Sept. 19, 1943

Dear Marge,

Two-thirds in a new old girl. Are you going to come out of that place a G.I. nurse? I certainly hope not. I don't know one is more than we can stand around here now. Not that you cared ever before.

The army, it must take years to work up a disposition like that female has.

Have you heard the good news? Just girls who have come over recently will go to school next time and it will be discontinued in
a month so that finishes it for the rest of us. Oh happy day.

Gracie has probably told you all the news. Things haven't been terribly dull around here. We need you to put a little life in the place.

The following is a little poem one of the gals from home sent me.

My Age

My years of life are fleeting fast My fires are nearly out I hat used to be my sep appeal Is now my water spout. I used to be embarrassed to make the thing behave for every single morning It would stand and watch me But now I'm old & feeble. And it sure gives me the blues to see the damn thing hanging there. Watching me shine my shoes!!
Night duty is certainly a pain in the neck. This place is like a morgue. Every night I play a stack of records a foot high! Gripe, gripe, gripe, that seems to be all you hear around here now, monotonous isn’t it?

Capt. Manning & Lt. Taughton both had their noses operated on. Taughton looks different but Manning is so shy and reserved I can’t remember whether there is any difference or not. Poor guy he has sewed up three soldiers so far tonight and not one bicycle involved. That ought to be some sort of record. Maybe he’ll get a
D. S. M. (distinguished seamstress medal)

Sarah is sleeping in 18 tonight. Wainwright thought Manning was in there and went in to wake him to see a case. I haven't seen Sarah yet but I think Wainwright was the most embarrassed. Don't get this wrong. Manning was in 17.

It will be just about time for a party when you get back. Guess we'll have to go to work on that.

Take it easy there baby and don't fall in the river.

Love,

P.S. If this poem wasn't from My 1st of Red Can Deep, write while I was at Army base School in Shreve home Jr. Jr.