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Wednesday night

[March 31, 1943]

Dear Bernice,

It's tough sledding here. — No snow.

I go on active duty tomorrow, a healed young man. I had a good rest and saw another side of army life.

I got at least some of my letters — one from you, Shirley, Dad, mother, Ben, Ruth, Ralph Benty, Ralph Lower, Daisy and Howell Finn. The pictures were fine but next time take a couple of mother and dad and grandmother too. Also don't worry about the moods in my letters as they are taking the place of a diary. (save them). I got Daisy's and Lower's letters Friday and haven't read them as I was at the hotel when I got them and was feeling so bad I laid them aside for the future. Finn expects to enter service soon as the Enlisted Reserves are to be called up. I'm glad to hear that Mr. Farratt is alive. Ben seems glad to get out of white suits for commencement and I think it's sensible even though it would be nicer with them. Tell mother I got the \$15.00 and the cookies. The cookies were very good and not noticeably stale.

The life was dull here and long. I read "While Rome Burns" by Woodstock and "The Nutmeg Tree" by Sharp

plus all the latest magazines
and, of all things, the daily paper.
We rise and six and ~~had~~ ^{have} our
temperature taken, eat at seven,
and wait for the doctor's inspection
at 8:00. Lunch is at 11:00 and supper
at 4:30. Our temperatures and pulse
are again recorded just before the
lights go out at 9:00. The reading
and this writing material are pro-
vided by the Red Cross.

I don't know how I'll fit in
when I get back tomorrow but
hope to rejoin my old flight and
be shipped out soon with them.
I'll let you all know how things
develop and try to reply to all
my letters and also write to the
new addresses.

Love,
Spinal Meningitis