

December 1, 1942

Dearest,

We left Camp Pickett 11-28-42 at 8 p.m. (Sat. nite). We had a special troop train for our own "110th", which was composed of 5 Pullman cars, two baggage cars, & two freight cars. The truck convoy came for us after dark. We had been waiting all day & keeping out of sight in a successful effort to prevent the "camp" from knowing when we were leaving. It took about 15 convoy trucks to carry us to the Camp Pickett railroad. There we were 20 minutes early. The train pulled in promptly at 8 p.m., and as it ceased forward motion we quickly climbed in. We departed in a very few minutes. We had a supper on the train, & at 10 P.M. coffee & doughnuts. Everyone was in good spirits & many wisecracks originated. Every man had one berth & we all slept comfortably. The train crew were very nice to us & attended to our every need. Next morning we had breakfast served with a beautiful purple-gold sunrise.

Our train never once stopped until we reached our destination (Camp Kilmer--a secret) at 9:30 a.m. There we piled off & marched to our barracks. At 1 p.m. some of us got permission to go into NYC (1 hour by bus). From there I sent you some sweets & before returning to camp I managed to see Olsen & Johnson in "Sons of Fun." It was magnificent. My sides are still sore due to laughing. There was only one thing keeping me from enjoying it to the fullest--and that was an undercurrent of sad loneliness--your absence. It made my throat feel mighty tight at times. However, I feel content & at peace with myself & with God. It seems to me that we are doing what is right; that we are sincerely fighting for something worth while--the right for individual peace & happiness. I'll be back to see you & the boys someday and we can all be happy again. Then we can do the things we dream about today. And I can whisper into your ear. The boys are growing very fast & I miss seeing them do it, but their being with you can only make them fine young men, which will be a delight to both of us later on.

Yesterday I saw a Hospital Train over at the station & wondered if it could be Crews' outfit. [*A Huntington doctor.*] On getting aboard I found it was, so I left a message for him. He came around to see me last nite at 10 P.M. & found me in bed. We had a pretty long talk. Poor boy hasn't been home since he came into the army. His train was sent up here early in November to get casualties returning from the North African engagement. Far fewer casualties occurred than were expected, & these were taken to another port. He has been idle. Today he is arranging for our officers to attend the Post Station Hospital Lectures.

Yesterday I ran into Paul Soulsby in the officers' "PX." He is on a Hospital Ship -- goes over in convoy as a passenger & then comes back as part of a Hospital Contingent.

Enclosed find M.O. for \$150. You won't get any more money until Jan 1 or Jan 20.

Note my address. I didn't tell you all to address it thusly when I was home, but this is the way it should be.

Our nurses arrived yesterday about 4 P.M., so last nite our C.O. received them at the club. We received them, introduced ourselves, had a few drinks, danced a bit & returned them to their quarters. They seem to be a good bunch of gals & it looks as tho we'll get along O.K. They had just gotten in from Camp Shelby in Mississippi. Most are Southern gals but a few are Yankees.

I am going into NYC this afternoon with a couple of fellows (I have been once before). Our Col. Told us this nite might be our last day to go "in"? I hardly see how we can embark before Dec 7 or later, but we are restricted very much just the same.

One of our runners just came in with Ewen Taylor's telephone number [*a Huntington surgeon and father of my high-school girl friend, Ann*]. So he must be here in camp. I'll wait until tomorrow to call him. It'll be nice to see someone else from Huntington.

One of these days or nights I am going to call you & tell you how much I love you.

Norval