweek), Popular Mechanics or (Science) or something along that line. I think from that you will get an idea of what I'd like. I want you to pay for this out of the allotment money.

Something else when you are notified of the change in address, please let Werner know of it. We are allowed two persons to be notified. I picked you and the folks. Werner's address is, 4050 - 8th N.E. Ave. Seattle, Wash.

Do not do this until we have moved. We don't know when but it might be at any time.



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My tent mate is becoming very restless. I really must quit now.

Oh, one of the fellows wanted your address so I give it to him. He probably intends to write to you. He is all right in his own way. You might enjoy writing to him. He is rather egotistical and has peculiar ways about him, but don't we all. I get along fairly well with him, but we have had our disputes usually because of his stubbornness and egoism. However he is handsome, tall and tops in all kinds of athletics.

It is up to you if you care to write to him.

That is all.

Your brother

Bitto.

I've got to quit you correct my mistakes. If I don't go to bed

Lights are low since you
My Buddy Budget's beyond in
Command ~~copy~~ it's play
a little ~~copy~~ it's over left
handed ~~copy~~ it's right

↑ Don't mind that I just
found I had used this sheet to
scribble on, and I've run low on
paper with nowhere to buy anymore.
It is just one of my brainstorm
when I had nothing to do but try to
think and scribble

→ Neal might kick me out in
the rain, and that wouldn't do at
all. I don't have time to read
the letter and make corrections so
you make them for me. Usually
I find so many mistakes I can't
believe it myself.

Letter continued here
