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Wednesday night

[March 31, 1943]

Dear Bernice,

It's tough sleding [sic] 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 Bentz, Ralph Lower, Daisey 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 Daisey'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. Jarrett 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 Woolcott and "The Nutmeg Tree" by Sharp

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plus all the latest magazines and, of all things, the daily paper. We rise and [at] six and 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 provided 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 [sic]