

March 23.

To Kid:

How are you? I've had a swell Birthday again. Cards from everyone and I was so glad to get your gift and card. Thank you very much.

So I'm almost in the dog house for not writing, huh? I'm sorry again. It's hard to find things to write about. I have the time but when I sit down I can't think of nothing to write. Of course I could say that I miss you very much and I miss the good times we used to have. I could say how I would like to ride out main street again and have a hamburger or maybe dance a little at the hat. I could say how much I would like to have been with the gang at Clear Lake a few weeks ago, but I can't say these things because my morale drops to rock bottom every time I even think of those things.

My C.O. gave me a good Birthday present too. He took me off that instructor job and put me in a combat crew. All at my request. I'm at last on my way. In a few months now I will be ready

for overseas duty and will I be glad to leave
Kron Park.

Saw Macdonald in Cairo again last night
and I saw "Commodore Strike at Dawn" in
West Palm Beach the other day. Still trying to
see 'For Me and My Gal' and 'Random Harvest'
And I'm all out of news again. Write every chance
you get and I'll promise to do better.

love
Bill

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