Dear Mom,

Another week. One more and I'll be an upperclassman. There was a dance last night. Quite an affair. There were about 4000 cadets here and about 200 girls you know one of these all-male affairs! Before the so-called dance last night I saw "Up in Mabel's Room" with Pop. It's terrific. Funny as hell.

Speaking of laughing here's a good joke for you:

the other day I was
driving down the street with my girl when the car broke down. Naturally, I got out and got under and started fiddling around. Well, after about a half hour of this, Dixie Lee, my girl, says "How, what is you all doin' down here?" Which means "What are you doing down here?" "Trying to fix this linin' car," was my answer, supplemented with "If you think you can do better, come on down!" So down she came. Well, it was warm that day and there she was lying next to me, close
and warm. I guess I got a little nervous.

Presently a cop came up to us and said,

"So, what is you all doin' under here?" "Fixing the car," I answered.

"Well, so, there are three reasons why I'll say you ain't fixin' the car: First, you doors are pointin' down! Second, there are too many people watchin' ya, and third, somebody's ran off with ya car!"

You know these people in Montgomery are very
In town the other day
I saw a sign that said, "O'Chanassay's Tool Works." I don't know what the hell the bastard's braggin' about, mine does too, but I don't go puttin' up signs about it!

Well that's enough of that.

Everything is fine here honey. There's not much news except that it's hellishly hot. I thought about you today on Mother's Day and tried to call you, but couldn't get near a phone.

I love you honey. Happy Mother's Day.

P.S. Endorse is where my heart is.
Dear Mom,

Just a short note honey to let you know I'm still pluggin'. I've no time to write a letter. I'm taking finals in Math, A.I., all the others. Thank Tottie for the Penniche it was swell, everyone loved it. I'll write then soon. I love you. honey

Yours Son

[Postcard]

A/C Judson Clark
Squadron I, Group III
Flight I, F. A.A.F.-155.(P)
Maxwell Field, Ala.

Mrs. Ruth S. Clark
64 Chaucery Ave.
New Rochelle
New York