

Jan. 14, 1942

Dear Mama,

There isn't any news here. I made 96 on a bet yesterday and I think I'm going to like hydralucs[sic]. We are signing the payroll today. The weather is nearly like summertime now. The sun is shining bright. I don't hear much about the war but I guess it's still going on. I could get a paper but I wouldn't have time to read it. I've got to where I'm hungry all the time. Try to get Jack Shegg's address if you can. I get little less mail than anyone in this barracks and it because I don't write to more people.

Norman