Dear Mom,

Here I am in a new home, we moved on Sunday, the day of rest. What a mad time! All the men in our area were to move at the same time, 1400 Sunday, thus we had to have all our crap out ready to show off. You should have seen me trying to lug that junk. One barracks bay, weight approximately eight tons, all my clothes on hangers, two tons, my rifle,
gas mask, and cartridge belt, plus a small hand bug 2 pounds. A total of ten tons and two pounds. Well, that's what it felt like anyhow.

When I tried to carry it all at once.

My new barrack is nice, just like the old but better situated, being near the V.T., movie, and mess hall. I'm in with three new men, but there are only six in the room now. The barrack's number is #12, you can find it on the map in the folder. This is Maxwell, my roommate.
#5, a little east of but the middle of the barracks.

As you know, honey, I took my finals on Saturday. I got 96 in A.I., and 100 in one of my. My average in those subjects is 95.

Don't be too upset. I have 96 + 96 respectively, not bad, eh?

Today we had a field day, and those not participating had some... such fun, and boy did I need it, I slept most of the day.

Do you remember that cîste (cut) I had on my cheek? I came out today.
I had a small pimple on the top of it and that brought it to a head. It took the whole works out myself. You should have seen the stuff that came out of it, like damp powdered flour; then the sack itself came out, it looked very much like a white rubber sack. It didn't hurt much and it came out in one piece. I went to the hospital and had it treated. I'm sure glad it finally broke.

Well that's the news, honey except that I get open post next Saturday. I love you, my darling, give my love to all. Your devoted Son, Field.