



8 Jan 1945

Dearest Della —

Just a note to let you know I think of you once in a while even if I don't put it on paper.

I really hated to leave my old company. We had such a swell bunch of cadre, officers, and kids.

You've all heard about how the army prepares each enlistee for a postwar job. And how — I'll either be a scrub woman or dishwasher. All joking aside, I'm not sorry for enlisting. I have yet to regret my decision for I feel I am needed.

Quite a comparison between our Friday night G.I. parties and sorority doings. Am I joking? One thing is for sure



WAC

of J. I. parties — we have no  
dishes to wash. That goes  
with KP.

And now that I've mentioned  
KP — I have an extremely  
dislike for same. For awhile  
I wondered — now I know.

Oh yes — we've had a  
little snow. At least twelve  
flakes.

All my love  
Pvt. Marion E. Pugh WAC