

Keesler Field, Miss.
March 9, 1942

Dear Gertrude,

I received your letter last week and one from mama this morning. I went to church and S.S. yesterday morning. It was cloudy and I was afraid it would rain but it didn't. A southwest wind began to blowing and blew the cloud away. After dinner, went back to town and had my pictures take again. I went to another place this time.

I walked down on the beach and the water was sure rough with the wind blowing. There wasn't a sailboat out.

I went to the show after that and saw a pritty [sic] good show. Then I went to B. I.V. Church and the fellowship service after that. Going home, two fellows picked us up. ONE of them had worked out around the Ft. Stockton. I guess there is a lot of people in town now. I wish I could have seen the parade. Why didn't you ride Stepalong in it?

Tomorrow is washday again and if I pass I would take up Corbaration [sic] if you can read that. I don't know how to spell it.

I don't know a thang to write. I've been getting the church paper pritty [sic] regular but there is never much in it.

Do any soldiers come to church from Goodfellow field?

How many cats to [sic] you have now? Is [unintelligible] very lazy? I sure am. I don't do a thang [sic] I can get out of.

Does the inspector even come around anymore? Is Billy very mean? Maybe I should have wrote Daddy. I weighed yesterday and only weighed 137 lbs. I sure feel good though. Did Mama ever get that money order I sent. Who leads singing at church now? Hollis I guess. Do they still have the radio program? How is all the neighbors, Mr. Cain and Mss Ada after Cabwell sure was lucky not to be sent away off from home. There is no telling where I will be sent.

I just got back from dinner. We had spareribs, baked beans, baked potatoes, jello and pickles. I don't know nothing to say so I'll close.

Norman