

Somewhere in the mts.

March 14, 1944

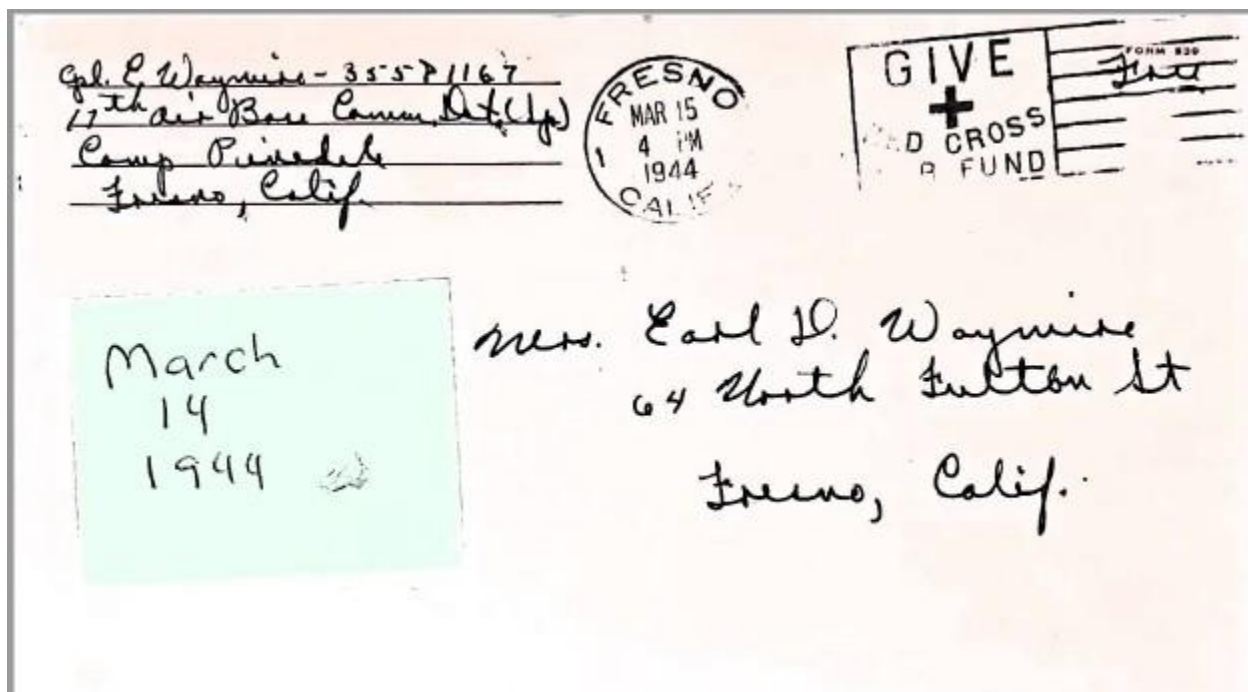
Mary Darling,

I have not even washed my teeth or face yet and I do not think I will until my arm feels better, oh! - we had those shots today so you know how I feel. I sure hope that I don't chill tonight like I did the other time. This is a beautiful place up here, there is a swell trout stream about 50 ft. from my tent. I sure would like to have time to fish some but it don't look like I will.

When I got up this morning the ground was as white as snow; it got pretty warm during the day though. The food is not so good but I guess I'll live. I don't know when I will get to see you, I sure hope soon. I must stop because it's too dark to write any more.

Your husband forever,

Earl



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