Dearest 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 Robbie's and Abe'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 swell 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 2:30.

This morning I had to fall out for Roll call at 0615, we get an hour more sleeping. Then I slept til 10:00.
The fellows that shipped out today, Jim Vernier was among them, were raising hell all night. They were giving the barracks "piss call." That is, they rush 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. TheBarButton knew it; 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 him, 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 $21.67, 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 B.S.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 rode a bus about two miles and then ran 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, at the starting stretch.

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

I'm going to send you my civics this week if I can secure a box. There will be some papers enclosed with them that you can put in my scrap book.
Well here goes retreat now, it's 1700. I might go see "Princess Di" 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 papa and kiss Kenny and Ricky from me.

Love,

[Signature]

[Postal Address]

Greensboro, N.C.

Nov 8, 1943

MRS. R. S. CLARK
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New Rochelle, New York