

Wednesday  
093.0

Dear Mom,

Just a note to let you know I'm still living here. I'm sorry I haven't written, but this has been one mad week. Parties, clearances, packing, and so forth. I got all this done between drinks and hangovers.

Last night there was a party at a huge plantation for the graduating class. We must have drunk the place dry. I never saw so much booze and beer. The joint was really jumpin'. The man that owns the place is a millionaire, and he has one of these brawls for every class at Duro. He had three pigs barbecued for us right over the open pits in his yard. Man was

Heat good.

I'm leaving Friday at  
12:10. We're going by Pollman  
I think, and we might have  
a stopover in New York.  
I'll call you from there if  
we do. If it's for two or  
three hours, maybe you  
could come down and see  
me there. It depends on

the hour and the time I have  
though. We might go straight  
through to Newborough, however.

I still have no more details  
for you, honey. I won't have  
too much time off in Basic.

I'll be flying day in and  
day out, and nights too.

I imagine I'll get some  
weekends off, though. And  
Christmas, too! It sure is about.

I love you honey, give my  
love to Bob. How's the new arrival  
getting along to be home yet? All my love, Paul