

10 Nov.

Dear Auntie,

Here's just a late night quickie to say I love you.

Boy, have I ever been going crazy lately with trying to keep up with slopes. We have had 70 desertions out of 460 people in the past 20 days. So naturally, Headquarters got all upset - and decided I should have to keep up with where all these C/O's are going. Well, the HOB are so sorry, they could give a damn where they are all going, so what it amounts to is that I have to do their job for them. Oh well - we're doing everything else you can think of for them any - way.

9 days is a week - up before I'll say good-bye to my friend forever. (Just breaks my heart). Boy, will I ever be glad to get out of here. I'm afraid I'm going to

get screwed around with till the  
day of my discharge, though. I am  
so full out here - kids to stand  
in there, someone to talk to else-  
where.

I haven't heard from Dawson  
in over a month, so I don't  
have any idea what his plans  
are. Perhaps I'll see him in  
Dha bang when I get there. I am  
it will be good to see that  
crazy nut again. Aren't Coe  
Hart keep you posted?

Since it's late & time passes  
quickly while I'm sleeping, I  
think that's what I'll do.  
Sweetie, I miss you so much.  
Time is so close now.

I love you,  
Bill