

RECRUIT DETACHMENT
18th Field Artillery
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

September 14, 1940

Hello Jim, ol' pal:

I'M not writing this in any study hall but I wish I were. I sure do miss going back to school this year something awful. But, as I always say, it's safer to be on the North end of a North bound skunk than on the South. Ha.

How's Miss Smith this year? Tell her I sure do miss her and wish I had paid a little more attention to what she was saying last year and not have played around so. Jim, I want to give you some advice, ol' man, and you may take it if you want to and you can reject it if you wish, but JIM, for all that is holy pay attention to your instructors this year better than you have ever done so before. While the rest of the class is loafing, yawning and stretching, you be listening, studying and concentrating on you work and you will see that you are so far ahead of the rest at the end of the year that it will be pitiful. Jim, I know; I have seen too much since I have been here and I know that you are facing one of the best opportunities that you never here-to-fore faced. Ninety-nine percent of the recruits we receive here have an average of a fifth grade education, very seldom do we find one with a high school education and when we do we grab him like he is hot and slam him in a headquarters battery. I don't believe you realize yet the value of just a high school education. Jim, when you receive your diploma next spring you will have accomplished something that millions of other boys have failed to do. I will put you in my place right now; if I had not gone ahead and finished my high school work where would I have been right now?? I'll tell you, either with a rag in my hand and cleaning guns or with a shovel and following a horse around. You may laugh, but it is true. Promise me one thing, Pal, stay in there and pitch all the way through this year and learn everything you can get your hands on and learn it so you will know it many years afterward. I want to hear a good report on you next spring, Jim, because I'M very muchly interested in you and Mr. Jones is going to keep me posted on your work so if there is anything that I can do for you please do not hesitate to call and I know you won't.

You say you remodled [*sic*] your registered sheep pen? Boy, I'll bet it is swell. I wish you all the luck in the world this coming year and hope you take lots of those blue ribbons. (And How)

Tell Mary Lou hello and to drop me a line sometime and tell me all the gossip because I know there will be plenty since school has started.

CONGRATULATIONS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Boy, I'M glad to hear you got the Know Knothing (now wait a minute, how did I spell that???? Let's see, is it Kno Nothing or Kno Knowing, Jim? I'll be damn, wouldn't that make George curse.) Tell me how I spelled it next time, pal. And I also want to read some good columns this coming year and don't mean maybe.

Tell Mommy Clark that I sure do appreciate the cookies but they didn't last nearly long enough so I guess she will have to send me some more, ha. ha. ha.

And thanks to you, Pal, for the pictures. They are really swell and lots of company. I'll start sending you some insignias soon so be looking for them. Jim, for gosh sakes, I'm going to have to stop and go to bed. I'm so sleepy I can hardly keep my eyes open and am making one mistake after another. It's a good thing Burnett won't see this letter. Tell Mr. Jones and all the kids hello, and tell the team to stay in there and pitch for I was thinking of them today while they were in Midland. So until next time, Pal, be good and write soon.

As Ever,

Jack

Over

Jim, this is the insignia I wore in the 1st Field Artillery, the wording at the bottom "Primus Aut Nullus" means "First, or Nothing." I'll explain the rest for you when I see you again which I hope is soon. Adios