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 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 Demarest and Lennie DiMicelli, a couple of fellows from my barracks.

There were a small bunch of girls here. 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 got an hour more sleeping. Then I slept til 1000.
The fellows that shipped out today, Jim O'neill was among them, were raising hell all night. They were giving the Barrels "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. The latrine rumors had it that they were going to Douch, 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 $21.67, not bad eh. If I do buy one, I won't
buy it til 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. We ran 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 "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 angel.

I'm going to send you my civic 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 1:00. I might go see "Princess O'!ookie" tonight, with Olivia De Havilland. So until the next time, goodbyes, sweetheart. I love you with all my heart and soul, beautiful. Keep well and give my love to Bill and Kiss Kenny and Ricky soon me.

Love,

[Signature]

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