



February 4, 1944.

Dearest Mother, Dad, and Fay:

Well I woke up this morning with a much better out look on this Army life.

After I wrote you last night I saw Raucher and paid him back the money I owed him so I feel square with everyone.

We haven't done much all day except check clothing and get new clothing. I have practically all new clothes. My O.D.'s are about the only things that aren't new.

I have been on a special detail which I volunteered for of printing so I am ~~right~~ in the groove again. I have the same job tomorrow so it means that I am sitting down and doing something for the Army I really enjoy.

I haven't ~~seen~~ met a lot of new fellows and they all seem pretty swell.

I saw a good show at the Service Club tonight which was a Spanish team of three similar to those we saw at the High school at the Committee Concert series.

I can get a week end pass as they are giving them without any questions.

I thought I would try and make it home but as I figure it I would only get about four hours home, not that it isn't worth it but if the train is late, or the connections are not the same as the time table says they are I would be S.O.H.

I have given serious thought to ~~going~~ going to New York next weekend and maybe you could meet me there but I shall most likely call you tomorrow night. But the pass aren't given out till 5 P.M. Saturday evening so you can see you can't plan ahead. It probably would be very profitable. Will let you know latter about it.

I will close now as it is getting late and as bed cheek is so much ~~earlier~~ earlier than at what I have to watch my time so much closer so that I won't get in trouble.

— Good Night.

Love and a million kisses
Your best son + brother
Bob.

~~Bob.~~