Sunday
1600

Dear Mom: Enclosed are two pictures of yours truly. Does the background look familiar? I've got two more and frames I'll send you also.

I had these masterpieces taken in town last night. Boy, that place is really a joint. One thing I did was to go into the Surf Room and have a beer for Bobbie's and Cee's good fortune. The beer was flat but the wish was sincere. It seemed strange to think...
that they were in that very
room not so very long
ago. I then went to
the USO to a dance with
Ken Demorest and Lennie
DiMicelli, a couple of fellows
from my barracks.
There were a small bunch
of girls there. We then
went to that phone booth
they try to pass off
for a skating rink. It's
really pitiful. It's
got a coal stove
in the middle of it.
We got home about
2430.

This morning I had
to fall out for roll
call at 0615, we got
an hour more sleeping.
Then I slept til 1000.
The fellows that shipped out today, Jim Kenning was among them, were missing hell all night. They were giving the Barrack's "piss call." That is, they would in and yell "Hit the deck," "let's go. Fall out. It's 5:15." And you really don't know the difference. Several of the fellows got up and dressed only to find that it was about 0230. The internecine rumors had it that they were going to dough but that was from Bowl #6, which
Isn't a very reliable bowl. Got a letter from Sue B. today. She's fine, and she's also still on speaking terms with them, strange.

Today I saw Flesh and Fantasy. It's a marvelous picture. You'd enjoy it, darling. A great lesson is taught in it. I'm thinking of buying a new watch. That's a bunch of crap about us getting them when and if we're graduated.

By the way, I got paid Thursday. Believe it or not, I got $21.07, not bad eh. If I do buy one, I won't
buy it till I get to college because of the atrocious prices down here. The latest dispatch from Bowl #6 has it that there's a new W.T.C. at White Plains. I don't quite see how it's possible. But the rumor is spreading fast.

Saturday was a real tough day. I hiked about two miles and boy was it hot. It didn't bother me as much as the shorter runs, because I have...
The lucky ability to get what they call a second wind, when my breathing becomes hard but steady after the first mile, not the short trousers, I wear pants, of the starting stretch.

The training is getting tougher and tougher, but so are the trainees. My skin is still alright, and get plenty of chance to play the piano and.

I'm going to send you my civics this week if I can secure a box. There will be some paper enclosed with them that you can put in my scrap book.
Well Here goes retreat now, it's 1700. I might go see "Princess O'reoke" tonight with Olivia De Havilland. So until the next time, goodbye, sweetheart. I love you with all my heart and soul, beautiful. Keep well and give my love to Pll and Kiss Kenny and Ricky from me.

Love

XX X000000

Pot. tobacco Clark
201st Training Wing, RTO #10
Greensboro, N.C.