

1532 – 7 May 1944

Ft. McClellan

Dear Margie and all you good girls:

Sunday here is lovely today. It is warmer and the sun has been shining all day. It was cold as the deuce again last night and I nearly froze despite an extra blanket.

Everywhere you look around here are marching men. This is an infantry post and it seems they are always marching with full packs. Some of them are always straggling with sore feet but when they are returning from overnight bivouacs they do look like hell. It has been raining all the time until today and the men are muddy as the mud (red clay) and they look as though they had deliberately camouflaged themselves by daubing themselves from head to foot.

Last night while a Capt., two Lts and I were playing bridge, a little girl of seven came in and called for her daddy. She was staying here in her daddy's room while he & her mother went to the dance. She kibitzed our bridge game after they were gone and she stood and ate ice cream while we sat at the bridge table in truck coats trying to keep warm. I was reminded of Suzie – she was just of a size but a bit chunkier. She was a nice girl but not as nice & not as pretty as my Suzie, and I know she could not be a helpful to her mother as Suzie.

I bought a birthday present for Grace today. I got a ride up to the Px after dinner and got it. They put it in a box for me and it is all ready to mail. I hope the box doesn't get crushed in the mail. As soon as you let me know how long ordinary mail requires for transit, I will mail it so it will get there about Friday or Saturday. But it mustn't be opened until you have your birthday. I am going to try to call after dinner Sunday and talk to you and you can tell me how you like it.

I hope you have written me a letter by now, Margie. I look for one tomorrow. I would love to hear from all of you who can write me. I want to know how good you are to your mother. While I am gone you must all team up and take my place with her.

You, my darling, please try not to be too lonely and please take good care of yourself for me. This time will roll by before we know it.

All my love to you all,

Daddy

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Dear Margie and all you good girls:

Sunday here is lovely today. It is warmer and the sun has been shining all day. It was cold as the dice again last night and I nearly froze despite an extra blanket.

Everywhere you look around here are marching men. This is an infantry post and it seems they are always marching with full packs. Some of them are always straggling with some sort but when they are returning from overnight bivouacs they do look like hell. It has been raining all the time until today and the men are muddy as the mud (red clay) and they look as though they had deliberately camouflaged themselves by daubing themselves from head to foot.

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I hope you have written me a letter by now sugar. I look for one tomorrow. I would look to hear from all of you who can write me. I want to know how good you are to your mother. While I am gone you must all team up and take my place with her.

You, my darling, please try not to be too lonely and please take good care of yourself for me. This time will roll by before we know it.

All my love to you all, Daddy.

Major F. M. Applegate
106th Inf. Regt.
Fort Mc Clellan
Alabama



FREE

Mrs F. M. Applegate
Corydon
Indiana