

Dear Folks,

Just a line to let you know I'm still here. I have 11 more days at Ft. Leonard Wood. I'm so sick of this post it's pitiful. I guess you already know Larry is bringing me home. Stacey will be 11 months old that weekend so please ~~look for~~ bake a cake.

I got Friday off. I went to Larry's house Thurs. night had a party. We made E-H that day.

Today I made 3 runs. Things are pretty slow anymore. We're getting a sum total of 479 trainees for this next cycle. Last cycle we had 1,000. The cycle I was in we had 1,200. Lots of guys coming in the army, huh?

I sure hope I will be able to get a date or two while I'm home. I don't want to spend 15 days running around trying to see everyone. If they want to see me they can come to where I am.

Robert said once I didn't have any intestinal fortitude. He doesn't know how deep that hurts me. Maybe after I ~~finish~~ finish E.O.D. school he won't think that anymore. I ~~respect~~ respect Robert in many ways. He is the type of man I hope to become. I'm quite a ways from getting there but I've made some big changes in the last two years. I'm not saying I'm any more of a man, but at least I feel a little more than a boy.

I know I haven't had as rough a time as most boys did, even Robert had a hard life to face when he was young. I had it all given to me on a silver platter.

Robert didn't get a car given to him as soon as he got license. Robert didn't spend a whole weekend out running around, he knew if he did he'd get whalloped.

~~I'm in the~~ I'm not blaming you for myself. It's my fault I did all these things. I just got in the wrong crowd.

Enough of the sob story, but I will always remember how my own brother said I wasn't frame enough to whip a wet noodle. I'm still not strong enough, but guts is all that matters.

Well I better go for now.

Lane,
(and I mean LOVE.)

Danny