



UNITED STATES ARMY

Dear,

In order to spoil your little body, I'm mailing a late Jun. letter again (will really be mailed Mon. morn.) The season is two fold - one to spoil, two to give you the latest news of the world (from Finia). My watch is running. Think I forgot to mention I just before Divouac we took a PT test + dumbly we left my watch on in the low crawl. Thus it was stopped on ~~the~~ Nov. 24 at 1:30 P.M. and I was very angry. Well, tonight I got mad at it and whammed it one on the foot locker + it is now 7:03 Dec. 1, 1968 and I am once again a happy man with time on my hands. We're all nuts tonight. Guys are wetting the hall + sliding up + down. Weird cat calls + mocking cadences of the cadre. At least it's getting cleaned up. Haven't laughed so hard since Sept. 23. Maybe I'll be able to make it thru the week. Excuse

the hand, but I'm waiting for
the hall to dry + the room to dry,
so standing up in a rather small
square area + writing. Love the
whole world to nite! That obviously
makes you extra special since
you're the center of my universe
(or something poetic like that).
I knew you'd be spoiled by
my letters that other week.
Could hardly make it without
letters, could you. You weak
little thing. Stay that way, I
grab it up. I know our phone
bill will be enormous, but if I
get my orders soon I may call
that nite - will want you to
know faster than mail travels.
Well, you are again caught up
with my interesting daily
events. So, until tomorrow, I
love you. And as the sun sets
on my gun, I'll crawl into
bed + remember happy days
to come. Your crazy husband
signing off. Love,
Lynn