

FROM:
Vol. Henry P. Chandler
American Field Service,
A.P.O. #465,
% Postmaster, N.Y.C.

TO:
Mrs. Mathilde T. Ward, ^{Not to} be returned
5 Craigie Circle,
Cambridge, Mass.
U.S.A.

This is the letter, Bessie told you about. I trust you
have had letters by now, and
that Henry is fine

Dear Aunt Tilde, June 7, 1944

I've now completed my training and have traveled a long distance to a place where I shall start carrying patients in my ambulance very shortly. We use our ambulances to sleep in, while they are not in use; they are very roomy inside, quite rain proof, have electric lights, and even have a large tank used to carry washing water. Besides this we have two large cabinets inside to store ~~our~~ our personal equipment. There are usually two people ^{sleeping} in an ambulance, and the fellow with me comes from a town near Boston, we have much in common.

Our food is quite good, which goes a long way to make up for the mud + rain we are now beginning to get in large quantities. As yet our work is not too difficult nor tiring. Each day is just like another and no one knows the date without looking at the calendar. It would help if the war would stop on Sundays, but it doesn't. We are now in a spot where there is a radio, so we know all the recent news. We get the news first from Gordon, then we tune in one of the powerful Jap stations not too far away and get the Jap version of the same news - a great contrast.

Mail service to and from this spot is poor, I haven't had a letter from home for over three weeks. This letter may take some time to reach you.

I'm as well as ever - please tell Aunt B of this if she doesn't get a letter from me before you get this.
Love, Henry