

Thursday Evening

Hello Again,

I hope that I'll be able to write a letter that I won't be quite so much ashamed of as I have been the last few. After I got back into the swing of it down at Benning, writing a letter wasn't too hard but I'm almost out of the habit again.

As you can see, I'm not working tonight so now I've had two nights off since I've been working. The Lieutenant in charge of our section expects you to work pretty hard but he is pretty good about trying to get us time off. There were also several new men that came

into the section today so that  
may help out some. I am  
secretly hoping that they'll  
be running two shifts regularly  
before long. Just putting in  
a good day's work (or night's  
whichever it happens to be) and  
then getting off till the next  
day won't be bad.

It's really going to be good  
to start getting mail. I thought  
that I'd get a letter today  
but didn't so I'll be looking  
again tomorrow. I guess the  
longer I stay in the army  
the more I want to get  
back home. It seems so anyway..  
I think the sunshine this eve-  
ning was what reminded me  
of home. I strained for about  
about five days straight and  
then when the sun did

finally come through it made memories of other beautiful, early-Fall evenings come to me. I'll bet you I know where I'll be spending my time next year in September!

Well how's school coming now that two weeks are almost over—half a month gone already? I suppose the assistant janitor is helping out with the sweeping again of an evening. I don't believe that I ever heard how the roof deal turned out. But I suppose that I'll find out about that and a lot of other things too if my mail ever catches up with me.

I haven't much more news;  
and since this is a pretty light  
letter, I'm going to send a couple  
of clipping from one of the papers  
down at Ft. Benning. They aren't  
especially valuable but maybe  
you can stick them away  
someplace. I don't know whether  
they ever finished the series or  
not. I didn't stay long enough  
to find out.

Well be good and take care  
of yourselves.

Your son and brother,  
Donald.