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UNITED STATES ARMY
CAMP MAXEY, TEXAS

Hi Frank.

I received your letter about a week ago. I didn't get a chance to answer it earlier. you'll find out later on when you've been in the navy long enough why I couldn't answer your letter quicker. We've been so damn busy that I don't get a chance to even write home or to my girl.

Well kid how do you like the navy?² Do you think its better than the army?² I think it is better. Don't get hot headed for me saying that. No kidding. I really would rather be in the navy than the army. There's too much shit to take in the army. Well Frank I hope

you'll like the navy.

Don't talk about food. The only thing that we've been eating for the last 2 months is pork chops. Twice a day. I'll be looking like a porkchop before I get out of this fucking army.

Well Frank. Do you have many inspectors? Boy we have them every day. Some time we have about 3 of them in one day. Its just as tough as the navy + may be harder.

I went through all the shit of boot training + losing all our fucking clothes + around it was a bastard at first + its getting harder + harder

II every day. We have to
[June 18, 1943]
spawl on our stomachs & under
back wine & its so fucking
hot. The dust & the sweat
make us look like a pig.

We went on a 25 mile
bike last week. Boy that
wasn't no fun either, my
feet were blissed & bleeding,
Boy its tough & its no shit
either.

Well Frank I don't even
think we'll get shipped across
until the war is over. Its the
domest outfit in the O.S.A
Army. & thats no shit either.
Most of the fellows are
18 and 19 year old & there
going to hold this outfit
back for about two years.

By that time the war will
be over. There's about to field
artillery outfits that have been
in this country for a long
time. So it looks like I won't
see any action. The shunks.

I got a letter from Don about
a couple a weeks ago. I haven't
heard from him yet. I was
wondering where he's stationed
now. If you ever find out
let me know, O'K kid.

Well Frank. I'll have
to close for now. Because I've
got quite a few letters to write
& I won't get another chance.

Well Frankie. Take care
of yourself & watch out
you don't get the clapp
from any girls. I've got
my pecker clean so far.

Take it from
your Pal Jim
your shunk.