



Miss Mary Lib Trowick
Flora McDonald College
Red Springs, M.C.



FORT BRAGG, N. C.

Monday P.M.

Dearest Lib:

It is just the beginning of another long week, but it seems that such a week has already passed since Saturday night. To top it all off I have the afternoon off with nothing to do. I've tried sleeping but several fly survivors from last night's cold keep pestering me - so sleeping is out of the question. If I could get home I would go holly hunting - right by the lonesome.

Lib, I was enjoyed being with you Saturday night. (That is a crazy statement to make when I've enjoyed every second I've ever been with you) The atmosphere was slightly chilly but my heart was not. It looks like I'll have to take your suggestion about the long red flannel seriously. I suppose it is because the wards & barracks are kept too hot and when we get out - we find it cold.

I still can't realize Christmas is so near. The spirit just hasn't penetrated my bones yet. I'm going to have to stir around to get into shape

I wish I knew whether I would get a furlough or not.
A few boys have already left and more is to leave
later, but the response is getting me.

I would like to see you this Saturday night
if not before. It is a long time to plan ahead here
but I'm doing it just the same.

Tell Mary Bell, etc. "hello" and write!

Love,

Ken