

Dear Folke,

If I don't hurry up and write I'll be having to call home again to let you know that I am still alive.

That is really the only reason that I have for writing for there is no news of importance. There may be some shortly because the new section came in Saturday and I may be assigned to it.

Like I told Ruth on the phone, Jan Garber and his orchestra were here last night. They played a concert for everyone and then a dance at the officer's club. I got a big hangout of just listening to them. I didn't dance because I didn't have a date. The girl that I have ~~to~~ met here lives in the dormitory at the college and can't get out on week nights. Guess that I

had better hunt me up another girl friend.

I went out to see Cecil & Don for a few minutes Sunday afternoon. I had a friend with me so we didn't stay long. She emphasized that before I left she expected some one of the Hays family to come out and visit me. She also told me to tell Papa to not tell anyone stories on her because he wouldn't remember any except the bad ones.

A flock of navigators came in the other day and I found out that one that lives down the hall from me was from Texas. I asked him what town and he said, you've probably never heard of it, its a little town in East Texas called ~~Winters~~ Winsborough. "Excuse me Gentile if that is spelled wrong."

His name is Dan Sutherland and he knows all of the Nichals. He ran around with Boyd some and went to school to Gertrude. That is about all for this time so I'll quit for now.
I'll write when I hear some news,
Love, Joe