



CAMP VAN DORN, MISS.

Dear Folks:—

The package with the sweater arrived today. However, there were no gloves, are they in another carton? The stuff that you send is just right, and keep up the good job on the packaging. It helps keep everything intact.

If the pictures have arrived, please have them developed and printed, and rush them back to me.

It was really swell to see Dad in New Orleans. I had a swell time, and I certainly appreciated the opportunity to go out of camp. If and when my furlough comes, prepare for the same procedure, good food, bad women, and lots of gas plus a car. You won't have to worry about a bed, I won't be sleeping while at home.

I heard a rumor yesterday that I wouldn't be made the gas corporal, but that I would be made a corporal in the H&P platoon. Tell Dad to get me out of here quick, as this H&P is a lousy outfit. They're the dumbest guys I ever saw in my life.

Incidentally, I have a very noble idea —
provided you can afford it. If you will
lend me 50 snickerino's, I will deposit
them in the bank, and have the money
on hand to get the hell out of here
in a hurry when my furlough is due.
I am saving 25 bucks a month now,
but just in case I blow my top one
of these weekends, I'd better be on
the safe side.

I'm just about written out now,
so lets hear from you a little more
often!

Adieu with love —
Bruce.

P.S. Would you object if I suddenly
went off and came back with

Mrs Mary Jane Cobby — ?

More stamps Please —