

Sept. 6 - 43
San Diego

Pvt. H. E. Keithley
P.O. 707 R. D. M. C. B.
San Diego (41) Calif.

Dear Mom & Dad,

Tell here it is Monday night
and I have a little time so
therefore I will drop you a few
lines. Seems as if we have a
little more spare time after
we get in the groove. Suppose
it isn't so hot back there.
Sure is here. Have inspection
in the morning. Rifle, bayonet,
and chain and etc. are supposed
to be in tip-top shape. I have
spent much of my time doing
that. Saw an aircraft carrier
today out in the bay. The
damn thing was as big as
a couple of big bars set
side by side. Could see

planes on the deck of it too. When you get out here where there aren't any buildings, the wind almost blows you off your feet. Your lips chafe terrible. I have got some stuff on mine now. Is it ever pretty here at night. It is never cloudy here. At night the stars shine and searchlights go all over the sky. Sometimes they pick up planes and follow them across the sky. All light on cars are dimmed at night.

Sorry I can't get to write to the rest of the folks, but it is just of those things. I'll probably find time later.

Received your letter today. The boys in the bunk had quite a laugh over the picture. Swell bunch of fellows in our shack. Glad to hear from Russ. I'll write to him soon also.

V
They gave us our application
for our insurance. I suppose I
will take out \$10,000 Dollars
worth. Just had roll-call.
Will have to hit the sack soon.
Probably will close now.
Take care of Father. Be sure
to wash Father's neck, won't you?
Ha Ha. Goodnight and don't
work too hard.

Love

Bill