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 throw off. You should have seen me trying to lug that junk. One barracks bag, 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 bunkers is nice, just like the old but better situated, being near the V.K., movie, and mess hall. I'm in with three new men but three are only sit in the room now. The bunkers number 1's #12, you can find it on the map in the folder. This is Maxwell, my room is
#5, a little east of but the middle of the barracks.

As you know, honey, I took my finals Saturday. I got 96 in A.I., and 100 in my. My average in those subjects is 95, 96 respectively, not bad, eh?

Today we had a field day; and those not participating had some "suck" time, and boy, did I need it! I slept most of the day.

Do you remember that cyste (cyste) 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.

Sincerely devoted Son, Field