Dear Mom:

Just a note to tell you I'm alright. Can't write a letter tonight, we have to drill till eleven o'clock! Took my A-20 today. It was alright. Have to run now; will write tomorrow, honey. I love you. Goodnight, sweetheart.
Dear Mom:

I got through that K.P. yesterday all right, but it was plenty tough. We put in 15 hours. We were so tired we could hardly walk. 0315 came around pretty fast this morning. It was 25° this morning and the first period we went to P.T. and had to strip down to our undershirt in the cold! Don't call me freeze. The rest of the morning was the same, machine gun drill, judo, etc.

There's only 8 more days of our basic left, then we start our basic-advanced basic, which consists of 7 periods of classes and 1 of P.T. Pretty soft. We'll be through our basic by next Saturday.

So John Palmyra is supposed to be engaged to Don, that's a laugh. What bowl is that from? H. R. R. H.
Means "Hurry postman, we'll like hell!"

Have you ever heard that, now?

I'm glad that you're sending me a package. I enjoy them an awful lot. Thanks, sweetheart. Tonight we have to C.E. The whole barracks is for inspection tomorrow. We're restricted tomorrow afternoon because of an inventory of the alert lists and casualty and bowl #1, latrine #10, has it that there are 200 men missing aerial and they want to check on them. We have to stand retreat tomorrow. That was impressive at first, but it soon gets tiresome. I will always say that it's the prettiest ceremony in the army.

We have to fall out at 1900 tonight for a little extra drill. So I have to wear pretty for D.I. I've got to eat, and we also have that C.E. party tonight.

Give my love to all. I love you. Good night, sweetheart.

Your loving son