



SHEPPARD FIELD  
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

3-13-43

Dear Folks,

Sorry I haven't written sooner, but its that same old story. They don't give us a minute's peace. This morning for weather we had something different, fog. The kind that you cut with a knife. The weather here is terrible, it changes more often and more drastically than in any other place in Texas.

"Boy howdy", that cake was good, I passed out a few pieces but ate most of it. It tasted just like it was supposed to.

Well we are still here and will be here a minimum of four more days, after that we are up for shipment at any time. I don't care where it is just so it is away from here. The personnel here don't like cadets, future or ex. It ~~seems~~ seems that the first animals of each, a few months back were horses necks. Now they try to make it hand on us and on our C.I.s and D.I.s who are ex cadets. Any way everybody here is ready to leave.

Mama the twenty bucks is for you to do with whatever you want. Can I help it if the boys talked me into getting into a game? Its not my fault if they

weren't lucky. Besides that I'm afraid they will win it back. I am having an <sup>no</sup>18.75 bond sent home each month too. However they may not start coming for a couple of months.

Everybody be good and Papa don't work too hard.

Love

Joe

Its a good thing that I didn't get this off this morning because in the meantime our address was changed again. This time it is simple. Just change the Barracks no. from 695 to 591.

A poem came out in the Tex Acts, Sheppard Field newspaper, today I'm enclosing it too. I'll try to call to morrow so if you don't hear from me you'll know I tried when you get this.

Tell everyone hello,

Joe