

P.S. Don't get so
sarcasitic about me
not writing. You try
Ha! Ha!

June 21, 1943
San Rafael Calif.

Dear Frankie,

P.F.C. Arthur B. Zaiter
Med Dept
Camp 100, Field, Cal.

I received your letter and
was very glad to hear from
you. I guess I can't blame you
for being sore at me for not
writing sooner, but it really
couldn't be helped.

I've been sick for almost
two weeks now & I wasn't able
to do anything. I don't know
exactly what's wrong but
I'll soon find out. I've

thought you were being drafted
for the Army, & then the next
thing I know you're in the
Navy. Do they give you a
choice of either.

Boy, the Navy must be pretty
tough on you young fellows.

I can ~~imagine~~ imagine you
scrubbing & washing. At
least they teach you to be
clean & neat anyway.

I thought the Navy was
supposed to have the best
food? Gosh, I know they have

been working on & off the past
few weeks, depending on how
I felt. Now listen Frank.

Mama doesn't know anything
about it, so please don't say
anything. I'm going to a
doctor again tomorrow & see
what he tells me. I hope
you're still not mad at me
for not writing before this.

So, you're in the Navy now
are you? Say, will you
explain something to me, I

small meals out here at Hamilton
field.

Gosh, that funny about
potatoes being so scarce back
home. I can get them anytime
I want & for 10 lbs. for fifty
two cents. So had I could
send some home.

So Mama, finally moved at
last. I received a letter from
Virginia today & she's mad
because there's no bathtub or
clothes closet in the house.
Did you know they bought a

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new parlor set. Boy that
seems like a miracle doesn't
it?

See, you wanted a long
juicy letter with a lot of
news, but I don't think I can
fill that order.

Well, I could tell you some
thing, but you'll have to keep
it under your hat.

Last Saturday night
about two o'clock in the
morning there was an

notice. It may be a few days,
a week, & maybe even more.
You know why that happened.
Because the night of the
air raid the whole field
was supposed to be on the
alert & half of them were
asleep. There was an unidentified
plane coming in at the field
with no signals or anything.
They shot at it & the pilot
bailed out. He was a soldier.
So now, I don't know what
they're going to do. The

air said out here. And boy,
you should hear those pieces
blow. They woke me up & I
was scared stiff. Well, that
was okay. But the next morning
(Sunday) (Tommy's day off.) his
sergeant comes down the lane
& tells him he has to move
all his clothes back to the
post by Mon. morning. They
took away all the married
men's passes. None of them
can come home until further

company. Commander was so
mad, he could of crowned all of
them. So, here I am all alone
tonight. I feel so lonesome I
could howl. Now dont say
anything about this to anyone
no one is supposed to know.

Well, kid, its almost light
thirty & I still have a little
morning to do. I guess I better
close now. Write soon, will
you, & I promise to do the same.
Best wishes & lots of luck kid
Love
Catherine