Dear Ones,

No mail today. I guess it comes in batches. I started training today—specific and then the rest of the day spent studying and firing the learning automatic rifle. I am constantly amazed as I study this stuff how much of my ordnance I have forgotten. Firing the weapons is fun, but when they are disassembled and I see the intricate and expensive mechanisms which make them tick, I can't help but think of the time and money spent in their perfection which could have been used as instruments of peace. Oh well.

The more I read in Laski's Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time, the more I am sure that you should read it, Daddy. It is very perfunctory in its analysis and you can't pass it off as a mere rationalization of Zuck's well-known sympathies. It is very mindreading.
Really nothing special to report. I am in the old tent awaiting assignment + equipment to my new job. AP 7769 is temporary until I get that assignment. I did not date my first letter because the length of time of my voyage is supposed to be secret. But I am now and you can judge how much time it takes a little to arrive. I still don't because I don't know how long before I received the mail that was here for my dad. Don't you next arrivals should be a good indication. What is Paul Markle's new address? Has got mine + will be wrote? I sent to the Hotel, De Wolfe, + Waggs. I will write to the others, Billy Wing eventually.

My footlocker + bed roll are here and I have all my equipment - everything I need.
You know, it's funny. As I walk around the camp, I keep thinking I see familiar faces. It's always that way when you're with so many men. You start to recognize people you have - especially when all you get is a momentary glance. It would be a thrill to meet someone I know. After all, we're in this war. A PO to go is in the South Pacific - it would be rare good fortune if we could get together.

I am really desperate for something to write. I am well, feel fine. I may get my teeth checked again here - no harm in it, especially with teeth like mine. Perhaps tomorrow, the U.S. intelligence will come through.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]