

Monday
March 11, 1963

Hi,

I received your letter several weeks ago and was glad to hear from you. Sorry it's taken me so long to answer. There simply hasn't been anything to write about. I am, now, at sea. Have been for seven rotten days and have three more ahead of me. You'd be amazed at how boring it can get. For instance: I've spent all night and all night last night with a miniature nigger-shooter. Batten pretty good at it too. At twenty feet I can hit a half-dollar five out of six shots consistently. Oh well, nuff said on that subject.

I'm glad you enjoyed the photographs. Unfortunately those are the only two I've had made in prints. When I get the others made I'll send you a copy.

Glad to hear of your start on the book. I'm not expecting much but I'll bet it will

be worth reading.

Has your brother started on that painting of Son? I know he probably hasn't but at least will you give my aunt some excuse? That was real shitty of you to mention it and then not even say anymore to her about it.

Just had a job offer, so to speak, the other day that sounds interesting. I have a friend who lives in Oregon. His father has something to do with the logging industry in Alaska. This guy gets out of the service about the same time I do and wants me to come with him to some Alaskan Island and work in a logging camp. He was there before he joined the Navy and says the hunting and fishing is fabulous. The logging season lasts ten months and ~~you~~ you are paid around six thousand dollars for ten months work. I've been thinking pretty seriously of going up there when I get out.

Guess I'll go hit the pad now. Take care and maybe I'll ~~see~~ see you about this time next year.
Bill

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