

August 21, 2004

It s nine thirty pm and I am sitting in my pajamas at my desk I just got out of the shower and I am tired but not sleepy. It s a good time to answer your letter so here goes.

The nearest town to Swan Lake is Liberty about 3 miles west of S.L. About 6 miles east of S.L. is Monticello. They now have gambling in Monticello beside the racetrack. Sullivan county is becoming a boomtown because of the gambling and real estate is doubling in value because of it. So far I have no takers for my place.

I am sorry I started the chemo. The pain I originally complaned about is gone but I ~~now~~ now have pain in several other places. The worst part is this weak feeling and lack of energy. I am to tired to walk let alone excreise. My blood sugar is out of controll because of it. I have to put up with it for another 9 months.

I hope the surgery on your foot turns out o.k.I don't remember you telling me about that before you probably did.

That red hat luan sounded like a lot of fun. The grass skirt and coconuts reminded me of the South Pacific. I experienced a small earth quake when Jackie and I were in Montrial, Canada on vacation many years ago. On the Islands in the South Pacific, the tropical storms created winds of 70 to 80 mph and sometimes even stronger. We had to wear our helmets during the storm even in our tents. The coconuts would come down so hard, they would tear right thru the tent. It was almost as scary as the Jap bombs.

I remember something funny that happened to me when I was in the Canal Zone in Panama. My buddy Charlie Kittell and I had some time off, so we decided to see the sights. This was in 1941 just before the war. Charlie just came back from flight school. While walking thru the streets, we saw a bunch of G.I.s walking down one of the streets. We were curious so we decided to follow. What we did not notice, was a light pole with a red light on top on the corner. We did not realize what that meant until we were half way down the street. Women of all colors trying to get your attention. We quickly walked to the end of the street realizing we were in the red light district. At the end of the street, we were stopped by two M.P.s. We were told to go into the building on the corner. We asked why and was told we had to

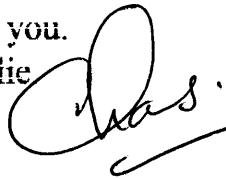
take a pro. We said we did not do anything, but they wouldnt believe us. We were given a pro. kit and told to follow instructions. With the M.P.s watching it was embarrassing. After we got out of there we looked at each other and laughed. That was the last time we toured the Canal Zone.

Im enclosing some pictures. There is a picture of Charlie Kittell he sent me from Ill. after he finished flight school. Another one of the both of us in Agudulce, Panama. We had just watched some crazy people playing Russian roulette with the bulls. The arena is in the background.

Thats it for now, Im ready for bed.

Regards to Bob.

I love you.
Charlie

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Charlie Kittell', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.