



[Postcard – postmarked November 13, 1951]

Dearest Darling

Here I am back and packed for bivouac which I am dreading. It rained on us all the way back. All I could get was some candy bars to eat hope mom and them send me something right away. Say Babe call mom and tell her we made it fine but I am to lazy to write. It looks like the sun is trying to come out hope it clears up. I took all the clothes I had hoping to keep warm. As I about froze last bivouac. Tell the folks hello for me hope to come home this weekend. I may not write much but you will know where I am at. Be good and don't work to hard. As if you would. Bye now. Jr Tinder