

Fort Bragg, N.C.
July 1, 1942.

Hi! Junior,

Uncle tells me that you are now going hunting all by yourself. How would you like to fire a gun with a kick of a mule? Have you killed your first rabbit yet?

I recall you telling me you had a whole lot tires and tubes for your bike, this rubber drive didn't take it away from you did it?

Junior, it is awfully hot, and would sure be nice swimming weather, if only we had a little time to do it in. I think you would

2/
like the pool, even though
it is a little ~~more~~ muddy.

As you have probably
read in the folk's letter, we
are leaving Bragg for good
so it is said. We aren't
going far just north to
somewhere in Virginia. Where
we will be closer to the
coast.

Why don't you
write to me anymore?
You haven't written in
quite some time.

I guess I won't
celebrate the Fourth this
year. We will work the
Fourth, and no one will
be on pass at this camp
because of the crowds.

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We don't play ball anymore. We really don't have time. Instead ~~we~~ go swimming, which is better at this time of the year. It not only gives us exercise but keeps us cool too.

I have an awful lot of letters to answer so I'll quit for now. Write to me, that is if you have time

As ever

Pete.

P.S.

How is the bike? You aren't riding girls around on it are you?

We just fired our guns again on the range. It is fun.