Thursday
1310

Dear Mom,

Well honey, that old Clarkville stomach is acting up again. Wednesday morning about two o'clock I woke up with a terrific stomach ache and nausea. I had diarrhea for the rest of the night and that morning I went on Sick Call. It seems that I had a little fever so they slapped me in the hospital, so here I am. I feel swell now though my fever is gone and I'm getting a good rest. The first I've had in three months. I'm burned up though. I was supposed to solo this Saturday, now I probably...
won't unless I can get out of this meat house real soon. Don't worry honey, it's nothing serious just that touching stomach of mine. I think it's a touch of Tornaine poisoning. They ought to let me out tomorrow. They better I've got a lot of work to do, what with a final exam in airplanes coming up.

Did you like "Pin-Up Girl"? I haven't seen it as yet. It's supposed to be pretty good.

I just talked to one of the "Medics" here, he said that I'll probably leave the hosp. tomorrow. It was just a plain case of the "G.I.'s"
from dirty silverware, on a gun I picked up. My temperature is normal and everything is coming out O.K., if you know what I mean.

Ed Conway, my buddy, is having some trouble with his flying. He doesn't think he'll ever go. Poor guy. He changed instructors and now has Mr. Balko, your instructor, but it doesn't seem to help. Already three have been washed from my class, but that's only the beginning.

Please excuse this worse than usual writing honey, but I'm in bed and trying vainly to balance a pencil pad on
my knees.

That sure sounds like a soft set-up hardener has. Some guys get all the breaks, with a little brown mending, I guess.

Well, honey, I've got to shave and clean up a bit.

I love you, and still miss you. Give my love
to Bob and tell her
to take care of herself.

I'll bet she looks like
something. Hope it's a girl.

Your loving son

[Signature]

[Postmark: Jul 21, 1944]

Mrs. Ruth S. Clark