Dear Folke,

Once again I am a fireguard, at the close of another hard day. While the rest of the barracks is sleeping, I, in the latrine I'll stay.

TUNE: WHEN ITS SPRING TIME IN THE ROCKIES.

I have an opportunity to write you another great masterpiece, like the first letter, only I am not quite sleepy enough. I should have just on a hard-earned shift so I would be good and sleepy. This way I won't get sleepy until tomorrow when classes are going on. Enough foolishness.

If I am not badly mistaken something big is going to come off here tomorrow. We are instructed to roll out for reveille in the morning in class A uniforms instead of fatigues. Rumor has it that General Marshall is going to be here. For all I know he may be in Italy but you know how these latrine-a-groms go. Any how something is going to happen.
I see by the paper that a little snow
is expected around the Valentine, Houston, Freeport
area. One of the boys here that lives in Corpus
Christi says that all of the cotton is in and all of
the cotton is picked so perhaps it won't be so
bad.

I still haven't seen Jerome yet. I hope to see
him at least once before he leaves here
this
month.

Mama I got the clipping your last letter
today, the one with the clipping in it. And more
of the clippings are on the way. Maybe I can
find out what some of my friends are
I know where most of them and but some I don't. I
found several after in this clipping.

Oh yes, I don't need any money. and so
yet I haven't taken out any insurance.

I'll quit now, study some math and
write again Saturday.

Joe,

Jay.

P.S. Jay Lewis is back in the east Corpus. He got a woman
on his back. Well be down next month.