

Dear Mom,

I am in the brig. It is O. 12. Here but they cut all my hair off. I am in with a pal of mine named Teichert. We are in for squirting the fire hose on the Company across the street. The bread + water is not so hot but Beed, Whelan, Smith + the boys smuggle us candy bars. I got out Wednesday. Wednesday night I have liberty so I will have my picture taken. I got your letter. Saturday I got a phone call from Alice + she told me she got your letter. I don't think I will bother seeing her anymore as she probably wouldn't be seen with me. I look like a dog with the mange. She was O. 15. Too. Beings I got a lot of time I'll make this a long letter. I'll tell you how I met Alice. You remember Smith the guy from the Air Corp. Well one night I got in my sack and it was full of water + all suspicions pointed to Smith so I decided to get even. He sits next to me + one day I saw a letter in his desk so I read it. It was from this girl + she said for Smith to meet her between 12 + 12:30 at the bus terminal. So I fell out ahead of the others and grabbed the first bus to Fall River on the Sunday. I waited around the bus terminal until I saw the girl. I knew she was a blonde with blue eyes + didn't have much trouble finding her. I walked up + asked her if she was waiting for Smithly. "Yes" she said. I told her Smith was in Providence and his wife + kid were visiting him but I would be glad to take her out. "Boy was she sore at Smith but she soon forgot about him naturally. That's the way it is here. We're always cutting each others throats. If you're talking to a nice number before you know it all your pals are around. "Hi Dick, what's up" and all that stuff. Before you know it you're on the outside listening. We really have a lot of fun. Was Smith surprised when he got a letter from Alice giving him hell for making her believe he was single + telling him where to get off his ha-

Have you got Uncle Bills address yet? I get out of

Sept 17. I hope my hair grows in a little. What a crew you had at the shore. huh? I wish I was there instead of here.

Well, how everything around the old burg? I guess I'm on the outs with Mitchell. I haven't had a letter for some time. She wrote & told me some guy brought her a \$12 friendship ring and I wrote and told her "if that's a hint you're talking to the wrong guy." I haven't got a letter since. Oh well - what the hell thing wouldn't be right unless I am continually in trouble. I wouldn't feel natural.

I guess Beefer will be starting High school pretty soon. I wouldn't mind being him. Boy if I had it to do over I would have twice as much fun.

Saturday I started bridge watching. I was sending with a guy out on a D.C. from Trenton & he had been through Beverly quite a few times. I was also sending to a subbase. The signalman was from Newcastle, Pa. and a sub. I could read what he was sending because he was using a small blinker light and he wasn't such a hot sender. He was a gold braid so what can you expect. I was looking at him through the long glass. - We'll win the war in spite of the gold braids, though.

Well, I guess I'll sign off now and sing with the boys. Our favorite is "Don't get around much anymore". Just address my mail to the barracks as I will be back by the time your letter comes. 518 is hot pop. How's that victory garden coming along. I asked the boys if they wanted to come down for a few days if we get leave. They want to know if it's harvest season or something. They figure there got to be a catch. Everybody seems to think every one from Jersey is a farmer. We'll rope them in on the digits if they come down Pop. Well take it easy everybody. Say 'hello' to the Maloys. Do you see Belle very often. Be sure & tell her I was asking about her.

lots of love & kisses

Rich