

Dear Jo Ann,

Belatedly I sit down to write to you, and to corn this epistle up a bit, "better late than never" or do you ride a bicycle?

Last time I made the pilgrimage home on a wee three day pass, why, you were at some guth camp, teaching our younger females the facts of life. Sooo, I got drunk all alone, at the top of the Mark, because as luck would have it, Minaki was closed that night. Maybe I don't live right, huh? I know I don't.

I'm aboard a ship, at the moment, as they tell me it's a ship. Frankly, I think they mistook us for some form of domestic animal life, and put us in those holds by mistake. Even a private in the Army doesn't deserve this



type of transportation.

When you write me would you please describe a woman, they seem to be an extinct species in this day.

"Ma" I don't miss em! oooooo

Whats with "da fahm" This year? Cal won its two starting football games, rah, rah, and a tiger. I wonder how much we paid our opponents this year.

I'd love to hear from you "Jo," even if you expound psychology in the letter. I demand respect, though, for I have a stripe on my sleeve now, and what ever happened to that A.S.T.P. program. No write.

Passionately yours

Henk.

P.S. Have you read Shulman's "Barefoot Boy with Chuck" or "The Feathermerchants" yet? You should they're extremely humorous!