

April 9, 1943

Dear Mother,

This is my birthday letter to you. I hoped
get it finished; we go on the rifle range
Sunday for three days - that is why this
letter may arrive early. I hope you received
the money order, I am afraid the P. X. has a
very poor selection of presents for mothers.
anyway, you know my birthday wish for you
and that my thoughts will be with you on the
14th. Each passing year for you is a joy
and a record of achievement and sets a
standard which you surpass in the year to
come. I am afraid that a month in the
army has dulled my pen and confused me a
little in presenting my ideas and thoughts, but
I don't need a fancy style to let you have of
my deep love for you. May God grant you
every blessing and your every wish. I only
hope that I will be with you next year at this
happy time. Our family is still our highest spot.

now in general: you still don't mention
receiving my mail - that is, the letters. Perhaps
you have in a letter that's on the way. Glad to
get the good news about standing.

I have to keep on the go. Please excuse
the short note and the shortage of mail
which I am forced to force on you - using
"free" time - you can see how on the way
I am.

Love,

Summer

just has mail call - you
mention letters - swell. I haven't
aunt Etta for her card wishes
my regards as you all.
Back on duty Sunday.

Love,