



AIR MAIL

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Dear Annie

You're right, it's too bad I'm in the army, it's too bad anybody's in the army, too bad anybody's in any army. I couldn't go to school though for the sake of the preservation of my mental health. Look at Jon. I think that the only thing I'd do in college would be smoke dope and get bored. Hopefully when I get out of the army and am ready to go to college I'll have some reason to go, unlike those guys going now just to avoid the draft. If I don't have any goal, I simply won't go to school. Could be a forklift driver all my life. And if I hadn't gone to school, after wasting a year or so worrying about the draft I'd have been drafted. I think it's better this way. I'd hate to have the four months of training ahead of me that I've just finished. I have only 5 weeks of ~~training~~ being a trainee, the lowest animal in the army, left. Then they'll probably send me to Vietnam to be shot at, which will be an improvement over this idiocy. I will get 15 days of leave before going to Nam, which should give me time to kiss everybody goodbye. I won't hang around your house bothering everybody as much as I did at Christmas. Don't know what I will do, but won't do that.

I met my best friend, Army buddy, in Oakland
Army induction center. He's a IAO too. We've
been together since then. We're opposites, he's always
happy, kind of uncivilized, like Mowgli, Kipling's jungle
boy, you know. Picture of us crammed into a
25¢ for 4 pictures Greyhound bus depot Photobooth
enclosed. I'm not drunk.

Love, Pat