

U. S. N. R. MIDSHIPMAN'S SCHOOL  
ABBOTT HALL - 430 EAST HURON  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Saturday - p. m.

Dear Miss McGlynn,

Remember me? I'm the  
fresh kid who consumed so  
many of your "victory garden"  
beets last summer.

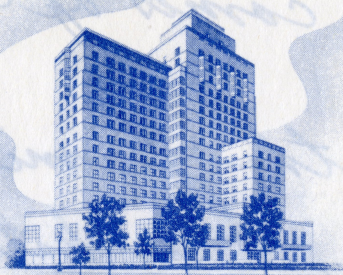
How does it feel to be  
going back to Salem again?  
I'd give my left arm (or a  
reasonably-accurate facsimile)  
to be going back myself.

Guess what! Jack Pinault  
is sitting here with me writing  
a letter to one of his many  
girl friends. I haven't seen  
much of Jack these past nine  
weeks - so it seems great to

have him around.

This is a 24-hr job, Miss Mc Glyn - but it's an interesting one! A fellow has to bear down every single minute if he intends to graduate. We finished taking our six-week's examinations today. I put the pressure on in every subject - so I feel pretty wonderful right now. The marks will be posted on the bulletin board in a few days.

Chicago is everything a fellow could desire. There are opportunities for good, clean, inexpensive amusement every weekend. If any of the other fellows have written to you, they probably told you that



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we are across from Lake Michigan  
and in one of the nicer parts  
of the city.

By the way, I never did get  
around to visiting Doris's  
friend, Warda. My week-ends  
seem to fly by and during  
the week we have very little  
liberty.

Gene has had an abscessed  
tooth this past week and  
was forced to miss two exams.  
He'll make them up this  
coming week.

Well, Miss McGlynn, my  
conscience tells me that the time

has come when I should start  
my navigation. It comes after!

Remember me to the family -  
your ma, Davis, Wally, & what's-  
her-name. What's-her-name  
should make me a wonderful  
wife after the first two candidates  
pass on.

Best of everything to you  
and Pats with teaching this  
fall.

Sincerely,

Bob

We had a taste of real "New England"  
weather this past week!