



Thursday
December 28

Stu,

I received your letter today and it could've come at a better time. Frankly, I FEEL LIKE HELL. That was putting it mildly. It isn't possible to explain the way that I feel because I've never felt this way before. I don't know whether to cry or vomit.

I'm not quite sure but I think I may have found a way to come home in May. I'm trying not to get my hopes up too high but I just may be able to swing it with a little pull and a lot of luck. I won't be able to find out for sure for a couple of weeks yet so wish me luck.

When you said you hate so say goodbys' you spoke for both of us. I guess that is the main reason I didn't see you again before I left. I feel quite sure it wouldn't have done either one of us any good. I don't think I need to tell you what it was like saying goodbye to Beverly. I also hope I never have to go through that again as long as I live. When I left her house at three o'clock that next morning I believe I actually wanted to die. I can see now why some people commit suicide. I'll never do it but the idea did occur to me.

Stu, I actually thought you were kidding about giving me that gun. I know that is a shitty thing to say now that I realize you were not kidding. Now that I know ~~how~~ you feel about it I'll accept it with pride. You've always been a hell of a good friend Stuart, that is all I can say. I only wish I had the ability to put my thoughts into words as you do.

Getting back to the gun. I sincerely hope you don't think I want it for any mercenary reasons. From your letter, I gather you must think a hell of a lot of the gun and after shooting it, I can see why. It is one of the most beautiful guns I've ever seen. If you do give it to me I'll never sell it or give it away unless ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ you ask for it back. By the way, I re-read that letter you wrote me about it several months ago.

I guess I should tell you about Beverly and I. Well, no, ~~Y maybe~~ I shouldn't but I'm going to. It seems it happened with Beverly and I much as it did with you and I. I met her about the same time I met you. We went together for about a year and things weren't going too well. I really loved her and I guess that's why I broke up with her. It got to the point where every night we went out parking. I knew before long I'd probably be getting into her pants just like I did with Betty and I didn't want that to happen so I broke up with her. I asked her for a date while I was home on leave in August and now we are planning on getting married. To anyone who doesn't



know the truth it makes me look like a shit ass but I know how I feel so to hell with society and their assenine thoughts.

Well, I guess I'd better close now. As you said in your letter, "that's enough of this shit." Write soon.

Bill

Words don't count but actions do.

Put a m. plate to young, against
Too many who will emulate him, Veterans.
These don't defend which ^{will be} come with
a mature love will not be there yet.

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