Dear Mr,

Time marches on! It is now twelve-thirty and Monday at last. Now I can look forward to some more mail.

It is a whole week later tonight that I have been onights and it has gone very quickly. I rather enjoy it now. The next 3 weeks will go rapidly I hope. Meanwhile we will have been in the army for a month. It doesn't seem that long either.

My day I get from 7:30 until 2:30. I didn't even make it once! Then I started to smoke a cigarette and snapped back into bed. Soon someone started shouting. Miss Talbot's telephone. I dashed into the room and it was information.

Week 24
April 27, 1942
12:30 a.m.
saying I had a male visitor. I thought it would probably be Norman or Bart and I got dressed and walked over and sure enough it was

Norman and another boy. They had been walking all

over the field and there were killing him

feel were killed one when

I almost killed one when

he said he was home for

3 days. I didn't take him

long to get a leave did it?

He took the camera Jesse

and he gave him and he

took a few pictures. He

walked around the pine

grove in the back of the

church and sat down on

the stone bench and smoked

and talked. He looked very
nice in his uniform doesn't he? I wonder where he will be sent to. Why didn't he go with the rest of the kids that went down south?

After about an hour and a half they took the bus and went back to rest their aching legs.

There is nothing new here, everything goes on just the same. We have been having some terrible, warm sleeping in the afternoon.

Well, write soon. I haven't anything to write. The place is terribly dead around here over the week-end. Everyone pulled off from the patients.

Write love to all.

Mary