3 April 1944

Dear Mr. Litt,

Today as I trudged wearily up to the hospital for my mail, I began to wonder who I would hear from—what the news would be from home. And by far the nicest bit of mail was the card from you. It gave me a great lift—and was a morale booster to know that I had not been forgotten.

Looking at that picture of Humboldt brought back a lot of memories—the times turf, Jeff Thaiss, Ike, Lib, Helen H. Villa and many others would wander over from the Commissary where we discussed everything from music, books, and politics to war marriage. So often arguments and problems would be settled around that table places far the student shows and radio programs would be settled—unless we griped—and we raised prices. People and ideas too. Our ideas were always welcomed or seemed to be anyway. We were all intelligent human beings.

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being trying to become better citizens and students. It was a great experience.

How often I've looked back on those days - which are now some years ago - and realize how fortunate I was to attend such a school. To democratic such high ideals fulfilled by all who were really interested. True I dreaded going back, but when I got away from it - I found out how much it had really meant.

As I look at that card - it takes me back to another world - one of peace and security - of good times of real friendship. Here in the early move - with many others - Fred Davis, Mollie Williams, Lilly Schall and so many others. It's fun listening to records on Daddy's radio. Dances at the dorm, football games. I could go on reminiscing. But what good would it do? All that is behind us. In fact, it is what we are all fighting for to go back to those days and to finish our education with a bang.

Constantly I am being asked: "Aren't you sorry you gave up school for the Army?" It's funny people should feel that way. I don't. I joined because I believed...
I could do more good here. If the fellows can give their lives--the little we can do is back them up.

As you may know, I took my basic in Des Moines--and then proceeded to Alpine, Texas, where I attended Army Administration School for eight weeks. It was really quite cindicated studying. We were allowed out on Sat. evening and Sundays--the rest of the time was spent in study--catching up on sleep and little writing. Each evening we had one hour of supervised study--and each Saturday we had tests covering all our work. I found myself right at home with classes to study for--notes to take etc.

I really had an advantage--because many had been out of school and found it difficult to get back to studying.

After Act School I came here to Fort--where I'm doing office work in the Dental Clinic. I'm in charge of the office of 47#1, and it is quite a job--but I like it--and that is what counts. The Sgt. whose job I was learning

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has already arrived at the other side - so I guess I fulfilled my duty by releasing a man for active service.

Really Camp is a lovely camp. It is known as the Country Club of Southern Camps, but the trainees have other ideas. We are located hours from Washington - five from Atlanta and just 360 miles from Jacksonville. However, I'm yet to get a pass so they remain on my "must see" list.

By the way, is there any chance of my getting a copy of the Lumberjack sometime? I'd appreciate it if you would send me one - as I want to keep up with the gang and activities of the School.

Again, thanks for bringing a bright light into my day.

Please give my best regards to the faculty - and of course my best wishes to you and Ruth.

Sincerely,

Ray